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GEORGE MOORE.

A FEW years ago, George Moore was noted as one of the merchant princes of London, a man of great wealth and benevolence, who had a hand in the principal charities in the metropolis. The story of his life has been told by Dr Smiles in a ponderous volume, likely to be seen by only a few of our readers; for which and other reasons we present the following condensed sketch, along with such critical remarks as seem to be called for.

George Moore was born in 1806, one of five children of a Cumberland statesman—that is, proprietor of a small piece of land which he hereditarily cultivated as a means of livelihood for his family. All worked, the men at ploughing or management of cattle, the women at milking cows, making butter and cheese, or in affairs of the household. It was a primitive state of things; but in a plain way there was no want of food, though the comforts enjoyed were little better than those of a hired labourer. With no wish to change, the Moores had lived at the paternal estate of Overgates for more than three hundred years. Like other youngsters, George got a little schooling, with a proportionate amount of ill-usage from his teachers, as was then customary. Disliking the prospect of never rising beyond the sphere of those about him, he became an apprentice to a draper named Messenger, in the Cumberland town of Wigton; and with a fortitude that did him credit, he determined to quit Wigton as soon as his apprenticeship was at an end, and make his way to London. This he did at the appointed time. Proceeding in the first place to Carlisle, he put up for a night at the Gray Goat Inn; and next morning, at five o'clock, he started on the outside of the stage-coach for London.

At present, the journey from Carlisle to London by railway is a matter of seven hours. George Moore was, by coach, two days and two nights on the road, the suffering, as we may suppose, being considerable. He arrived much fatigued in London on Good-Friday 1825. Next day, having got accommodation in a lodging-house 'kept by a

neighbourly body from the north,' he set forth to look for a situation. Of all places in the world, London, with its vast multitudes of people, is the most cheerless for a stranger who is totally unknown, and has little means at his disposal. George went along the streets, looking for drapers' shops, and trying one after the other, without avail. There was 'no vacancy.' He was in despair, and thought he should emigrate to America. On calling at Swan and Edgar's, in Piccadilly, he told a young man named Wood of his intentions. Wood advised him to call on Mr Ray, of Flint, Ray, and Co., Soho Square, for Ray was a Cumberland man, and had been asking for him. At once he went off to see Mr Ray, who out of pity engaged him at a salary of thirty pounds a year. Here, then, as a junior assistant, he was planted in a large retail drapery concern in the metropolis. He had fortunately got his foot on the lowest step of the ladder, and it would be his own blame if he did not climb to the top.

Having obtained a situation in a house of business, George says in one of his speeches late in life: 'I soon found that coming green from the country, I laboured under many disadvantages. Compared with the young men with whom I was associated, I found my education very deficient. The first thing I did to remedy my defects was to put myself to school at night, after the hours of employment were over; and many an hour have I borrowed from sleep in order to employ it in the improvement of my mind. At the end of eighteen months I had acquired a considerable addition to my previous knowledge, and felt myself able to take my stand side by side with my competitors. Let no one rely in such cases on what is termed Luck. Depend upon it, that the only luck is merit, and that no young man will make his way unless he possesses knowledge, and exerts all his powers in the accomplishment of his objects.' While pushing forward in his daily duties, he one day saw a bright little girl come tripping into the warehouse, whom he learned to be Eliza Ray, a daughter of one of his employers. From that moment he resolved to do all in his power, by diligence in his calling, to win

that young creature as his wife. The idea took possession of his mind, and beneficially influenced his conduct. In a short time he took a dislike to retail dealing, and procured a situation, at a salary of forty pounds a year, in a wholesale concern, that of Fisher, Stroud, and Robinson, Watling Street, then the first lace-house in the City.

In this new line of duty, there was much greater scope for his skill in effecting sales. To perfect himself as an accountant he continued to work hard at the evening school. By the efforts he made, he gained the respect of everybody in the firm. He was attentive, careful, accurate, hard-working. At the end of a year he was promoted to be town traveller, in which capacity he distanced all competitors, and sold more goods than any traveller had done before. He was, in fact, found to be too good for town travelling, and was despatched on the Liverpool and Manchester circuit. In his visits to dealers in the northern towns, he soon established a large business. The rapid way in which he finished off town after town was truly astonishing. He did not dawdle about, as was once the common practice. He never lost a moment. Somewhere or other, he was at work from morning till night. Among commercial travellers he began to be spoken of as the Napoleon of Watling Street. Sent off to Ireland to beat up for orders, he there acquitted himself in a manner equally satisfactory. While in Ireland, he met Mr Groucock, member of a rival lace firm, who spoke of returning to London and taking Lancashire in his route. The hint was enough. George hastened to England, and had done the Lancashire towns before Groucock made his appearance. Groucock saw it was no use contending with such a man. He must buy him up. He offered a salary of five hundred a year. It was very tempting, as all that George was still getting was one hundred and fifty pounds. The offer, however, was declined. The only inducement to leave Fisher would be a partnership. In self-defence, Groucock yielded to the terms; and in 1830, 'at the age of twenty-three, George Moore entered as a partner into the firm of Groucock and Copestake, long afterwards known as Groucock, Copestake, and Moore.'

The firm of which he became a member had begun in a small way, and had still a limited business. Moore put life into it; and soon vastly extended its operations. Flying from town to town, he worked sixteen hours a day, everywhere making himself popular in the trade. For ten years he never took a holiday, so greatly was his heart in his work. Many stories are recorded of his determination to get orders. 'On one occasion, he sold his clothes off his back to get an order. A tenacious draper in a Lancashire town refused to deal with him. The draper was quite satisfied with the firm that supplied him, and he would make no change. This became known amongst the commercial travellers at the hotel, and one of

them made a bet of five pounds with George Moore that he would not obtain an order. George set out again. The draper saw him entering the shop, and cried out: "All full! all full, Mr Moore! I told you so before!" "Never mind," said George; "you won't object to a crack?" "O no!" said the draper. They cracked about many things; and then George Moore, calling the draper's attention to a new coat which he wore, asked what he thought of it. "It's a capital coat," said the draper. "Yes, first-rate; made in the best style by a first-rate London tailor." The draper looked at it again, and again admired it. "Why," said George, "you are exactly my size; it's quite new; I'll sell it to you." "What's the price?" "Twenty-five shillings." "What? That's very cheap." "Yes; it's a great bargain." "Then I'll buy it," said the draper. George went back to his hotel, donned another suit, and sent the "great bargain" to the draper. George calling again, the draper offered to pay him. "No, no," said George; "I'll book it: you've opened an account." Mr Moore had sold the coat at a loss, but he was recouped by the five-pound bet which he won, and he obtained an order besides. The draper afterwards became one of his best customers.'

On another occasion, a draper at Newcastle-on-Tyne was called upon many times without securing an order. Moore discovered that he was fond of a particular kind of snuff—rappee with a touch of beggar's brown in it. Providing himself with a box of this kind of snuff, he offered a pinch to the draper next time he called. The draper took a pinch with zest, and said that it was very fine. George had him now. He said: "Let me present you with the box; I have plenty more." The draper accepted the box. No order was asked; but the next time George called on him, he got his first order, and the draper long continued to be one of his best customers.'

There is a drollery in these anecdotes; but they reveal a degree of cunning and trickery far from pleasing. If business can be done only by such craftiness of procedure, it should not be done at all. Unscrupulous as it would appear in wheedling drapers to give him orders for goods, and restless in his energy, George Moore so much increased the business of the firm—consequently benefiting himself—that he thought he might with propriety make his long pent-up feelings known to Miss Ray. She refused him. Five years passed, and he tried again. This time his offer was accepted. The pair were married in 1840, and they took up house in a modest style befitting their means. Business continued to increase. The premises of the firm in Bow Churchyard were enlarged. More assistants were employed. Everything was prosperous. To superintend affairs, Moore gave up travelling. This proved a bad arrangement. During his journeys he had plenty of exercise and breathed pure air. Now he sat at a desk in a stuffy warehouse, and as a natural

result his health gave way. What signified his cleverness and his growing wealth, if he could not sleep at night, had no appetite, and was in a fair way of dying from disregard of the laws which govern human existence? His case was exactly that of thousands of keen men in business in London, a large number of whom drop off between forty and fifty years of age, through pure want of knowing how to live properly. By a doctor's advice, George Moore burst away for a time from business. He went to the country, and took to horse-exercise, galloping over the downs at Brighton in company with a party of fox-hunters. At first he had some falls, but these he did not mind. He became a bold rider. His health was improved by the open-air exercise and freedom from tasking brain-work. To effect a complete recovery he took a voyage to the United States in 1844. With all that he saw in America he was much pleased, and he says so in his autobiographic notes.

Returning to London, Mr Moore resumed business with his accustomed eagerness, but taking some exercise in hunting to keep himself in good health. He now began to feel an interest in benevolent institutions, and to become a director in several of them. One for which he exerted himself considerably was an establishment for maintaining and educating the children of Commercial Travellers. A trait in Moore's character which peculiarly commends itself to our approbation, was the kindness he shewed to old friends who had been unfortunate in their career. 'His old master, Messenger, for whom, notwithstanding his failings, he had a great respect, failed in business after his apprentice had left for London. His breakdown was one of the numerous instances of the effects of drink. Messenger came up to London, where he obtained a situation. Then his health failed, and he was obliged to give up work. He applied to George Moore, who maintained him while he lived, and paid his funeral expenses at his death.' Others in a like manner he helped in time of need. In occasional visits to old haunts in Cumberland, his benevolence was peculiarly conspicuous. He established schools where they were needed, gave prizes, addressed the children, and treated them to tea and sports after the examinations. Education being still in a sleepy condition in Cumberland, he may be said to have wakened it up; and here beyond doubt he did substantial good. The operation of the recent and much-needed School Act will, we presume, have superseded any necessity for efforts of this kind.

A man who has been successful in his enterprises, stands a fair chance of being sought after to take his part in public affairs. George Moore had attained to such a good position that a kind of run was made to place him in all sorts of responsible offices. In 1852, the Lord Mayor designated him as Sheriff; but he declined the offer, and paid the penalty of four hundred pounds. More honours were offered to him. Two of the

wards in London elected him an alderman, and he refused to serve in both cases. He had at least six offers of being elected a member of parliament. All were firmly declined. He had made up his mind to devote all his spare time in connection with public charities. Every one, of course, is entitled to decide how he shall employ his leisure time according to his own particular fancies; it is obvious, however, that when properly called on, a man is bound, if he can, to take his share in the public administration. In his resolution to refuse office, George Moore did not, as we think, shew a correct sense of duty.

With a largely extended and well organised business, Mr Moore found himself able, in 1854, to afford to reside in a superbly furnished mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens. After this, he kept a good deal of company, of whom there is never any lack where there is a profuse hospitality. A large dinner was given weekly. In a short time, his wife reckoned that above eight hundred persons had dined with them. This kind of life did not prove satisfactory. It did not afford lasting pleasure, as how could it? Giving up this dinnering system, he devoted himself still more intently to the metropolitan charities, such as ragged schools, city missions, free hospitals, reformatories, and refuges, on all which he spent large sums of money. His mind also became strongly affected with religious impressions, accompanied with that sense of the worthlessness of mere wealth which creeps over men who through long years have been engrossed, with little intermission, in the successful acquisition of riches. Besides copiously giving from his own means, he did not grudge the trouble of begging money from neighbours on behalf of some charity or other. 'With his friends he was often very abrupt. When he entered their offices they knew what he was about. "What is it now, Mr Moore?" "Well, I am on a begging expedition!" "Oh, I know that very well. What is it?" "It's for the Royal Free Hospital—a hospital free to all, without any letters of recommendation. "I want twenty guineas." "It's a large sum." "Well, it's the sum I have set down for you to give. You must help me. Look sharp!" The cheque was got, and away he started on a fresh expedition.'

Learning, through the agency of missionaries, that large numbers among the poorer classes in the metropolis who had families were living unmarried, in consequence, as was alleged, of inability to pay the marriage fees, Mr Moore volunteered to remove the difficulty, by paying the fees out of his own pocket. His contributions first and last for this purpose amounted to upwards of five hundred pounds. In the midst of his various benevolently meant efforts, he had the misfortune to lose his wife. She died in 1858, and was much lamented. His old malady, sleeplessness, came back, and for relief he tried the effects of a journey to Italy. He likewise, as a

solacement, purchased an estate in Cumberland, situated near the place of his birth, and took much interest in restoring and beautifying the old Border tower of Whitehall on the property. He had now two dwellings—a splendid mansion in London, and a species of ancient castle in the country. Both were solitary, without a companion, for which reason he looked about for a wife; and one in all respects suitable fell in his way, the daughter of a gentleman in Westmoreland. They were married in 1861. Established as a country gentleman in Cumberland, he was received with marked respect by the resident nobility and gentry. He hunted with them, dined with them, and plunged into innumerable schemes of local improvement. The higher clergy hailed him as a precious benefactor in all laudable undertakings.

Back at times to London, he went on as before among his numerous charities. Whatever he set his face to, he went at it with an almost unexampled earnestness of purpose. His money appeared to him to be only a gift wherewith to do good. A church and school were wanted for Somers Town, a poor district in the metropolis. 'Mr Moore spent fifteen thousand pounds on the buildings, and also subscribed two hundred and fifty pounds a year to carry on the parish work necessary in so poor and miserable a locality.' On being complimented by the present Archbishop of Canterbury on his beneficence, he said 'he did not wish to claim any credit for building the church; and if anybody owed any gratitude to God, he was the man.'

At the consecration of the church at Somers Town, Mr Moore appeared with his arm in a sling. He had met with an accident when out hunting which caused intense pain in the shoulder. Dr Smiles relates the ineffectual efforts at cure by the first physicians in London. One of them said 'it was a most painful affection of the shoulder-joint.' Moore knew that already; but the physicians and the surgeons could do nothing for him. At length, when he could bear the pain no longer, and found he could get no relief from regular practitioners, he was persuaded by his friends to try a bone-setter named Hutton. Having first had the shoulder rubbed with hot neats-foot oil, 'Hutton took the arm in his hand, gave it two or three turns, and then gave it a tremendous twist round in the socket. The shoulder-joint was got in. George Moore threw out his arm with strength, straight before him, and said, "I could fight;" whereas a moment before he could not raise it two inches. It had been out for nearly two years!' Why bone-setters should so adroitly do what regularly instructed surgeons occasionally fail to perform, or even to understand, is somewhat incomprehensible. The public would like some explanations on the subject.

An interesting event in the life of George Moore was his appointment as one of the Commissioners from London to distribute relief in food and money to the starving population of Paris, on the termination of the Franco-German war in 1871. From the state of the roads—torn-up rails, broken-down bridges, and general disorder—there was much difficulty in getting supplies to Paris; and on arrival at the barriers there was the further difficulty of procuring means of conveyance into the city; for fifty thousand horses had been eaten, and few remained available for work.

At length, the food was ready for distribution at the business agency of Mr Moore's firm in the Place des Petits Pères, and what a scene ensued!

'Never,' says George Moore, 'did I see such an assembly of hollow, lean, hungry faces—such a shrunken, famine-stricken, diseased-looking crowd. They were very quiet. They seemed utterly crushed and hopeless. It is now ten days since the armistice began, and yet there is no food in Paris except what we have brought. There is still the black bread made of hay and straw, and twenty-five per cent of the coarsest flour. . . In the markets, there was nothing to see except a few dead dogs and cats—no flour, no vegetables; hundreds, perhaps, thousands of old people and little children have died of hunger.' To get through the work, and to prevent overcrowding in the street, the distribution was on one occasion kept up all night, by which means ninety-six thousand five hundred persons were succoured. George Moore was again in Paris after the final proceedings of the Commune, when some fresh succours were administered, and the Commission wound up.

Our limited space will not allow us to do more than run over a few concluding particulars in the life of this remarkable man. In appreciation of his character, he was made High Sheriff of Cumberland, where he latterly spent much of his time. In this new position he endeavoured to move the Poor-law administrators of four northern English counties to introduce the practice of boarding orphan paupers among private families, instead of huddling them up in the Union workhouse. What was the result of this effort, we do not know. It is at least curious to note that a practice which has been in successful operation in Scotland for a century, should need to be forced on the attention of the nearest English counties, as if it were a new discovery in social economics. In winter, when in London, he resumed his benevolences, which latterly amounted to seventeen thousand pounds a year. His health again gave way, and for its recovery he went for a time to Vichy. In the autumn, he got back to Cumberland. With the view of attending a meeting for a benevolent object, he drove with his wife to Carlisle. While standing in the street talking to a friend, two runaway horses which had escaped from a livery-stable came galloping at a furious pace. By one of them he was knocked down, and fell on his head and shoulder. He was taken up insensible, and carried into the Gray Goat Inn, in which he had slept fifty-two years before; and here, notwithstanding all medical aid, he died from the injuries he had sustained, on the 21st of November 1876.

The sad intelligence of George Moore's death produced a universal and sorrowful sensation in town and country. A gap had been made in the ranks of Christian heroism which it would be difficult to fill up. He was doubtless a great and good man, quite a wonder for his extraordinary energy and singleness of purpose, and a greater wonder still for his marvellous spirit of benevolence. We do not learn that he devoted any part of his great wealth to purposes connected with the cultivation of science or the higher branches of learning; and indeed, to judge from a passing observation made by him, he seems to have fallen into the error of identifying

scientific demonstrations with the teachings of atheism. Under pious impulses, giving for objects for which he had a fancy, became a kind of frenzy; and although it is mentioned that he ordinarily took pains to inquire into the merits of cases calling for his pecuniary aid, it is to be feared he was often imposed on, and that taking the mildest view of his charitable contributions, they could for the most part have no other tendency than to aggravate the very pauperism they were designed to meliorate. To the prodigious mischief done in all our large cities by the sapping effects of inconsiderate philanthropy, we have lately drawn attention in an article 'THE POWER OF DRAW,' and looking at the vast importance of the subject, we shall endeavour to return to it at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile, giving Dr Smiles credit for his laboriously executed work, we trust the sketch we have offered may be accepted as a small tribute to the many acknowledged excellences in the character of GEORGE MOORE.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLII.—STRIKEN DOWN.

'HURRAH! hurrah! hurrah!' and yet again 'Hurrah!' The deep ringing shout grew louder—so it seemed—at every repetition, as though the shouters, at the sound of their own voices, had warmed to their work. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' Shrill boys, gruff men, striding yokels that alternated between bass and treble, helped to swell the increasing roar of popular exultation. The carrier passing with his cart, the rustic trudging with shouldered hoe homewards, the wandering tinkler stopped and marvelled as the unaccustomed sounds floated on the noonday breeze.

The English farm-labourer is—as those who know him well and, with all his shortcomings, like him well, will admit—a dumb animal. His efforts to speak articulately are often painful to his best friends, and indeed, as a rule, his tongue is an organ which from lack of use has almost ceased to be efficient. Your town workman uses six words, your operative ten, to his one growlingly uttered monosyllable. But under the pressure of excitement, if he cannot talk, he can cheer. Stir his slow blood to anger and he can be loud enough. Give him beer gratis and he will be louder.

There was beer flowing without stint, and of better quality than the neighbouring alehouse supplied, and there was cider also for all comers on that day at Carbery Chase; and it was quite wonderful with what rapidity the news spread, or how it was telegraphed to solitary shepherds amid the heather, to husbandmen kindling weed-fires on hill-tops, to woodcutters plying axe and hedge-bill in the coppice, that the lost heiress of the De Veres was found, and that there was eleemosynary liquor at Carbery for whatsoever thirsty soul came that way.

Richard Hold had done it all. He had come down that morning from *The Traveller's Rest* to Carbery Court, had effected an entry with but faint-hearted opposition on the part of the half-terrified servants; and after the briefest interview with Sir Sykes, had called together the startled household, and had roundly, and in a discourse

garnished with strange expletives, proclaimed Miss Ruth Willis to be Helena, Lady Harrogate, the only child (supposed to have been drowned in the Thames nearly twenty years before) of the late Baroness Clare, and whose rightful name had only just by accident been revealed.

It was an astounding story, thus told, and one which needed to be confirmed; but what better confirmation could the hearers have than that which was afforded by the presence of the baronet, standing ever at Hold's side, conferring with him in confidential tones, and corroborating by word and gesture the loose and random statements of this extraordinary coadjutor! That the servants should bow, smirk, and submit, when once they found that Sir Sykes lent his countenance to the new order of things, was but natural. Well-trained servants, to pleasure a solvent master, would accede to most doctrines. And the idea of the finding of the lost child, lost under circumstances so touching, had in itself the power to arouse the leaven of romance that lies dormant in almost every mind.

The sad story of that poor young Clare, in her own right Lady Harrogate, whose child had disappeared within a few months of its father's death in the hunting-field, was known to every village gossip on the shady side of forty. That the lost heiress—heiress to a bare title, but as such the head of the ancient race of the De Veres—should be found, was precisely one of those marvels which suit with the popular imagination. Heirs, and heiresses too, have been before to-day reinstated in their rights amidst bell-ringing and triumphal arches and the honest joy of sympathetic multitudes.

But—there was a *but* in the case—to the credit of the local population, although people were quite willing to fling up their hats and bawl themselves hoarse for the providential recovery of the missing Helena, Lady Harrogate, all seemed reluctant to believe that the brows on which the coronet should devolve were those of Miss Willis. Had the Indian orphan been suddenly 'wanted' by London policemen on suspicion of ring-stealing or the passing of forged bank-notes, fifty village oracles would have been found to declare that the surprise was no surprise to them. But in the midst of all the buzz and hum and stir which the tidings occasioned, might be distinguished an undercurrent of regret that fortune should have selected so sly a young person as the recipient of her favours.

Rumour, the general voice of fame concerning man or woman, grossly as it exaggerates, seldom fails to hit off some salient point, and so contains a germ of truth. And it is extraordinary by what unknown means facts the most carefully concealed do contrive to gain a surreptitious publicity. Excepting Sir Sykes and his two daughters, there was hardly a man, woman, or child on the estate who had not some hazy notions to the effect that Miss Ruth Willis slipped from the house by night to meet somebody, had mysterious correspondence with somebody, stole letters, played the spy on other inmates of the house, and was indeed by no means a model of feminine innocence and candour.

The servants and the villagers—glad of the temporary excitement which the proclamation of the new-found heiress afforded—yet grudging

Ruth her promotion. She bore her blushing honours modestly enough, it was admitted; but then, as it was uncharitably surmised, that was all a part of those artful 'goings-on' that were attributed to her. What had she to do with that sea-faring fellow, with the blue thin scar over one eyebrow, as likely to have been got from the brass-hilted cutlass of a man-of-war's man as from the creese of a Malay? Why did she glide, cat-like, through the shadows of night, and why drop letters with her own hand into the slits of village post-offices, not trusting the locked letter-bag of the mansion, as an honest young lady should do? Why, indeed? And yet it seemed she was to be called 'my Lady' now; and those who remembered the pomp and power of the late lord regarded her as little less than a princess.

Sir Sykes Denzil, tottering rather than walking at Hold's side, resembled a somnambulist rather than a man in the full possession of his waking faculties. 'He don't seem to be quite himself, he don't!' was the remark of more than one sympathetic hedger and ditcher, as he marked the feeble gait, the vacant eye, and the abject pomposity—if such a phrase may be coined for the occasion—of the master of all. It was a cruel ordeal for Sir Sykes. It had not come upon him without warning. Ruth had spoken to him over-night, and he had sat up alone in the library till very late, schooling himself how best to bear the trial. He thought he had learned the necessary lesson when at length he laid his throbbing head on its soft pillows.

But the trial, in its hard, nude reality, in the garish, searching light of day, had seemed so much more terrible to Sir Sykes than his previous idea of it had been, that he had proved all too weak an Atlas to cope with such a load of care. In the course of the morning, Hold had arrived, bold and boastful; and in ten minutes more the dreaded publicity was given to the fact that Ruth Willis was the heiress of the De Veres, and that the living voucher for her claims was Sir Sykes Denzil. A more miserable position than that of the master of Carbery Chase cannot well be conceived. Had he been suddenly called on to account for some old crime, which tardy justice had at length scented out, he could better have borne it than when he found himself dragged along at Hold's side, to sanction the adventurer's statements and commands. It was by Hold's orders that the ale was flowing from a score of casks, that the bells in three church towers had struck up a joy-peal, that a bawling crowd of untimely revellers had collected around the ancient buttery hatch. All the other members of the family had acquitted themselves fairly well. Jasper had publicly congratulated his bride-elect on the lucky discovery. Jasper's excellent sisters had kissed Ruth, crying, as girls will kiss and cry on every occasion of mirth or sorrow. 'I am so glad, dear!' Lucy had said bewildered, and Blanche had echoed her words. It had never occurred to either of the baronet's daughters to question the truth of a revelation for which their father stood sponsor.

'Ale and cider, since they like it, for the clodhoppers; punch and wine for the farmers,' commanded Hold. 'None of your washy claret, but good old-fashioned port and sherry, d'ye hear?—Up with the cobwebbed bottles, Mr Butler, and make the corks fly.—And you, lads, shew the

metal you're made of! One cheer more, and let it be a good one—Helena, Lady Harrogate!'

To this and much more Sir Sykes gave an obsequious assent. He had not as yet had to run the gantlet of any positive questioning as to the details of the story of the lost heiress's disappearance and recovery. His own household, in the excitement of the hour, accepted assertion in the place of proof. Two phrases there were which Sir Sykes, with dull iteration, often repeated. 'My esteemed friend Mr Hold, to whose active exertions this discovery is chiefly due; that was one of them. The other was: 'This young lady, whose rights I consider to be beyond dispute, and whose champion, in case of need, I shall ever be willing to be.' The baronet repeated these catchwords over and over again, like a lesson imperfectly learned, and each time there came a murmur of mild applause from the docile audience.

At last there was a murmur as of expectation, and almost of alarm, amid the crowd, and Lord Harrogate, who had ridden over from High Tor, came into the centre of the principal group, smiling.

'The great news has brought me, like the other neighbours,' he said half-jestingly, as he shook hands first with Lucy and Blanche Denzil, and then bowed gravely to Ruth, as he passed on to take the trembling hand that Sir Sykes half-mechanically extended. 'If I have heard aright, I have no further claim to the name they call me by; although, more fortunate than other usurpers, I have another title on which to fall back, and need not become just plain Mr De Vere. But this is a surprise for us all, Sir Sykes.'

Sir Sykes Denzil's face worked painfully, every muscle seeming to quiver like that of a martyr at the stake. He glanced at Hold more with the piteous appealing look that a performing dog directs at his master than with the expression of a responsible human being.

'My esteemed friend, Mr Hold,' he muttered in a thick voice that struck strangely on the ear.

'Ah! Mr Hold then knows all about the mystery?' said Lord Harrogate with a quiet smile.

'Yes; I know a thing or two,' boldly returned Richard; 'and so too does Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet. Don't doubt, squire, or "my lord"—though you must down your flag now, and give up the Harrogate title to "my Lady" here—that we shall be able to produce manifest, invoice, and log-book to make good the ship's claims to the name she's called by.—Shan't we, Sir Sykes?'

Sir Sykes thus cited, made an effort to speak. 'This young lady,' he began, and then was mute.

'This young lady,' said Lord Harrogate, turning to Ruth, and speaking with a graceful courtesy that became him well, 'shall not, I assure you, be delayed in the acquisition of her lawful due by any act of mine or of my family, when once the romantic history has been explained a little more clearly than has hitherto been the case. If she turns out to be really the lost child of my cousin Clare, Lady Harrogate, I can promise that all at High Tor will!'

'Whose champion—champion,' interrupted Sir Sykes, continuing the sentence he had begun, in the same thick unnatural voice as before, 'yes, whose champion.'

Then there came a crash and a shriek and a rush of feet, and the gabble and outcry and up-lifting of many voices. All seemed to speak and none to listen; but one thing was certain—Sir Sykes had fallen down in a fit; and they raised him speechless and helpless, with distorted face and stiffened limbs, and bore him in and laid him on his bed. 'Paralysis,' was the verdict of the doctor who was summoned in hot haste; 'and I fear his death-blow.'

ACCLIMATISATION OF ANIMALS.

MUSEUMS of natural history and collections of wild animals, either in gardens or in travelling shows, have spread a taste for natural history and the acclimatisation of animals over all countries and among all classes. Everywhere scientific institutions have risen up, and to the knowledge of living beings has been closely allied the study of physical geography. Climates suitable to each animal have to be provided—warmth for those from the equator, marshy ground for the amphibious tribes, a northern aspect for the polar bears; thus surrounding them artificially with the natural conditions of their country.

The question of taming and acclimatising animals belonging to other countries has occupied the minds of our naturalists for some time past. Every one agrees that the acquisition of new species would be a real benefit, by making our means of subsistence more certain. What has been done in times long past may be done in the present day. The greater number of domestic animals, now forming such a source of riches to Europe, do not originally belong to this continent. When the races of men wandered over this part of the world, where we now see all the wonders of industry and the conquests of agriculture, what did they find? Among trees, the oak; among animals, the wild bear. All our fine domestic varieties are borrowed from other lands. What Nature had refused to our climate, man's patience has given to it. Possessor of a superior intellect, the European has augmented his strength by the cosmopolitan force of the animal kingdom.

Can this peaceful conquest be said to have terminated? Is the work of domesticating animals accomplished? Science says No. There are still a great number of exotics upon which man may try his skill. Most of these are to be found in menageries, but only as objects of curiosity. Some may be brought under the yoke, even tamed, without being domesticated. There is an hereditary law by which these modifications can be acquired: the progeny of wild parents is wild, that of a tamed father and mother is born tame. The inclinations, character, and faculties which the conquered species acquire in connection with man, are transmitted to their offspring. A sort of slow progress in the constitution of the creature is continued from generation to generation, until a new course of life is finally adopted. If man has not appropriated the help and the flesh of a greater number of animals, he must neither accuse his

climate, nor the different temperatures of the globe, nor the primitive ways of refractory beasts; but must rather own, that having provided for his more urgent necessities by the assimilation of a small number of useful species, he has now abandoned a pursuit which demands many sacrifices and much patient industry.

Europe possesses some thirty-five domestic species of animals, among which about thirty-one may be counted as belonging to the older world, and four to that of America. Most naturalists agree in thinking this number too few. To possess an adequate idea of the benefits which arise from them to agriculture, trade, and art, we must picture the loss which would accrue if one species only, as the horse, the ass, the sheep, or the fowl, were to disappear. Among these, some contribute to our nourishment; others, like the sheep, give us clothing as well; whilst others, as efficient auxiliaries, undertake with their strong limbs an amount of work which would otherwise fall entirely on man.

Let us glance at a few specimens of the animal kingdom over which it would be reasonable to expect a conquest. Among carnivorous types the most useful and intelligent is undoubtedly the dog. Some persons, ignorant of facts, imagine that if man has not reclaimed from a state of nature more of the great flesh-eaters, it is on account of the natural ferocity of these creatures. But that is not the obstacle. There are examples of lions, tigers, bears, and wolves which have become tractable and even completely tamed. The hyena, which has been treated as an object of aversion, and which naturalists of a former period painted under such dark colours, has already passed into the domestic state in many parts of Africa, where it gives services to its master akin to those of the most faithful and attached dog. The education of the feline race has also begun, as, for instance, the cheetah or hunting cat, which belies the general notion of the tiger's cruelty. Good and docile in a state of liberty, it follows its Indian lords to the chase; when confined, it pleases its keepers by its amiability. It is true that it presents certain structural differences from others of the feline tribe; the anterior part of the brain is higher, and its claws, which are not retractile, are differently formed from those of the tiger; but it may be asked if these have been furnished by nature or created by education?

There exists another animal which might be trained to render us great service, that is the seal, which is slaughtered so mercilessly for the sake of its oil and skin. Intelligent and affectionate, it possesses all the qualities suitable for a domestic state. The director of the Museum at Dijon had so skilfully tamed one some years ago, that though by nature amphibious, its primitive habits were changed, and it rarely went into the water, placing itself during the winter close to its master in the warm corner of the fireside, stretched on the wood-ashes. If pains were taken to teach the seal, it might become to the fisherman what the dog is to the hunter. Nor need we despair of such a result, for the Chinese train the remora or sucking-fish to catch turtles, and the heron and cormorant to capture fishes. The coasts of England would be fit places for the education of the seal. The value of such help may be imagined when we think of the great solitude of the sea—so many

times larger than the space covered by land—where man has no ally, and can only count upon those who dread him. What an interest for him in the very element itself, to have a friend and companion who would follow him in his fishing expeditions! There are not wanting conclusive results which have been obtained in individual cases; and if the same care were extended to the race, we may say that the seal is an ally ready prepared by Nature.

If we pass from the carnivorous tribes to the herbivorous we soon perceive that many species are domesticated by the people of Asia, Africa, and America, to which they owe much of their riches; such as the camel, the quagga, the llama, and the alpaca. The camel and the dromedary, by their patience, and through the structure of their stomach which allows of their enduring the privation of water, might render their services, in many parts of Europe, more valuable than those of the best horses. They have been put to work in some zoological gardens with economical results; in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, they have for a long time past drawn the water from the well for the use of the large establishment; and it is found that the labour of one is just double that performed by a strong horse. They require less food; and thus there is a clear profit for the Society. The camel's foot, however, is not adapted like that of the llama for scaling rocks and mountainous districts.

The llama is the camel of America. Although slow in its movements and small in size, it need not be despised as a beast of burden, especially in poor mountainous districts, where the ass, the horse, and the mule have some difficulty in finding nourishment. In some parts of Switzerland, Hungary, and the Alps of Dauphiné, perhaps even in Scotland, their introduction would be a real piece of good fortune. Natives of the Andes, the highest mountains in the world, their step is very sure; they can descend, when heavily laden, most dangerous ravines, and take roads through rocks on the borders of precipices where man would hesitate to follow. The llama requires little care; it needs no shelter, and finds for itself a means of subsistence wherever it may be. Nor is it only a carrying animal, but also valuable to the butcher, the flesh being much esteemed; whilst the hair when spun produces beautiful stuffs. It is not, however, equal in this respect to the alpaca, the hair of which is as fine as that of the Cashmere goat, and much longer. Where these two animals have been introduced into Europe, they have retained their health and produced young ones. There are few zoological gardens where this result has not been obtained. The llama is indeed already partly acclimatised in Holland. If these attempts were steadily carried on, in half a century llamas would make a good show among our flocks. Without forgetting our old friends the horse or the sheep, we should have introduced a new element into agriculture and commerce.

There is an animal possessed of great rapidity of motion, known in the United States as the wapiti or eland. It is a species of deer, and is certainly a noble creature, the pride of the American forests, and has been tamed by the Indians, to whom it renders all the services of a domestic race, carrying their burdens, and

drawing sledges over the ice of winter with perfect ease. Its flesh is also very palatable. A German naturalist was the first to introduce it into the streets of Baltimore some time ago; and four were brought to England so long since as 1817, when they were purchased at a high price by Lord James Murray, who succeeded in rearing three generations. One was seen in London harnessed to a tilbury, like a horse, and drawing it with remarkable vigour. It is supposed to be allied to the race of antediluvian elks, whose enormous bones are found as fossils buried in the remains of forests in the Irish bogs.

We must allow that the range of our alimentary food is poor compared with the rich supply which Nature has scattered over the globe, and of which we have appropriated but a small part. It would occupy too much space to mention the foreign mammals which might enrich our tables; but there is one which recommends itself strongly by its large size, the abundance of its flesh, and the ease with which it can be tamed, namely the American tapir. This quadruped would complete our race of pigs with all their well-known utility. There is one important consideration to be taken into account in connection with this and many other species; it is, that all animals which are brought into a domestic state increase rapidly in numbers, notwithstanding the continual sacrifices made upon them for our wants. On the other hand, those which still exist only in a wild state diminish periodically; some indeed, such as the American bison, to all appearance will soon vanish altogether. As the races of men reclaim the land, they drive back the wild beasts; the larger varieties cannot maintain themselves in the vicinity of their enemies. Should Africa and Asia be one day peopled like North America, and the axe of the pioneer open the dense forests, two alternatives alone will remain—either the animals must be tamed by man, or disappear. By favouring the attempts to increase our domestic treasures, science is acting as a conservator. Many races exposed to the perpetual attacks of enemies, like the lion and tiger, or marked out, like the giraffe, by their size or brilliancy of colour, are likely in a few centuries to rank among lost species, unless they obtain protection from man.

Such has already been the fate of the dodo, a large bird allied to the pigeons, with short wings, formerly inhabiting Mauritius. Certain extermination seems to be in store for the beaver, which is so mercilessly trapped in many parts of America, its regular destruction going on without any regard to the breeding period. The emu is with-drawing rapidly before the Australian colonists; and the kangaroo, which was known but as yesterday, is slaughtered by thousands. It is, however, anticipated that this animal may be naturalised among us, births of marsupials having been obtained in some of our collections of natural history. But it seems as if it were only suited to its own regions; it leaps rather than runs; its attitude is often vertical, the tail when in this position serving as a pillar. The enormous size which some of them reach, the great strength in the hind-legs, the bounds of twelve or twenty feet high which it performs with ease—all tell us of a country where immense tufts of grass grow at considerable distances from each other, and where

the eye has to look onward from rock to rock and from bush to bush to find nourishment. It has been said that kangaroos which have been domesticated for a long period on the coast of Australia have lost their leaping power, that the height and strength of their form have diminished, and that they run on four legs more frequently. If these facts could be confirmed by experience, they would throw light on an obscure question: namely, 'What is the degree of influence exercised by exterior circumstances on the organisation of living beings?'

Of all the animals belonging to our temperate climates which might be made the most valuable, the reindeer merits our interest. It constitutes the great riches of the northern nations; stands in the place of the cow, the sheep, and the horse; for it nourishes its owner with its milk, warms him with its skin, and carries his burdens; its flesh also is excellent. What a prize would such an addition form in our country! Attempts have already been made to introduce it into the northern parts of Great Britain, but so far without happy results. The chief difficulty seems to rest with the climate; the reindeer like all northern species, adheres with peculiar tenacity to its own latitudes. M. Esquiros, who writes with much earnestness on this subject, suggests that greater pains should be taken in managing the shades of temperature; an animal torn violently from its original home takes root in a new country with some difficulty. To successfully bring it from the cold of Norway, a system of organised and gradual transition is required.

Naturalists having observed the fact that no animal now acclimatised in Europe has come from a colder country, have perhaps been too ready to accept this observation as a law. Our civilisation coming from the east, the races brought with them the animals so indispensable to them. Commerce and steam uniting the different regions of the globe in peaceful relations, man might thus begin an organised action on animals by submitting them to a graduated scale of temperature, and thus enrich us with the exotic species so far denied to our climates.

THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—SIBYL LORTON.

MOST people in this world of changes and chances have at some period or other of their lives been placed, either through their own fault or that of others, or it may be by some sudden and unlooked-for mishap, in what is familiarly termed an 'awkward position.' For instance, a young gentleman of my acquaintance, by nature rather bashful than otherwise, informed me that on one occasion, while dancing the Lancers, his partner fainted in his arms in the middle of the grand chain. 'How could anything have been more uncomfortable for me?' said he. 'My dear fellow,' replied I, 'it might have been worse. You might have fainted in *her* arms, which would have made it far more uncomfortable for you—and for *her*.'

When I was at my first dinner-party, a lady asked me the question: 'Have you ever been placed in an awkward position?' Not being ready

with a suitable reply, and being desirous of avoiding even the appearance of awkwardness, I, Irish-like, answered the question by another: 'What is your idea of an awkward position, Mrs Reeves?' 'Asking after some one's nearest relation or dearest friend, and being told they are dead,' was her reply.

Certainly such a position would be rightly termed awkward; and I was glad to be able to assert with truth that I had never been similarly placed. But on one occasion—now many years ago—it was my lot to be placed in a very awkward position, not once only but several times; and the first of these occasions was the beginning of a series of events, which commonplace and unimportant as they may seem to those who may read of them in these pages, made a great and lasting impression upon me, and caused me to alter my whole course of life for a period of nearly two years. I was in India at the time, and had been there about eighteen months, during which time I had been for the most part living in Calcutta, studying my profession, and hoping one day to be fortunate enough to be appointed to one of the European civil stations. This good fortune came to me sooner than I had even ventured to hope for. A very old friend of my father's, who had been for some years the civil surgeon at Mooderand, a station about fifty miles from Calcutta, was compelled to go to England on sick-leave; and having interest, as it is called, and being willing to do the son of his old friend a good turn, he managed to get me appointed as his successor; and at the time of which I now speak I had been there about a fortnight, and was well satisfied with the station, and just then with my neighbours. In fact I was as happy as most young fellows of five-and-twenty would have been in my place; not very arduous duties to perform, plenty to amuse me, either at the club—which was the gift of the Maharajah of Mooderand—or at the houses of my fellow-countrymen; and this state of affairs might have lasted longer, had it not been for the occurrence of events which, as I said before, altered the whole course of my life, and of which the beginning was my being placed in an 'awkward position.'

I had risen early one morning, that is to say at five A.M., and started for my daily constitutional canter, when about a hundred yards or so from my own house I met the Judge on foot. 'Where are you going, Stanmore?' asked he.

'Oh, just for a gallop somewhere,' replied I. 'Whereabouts is the best place?'

'Go on to the old race-course,' said the Judge; 'you can get a good long gallop round it; and if you have a fancy for exploring, there are several roads leading off it; they will most of them take you on to the high-road. Take care not to lose yourself altogether.'

'Which way?' inquired I.

'Straight on till you come to a sign-post marked "Race-course No. 1," then turn to the right!'

I thanked him, rode on, and following his directions, soon found myself at the race-course, which was about two miles distant. There, as the Judge had said, was plenty of smooth ground for a gallop; and after indulging in the pace till both my steed and myself were thoroughly heated, I drew rein, turned leisurely down one of the many roads leading off the race-course, and began to

wonder where it would take me to. I was not long left in doubt. In about a quarter of an hour I found myself again upon the race-course, having, like the man who followed his nose, returned to the place from which I had started. I tried another road. This time, my steed, a spirited young Burmah pony, grew impatient walking, and broke into a canter. I did not attempt to check him; but we had not proceeded far before an unlooked-for misfortune put an effectual stop to his impetuosity and my pleasure. A large stone, almost hidden by thick dust, lay in our path; my steed put his foot on it, stumbled and fell, throwing me right over his head. I was not hurt at all, and sprang to my feet instantly. Not so my poor pony: he too staggered up, but both his knees were severely cut, and in the fall the saddle-girths had broken. Here truly was an awkward position. I did not know where I was. I should have to find my way home on foot and lead my pony; which was, to say the least of it, ignominious; while to add to my troubles, the sun was rising, and in falling, I had so battered my large pith-hat that to wear it again was an impossibility. I was not desirous of perishing from sunstroke, but such a fate did not seem improbable. Fortunately round my hat was a large white 'puggeree,' this I took, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts, wound it round and over my head after the fashion of a Hindu turban, still further securing it with my pocket-handkerchief; then taking hold of the bride, I prepared for a fresh start.

'Which way should I go? Back to the race-course or straight on?'

I soon decided the latter, although I had not an idea where it could lead me to; but it was by far the most shady; and I hoped to meet with some low-caste Hindu on the road who would agree to go to my house and direct one of my servants to come to my assistance. I had not proceeded above two hundred yards down the road, which was on each side bordered by high and thick jungle, when all at once I came in sight of a house; no mud hut, no thatched bungalow, but a real stone house, small indeed and low built, but with stables and servants' quarters attached. My hopes rose at the prospect of so soon getting assistance, but almost immediately sank again, for I reflected that in all probability this was the dwelling-place of some high-caste Brahmin, who would regard my presence, did I intrude it upon him, as an insult. Standing still, I took a survey of the building, which was close to the road; the entrance was to the side, and a square piece of ground was between the house and the stables. While I hesitated, the sound of a long shrill whistle broke upon my ear.

'Come now,' said I to myself; 'that sounds European; I never yet heard a Bengalee whistle. I'll go in.' So I entered the compound, and advanced slowly towards the house, still leading my pony. The whistle was repeated. A lady emerged suddenly from the house, and stood before me; then she started, and for a minute or two we both stared at each other in silence. Well might we, for the outward appearance in both cases was, to say the least of it, uncommon, especially in mine. In coat and trousers that had once been white, but were now gray with dust, and in places stained with the blood of my unfortunate steed; no hat, but in its stead an extremely dirty white puggeree,

and a red silk bandana, I am conscious that I must have looked anything but an English gentleman, and that any one not acquainted with me would have been justified in taking me for a loafer. But if my companion had good reason for staring at me, which I can assure you she did, I also might be excused for returning her the compliment, for her attire, though not disreputable like mine, was, well—peculiar. She had evidently not expected visitors so early. She had on a brown holland dress, which, like my coat, would look better after it had been to the wash. Nothing very strange, so far. But what did surprise me was, that she was wearing a regimental mess-jacket that had once been scarlet, but was now faded to a dingy red; while a Turkish fez, several shades darker in colour, was set on her light yellow locks, which were cut quite short. In one hand she held a long bamboo cane; by the other she led in a chain a half-bred, black and tan, collie dog. She was quite young, apparently not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, and in spite of her strange attire, both pretty and lady-like. But there was something about her face, a sort of nervous, restless expression in the blue eyes, now fixed so intently upon me, that at once gave the idea that, young as she was, she had already seen more than the ordinary every-day trials of this life.

'I beg your pardon, I began confusedly, feeling that to raise my hat—an impossible task under the circumstances—would have somewhat relieved my embarrassment; but, I—I have had an accident; my pony is badly hurt. I do not know the way; and the sun'—

Here the girl, who had not once taken her eyes off my face, broke in, saying: 'You are English then?'

'Certainly I am,' I replied, speaking with all the pride an Englishman thinks fit to adopt when owing to his nationality in a foreign land.

'I do not like the English!' exclaimed my companion.

'Good gracious!' was my mental comment. 'What a sentiment to fall from the lips of a lady in an Indian jungle.—I am sorry for it,' I remarked aloud, 'as it is one of your own countrymen who now asks a favour of you.'

'I am not English, at least only partly.'

'Indeed,' said I, feeling relieved as I noted her flaxen hair and fair skin.

'Yes; my mother was a Swede.'

I cannot say I felt particularly interested in the fact; perhaps at any other time I should have been more sympathetic; but just then my thoughts were occupied far more with the ways and means of getting home than anything else. I was hot, tired, and not at all disposed to stand about in the sun chattering to a young lady, however pretty and agreeable she might be. So without any reply to her remark beyond a cold 'Indeed,' I continued: 'I am very sorry to have intruded at this early hour. I had not ventured to hope for such good-luck as meeting one of my own nation here.'

'Good-luck you call it!' exclaimed the girl, coming closer and gazing into my face with an interest that gave me quite an uncomfortable feeling. 'What, then, do you think it must be for me, who have not seen a white face, except one, for the last— How long was it? I cannot remember,'

she added, putting her hand to her head, and looking at me with an air of such utter helplessness as I had never seen before, and hope never to see again in one so young.

For a moment I forgot all about myself and my anxiety to get home as quickly as possible; a feeling of indescribable interest for this oddly attired, strange-speaking girl awoke in me, and prompted me to remain and converse with her; only for a moment though. I am by no means a romantic man; on the contrary, I am generally set down as matter of fact; and in spite of a strong yet natural desire to stay a little longer with my newly formed acquaintance, the mere switching of my pony's tail as some flies settled on his back, and the buzzing of one or two more of the same obnoxious insects in my face, recalled me instantly to the stern necessity of getting home without delay.

'Pardon me,' said I hastily; 'I must get home before the sun gets high. I have lost my way. Can you direct me?'

'Where to?' she inquired listlessly. 'I do not know where you live.'

'In Moodarand,' I replied; 'one of those houses beyond the railway.'

'The railway!' she repeated, surprised. 'Is there a railway here? Sometimes I have fancied I heard the trains, at night chiefly. Tell me, she went on eagerly, 'is it anywhere near the river?'

'The river?' said I. 'What?'

'The river down there,' she interrupted, waving her hand vaguely. 'There is a bank. Yes; that must be the railway embankment. In one place the road crosses it; does it not?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but it is not near the river.' 'Not near the river! What, then, can that bank be?' she exclaimed quickly. 'Is it another railway!—Ah; dropping her voice, and moving suddenly away from me—'here he is!'

I looked round, wondering what could have caused such a change in my companion; the eager, excited look in her blue eyes was one of actual terror, and her whole bearing was that of one under the influence of fear. I beheld nothing more formidable than an elderly gray-bearded, gray-haired gentleman, who had come up behind me on foot, and was now standing eyeing me with mingled curiosity, surprise, suspicion, and displeasure. I thought him a very forbidding, unpleasant-looking old party; but after all, he had reason to feel surprised at finding a strange young man of such respectable appearance talking to his daughter—for such I judged was the relationship between them—so I hastened to explain the cause of my presence in his domains!

'Ahem!' said he when I had finished the account of my misfortunes. 'May I inquire whom I have the honour of addressing?'

'Eustace Stannmore, Civil Surgeon of Moodarand,' I replied, with all a young man's pride in his first appointment; 'at your service, sir.'

The elderly gentleman did not seem much impressed by the fact, I thought, for he merely bowed slightly and stiffly, and inquired in what way he could serve me.

'If you will lend me a hat, and tell me which way to go,' was my reply. 'I will walk home; and if you would be kind enough to let my pony stand in your stables until I can send my squire for him, I shall be very much obliged.'

'I will send one of my own servants with him,

Mr Stannmore,' said the old gentleman, 'if you will tell me where your house is.—Oh, the other side of the line, I will see to it. And now I must ask a favour of you. Will you give me your word of honour as a gentleman never to mention to any one that you have seen me and this young lady here?'

I hesitated a moment, not so much from unwillingness to comply with the request, as from astonishment at the nature of it. Unconsciously my eyes wandered to the young girl, who had not moved since the old gentleman's arrival. Our eyes met for an instant; and I saw her lips frame the word 'Promise.' What impulse moved me to give the required pledge I know not. I was young, thoughtless, and did not pause to think what might be the consequences of my impetuosity; but I faithfully promised secrecy.

'Thank you, Mr Stannmore,' said the elderly gentleman; 'I feel sure I can trust you. Now, come in and have a cup of tea before you start home.'

This offer, however, I declined, feeling that I had already stayed long enough, and that it was quite time for me to be returning to my professional duties in Moodarand; so, after assuming one of my new acquaintance's sun-hats, in lieu of the aforesaid dirty white puggere, and giving my pony in charge to a squire whom he summoned, I wished him good-morning; and receiving ample directions as to the way, started homewards. As I passed the windows, or rather the green shutters which served for windows, that looked out on the road, I again saw the girl—who had disappeared while I was selecting a hat—leaning out, evidently on the watch for some one. Seeing me, she threw something white at my feet, entreated me almost in a whisper not to look at it till I got home, and vanished.

I picked up the scrap of paper, put it in my pocket, and hurried away down the road, wondering much at the strange events of the morning. Arrived at home I at once opened and read the note, which ran thus: 'Are you willing to serve a woman in distress and danger? If so, come on Friday night at eight o'clock to where the road crosses the bank by the river. It will be moonlight.' There was no signature to this mysterious letter; the writing, though evidently done in haste, was unmistakably that of a lady.

To say that I was puzzled by these circumstances would be giving but a faint description of my wonder and perplexity. 'Who could this strange girl be? Why were she and her father living in such an isolated spot? What did she mean by "distress and danger?"' So ran my thoughts; until at last, after indulging in a series of the wildest conjectures, I worked myself up into such a state of curiosity and excitement, that I determined, no matter what came of it, to obey the strange summons, and be at the appointed place on Friday night. A difficulty presented itself immediately. Being, as I have already said, a stranger to the locality, I did not know what was meant by the bank, the road, or the river. Fortune favoured me, however. The next morning I was out riding again (luckily for my pleasure, I could afford to keep two ponies), and met the superintendent of police, likewise on horseback. We rode on together to the race-course, and after galloping round it, my com-

panion struck off straight across country, I following him till we reached a long dike.

'What is this for?' inquired I.

'It was made some years ago after the river Dum broke its banks and flooded the land as far as the railway,' replied he.

'Where then is the river?'

'Close by. Ride up on the dike and you will see it.'

I did so. A regular pathway had been trodden on the top of the dike, or 'bund' as it is called; and I walked my horse along it, while I viewed the now shallow waters and the sandy shores of the Dum. Presently some way ahead I saw some natives, driving before them oxen laden with straw, cross right over the bund.

'Do the roads cross over this?' asked I of my companion.

'Yes,' replied he; 'at different places. There is one a little way from here.'

Evidently this was the spot that strange young girl had appointed for our meeting-place next Friday night. I was beginning to grow very excited about it, and to long for Friday evening to come; though, as that day was only Tuesday, I had to exercise a little patience.

At last the time came; and with a beating heart and bounding pulse I rode my pony to the appointed meeting-place, at which I arrived a few minutes after eight. It was, as the unknown fair one had said it would be, a moonlight night; but although in general an ardent admirer of Nature and its beauties, I thought only now of the advantage we should both of us gain by having light. I had not long to wait; first a loud bark broke the stillness of the air, and the black collie appeared; then followed his mistress with a slow hesitating step, looking anxiously around her all the while, as though in fear of detection. Her attire was different from what it had been when I first saw her; the scarlet mess-jacket was replaced by an opera cloak, somewhat the worse for wear; but the Turkish fez still adorned her short fair locks.

Seeing her, I dismounted, and leaving my docile steed standing alone, advanced to greet her.

She recognised me instantly, for she laid her hand on her dog's collar, and addressed me by my name. 'Good-evening, Mr Stanmore; I am so glad you have come.'

'Good-evening,' replied I. 'You have the advantage of me. I am still ignorant how to address one who has so far honoured me as to ask for my assistance.'

'My name is Sibyl Lorton,' returned my companion, quickly. 'Did he not tell you?'

'Who?' asked I. 'Your father?—No; he did not.'

'He is not my father,' interrupted the girl hastily. 'Bad as he was, my father would never have treated me like this.'

'Is he then your uncle?' inquired I.

'Yes,' she replied; 'my father's brother. Brothers in all that was bad, they were.—Tell me,' she went on hurriedly, 'has it ever occurred to you what I am, and why I am here?'

It had more than once occurred to me that my fair companion was a little out of her mind, but I did not like to tell her so, and only answered something to the effect that I wondered at any European lady living in such a solitary place.

'It is not of my own free will that I live there, I can assure you,' she responded earnestly. 'Have you the patience to listen to a long story, Mr Stanmore?'

I assented, for my curiosity was more than ever excited.

'First of all then,' began the girl, drawing closer to me, and looking anxiously around her, as if she feared some one might be watching us, 'I must tell you of my mother. She was a Swedish opera singer, who being left an orphan when only twenty years of age, joined one or two of her countrymen, like herself in search of fortune, and came to London, where, after a little time she, being a good English scholar, succeeded in procuring an engagement at one of the minor theatres. At the end of a year she became acquainted with two brothers, Norris and Osmond Lorton, the latter of whom it was afterwards my misfortune to call "father." No two brothers could have been more alike in disposition; no two more unlike in outward appearance. Norris Lorton there is no need to describe; you have already seen him. Osmond was fully three inches taller than his brother, well made, dark haired and eyed, handsome enough to captivate many a simple maiden, and with a soft voice and fascinating manners that soon won for him the love of my poor mother, who believed in him as implicitly as so many do ere they are deceived. He married her, and then she soon learned her mistake; soon found that he, with his agreeable exterior, was to the full as selfish, grasping, and cruel as Norris Lorton, the villain in whose power I now am. I will not dwell upon the misery of her married life; her husband's cruel treatment in time broke her heart; and at twelve years of age—the time when it seemed to me I needed her most—I lost her.

'About three months before her death an event occurred which I may say was the beginning of my troubles, and is the cause of my imprisonment in this jungle. A distant relation of my mother's, of whom she had not heard for years, died suddenly and left her a considerable sum of money, quite sufficient to have maintained her in comfort for life; but she never lived to enjoy it. After her death I never knew my father speak a kind word to me. He never had been an affectionate parent as long as I could remember, but now his treatment of me became so harsh that I dreaded being in the same room with him. Child-like, I often wondered what was the cause of this dislike to me, but it was not long before I learned the truth. My mother, ere she died, had made a will leaving the bulk of her newly acquired fortune—reserving only a small annuity for my father—to me, and he was unable to touch a penny of it. My poor mother, knowing her husband's extravagant habits, had taken this precaution for securing a maintenance to her only child. Ah, could she but have foreseen the troubles it has brought upon me! Thank God, she is spared that now! Here my companion's voice broke down, and a sob escaped her lips; but before I could offer her my sympathy, she resumed her narrative.

'I did not know about it at the time, being too young to understand; but my father went to law and disputed my mother's right to settle the money on me, on the ground that she was

insane—the most false accusation ever brought against a good noble woman!’ she exclaimed fiercely. ‘But his villainous brother supported him strongly, and so did several other of his relations. I had but one to help me—the manager of the theatre at which my mother had so long been employed, and whom she had appointed as the trustee of my fortune. He stood by me bravely, and we won; the verdict was given in our favour, and our enemies were baffled.

‘My life even then was a very unhappy one. I was under the charge of Mrs Norris Lorton, a stern puritanical woman, who used to delight to give me daily discourses upon the wickedness of the rising generation and the love of money being the root of all evil, in which I frequently read allusions to myself and my ill-fated fortune. My education too was sadly neglected; I was sent to a cheap third-rate day-school, where I learned next to nothing. At the age of sixteen I was taken away altogether, and for another year dragged out a miserable existence at Norris Lorton’s house. At the end of that time, I did the most foolish thing I could have done under the circumstances, as it gave my enemies a handle against me—I ran away. Yes; one afternoon in November I, with five shillings in my pocket, left my aunt’s house, resolving in my mind never to return, feeling sure that among the crowds in the great metropolis I should never be discovered, and without the slightest thought or care as to how I should find my living for the future. My flight was speedily terminated by an unforeseen circumstance.’

GOSSIP ABOUT PEDLERS AND BEGGARS.

A SHORT time ago we were at work quietly in our usual sitting-room, when glancing from the window we noticed a swaggering individual approach. He rang the door-bell imperiously, and told the servant to say that he had got a box which contained a quantity of fragrant wood from Brazil, excellent for exterminating moths and other troublesome insects. To get rid of the fellow, we invested in two bits of this wood, for which we paid sixpence. The pieces were each about two inches long and an inch broad. They were of a dark-red colour, and had a strong odour, somewhat like cinnamon and cloves. We laid them on a table in the only room where we had ever seen moths—namely the drawing-room; and not placing especial faith in their powers of destruction, we straightway forgot all about them. Some little time after, a visitor chanced to call, and remarked that we had got two pieces of touchwood on the table, asking us also if there was anything remarkable about them. To our surprise, on lifting and examining our recent purchase we found the bits of wood no longer red, but white; while not a vestige of scent remained in them. The imposture was ingenious. Ordinary touchwood had been steeped in some strong-smelling, high-coloured essence, and we as well as some other people had been ‘taken in.’ We had a good laugh at our own expense. But experience does not *always* teach, as we be presently proved.

One day while at dinner, a sponge-merchant came to the door. He was well dressed, had a good manner, and his wares looked fresh and new. We bought a large fine sponge, for which we paid an unusually small price. After soaking the sponge in water to take out the sand, we were amazed to find not only a very considerable sandy deposit, but an utterly astonishing and overwhelming smell of the sea—not to be accounted for by any previous experience of sponges. Upon examination we found that our sponge had been cleverly ‘doctored.’ It was a very old one evidently, quite rotten and utterly worthless; but the vendor had stiffened it well with sea-sand, had thereafter impregnated it with iodine—and after this had boldly ventured forth and traded upon our simplicity. Of course we again laughed, though not so heartily this time. The article had been well ‘got up,’ and this was all we could say. We never bought another sponge at the door again, preferring to patronise the legitimate emporiums for that useful article.

Some years ago we found it very difficult to procure as many eggs as we needed—they were scarce and very dear; and one winter day we were much pleased to see a tall country-looking man come up the street with a huge basket of very fine specimens. We despatched the servant to invite him to the door; and upon the man’s earnest assurance that he had just come from a farm which he mentioned, we bought several dozens of the beautiful large eggs. They were below the usual exorbitant market-price, and we rejoiced greatly at the prospect of enjoying these rural dainties at our breakfast for a week to come. Alas, every egg was rotten! We found that they had been old eggs purchased for a few pence, dexterously painted up and whitened, and palmed off on the public. The man never returned our way again.

It is amusing to see the different ways in which those who are by habit and repute beggars, manage to throw a little halo of industry round themselves, by carrying about all sorts of cheap and meretricious jewellery, lace, paper, pencils, and other wares. An old soldier comes often and begs earnestly for sixpence, ‘just to help him to get to Newcastle.’ This same old soldier, by the way, came one night in the dark and received a shilling, upon which he departed, calling loudly upon Heaven to bless us all. Next morning he came in broad daylight professing to be *quite another man*.

This time we were not duped. An old and very odd-looking woman called ‘Dummy’ has come to our door and many other doors for the last twenty years, every Saturday. Our town seemed to be a splendid ‘Draw.’ Every door she went to sent forth a penny or broken victuals, &c., for her support. In the course of years, many of Dummy’s old friends died, but she always got lots of aid in coppers and food. For several Saturdays she did not appear at our door, and on inquiry it was found that the poor creature was ill. Being deaf and dumb, it was of course very difficult to communicate with her, especially as she had bolted and barred the door of her small dark

room. Medical aid, however, found its way at last to Dummy; and when her door was forced open, the atmosphere of her confined and dirty apartment was too awful to be described. Dummy was laid hold of by the authorities, borne off sullenly to the hospital, and was there cleaned, cared for, and fed. What they did with her household goods, we do not know, but from Dummy's bed were taken parcels of money amounting to several pounds, the proceeds of indiscriminate charity. Fourteen shillings of this were in coppers, no doubt the hoardings of her Saturday pennies. Her only way of asking for clothes was by a fantastic display of some ragged part of her dress accompanied by various uncouth sounds. Last time I heard of her she was clean and comfortable, and seemed to have a good appetite. What became of the hoarded coins we do not know.

A couple came to the door begging; the husband led the wife affectionately by the hand, for as he explained to us, 'she had been stone-blind for years, and was able to do nothing for herself.' Our tender hearts were of course touched by such an indication of affection, and we presented the pair with coppers and cold meat. The same afternoon we met the couple going along hand-in-hand, but this time the *man* was blind and the woman was leading him.

It is pleasant to pass from the foregoing instances to the following *bona-fide* ways and means of making a livelihood. An old woman with a clean white cap on her head, surmounted by a curious black silk poke-bonnet, came and stood in front of our windows one day. She held in her hand a large basket, and would not go away till we had looked at her pretty things. They consisted of neat little pin-cushions, match-boxes, and pin-trays made of the pith from rushes, and adorned with strips of coloured paper. A superior sort had gold paper on them instead of red or blue, and were a few pence dearer. We could detect no fraud here; so we bought several, marvelling much at the neat fingers which could make such very tasteful gimcracks from such poor materials. The old woman told us that these articles were made by two respectable old ladies who were reduced by poverty to do something for themselves, and that they employed her to sell for them. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and neatness of the work. There was not a single break in the smooth white pith, and it is well known that it requires great nicety to extract this substance from an ordinary rush without breaking it. A friend tells us that she has had two match-boxes formed of pith which look pretty after twenty years' use.

We noticed on the street one day a large crowd of dirty little urchins, seemingly attracted by a man in ragged clothing, who held in his hand an immense lot of long slender sticks, at the end of which there fluttered scraps of red, blue, yellow, and green paper. Stepping forward to inspect these articles, we found that they were small flags, constructed of bits of stick and odds and ends of paper-cuttings; they were a halfpenny each, and delighted the little mob immensely. After the lapse of two hours, the man had sold nearly all his wares, and the street was covered by a merry throng of small children, each waving a tiny paper flag. Here, by the outlay of a little time

and trouble, and by the aid of a few bits of cast-away wall-papers, a grown man was actually making a living, though certainly not a large one.

LOST AND FOUND.

On various occasions in this *Journal*, cases have been given of curious losses and subsequent recoveries of rings and other articles. The following additional examples have been kindly placed at our disposal by correspondents in various parts of the globe.

Some little time ago, Mr J. Cordy Jeaffreson, the well-known author of several capital books, received from his brother, a surgeon residing in Framlingham, Suffolk, a note informing him that a hamper was on its way to him. Just before closing the letter, the writer discovered that he had lost a diamond ring, and deeming it probable that it had dropped off his hand into the hamper while packing it, he added a postscript begging that the straw might be well searched. In due time the hamper arrived in London, was opened by Mr Jeaffreson and thoroughly examined; but no trace of the ring could be found. A little later, a clerk from the Great Eastern Railway Station called on Mr Jeaffreson, asked him if he had received a hamper on such a day, if there was anything missing which he had hoped to find; and on receiving answers, asked him to describe the missing property. That done, the clerk handed the ring over. It appeared that the hamper had been put down with several other parcels on the platform at Liverpool Street, and that a porter named Parminter, on removing them, noticed a diamond ring on the ground near this particular hamper; that being convinced it was not there before, he concluded it had fallen out of the hamper, and like an honest man, took it at once to the clerk.

The *Fife Herald* of May 25, 1876, told the story of a valuable find thus: 'One morning last week, a workman at West Bridge Flour-mills, Cupar, whilst in the act of washing a quantity of Egyptian beans, had his attention directed to something sparkling at the bottom of the vessel. He at once lifted the article, which proved to be a valuable diamond ring of chaste workmanship in fine gold. There had originally been seven diamonds in the ring, but one had been lost out of the setting; otherwise the ring was uninjured. The mystery, however, is, how did it find its way there? The beans, we believe, came direct from Egypt; and of course, as some one must have lost the ring in that country, means were taken, and we believe with success, to discover the rightful owner. The far-travelled ring has returned to the East.'

In the *Scotsman* of 9th January 1878, a correspondent gives this curious instance of the loss and recovery of a ring: 'About three weeks ago, two gentlemen were out fishing on Loch Eriboll, north-west of Sutherlandshire, and one of them dropped a valuable ring into the water. Last week a fisherman on the same loch had amongst his haul a pretty large cod, and inside it was found the identical ring safe and sound. The fisherman was handed a pound-note on his returning the ring to the owner.'

'Those persons who have seen the Lord Mayor of London,' says the *World*, 'not merely in his most festive garb, but in semi-state, will not have failed to notice that the chief magistrate wears at such times a large oval ornament hung round his neck by a piece of Garter-blue ribbon. This ornament is composed of large diamonds. It is of great value, and has a history extending over something like eight hundred years—the age of the corporation. Shortly after Lord Mayor Cotton came into office, one of the enormous brilliants of the "jewel"—for that is its proper appellation—was missed. It had either fallen out or been stolen, and search was made for it high and low. The Mansion House was presumably closely looked over, but unsuccessfully; and a West End jeweller was called in to provide a substitute for the lost diamond, the actual worth of which was very great, while its historical value might hardly be appraised. One day, however, as the Lord Mayor was reading in one of the drawing-rooms at the Mansion House, a gleam of sunshine fell upon something lying near a couch, and when Mr Cotton went to look, he found that that something was the missing diamond, which now gleams as brightly as ever in its old setting-place.'

Fifty years ago or thereabouts, Admiral X— was in command of one of His Majesty's ships on the Mediterranean station. He always wore an antique ring of rare workmanship and very great value; it was richly engraved with Arabic or Egyptian characters (a ring that nobody could possibly mistake). One day when on deck, in giving some order he lifted his hand, and his ring slipped off his finger and fell overboard. Of course he concluded that he had seen the last of his favourite ring; but a few weeks afterwards, he received a letter from a friend, Captain C—, who was stationed at Gibraltar, and who had heard of his loss, telling him he had found the ring in the following singular manner. He was buying some fish, when on the vender's finger he saw the ring, which he at once recognised (as I said before, it was one it was impossible to mistake). He inquired of the woman how she got it; when she directly answered: 'Sir, it is very odd, and perhaps you will hardly believe me, but I found it inside a fish. I was cleaning.' I need scarcely add that Captain C— bought the ring, and returned it to his old friend, who, you may be sure, was more careful of it after this adventure, having a double value for it.

In the year 1857, Mr and Mrs C— of L— were going from a favourite watering-place in North Devon to a village on the coast near, in their little pleasure-boat. The weather becoming very rough, they had some difficulty in managing their tiny craft, and Mr C— had to assist the men and lend a hand. He was wearing a valuable diamond ring (a memorial ring to Lord R—, once a most popular and justly esteemed personage in Devon), and having a great regard for his ring, both on account of its worth and for his old friend's sake, he took it off and gave it to his wife to take care of. She put it on her finger, but becoming very much alarmed at the weather, quite forgot all about it till she was safely landed on L— beach. She then had time to remember it, but to her dismay it was gone. Every search

was made, and continued for many days, but unavailing. Nothing more was seen of it until 1870. During that summer, some children of a family lodging in the village, while amusing themselves on the beach, picked up the ring, which although it had been either in the sea or among the rocks for thirteen years, was perfectly uninjured, looking as bright and fresh as if it had only just been dropped. Strange to say the lady who had lost it was (accidentally) almost the first person to whom it was shewn.

Some years since, Miss G—, when taking a walk with a friend on the shore at S—, lost her watch. She had looked at it only about twenty minutes before she missed it, and knowing exactly the place where she had taken it out, she and her companion returned along the beach to look for it. When they were within a short distance of the spot, they saw a fisherman coming towards them, and also saw him stoop down, and apparently pick up something, which they very naturally concluded was the watch. As he came near they recognised him as J—, an idle fellow of very indifferent character. They of course asked him, if he had found the watch; but he said no, and what he had picked up was the lady's glove. This was true, as Miss G— had, while collecting seaweed, touched something which made her glove smell so disagreeably, that she had thrown it away. However, the young ladies felt certain J— had got the watch, and he was taken before the magistrate; but as there was no evidence against him, he was discharged with a caution. Not very long after this, Miss G— married, and went away from S—, not returning there for four years, when she came back, on a visit to some friends. One day while standing on the beach with them and her husband, she said: 'It was exactly here I lost my watch, four years ago.' As she spoke, she looked down, and there on the shingle lay the watch. It was quite black, and of course spoilt; but there was the watch, with her initials, C. G., still perfectly legible on it. So poor J— was at least innocent of that charge.

Travelling in the provinces of Ontario with samples of goods some years ago, in the month of August, I arrived at the village of Ulsmere, three hundred and thirty miles from Montreal, my home; and having unpacked my sample cases and gone to the dining-room for dinner, I missed a valuable ring, usually worn on my left hand, and which I remembered distinctly having seen on my finger that day. After having searched the wash-room, and made full inquiry of the landlord of the hotel and servants, I transacted my business, and left for L—, my next stopping-place. Months passed, and I had given up all hopes of getting my ring. In the following February, men were carting away from the cellar of our warehouse in Montreal a lot of rubbish and dirt, when a lad observing a kid mitten amongst the rubbish, and taking it up and putting it on, saying to himself, 'It looks warm and comfortable,' felt a hard substance, which proved to be a ring. On shewing it to the young men in the warehouse, one of them recognised it as being the one I had worn and lost. Query, How came the ring there? The solution came to me slowly. Among my 'samples' in the previous summer were mittens,

fastened to a sample card by an elastic cord; and on lifting out the cards, the ring, being loose on my finger, had dropped off, and fallen into the open cuff of the mitten. Months after, in preparing my samples for another trip, this particular mitten (the stock being all sold) was thrown out, and carelessly swept into the cellar. Need I say how thankful I was to get my old friend back, and that since I have always worn a guard for it.

The island of Galveston, which lies on the north side of the Gulf of Mexico, is about thirty miles long, and is possessed of a beautiful beach, the whole extent of the gulf-shore sloping very gently into the water. It is a great resort for bathing, and for driving on the sandy beach. The bathers enjoy their sport at night. A few years ago, a lady, Mrs L'E—, while enjoying her ocean bath, and whilst fronting one of the coming waves, received a mouthful of the briny liquid, and in relieving herself thereof, unfortunately lost her set of false teeth, in water about three feet deep, and probably a hundred yards from the dry beach. The matter was talked of a good deal, and became generally known; but no publication was made of the fact, and the teeth were given up as lost for ever. Not so, however; for some weeks afterwards a party driving along the shingle discovered something bright, and on stepping out, picked up the missing teeth, which were restored to the lady as good as ever, the polish given to them by the scouring of the sand far exceeding the dentist's art!

When Mr and Mrs G— were spending their honeymoon at L—, in Lancashire, Mrs G—, one day when sitting by the seaside (in taking off her glove) dropped her wedding-ring; they looked for it immediately, but it could not be found. Twelve years later, several after this lady's death, Mr G— was sitting in the same place with his second wife, when remembering the ring, he told her the story of its loss. As he was speaking, he put the end of his stick into a hole, adding: 'She always said it had gone in here;' when extraordinary and almost impossible as it may appear, he drew the ring out on the point of the stick.

[It will give us pleasure to receive from correspondents further guaranteed instances of curious losses and recoveries.]

TELEGRAPH PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

By the last mail we learn that the Japanese government, on the occasion of the opening of a new central telegraph office at Tôkiô, has undertaken the task of conducting hereafter the foreign telegraph business of that country. Up till that time the business arising between Japan and other countries had been conducted at an office of the (Danish) Great Northern Telegraph Company at Yokohama; but Japan has now for itself entered into the St Petersburg Convention, and henceforth takes its place amongst the recognised telegraph administrations of the day. It is less than eight years since the first telegraph in Japan was erected, and there are now nearly six thousand miles of wire in operation. And what is more remarkable, probably, is that the whole of the Morse instruments in the new head office, as well

as the 'test-box,' and a 'chronofer' or time transmitter, by which the correct time is transmitted daily to the one hundred and twenty-five offices in Japan, are of native make. In fact it is stated that wire is the only part of the telegraph system which is now imported, and it is expected that even the wire may soon be manufactured. When the new office at Tôkiô was thrown open to public inspection before being used for business, the building was inconveniently crowded by multitudes of the lower orders of Japanese, who seemed 'unwearied in displaying their open-mouthed enjoyment and surprise at the novel spectacle presented to them,' and to look with delighted awe on the small and simple-looking instruments which they knew would in some mysterious way convey a message instantaneously to places far distant. The official opening of the new office was witnessed by Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.B., British Minister at Japan; and amongst others by Mr Edward Gilbert, the English Chief-Superintendent, to whom the development of telegraphy in Japan owes so much.

ON A SHEET OF BLANK PAPER.

O virgin page, untouched, unstained,
Without a line, without a blot,
Thou cream-lidd blank-faced mystery
Of untold thoughts, of unused songs;
Who can foresee thy end, thy lot,
Who tell thy future history?

Perchance thou art reserved to bear
The record of a lofty mind,
Whose echo shall defy Time's wave;
Or in the rubbish basket near
Some cruel hand may bid thee find
Oblivion, and a vicerger grave.

Or shall, upon thy vacant face,
Some poet write a stirring ode,
Some wondrous lay, some graceful sonnet?
Or shall Miss Jones's fingers trace
Some lines to Madame à la Moile
About the colour of her bonnet?

Thou mayst some doctor's mandate bear
For horrid drugs or an emetic;
Or serve to write an I O U;
Some love-sick swain to Dulcinea,
In halting doggerel most pathetic,
May send thee as a *billet-doux*.

Or on thee, haply, shall be wrought
Some Picture, to for aye remain,
A masterpiece of tint and line?
Or shall the baser pen and thought
Of Thomas, or of Sarah Jane,
Degrade thee to a valentine?

O empty blank! that only craves
A touch, a word, in paint or rhyme;
Thou silent monument of shame
On cowards, idlers, Fashion's slaves,
On brains that have no thoughts sublime,
On hands that cannot give thee fame.

What ill destroyed, what good abused!
So ready thou to cheer or pain,
So prompt for blessing or for curse—
And here, half-conscious, as I muse,
I took the paper up again,
And scribbled off this idle verse!

T. P.

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GOOD MANNERS.

'MANNERS make the man,' says the old proverb; expressing in few words the truth, that of most of those with whom we have any intercourse, we know little, except the outer garb of manner, which as often hides as it reveals the inner man.

If we pass in review our acquaintance, we shall all, we think, find that those whom we are most glad to meet, whose companionship is pleasantest to us, are not always those whose characters we esteem most highly, but rather those in whose manners and conversation we find that peculiar charm which the French call *je ne sais quoi*. There are many people who despise, or affect to despise, all the outward embellishments which constitute the life of civilised society, who speak of 'rough diamonds,' and who have always got Burns's song *A Man's a Man for a' that* on the tip of their tongue. Yet without the forms and conventionalities which some chafe at, what would our intercourse be but that of our savage days. And how often would the refined and sensitive man or woman sigh for 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' rather than endure the uncongenial company of their kind.

It is difficult, almost impossible, to give a definition of good manners. That indescribable 'something' by which we recognise, after five minutes' acquaintance, a gentleman or a gentlewoman, is not to be told in words. It is like the true ring of the coin, subtlest yet surest test of its genuineness. No books of etiquette can help us to lay down rules on the subject. There are well-mannered men and women who have never received a lesson in manners or deportment in all their lives, who do not know a single conventional rule, and who have never mixed in what is called fashionable society. Accident of birth seems but of small account in the matter—stranger still, difference of early surroundings. There are boors with blue blood in their veins, and there are gentlemen who have followed the plough. If the old saying that 'it takes three generations to make a gentleman,' be a rule, there are many

exceptions to it. The mere inheritance of an aristocratic name, the possession of a long line of noble or gentle-blooded ancestors, does not always imply gentle demeanour. Good blood must, however, be considered a favouring circumstance, chiefly because it generally insures refined surroundings, intercourse with elegant and cultivated persons, and gives that perfect ease of manner in society which is the result of a consciousness of a high position and of seldom meeting one's superior in rank.

Of the qualities which seem indispensable in those who are candidates for the title of gentleman, we would certainly place first refinement of mind. This, which brings much of pain to the possessor, in the sensitiveness and irritability with which it is almost always accompanied, is nevertheless an invaluable gift in our intercourse with others. It gives that instinctive knowledge of what the effect of our words may be; that capability of putting one's self in the place of another, which is an effectual safeguard against anything unpleasant in intimacies. Tact is the outward expression of a refined mind, and we all know what tact does, how by a word or a look it seems to keep all right in a mixed company. With people of tact we are never afraid that an awkward subject will be introduced, that a question will be asked which it would be difficult to answer, or that the line between friendliness and ultra-familiarity will be overpassed; a matter in which vulgar people so often transgress. Still there are some people of essentially refined mind who are *gawche* and awkward in society. So here again our rule has exceptions.

Ease is an essential component of good manners. By ease we do not exactly mean self-possession; this last is a quality which some well-mannered people—in consequence perhaps of a nervous temperament—never acquire, and which the very young of both sexes are or ought to be deficient in. A girl of seventeen may have perfect ease of manner in society, and still possess that shyness and retiringness which is always her chief, though nowadays rare charm. Ease of manner is merely the result

of a consciousness of being in one's place in any society, which is a preventive of awkwardness, that quality so entirely incompatible with good manners. The instinctive knowledge of what is right to do under any circumstances which may arise, is a great assistance towards ease of manner, and prevents that clumsiness which results from being what is called 'taken aback.' We may be thought, in what has been said above, to have placed the standard of good manners rather too low; but it must be remembered that we have as yet merely spoken of that which constitutes a gentlemanlike or ladylike demeanour.

There are many to whom without a moment's hesitation, we would accord the title of gentleman, in the truest sense of the word, but who may be very deficient in what may be called graces of manner. Some well-bred people are so excessively brusque in manner as to offend constantly against the laws of society. Others have that distracting 'absent' manner which is so difficult to get on with. In fact, so various are the faults of manner in those rightly bearing the names of gentlemen or gentlewomen, that it would require a separate essay to treat of them.

There are, on the other hand, various graces of manner—adjuncts, not indispensables—which we express when we talk of fascinating, elegant, sweet, courtly, &c. in connection with manner. With regard to fascination, if it be difficult to lay down rules on the subject of merely 'good manners,' how can one be expected to define this rare and subtle charm? It dwells neither in appearance, voice, manner, nor style of conversation, but seems to pervade all. Why is it that some people never leave a mixed company without having gained a favourable verdict from every person present, and that no prejudice can stand out against the test of half an hour's conversation? Such gifted individuals may perhaps have only addressed a few commonplace words to those who will always afterwards speak of them as 'such a pleasant man!'—'such a sweet woman!' We cannot account for their success in society, but merely know that we are as much under the influence of this mysterious charm as though we were victims of the love-philters of the middle ages.

Elegant or polished manners are those which we sometimes see in people accustomed to mix a great deal in the world, especially the fashionable world. They are partly natural, as the result of such mixture; partly studied by those who set much store by such things, and who put on company manners as they put on full dress.

A sweet manner, when the effort to please is too evident, the affability too deliberate, the flattery too gross, is rarely agreeable; but a slight *souppon* of compliment in manner is, however we may disclaim the fact, acceptable to all, especially to the gentler sex.

A courtly manner, which we now and then come across, chiefly in elderly gentlemen, is fast becoming a thing of the past. It reminds us of traditions of the days of chivalry, when ladies were accustomed to consider themselves superior beings, and to exact the most exaggerated services from men as matters of course. In our days of free and easy intercourse between the sexes, a courtly or ultra-gallant manner rather puts us out, and makes us feel a kind of restraint or stiff-

ness, as if we should sit straight and speak very precisely.

We have passed over without notice many varieties of manner which will occur to all, in reviewing their acquaintances or friends. Given a gentleman or lady with that ease of manner which must characterise such—a determination to try and feel, or at least to appear interested in whatever is going on around, and to avoid, as far as conscience will allow, anything which may offend the prejudices of those whose company he or she may be in, and we have undoubtedly a well-mannered person, although all extra graces may be absent. 'Be natural' (the answer to a conundrum which we have somewhere seen: 'What is the key to good manners?') is perhaps the most useful hint to give to those who feel it their duty to try and please in society. Absence of affectation is a charm which compensates for the want of many a grace, and a put-on manner rarely deceives, and is always unpleasing.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE INSPECTOR'S TELEGRAM.

LORD HARROGATE, riding slowly homewards across the High Tor park, came suddenly upon his young sister Lady Alice and Miss Gray her governess, as they emerged from amid the deep fern, light green in summer, fawn-yellow now, that clothed the upper dells of that picturesque inclosure. He dismounted, and passing his horse's bridle over his arm, walked slowly on with the two girls towards the house.

'I am fresh from Carbery,' he said. 'I bring bad news though, so far as our friends at the Chase are concerned. Sir Sykes, poor man, has been struck down by paralysis.'

'How dreadful!' said Ethel. 'We did but just hear, your sister and I, as we started for our walk, that some wonderful good-fortune had befallen the young lady Miss Willis, who lives at the Chase, and were wondering at the bell-ringing and shouts, which seemed so persistent, when you bring back these tidings. Poor Sir Sykes!'

'My father will be shocked and sorry,' said Lord Harrogate thoughtfully. 'Maud and Gladys too will feel it for the sake of the Denzil girls. It is a strange affair altogether. Sir Sykes's behaviour, when I saw him first, was like that of a sleep-walker, while he seemed quite submissive to that piratical-looking fellow, Captain Richard Hold as he calls himself—the swarthy man whose presence seems so out of keeping with our peaceful Devonshire lanes.'

'He used to hang about the school-house in the village formerly, until I was more than half-afraid of the gaze of his bold keen eyes,' returned Ethel; while her pupil vehemently exclaimed: 'I hate the wretch! I'm sure he has murdered—oh, I can't say how many poor creatures at the other side of the world! I wouldn't take his word, if it is he who tells the story about Miss Willis being a great heiress, as I suppose he does.'

'Do not you really know, Alice,' rejoined Lord Harrogate, 'who it is that Sir Sykes's ward is now declared to be? It is no mighty heritage after all which her supporters claim on her behalf; only the Baron's coronet which, by courtesy, belongs to me. I should be very glad to cede it

to a more rightful wearer, only I should be glad to know how Miss Willis is the rightful wearer. My own idea is that she is not."

"You think then, Lord Harrogate, that the claim is a wrongful one?" asked Ethel timidly.

"Of course I do," answered the young man, smiling. "Think for a moment of what we are asked to believe. First, Sir Sykes receives a ward, recommended to him by a dying brother-officer, Major Willis; and in the course of a few weeks we hear that this orphaned young lady from India is to be married to our friend Captain Denzil, whom we had not looked upon as being of such susceptible stuff as to be capable of a Romeo-and-Juliet courtship. All the time, a singular-looking ruffian of the seafaring persuasion, who only needs the pistols and the silk scarf and red Catalan cap to make up into a stage pirate, hovers about the place, and has a finger in the pie which is baking. Lastly, under the direction of this same maritime rascal, we are told to call the young lady from India our cousin, and to recognise as Helena, Lady Harrogate, one whom yesterday we knew as Miss Ruth Willis."

"Ruth—Ruth?" murmured Ethel, putting her hand to her forehead, as if to recall some wandering thought that had for an instant glanced athwart her mind. "Was not that my name, very long ago, at Sandston?"

"Was it so?" asked Lord Harrogate with a sudden interest.

"I thought so for a moment," answered Miss Gray thoughtfully. "For an instant there seemed to fit before my eyes the image of a little child, playing on the beach, and who was called Ruth by those who came to chide her kindly, for venturing too near to the summer sea-waves. And yet I only know myself by the name you all know me by."

"I wish, if Lady Clare's child had to be found," said young Lady Alice impulsively, "that you had been the one, Ethel dear, and not that odious, scheming Miss Willis."

"I am afraid," returned Ethel, in her gentle way, "there is nothing very wonderful to be made out of my origin. I know nothing of my father in Australia, except his name of Gray."

"And are you sure that you never bore another name than that of Gray?" asked Lord Harrogate, with the same appearance of a sudden interest which he had previously shown.

"No; I cannot be sure," answered Ethel, turning her beautiful eyes towards him for the first time. "Young children, I think, are seldom as clear about the surname as the Christian name they hear so often. I do not think it was I who was called Ruth. And the earliest recollection I have—it is so vague and confused that it does not deserve to be called a recollection at all—is that I was very much frightened, and was crying, and was bidden not to cry, by a man whose face and voice were strange to me, and of whom I have often dreamed since, as though he had been the ogre of a nursery tale."

"Can you remember no more?" asked Lord Harrogate attentively.

"No," answered Ethel, smiling. "I have often tried to summon my recollections on that point, and could never succeed in making out more than that I was very frightened, and was carried somewhere by somebody, and cried, and was chidden for

crying. One thing—it seems too trivial to be worth speaking of—comes back to me persistently. I was sitting on the ground—I must have been very little indeed—and playing with some great sea-shells of a rose-pink colour, with spikes on them that reminded me of the horns of a pet goat that I seemed to have had as a playfellow somewhere else. It is childish, is it not, to remember such trifles?"

"I don't know about that," said Lord Harrogate seriously; "very important affairs have been decided before this on the strength of seeming trifles, and will be again. You never, I think—forgive me if I distress you—had any direct communication with the gentleman in Australia whom you have been taught to regard as your father?"

"No," Ethel answered with a trembling lip; "he never wrote. He sent money during the first years, 'r' it was through the hands of a lawyer, as I have, in London; but he never wrote. Even in the colony in which he lives was not mentioned when first he left me at Sandston."

"How delightful it would be!" burst out youthful Lady Alice, who was energetic in her likes and dislikes, "if it should turn out that this Mr Gray was not your father at all, Ethel love, and that you were—"

"A telegram, my lord," said one of the High Tor footmen, who had hurried down across the park to deliver the message, since the tardy approach of the conversing group had been observed. "There are still households in which the primitive respect for news flashed along the wires exists as when the telegraph was a startling novelty, and besides, there was a high respect entertained among the Earl's domestics for the character and abilities of 'my young lord,' and a half-superstitious idea that he might be one day summoned to great promotion at Windsor or Whitehall."

The telegram was from Inspector Drew of the detective police.

"Discovery—further examination of card," read out Lord Harrogate; "'seems important. Wish for interview.'—Ah, well, I shall have to go to London, I suppose.—What's this? 'Sandston should be our next try.'"

"Sandston? How strange!" murmured Ethel, scarcely aware that the words had passed her lips.

"Then she remembered, with a sigh and a blush, who she was, and what was her real position in the High Tor household."

"I think it is time for us to go in now," she said, looking round to Lady Alice.

"One moment!" said Lord Harrogate. "These are startling times, Miss Gray, and I need no excuse for believing, with those bawlers yonder at Carbery, that there may be some foundation for the report that my unhappy kinswoman's child was not drowned in the Thames, but lives, it may be, to this day. Only I revolt against the theory that bids me hail her in the shape of Miss Willis. I would much rather believe that I see in you the missing Helena."

"And that would be so nice!" exclaimed Lady Alice, clapping her hands.

Ethel was for a moment dazzled. We never quite know on what our belief is based, from what subtle storehouses and recondite nooks of the mind we gradually extract and blend the garnered facts, guesses, and impressions which make up the sum of our knowledge. Vague,

formless memories, early day-dreams, wild conjectures, came crowding back upon her; and for a moment she was almost inclined to regard herself as the missing link in the ancestral chain of the De Vere succession.

But she had sense and firmness enough to reply: 'What you talk of, Lord Harrogate, might be very pretty in a novel, but in real life we do not have coincidences of this sort. Depend upon it, Ethel Gray will be Ethel Gray to the end of the chapter; and your governess, Alice dear, not your cousin, so that she is obliged to remember the school-room and our early dinner and the afternoon lessons.'

By this time the Earl had somehow heard the tidings of Sir Sykes Denzil's illness, which had flown, as bad news is reputed to fly, from Carbery Chase to High Tor. He came to the hall-door to meet his son. 'This is a shocking business! They have murdered poor Sir Sykes among them!' he said warmly.

'It is an unfortunate affair altogether,' answered Lord Harrogate.

'That he should have become the partisan of an impostor! Of a creature who is no more of the De Vere blood than she is own sister to the Emperor of China!' exclaimed the Earl, whose honest mind was now stirred to honest wrath. 'We punish gipsy crones who tell the fortunes of silly serving-wenchies, and we are expected to do honour to such a one as this Miss Willis, with that buccaneering vagabond for her Ladyship's prime-minister, I suppose. To my mind, the whole thing is a rascally plot.'

The Earl of Wolverhampton was one of the least suspicious and most pliable of men. He had never resented the cruel caprice by which old Lord Harrogate had left the great family property away from the De Vere name and blood; but this audacious attempt to appropriate the honours of his ancient stock was too much for his patience.

'Of course the child's death was never proved,' said Lord Harrogate diplomatically.

'Let the child come forward then,' answered his father with unwonted irritation; 'but do not let her come in the shape of Miss Slyboots there. And as for the ruffian who backs her claim, if ever there was a neck moulded by Nature for a hempen cravat, it is that of Hull, Hole, Hold, or whatever they call the fellow.'

'Can't he be punished—I should think he might,' said Lady Alice, with that intense earnestness which belonged to her years—for something he did out there?

Young Lady Alice, like many of her age, sex, and degree, was hazy in her geography, and merely dreamed of a wide-spreading world of sunshine and blue sea and sharks, pirates, and slavers. To her eyes Hold was as a malevolent Sindbad the Sailor may have appeared to some Leila or Fatima in her peaceful Arab home, and had she been a jurorship impelled to try him, her verdict would certainly have been for heavy irons and a cell in Newgate.

The Earl was an experienced county magistrate, and his good-humour was at once restored by his daughter's speech.

'No chance of it, Alice,' he said, smiling. 'Trouble enough it is in these days to deal with our British rogues whose picking and stealing have been conveniently limited by the compass

of the four seas. I am afraid that Mr Hold, unless he be ill-advised enough to commit some offence where the Queen's writ runs, may elude Nemesis yet. But as regards the recognition by the House of Lords that this Miss Willis is poor Clare's child, that is another affair, and I at any rate shall oppose it to the utmost of my power.'

LEAVES FROM A PRISON CHAPLAIN'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SWELL-MOBMAN.—PART I.

PRISON-LIFE brings all sorts and conditions of men under my supervision, as chaplain of one of our large English prisons—men of almost every race and religious profession. I found that the criminal classes are interesting objects of study. It seems they have amongst themselves almost as many divisions of labour as the various crafts of the work-a-day world, and they rarely intrude upon each other's 'calling.' Of the different varieties, the members of the swell-mob are the fewest that I have met with. The others are common enough; but somehow or other the 'gentleman' thief manages more frequently to elude the clutches of the law. In these papers I intend to give some account of a representative member of this sort, and by one or two illustrations show how cool and cunning, courageous and intelligent, such persons are.

No. 3250, D.32—for in this way the inmates of our prison are known—was one of a gang of 'gentlemen' thieves who had been arrested, after a very clever case of shop-lifting. He was over fifty years of age, of good address, tall, and in his own clothes might pass for a gentleman of independent means. He was exceedingly intelligent, could speak several modern languages, and after his conviction and sentence of penal servitude, was very communicative. On one of my visits to his cell, he said: 'The police have made a capital catch this time. They have not only taken one but the whole male gang at a swoop. If that stupid fool Smith had left the diamond necklace in Paris, we should have got away. I really did not know that he had it about him. Well, I must say that we have had a fair trial. Money in this country is of no use in helping a fellow out of trouble. Now, in America we could easily have managed the business. The dollar there is mighty indeed; few locks resist its key. Why, bless you, sir, police affairs in America, especially in New York, are rotten from top to bottom. I have actually dined with the judge who was to try me the following day; and I have been passed from one place to another with a note of introduction—as an English gentleman travelling to see the country—from one superintendent of police to another.'

'You seem to have travelled a great deal. Your description of American police arrangements astonishes me, though I am aware that bribery is a charge commonly made against many officials in that country.'

'I assure you, sir, that I am not at all exaggerating. I know most countries well. I have travelled in France, Germany, and Italy, and I have never met anywhere such corruption as I

have witnessed in the States. I wish I had been there now, by-the-by, rather than have to spend so many years in an English convict establishment. Please to understand me; I don't mean to say that every common fellow, caught red-handed in a theft, can escape punishment there. Such a one is sure to get his deserts; but what I mean to say is that a man like myself, with pals to assist him outside, can in nine cases out of ten make all things square; though on one occasion I must confess that our plan of operations failed, on account of the notoriety of the offense, and I was sent to durance vile for many months. Perhaps it might interest you to hear something of police and prison life across the Atlantic; so if you can spare time, I shall have much pleasure in telling you my experiences. But you must excuse me if I decline to particularise the various businesses in which my friends and I were engaged; that I must leave to your own imagination.

From time to time as my duties called me to D. corridor, I visited my charge, and ultimately received from him the promised narrative, which I now give as far as possible in his own words, in order to shew, in addition to other interesting matter, his intelligence and traits of character.

'I always keep my eyes and ears open, sir, wherever I go. It is an important part of my profession to study human character; and in my passage out to America I took care to notice closely all my fellow-passengers; a study, I assure you, which amply repaid me, because I afterwards came in contact with several of them during my journeys in the States.

'Accompanied by my wife, I left Paris after the close of the Exhibition of '67, and struck out for New York, having obtained a passage at the Cunard Company's office, *via* Liverpool, twenty-six pounds each, per *Java*, Captain Lot. On arrival at Liverpool we found the *Java* disabled, and the *Samaria*, one of the Company's Boston boats, preparing to take her place. Some waited another week for the *Java*; but I preferred to proceed, as there was a dark cloud surrounding me, and I was anxious to put the Atlantic between me and Europe. My fellow-passengers were not numerous, but a very curious mixture. First was a Mormon bishop, with whom I had the pleasure of spending a day in Salt Lake City some two years afterwards; next were two United States gentlemen, officers of course, Colonel M— and Colonel G—; the former returning home after a business transaction in China; and the latter returning to answer a criminal court action. A German Baron ranks next, fresh from Hamburg, going out to teach languages, or pick up an heiress in one of the fashionable watering-places on the strength of his title and good looks. The Baron's cabin-companion was a Lieutenant O'B—, going out to join his regiment in Canada. He was a fine young fellow, the spirit of mischief and fun, a plague to the poor Baron, whom he managed to involve in three or four little affairs of honour, to be settled on landing in New York, but which were all amicably arranged on Washington's birthday, before we arrived in port. We had several families on board. One Jones and wife, and three little children, reminded me of poor Martin Chuzzlewit. Jones had been down South, and purchased a ruined plantation, desolated by the

war, in probably a fever-stricken swampy location, for a mere nominal price of three dollars the acre. He, poor fellow, was dragging a delicate young wife and little family from a land of plenty to find an early grave in this out-of-the-way hole in South Carolina or Georgia. He was christened by our lively O'B— "Jones the devoted," because of his affectionate attention to his wife and family, as well as of his contemplated sacrifice of the whole lot. In contrast to him was a bluff San Francisco man with his wife and family. He was a Cornish miner, who had emigrated nearly thirty years before. He was one of the first of Judge Lynch's Vigilance Committee-men, who in '48 organised themselves, and introduced the "Mexican Greasers" and the "Californian desperadoes" to a tall tree and a short rope, until law and order were restored in some shape. He was then settled in Grass Valley, Upper California, and was a very large farmer. So profitable did he find his farm, that he said he would not open a gold mine on his estate even if he knew of one. He was just returning from the old country after a lengthened visit.

'Opposite to me at table sat one of my own countrymen, evidently of good family and well educated, a Cantab without a degree, but with many a blemish. He was a most insufferable fop and puppy. "He could not think why some one else could not have been chosen for his mission; he thought he stood better at Downing Street; he looked for Italy, Vienna, or Paris, at least not to be ordered off at a moment's notice this long weary monotonous sea-voyage—this tussling and numbing; he wished Washington and United States to Hades, &c." Poor fellow! his fall was very rapid. I left him in 1875 in one of the lowest dives in New York, playing the piano to the lowest of the low for a miserable existence, after having undergone a term of four years in Sing-Sing prison for a heartless robbery.

'Another young Englishman in contrast with him was a Manchester-man, who was leaving home on the strength of a promised engagement in a large New York house, where he still is the manager with his four thousand dollars a year. This young fellow was not like our *vis-à-vis* at the same table, who drank champagne at every meal. When I invited him to take wine, he told me his pocket would not allow him to do so. I soon gained his confidence, and learned much of his history. His indeed was a sad case; but he has bravely fought his way to a good position. I cultivated his acquaintance for some years, until I found I should do him harm; but before I left New York I called on him at his business house, and then learned what a good position he was in.

'The remainder of the male portion of cabin passengers consisted of merchants and commercial travellers for large houses, with the exception of two or three others, among whom was a most eccentric character, who night and day posted himself on watch in the bows of the vessel, continually gazing ahead.

'A word about the ladies, and I shall have nearly exhausted my fellow-travellers. The weather being rough, they kept pretty much to themselves in their cabins and saloon; but there was one whom all the ship loved. She was a little mite of a Creole, with an immense love for her

husband, a French planter, enormously fat. Her chief occupation was to read him off to sleep; and then she would sit away to all parts of the vessel, just like a pretty little humming-bird, which, from the varied colours of her dress, she much resembled. She scorned all assistance on deck, and I really think would have gone half-way up the rigging if no one had been watching her. She was a very bright specimen of the Southern ladies, and as kind and good as she was *petite* and *jolie*. My wife and the little dame became great friends; we stayed together for a week at the same hotel in New York before they proceeded South. I can never mention my wife without thinking of her tragic fate. Poor Laura! her end was sad. When I had the misfortune to be imprisoned, she ventured to Europe, in spite of her promise to the contrary, with two or three of my companions, who had joined us in the States. They made for Constantinople, where for a time they did pretty well with flash notes and forged cheques, but were eventually arrested, and condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment. They managed, however, to escape from the place of confinement, but only to fall into the clutches of some Greek brigands, who exacted a considerable ransom, as "honour among thieves" in that part of the world was not, it seems, in vogue. There was no way of raising the ransom without communicating with "headquarters" in London; and the difficulty was how to do this. It was decided to send an agent of the brigands to England to negotiate with my wife, who had returned home, about raising the money. The upshot of the matter was that poor Laura was found murdered in her house, whether slain by the Greek or other foreigner (it was a foreigner of some sort, as evidence proved), is not known; but what became of the captives, I was never able to learn.

(Note. From inquiries which I made in reliable quarters I ascertained that this story was quite true.—*Chaplain*.)

'Now, sir, I suppose you will wonder how I could become so well acquainted with my fellow-passengers and learn so much about them; but you must know it was my business to study others, and I did so without being a Paul Pry or making myself obtrusive. For means of information I had a whole army of reporters in poor Laura, who was a very intelligent and well-educated woman, with a vast deal of tact. On board ship you are thrown so much together; you meet at every meal; you fraternise in the smoking-room; you are jostled about, thrown into each other's arms, sometimes pitched and tossed all of a heap together; you become better acquainted with each other in the few days at sea than you would in as many years on land, and lasting friendships are often formed in a voyage across the Atlantic.

'I ought to have told you that my first object on board was to ascertain if there were any of the "sharper" element there; for I knew there were some who cross many times in the course of the year, and pick out some victim whom they may fleece, and who will follow their victim if need be across the continent. I will give you an instance which you may depend upon, of the amount of travel, perseverance, and expense a Yankee adventurer will incur to secure a prize.

'After successfully clearing out the vaults of one of the largest banks in New York, and after

each party engaged had received his share of the cash thus obtained, and the detectives their handsome commission of fifteen or twenty per cent., which I know was their price, two of the party engaged in the robbery resolved to make a tour in the Old World. When in England, they purchased some machinery, quartz-crushing machines, steam-engine and gear complete, which, with themselves, they shipped for the Cape of Good Hope. Arrived there, they forthwith transported their plant up to the Diamond Fields, and quickly disposed of it at a very considerable profit. The fact of their introduction to the "Fields" in such a beneficial business capacity so gained them the confidence of several lucky finders of the sparkling gem, that when about to leave under the pretence of returning with fresh supplies of machinery, they were intrusted with many parcels of stones to be delivered to absent friends in Europe. The small speculation of the Diamond Fields was not enough to satisfy them for their trouble and outlay, so they cast about in Cape Town for other fish, and found one in the shape of a Bostonian who had come to the Cape to buy diamonds. They sailed with him in the English mail. On landing at Southampton, they divided their forces. Mr Fleeceman instantly went across the Channel to Havre, caught the *Ville de Paris*, one of the New York and French line of boats, and thus obtained a start of a day or two to prepare a reception on the other side. The other, Mr Catchem, stuck to his victim, and landed him, diamonds and all, safe and sound in Jersey City, United States. They dined together, compared notes, bade each other good-bye, shook hands, and parted. The Bostonian reached his house with his bag, but minus one hundred thousand dollars' worth of stones. Fleeceman, who had landed first, *vid* Havre, had obtained a bag the fac-simile of the merchant's, and obtained a third party to board the train and manage to change it.

'I told you I looked about for the ocean sharpers. I saw none but a suspicious personage, with that peculiar look as if always gazing at vacancy, yet you feel aware that he is looking at you. He was a sour disappointed man, a Washington detective returning without his man, whom he had hunted half-way over Europe, to let him slip through his fingers at last, and take refuge in La Brevine in the Swiss cantons. This fellow had the *Alabama* claim on the brain, and was always harping upon the subject. His bounce disgusted every one, and he was soon left to himself to chew his quid and disappointment.

'I need not trouble you any farther about any other incidents of our voyage; and I need not tell you about the appearance of New York, for that, no doubt, you know. But I must say that the Custom-house officers there despatch their business very expeditiously, and with not the least annoyance; that is to say, if you dip your fingers in your purse and produce the *pour-boire*, as the French term it, you are quickly attended to, and any little contraband you may have assumes an invisible green and is passed.

'I took up my quarters in the very centre of the "Empire City," at the *Clarendon*, one of the first hotels. Hoffman, who had just been made Governor of New York State, was staying there at the same time. Strange to say, I dined at the same table with the judge who, years after-

wards, sent me to durance vile, and with the governor who obtained my pardon.'

[In a future paper I will relate D.32's experiences of police bribery and corruption in America and his description of prison-life there.—*Chaplain.*]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DARTMOOR.

For the antiquarian, the general tourist, and geologist, there is wealth of interest in that little tract of Devonshire country called the Royal Forest of Dartmoor. The present scenery is probably far grander in outline than it was before atmospheric influence, succeeding volcanic changes, scooped out the valleys, and weathered those rugged masses called the Tors into their castellated and eccentric forms. The climate must have varied as much as vegetation. Brent Tor, near Tavistock, is frequently spoken of as the site of an old volcano, though Mr Rutley affirms its form to be due to denudation. Volcanic ashes and cinders were met with by De la Beche, which he regarded as suggestive of a volcano in the vicinity.

The strange forms of the Dartmoor Tors are owing, we are told, to the weathering of the vertical and horizontal joints, and can nowhere be better studied than at Mis Tor, near Prince's Town, at the Rippon Tors, Hey Tor, and Helmen Tor, composed of blocks of granite, several of which may be rocked with ease. Here, too, will the curious rock basins be found whose origin is still a matter of speculation.

Leaving these, however, for the geologist to determine, we will proceed to a volcanic ash-region. Woodward in his *Epitome of Geology* tells us that 'Man lived in this country, and throughout Western Europe, with the lion, the hairy elephant, the hyena, and the woolly rhinoceros, and was more or less nomadic, following the urus and the elk, and shifting from place to place as they migrated with the seasons. His weapons both of warfare and the chase resembled those of the Eskimo; and judging from the associated animals, he existed when climatic differences were much greater. In many places, he probably followed hard the receding glaciers, as his ancestors may have retreated before them.' Pengeley finds traces of two races of men in Kent's Cavern, Torquay, the earliest of which may have witnessed the separation of England from the continent, and the other have flourished long after. Do the flints then, which have been gathered there in such quantities, tell of one or both of these races who roamed with their herds over the dreary wastes, as the Laplander wanders now in the north of Europe? Was it the Cave-man or the ancient Celt who reared the dolmen at Drewsteignton, and laid down the alignments, one of which, after climbing up hill and down for many miles, terminates at Caddaford Bridge in a circle of large stones? Who arranged the Gray Wethers on the flank of Sittaford Tor, the noble circle on the down beyond Gidleigh Park, the hat circles inclosed within walls at Grimspound, without them at Merivale? Those curious structures generally named kistvaens, menhirs, and rude bridges of vast slabs laid on piles of stones, are still waiting, as they have waited for centuries, patiently, silently, to have the riddle of their existence read.

It is impossible to survey these various

monuments, preserved to us by the very dreariness of the wastes where they are found, without speculating in dumb wonderment and resistless curiosity as to their origin, use, and meaning. The bridges called British, and the encampments whether British or Roman, land us in historic times; and it is easy to picture the people whom Julius Caesar describes as being reported by tradition to be indigenous to the island; collected in the camp at Cranbrooke, or on the sister-heights at Prestonbury and Wootton; all three guard the noble ravine near Fingle Bridge, while the Hunter's Path winds along nearly at the summit of the rocky delfle.

The Royal Forest of Dartmoor, now barren and bare, except where the foliage gathers in the folds of its outer edge, or Wistman's Wood displays its plantings of dwarf oaks, the tops of which a man can touch with his hand, may have originally been intended to express a waste rather than a wood, as is denoted by the term 'forest' in the north of Scotland. The blackened trunks of oak and other trees found in its bogs, called significantly the 'Stables of Dartmoor,' belonged to prehistoric times. Celtic words of all kinds remain to prove who were the ancestors of the present inhabitants, such as *Walloford*, the road of the Welshmen; *worthy*, a farm or homestead, which has become *worth* elsewhere. Some of the transformations they have undergone in the lapse of time are amusing. Lynx Tor is probably derived from *lynnick*, marshy; Brown Queen from *bron gwyn*, white mound; Cotehale from *coed helyn*, woods by the river, a name fully carried out by the features of the spot, where dense foliage clusters above the Tamar; Greymare signifies *grig mor*, great heath; Penquite, *pen coed*, head of wood; Millandraft, probably *melanocoe*, hill in wood; Castledoor, *castel an dour*, castle on the water; and others equally curious.

Another fruitful source of interest in Dartmoor is its rivers. A well-known writer says: 'The whole mass seems as if it had been pressed down, and become split and crumpled at its edges; and now every split has been hollowed out by a busy torrent, where fern and rock, wood and water, await the artist's brush to paint them. The East and West Dart, the Plym, Tavvy, Tealme, the North and South Teign, the East and West Ockment, the Taw, and smaller brooks, all take their rise on the boggy moor, and after dallying by pixies' houses, rippling under ancient British bridges, and past stone circles, rush with increasing volume through gorges and furzy hills, where the dodder trails its crimson threads, and the bog pimpernel, the sundew, and the dwarf pinguicula make rare patchwork on the short, close turf between slabs of granite.

It matters little from what point we storm this grand old fortress of Nature; its approaches are all romantic. Okehampton boasts the only true keep in Devon; Lidford, where Jeffreys held his bloody asizes, that are commemorated in the lines—

I've ofttimes heard of Lidford lay;
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after;

and which he still haunts in the form of a black pig, has its waterfall, but alas! artificial, not natural. It has a bridge also, built over a chasm seventy feet deep, from which a benighted traveller

was saved by his horse springing over the gulf when the bridge had been carried away by a storm. There are the beautiful valleys of Ivy Bridge and Plympton running up from the south; Horralbridge and Bickleigh from the west, fertile, softly beautiful, with forest glades of tender green, where the red Devons grow fat on the luscious pastures. Moreton-Hampstead, Chagford, Ashburton, Tavistock, Bovey-Tracey, and Widdicombe-in-the-cold-country—where in the great thunderstorm of 1638 the church was struck by lightning, and four people were killed and sixty-two wounded—have all tidy rustic inns and lodgings, some even hotels of more than moderate pretensions; and each and all form a succession of centres for endless rambles, interesting to the visitor, be he angler, geologist, ethnologist, botanist, or simple tourist in search of health or rest. Here many a family in reduced circumstances might thrive on the low prices of food and the small social demands of these little dwelling-places! There is another kind of house of entertainment on the summit of the bleak moor itself; but thither the guests go uninvited, and do not stay with their own consent; the wind speaks not to them of freedom, nor the sunshine of gladness, nor toil of honest reward. The black gangs of prisoners who there work out their sentence seem like a mocking shadow of evil, when the light is playing in opal tints on the broad expanse of rolling moor, and cloudlets throw thin fleeing veils over the noble landscape round them. Alas, that God's fair earth, even in this rocky fastness, should be dimmed by the sight and sound of sin!

Take time, traveller, to get acquainted with the kindly Devonshire folk; hear the old ones tell of those who have heard the ghastly cry of the Wish hounds, as they swept on the wings of the fierce blasts across the black moor, drowned in mist and rain. Listen yourself to the weird crying of the Dart, as it comes over the still noonday air; it forebodes evil, they say, or perhaps it is murmuring the old couplet—

River of Dart! River of Dart!
Every year thou claim'st a heart!

See if you cannot conjure up the black shaggy dog that haunts Dean, or catch sight of the retractory spirits hovering over Cranmere Pool. Watch in the beautiful ruins of the abbey at Tavistock for the ghost of wicked Elfrida, the faithless queen of King Edgar. Visit the well of the pixies, some of whose houses you will find on Sheep's Tor. And be careful to take Browne's exquisite description of Oberon's feast in your pocket, to read as you lie on your back in the sunshine, or under the shadow of the little people's dwelling. Be tender to their superstitions, for the railway whistle and the telegraph wires are screaming and humming them out of countenance.

The simple folk of Dartmoor retain many old absurd superstitions. There are farmers yet who will not sow anything the first three days of March; and a more cruel superstition, that killing the first butterfly even in summer brings good luck, may account for the superhuman efforts made by children in that direction. Go and hear the pretty custom of 'crying the neck' over the last sheaf of corn, which is hung up until harvest comes round again. At Christmas, the yule-log and the ashen fagot are realities

in the great open fireplaces of the farm-houses scattered among the higher valleys. Go and see some of the 'pretty play' when these hardy moorsmen wrestle, and a man has been known to come off with three ribs broken and a dislocated shoulder. If you are troubled with ague, the remedy suggested by superstition is as follows: Visit at midnight the nearest spot where two cross-roads meet, five different times, and bury a new-laid egg at the point of junction!

There are many historical names round which the glamour of romance lingers. Sir Francis Drake was great on land as well as sea. The Fitzes, Mohuns, Carews, Powderhams, Champernownes, and Childes all had their day, and played stirring parts in the history of Dartmoor, which strongly inclined to support the Royalists in the Civil War. Risdon could only see three remarkable things there: Crocken Tor, Childe of Plymstocke's tomb (built on the spot where he perished, spite of ripping up his horse and taking shelter in its body), and Wistman's or Wiseman's Wood, which Isabella do Fortibus had planted. Also to those who have an eye to the beauties of art as well as of nature, there is a wide field for research. The handsome Devon churches—and only those of Norfolk and Suffolk surpass them—are full of quaint carving and splendid stone screens and pulpits.

The lovely children, spirited little ponies, the otter, and the beautiful shepherd dogs are found, though the red-deer, the wolf, and the wild-cat exist no longer. And spite of the fact that the daggel still holds good—

The South wind blows and brings wet weather,
The North gives cold and wet together,
The West wind comes brimful of rain,
The East wind drives it back again;
Then if the sun in red doth set,
We know the morrow must be wet;
And if the eve be clad in gray,
The next is sure a rainy day—

take heart of grace, and you will find ample to reward you. Even the phonetic speller may profit. None but a Devonshire man could have been equal to the effort of spelling usago without one of its original letters, and of writing *yowitch* instead. Sit with Carrington on the Dewerstone, and try, as he did, to see the old moor in storm and sunshine, and you will soon learn to love it as enthusiastically. A sojourn in Dartmoor will well repay the wandering tourist.

THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I. CONTINUED.—SIRYL LORTON'S
NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

'I HAD got as far as Cornhill in my wanderings; in attempting to cross the crowded thoroughfare I was knocked down by a cab-horse, and would no doubt have been run over, perhaps killed, had not a gentleman rushed forward (I had fortunately fallen close to the pavement) and drawn me out of danger. I was not hurt beyond a few bruises, but was so dazed and bewildered with the fall and the fright, that in my confusion I, not knowing what I did, told my preserver my name and address, and only became aware of what

I had done when I found myself seated in a cab, being driven back to the house from which I had so lately attempted to escape. The gentleman to whose presence of mind I owed my life was with me, evidently deeming me not fit to be trusted alone; had it not been for this, I should have tried a second time; but I felt ashamed for him to know that I had been running away, so was silent, and let him take me back to my aunt and explain the accident to her, while I stood by not offering to speak or move.

"Good-bye, Miss Lorton," said he presently. "I hope you will not experience any ill effects from the fright."

"Then I looked up at him, and saw that he was young, handsome, that he had kindly gray eyes and a bright pleasant smile, and I felt as if it were a friend who was leaving me instead of a stranger.

"When he had gone, my aunt instead of scolding me, as I fully expected she would, merely remarked quietly: "You must be tired; had you not better lie down for a little while? I expect your father this evening; he will wonder to see you so pale."

"Thankful to escape without any further observation, I hastened to my bedroom, and there, worn out by fatigue and excitement, forgot for a time my troubles in sleep. That evening, Osmond Lorton came to the house, and I accidentally overheard part of a conversation between him and his sister-in-law, which occasioned me no small surprise. They were coming up-stairs, and did not see me on the landing above them."

"She ran away to-day," Mrs Lorton was saying, "and was nearly run over by a cab. A gentleman—Vivian Clare he called himself—brought her back."

"She did, did she?" I heard my father reply. "So much the better. I know Clare; he is an artist. Let her run away again if she likes, only watch her closely, and bring her back each time."

"I wondered much at these words; but they were now too close for me to remain undiscovered any longer, so I advanced towards them.

"Well, Sib," said my father carelessly, "I hope you enjoyed your walk. Did Clare make himself agreeable? Going out to meet him again?"

"I stared at him in amazement; but he passed by without another word; and my aunt rather sharply ordered me to go instantly into the drawing-room.

"A day or two after this I did another foolish thing. I was young and simple, and did not dream of the cruel plot they were laying for me. My father's words rang in my ears; and determined to discover if possible their meaning, I made a feint of running away, not once only, but two or three times, and on each occasion I found I was closely followed by a tall grim-looking maid of my aunt's. Upon the last of my pretended flights, I met, quite unexpectedly in the Kensington Gardens, Mr Clare. He recognised me instantly; came and walked by my side, talking so kindly and pleasantly; at last, to my unutterable dismay, he asked if I had been running away lately. I felt

ready to sink into the ground with shame; it seemed to me that I had disgraced myself in attempting to escape even from a life of misery. He saw my confusion, and said kindly: "There, do not mind; I was only joking. I have the honour to be slightly acquainted with Mrs Lorton. I should not imagine her society was particularly lively for a young thing like you."

"Lively!" exclaimed I. "If you only knew how wretched I am!"

"He paused in his walk and regarded me attentively.

"Poor child," said he gently; "you do not look happy. Would you like a change?"

"What do you mean?" asked I eagerly.

"Yours is just the right face for Elaine," he went on musingly. "Will you come to my studio, and let me paint you?"

"I looked at him in silence, not understanding; so he hastened to explain.

"I am an artist; the picture I am now engaged upon is 'The Death of Elaine.' Will you sit to me? If you consent, I will call and see your father about it."

"I agreed at once, welcoming anything as a change in the monotony of my life. Mr Clare was as good as his word; he called the next day, and informed my aunt that he had obtained my father's consent to the proposed plan. She at once gave her consent, and it was all arranged. I went every day to the studio, and soon grew to take almost as much interest in "Elaine" as Mr Clare himself. At the same time he asked leave to paint a small portrait of me, to keep, as he said, in case he should wish to introduce my face into another picture, and not be able to find the original model. Of course I consented. Those hours in the studio were the only bright spots in my existence, and naturally I wished to prolong them; however, they came to an end only too soon. "Elaine" was finished, and my portrait nearly done, when one day, as I was leaving the studio, Mr Clare detained me, not against my will, and asked me to be his wife. Let me confess that I had learned to love him during our short acquaintance; he had always been so kind and gentle to me, to whom soft words were almost unknown; his bright cheerful conversation had been to me like a sunbeam on a rainy day; he had talked to me of my dead mother, whom, he told me, he had known slightly. I had confided my troubles to him; he had sympathised with me, and promised to try to help me. Can you wonder then that I loved him—that I love him still? for since that day in the studio I have never seen him once, and have never had a kind word from any one since! My love for him made me for a time forget my fear of the Lortons. I promised to marry him; and though I have neither seen nor heard of him from that day to this, I will, by heaven's help, be true to him! You can guess what followed. Osmond Lorton positively forbade our marriage. I was kept a close prisoner, and never suffered to walk out unless accompanied by one or other of my persecutors.

"One day, about two months after I had paid my last visit to Mr Clare's studio, I was sitting alone and disconsolate in the drawing-room, when my father came in with a gentleman I had never seen before. "Sibyl," he began at once, "this

is Dr Chester. I have been talking to him of you for some time past. He thinks you require change of air. Now tell him all you have been doing lately—about Clare, I mean."

"Somewhat surprised at this command, but being too much afraid of my father to disobey him, I gave Dr Chester a brief account of my visits to Vivian's studio, avoiding, however, any allusion to our love for each other.

"There!" said my father, when I had finished; "you see what is the matter with her, poor child. As if I would ever have allowed her to go alone to an artist's house."

"What have you to say against Mr Clare?" asked I hotly, forgetting for a moment that it was my father I spoke to.

"Nothing whatever, my dear," replied he in a tone of quiet meaning. "I have not even the honour of his acquaintance."

"I looked at him in surprise, and a vague feeling of terror began to steal over me.

"Are you sure such a person ever existed, except in your imagination?" inquired Dr Chester.

"Yes," answered I eagerly; "he lives in X. Street; his picture 'Elaine' was sent to the Royal Academy."

"The Academy is open to-day—the private view," remarked my father quietly. "I have three admission tickets. Get ready, Sibyl. We will go there, and see if you can point out the picture you mean, to us."

"To the Academy accordingly we repaired; but in vain did I look for Vivian Clare's "Elaine." It was not there.

"Perhaps now," observed Dr Chester coldly, "you will be good enough to shew me Mr Clare's house?"

"I can," exclaimed I, though my heart sank within me. "He lives at No. 2 X. Street."

"My father hailed a four-wheeled cab; we all got in; and half an hour's drive brought us to X. Street. "No. 2," said he with a peculiar smile. "Here we are. Now we shall see."

"A prim-looking old maid about fifty, with stiff gray curls and an antiquated cap, sat looking out of the first-floor window; she had certainly not been there in Vivian's time. Seeing us, I suppose her curiosity was excited, for she left the window and opened the front-door to us herself.

"Madam," began my father in his smoothest tones, "I am sorry to have troubled you. I was informed that an artist, Mr Vivian Clare, lived here."

"The old maid ushered us into the room she had just quitted; and then replied stiffly and briefly: "No such thing. I am the tenant. I never heard a word about any artist ever having lived here."

"So I said," remarked Osmond Lorton in a tone of satisfaction. "The truth is that my daughter here is subject to delusions, one of which is, that an artist, whom she calls Vivian Clare, lives here. Now I hope I have convinced her that the said Mr Clare is but a creation of her fancy."

"He is not!" interrupted I eagerly. "He used to live here, I know."

"This unfortunate girl," continued my father calmly, "was so imbued with the idea that a young artist lived here, that she used to come day after day and sit in an empty room, doing nothing for hours at a time, under the impression that she

was the model for 'Elaine;' a picture which is likewise one of her delusions."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the old maid, shrinking away from me; while I remained silent from sheer horror.

"I had my daughter carefully watched by a trustworthy servant, from whom, as well as from an elderly lady of my acquaintance, who was then occupying this house, I obtained all this melancholy information. It is a very heavy trial to a father to see his only child thus sadly afflicted. But I will not trespass any longer on your kindness. I had hoped, by bringing her here, to convince her of her delusions; but it has been to no purpose. We must now try what careful nursing, mild restraint, and change of scene will do for her. Alas! I fear all my efforts will be unavailing. Her excellent mother, my devoted and beloved wife, died in a lunatic asylum eight years ago!"

"Of the scene that followed these cruel lying words—words which in an instant revealed the whole horrible plot to me—I can retain no distinct recollection. I have only some confused remembrance of clinging to some one; of being dragged roughly away; of shrieking wildly for help; of the room filling with people; the old maid going into hysterics; of hearing the words "She is mad," repeated two or three times; a door banging loudly, and then I lost consciousness altogether.

"There, Dr Stanmore," said Miss Lorton, as she finished her strange narrative—"there is the history of my life for you. What think you of it?"

"You have indeed seen trouble," replied I warmly; for the tale of such cruelty had excited my indignation as well as my compassion. "Heaven grant that happier days may be in store for you yet! But you have not yet told me how you come to be living in India."

"That I cannot tell you, for I do not know," said Miss Lorton simply. "Yes," she went on, noting my look of astonishment; "you may look surprised, but it is true. Since the day I lost consciousness in X. Street I remember almost nothing, not even my father's death."

"Is he dead?" inquired I, my astonishment increasing every minute.

"So they tell me. I daresay it is so, as I have not seen him since that day. Norris Lorton brought me here; at least he lives in that house where you first saw me."

"And his wife—where is she?"

"As far as I can make out—in Calcutta; their son's regiment is there."

"Has he ever been up to see you?—the son, I mean."

"Yes," exclaimed my companion indignantly. "He wanted me to marry him; as if I would break my word to Vivian Clare for a son of Norris Lorton's!"

"You told me you had seen only one white face since you came here," remarked I carelessly.

"I had forgotten Stephen Lorton," she returned; "besides, I saw him only once. Norris Lorton says, unless I write to Stephen and promise to marry him, I shall never leave this jungle."

"How long is it since you came here?" asked I next.

"I do not know," answered she, looking piteously at me: "it seems ages since I saw Vivian!"

There was silence then between us for a few

minutes. I was pondering over my companion's narrative. If it was all true, she had been cruelly wronged; if, on the other hand, it was but the wanderings of a disordered mind, there was still every reason to suspect that there had been foul play somewhere, for whatever else might be fictitious, this one fact still remained—she was living in the very worst place for one of weak intellect. So I reasoned within myself; and a strong desire awoke in me to help this friendless girl; to find out the truth of her strange sad story; to rescue her, if necessary, from the hands of her persecutors.

'Miss Lorton,' said I presently, 'I should like to ask you a few questions. Will you answer them?'

'If I can,' was the reply.

'First of all then,' I began, 'what is your first distinct recollection, since that day, you know?'

'I seemed to awake from a long sleep, and to find myself in that house over there,' answered the girl; 'Norris Lorton only was with me.'

'Did he tell you you had been ill?'

'No; he only asked me if I had recovered my senses at last.'

'Did you feel ill?'

'Not exactly; only very tired. My head used to ache a great deal. I asked where I was, and he told me in India. It was at night. There was a strange howling going on round the house: it frightened me.—There it is again!' she exclaimed, drawing closer to me as a sharp prolonged cry broke the stillness of the air. 'What is it?'

'Only the jackals,' said I reassuringly. 'They will not hurt you. Now tell me, can you recollect how you were brought thus far inland? By train, was it?'

'No; not by train. I have some vague remembrance of being carried in something, and of men shouting.'

'How long is it since you heard of your father's death?'

'Some time ago, I think. I could not say how long.'

'Do you know what month we are in?'

'No,' replied she bitterly; 'all the seasons seem changed now.'

'We are in May,' said I. 'Now think. Can you remember its raining heavily since you came here?'

'Yes!' exclaimed she suddenly; 'that is the first thing almost I can recall. It used to rain day after day and night after night, as if it would never leave off. It was very hot too, and there were thunder-storms.'

'How long did this weather last?'

'I am not sure; it seemed months to me. Then it got much cooler, almost cold, and now it is hot again.'

'Good!' said I triumphantly. 'Miss Lorton, you have been in this jungle not quite a year.' She looked at me in utter amazement. 'How can you tell that?'

'By the rainy season,' replied I. 'But tell me, why do you wear men's things?'

'What do you mean?'

'When I first saw you, you were wearing a mess-jacket, and to-night you have on a Turkish fez.'

'I have no other covering for my head except this fez,' said Miss Lorton. 'I had a hat once, but Gyp got at it and tore it up.'

'Who is Gyp?'

'This dog here. He belongs to Norris Lorton, but has taken a great fancy to me.'

'Whom do the mess-jacket and fez belong to?'

'To his son Stephen, I believe.'

Again we were both silent for some minutes; then Miss Lorton spoke again.

'Dr Stanmore, you see now how helpless I am in the power of a man like Norris Lorton. Will you not help me to escape from him?'

'I will,' exclaimed I impulsively. 'Tell me what to do for you.'

'Will you meet me again here next Friday night at the same time? I will try and think of some plan by then. Norris Lorton goes to Calcutta every Friday. What time is it, Dr Stanmore, please?'

I drew out my watch and studied it by the moonlight. 'Nearly ten o'clock,' replied I.

'I must go,' said Miss Lorton. 'My uncle returns about this time from Calcutta. He must not come to the house and find me out.'

'Let me see you back,' said I.

'No,' replied she; 'it would not be safe. I am not afraid. Gyp will take care of me. Will you stay here until I whistle, in case any one should be about and see us together?'

I promised, and Miss Lorton extended her hand to me with a sweet sad smile. 'You are my friend, Dr Stanmore, are you not?'

'Indeed I hope so,' replied I impetuously.

'Good-night then. Wait for the signal.'

She pressed my hand warmly, and then walked on, Gyp the black collie trotting by her side, and soon they were both out of sight.

I waited where she had left me until the sound of a long shrill whistle broke upon my ear; then mounted my pony, and hastened with all possible speed to my own house.

CHAPTER II.—NORRIS LORTON.

I will not attempt to describe the state of mind in which I remained during the few days that must elapse ere I should again be able to meet and converse with my strange acquaintance. Still, I would not have any one think that I was in love with Sibyl Lorton. Far from it. My interest was fully aroused; and when I reflected on the strange sad story she had told me that night by the river, a strong desire to serve her, as far as it lay in my power, would come over me; but yet I could not get rid of a horrid haunting suspicion that she either was or had been a little out of her mind. Miss Lorton's history was so strange and improbable, that if I had repeated it among my neighbours all would doubtless have agreed that it was nothing but the wanderings of an unsound mind; and perhaps have been justified in their surmise. But on the other hand, as told to me it was too connected and well put together for me to adopt that view of the matter; so I wavered between the two opinions, not knowing which to choose, dreading lest I should one day discover that all my interest had been concentrated upon a lunatic, yet feeling too much excited and curious to discontinue the acquaintanceship. At last Friday evening came, the time appointed for our meeting. Once again I rode across the race-course and alongside of the dike till I reached the spot where the dusty road crossed it; but no one joined me there. The

time flew by; all was silent, except the occasional howling of the jackals. No one came to break in on my solitude, not even a coolie. At last, about ten o'clock, tired of waiting, with resentful feelings, I galloped home again, and almost made up my mind to think no more of Sibyl Lorton and her misfortunes.

Three or four days after this I was out riding in the evening, a somewhat unusual thing for me; but one of the ladies in the station had asked me to try a new horse which her husband had just purchased, and give my opinion as to its paces and temper; and I, nothing loath, had willingly undertaken the task. As before, I rode to the race-course, and was galloping round it swiftly, when all at once the horse shied violently, nearly throwing me from the saddle; and before I had time to wonder what could have been the cause of his terror, I beheld a sight which made my blood run cold with horror. A few yards to my left lay a dark motionless object. I knew at once what it was, but dismounted nevertheless, and led the terrified animal as close to it as he would allow me. It was the corpse of a Hindu, so battered and disfigured that I at once concluded murder had been committed. It was a ghastly sight; and for a minute or two I felt so sick and faint that I was unable to think what it would be best to do.

'Bad job this, sir,' said some one in English behind me.

I looked round with a start, not having heard any come up, and saw a rough, ragged, disreputable-looking fellow, bearing the appearance of a runaway sailor, standing close by my shoulder. 'Who has done this?' I asked.

'Twas a horse, sir, a chestnut mare. This fellow here was leading her, and there was another behind him with a black horse. The mare all at once began kicking and rearing; she knocked him over, and then lay down and rolled on him.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed I; 'could you not help him?'

'Too far off, sir,' answered my companion. 'I ran as fast as I could when I saw her begin rolling; but before I could reach her, she had got up again and galloped away. He must have been dragged by the halter before it broke. Look there!' He pointed as he spoke to the dead man's arm, round which a broken piece of rope was still wound.

'Which way did the mare go?'

'Across there somewhere. The other syce said he would go and get assistance.'

'You do not know whom they belonged to?'

'No, sir. I asked the syce, but he would not tell me.'

'This is a case for the authorities,' said I, after a little consideration. 'Where are you likely to be heard of again? They will want you at the inquest to give evidence, I expect. Can you get a lodging anywhere in the station?'

'O yes, sir,' replied the fellow, touching his hat, 'if I can but pay for it.' Which broad hint I need hardly say I took. The loafer promised to be ready to give his evidence whenever he should be required to; so, after charging him to remain by the corpse till help should arrive, I remounted and rode away.

A strange, horrible idea had taken possession of me, and I was quite unable to shake it off. I felt

convinced that the chestnut mare which had so lately trampled out the life of the unfortunate Hindu was the property of Norris Lorton, and that perhaps his niece was in the habit of riding it. I knew quite well by sight all the horses belonging to my fellow-countrymen in the station, and that there was not a chestnut mare among them; and the direction in which the loafer had declared it to have galloped, seemed to me to lead towards the lonely little house in the jungle, and the more I thought, the more my suspicions increased that the mare's home was there, so I determined at all events to ride over and ascertain for myself if my impressions were correct. I had no trouble in finding my way to the house; and as I drew rein before it, several natives came hurrying out from the house and the stables, all talking loud and fast in their own language and gesticulating violently. Then Norris Lorton appeared on the steps of his dwelling. Seeing him, I dismounted and walked up to him. He eyed me suspiciously, and I thought uneasily, but I gave him no time to question me.

'Has your chestnut mare come back?' inquired I eagerly.

'Yes,' he replied with a start.

To this day, I believe the suddenness of my question forced the truth from his lips ere they had time to frame a falsehood.

'You have heard of the accident then?' was my next remark.

'I have,' answered he. 'Will you come in, Dr Stanmore? I should like to talk this over with you, if you can spare me half an hour or so.'

I gave my horse into the charge of one of the servants, and ascending the steps, entered the house, and for the first time found myself under the same roof as Sibyl Lorton. I looked round for her; but she was nowhere to be seen. So hiding my disappointment as best I could, I seated myself in the chair Norris Lorton handed to me, and waited for him to begin the conversation.

'This is an unfortunate business for me, Dr Stanmore,' said he presently.

'Yes,' replied I. 'It is certainly not pleasant for you. There will be an inquest of course.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed he incredulously, looking at the same time both startled and annoyed. 'Surely there will not be all that fuss over a dead nigger.'

'I beg your pardon,' returned I warmly; for a vision of the crushed mangled corpse lying on the race-course rose up before me, and the selfishness and heartlessness of the English gentleman considerably lowered him in my estimation. 'But when a man is killed suddenly, as your syce has been this evening, there is generally some inquiry made into the affair, even though it be only a poor Hindu who claims our attention.'

'The affair is simple enough, I should think,' retorted he petulantly. 'The stupid fellow wound the halter round his arm; and then, when the mare began kicking, he could not get free, and was dragged along the ground. At least that is what the other syce gave me to understand.'

'I conclude, that after this accident you will not keep so dangerous an animal?' I remarked presently.

'Pooh! She is no more dangerous than your pony; it was just chance, ill-luck.'

'Pardon me; I do not believe one horse in

twenty would set to work to kill a man, as your mare did this evening.

'Nonsense. It was all the fellow's stupidity. He should have kept clear of her heels; horses often get fresh and inclined to kick, on turf.'

'I never yet heard of one rolling on a man to kill him.'

'Nor I. My mare never did that.'

'I am sorry to contradict you. She did.'

'So the other syce came and told me, but I did not believe him,' said Mr Lorton, looking rather uneasy. 'Pray, how do you know anything about it?'

'From an eye-witness,' was my reply, 'and an Englishman.' And then, as briefly as I could, I gave him the particulars of the accident, as told me by the loafer on the race-course.

'What a provoking nuisance!' exclaimed Mr Lorton when I had finished, with a petulance I could not then understand. 'Look here, Dr Stanmore; when will the inquest be?'

'To-morrow,' answered I, 'as early as possible.' Something very like an oath escaped Mr Lorton's lips, and for a moment or two there was silence between us. Suddenly I saw his face light up as if a weight was cast from his mind.

'Of course you will be there?' said he.

'Yes; I may be required to certify the cause of the man's death.'

'Do you intend to reveal the owner of the chestnut mare?'

It instantly flashed upon me then, his uneasiness at the idea of an inquest; and my suspicions were more than ever confirmed that Sibyl Lorton had met with foul play at his hands.

'I had really not thought about you,' I responded coldly.

'Remember your promise,' said he eagerly: 'you gave me your word of honour never to mention to any one that I was living here. That promise binds you still. You will not breathe my name at the inquest?'

'There will be inquiries made about the syce and the mare,' said I, 'from others besides me.'

'Leave all that to me. The fellow had no friends here; he is not a Bengalee; I brought him from the North-West Provinces. All will be right if you keep your word to me. You will; will you not?' He looked at me almost pleadingly as he spoke.

Before I could reply, a frightful hullabaloo was heard out of doors; the clattering of hoofs, the barking of dogs, and the shouting and yelling of the native servants above all. Mr Lorton started from his chair with an impatient exclamation, and ran out to see what it was all about.

'Bother that mare—she has got loose again!' he called out. 'No one dares go near her. I must catch her myself. Stay here, Dr Stanmore; I shall not be long.'

As soon as he was gone, a door was opened slowly and cautiously, and Sibyl Lorton appeared. 'Oh, Dr Stanmore,' said she in a half-whisper, 'I am so glad you have come. I could not come to meet you that night, because he did not go to Calcutta. Tell me, have you heard of the accident?'

'Yes,' was my reply; 'I saw the poor fellow—'

'Dr Stanmore,' interrupted she, speaking eagerly and excitedly, 'that horse was bought for me to ride.'

'For you to ride!' exclaimed I; 'surely you are mistaken.'

'I am not, I assure you; he bought that horse three days ago, and said it was for me to ride. I am to try it to-morrow.'

'Your uncle could not have been aware how vicious the brute was,' said I. 'Do not be afraid, Miss Lorton; you shall not be asked to ride it now.'

'You can promise me?' returned she anxiously. 'I do not know how to ride, for one thing; and then that dreadful mare! Oh, Dr Stanmore, he means to kill me! Will you not save me?'

'Hush!' said I soothingly, for her excitement was quite painful to see; 'you are alarming yourself unnecessarily. Why should you think your uncle capable of such wickedness?'

'I know it!' replied she wildly. 'Stephen Lorton is coming here to-night. When he and his father meet, there is no saying what they will not do. Oh, Dr Stanmore, you have a kind heart, I am sure; do save a poor friendless girl! For Vivian's sake, help me! Think what you would feel if they separated you from the woman you loved, and you knew not where she was! O think, and help me!'

'What can I do for you?' asked I mechanically.

'Save me from Stephen Lorton,' she went on eagerly; 'he wants me to marry him. It is all that money. I wish it had never been mine. Norris Lorton says; unless I marry his son, I shall die in this jungle; or—here she dropped her voice to a whisper—'this frightens me most—he vows he will put me in an asylum.'

'That he cannot do,' replied I confidently, 'without a medical certificate.'

'He says he can prove me mad.'

'Then he must be mad himself to think so.'

'But my illness,' exclaimed Miss Lorton sorrowfully, 'that has made me forget everything so. Do you think I could have been mad then?'

That idea had occurred to me more than once, but I shrank from mentioning it to her; so I made answer: 'Probably you had brain-fever. But try to think now if there is anything you can recall; anything you have the faintest remembrance of, before coming to this house.'

The poor girl put her hand to her head, and a look of pain crossed her face. 'I cannot remember,' she said sadly.

'Did you always live in London?' I asked.

'Always. I had never been out of it, to my recollection.'

'What was the sea like when you came out to India?'

'The sea!' repeated the girl eagerly. 'Have I seen the sea? Yes; I must have. I could see nothing all round but water; it was blowing, and I felt giddy.'

'Now,' said I, 'try to recollect if Norris Lorton was with you at the time.'

Miss Lorton looked perplexed; but in a minute or two went on slowly: 'Yes; it comes back to me now. There was one day the wind was high. I felt very ill. I tried to walk, but fell down. My head was hurt. I remember no more.'

'Let me see,' said I, drawing closer to her. 'Is there a scar?'

She pushed her light wavy hair off her forehead, and there, just above the left temple, was a long deep scar.

'Was your head bad when you came here?'

'Yes,' she replied; 'it used to ache very much; and for a time there was court-plaster on this cut.'

'Did not Norris Lorton tell you what had caused it?'

'He said I had fallen down on board ship.'

'And you can recollect nothing since then?'

'Not distinctly. But I have a confused remembrance of being always in pain, and having horrible dreams. What does that betoken?'

'I should say you had been suffering from brain-fever,' replied I; 'probably a relapse.'

'Relapse! Have I ever had it before then, do you think?'

'I think it very likely after that day in X. Street, you know. But what I cannot understand is your being taken on board ship without knowing anything about it. However, do not despond, Miss Lorton,' said I cheerily; 'I will do my best to help you now. Quick; some one is coming; tell me when and where to meet you again?'

'The same place next Friday night,' she answered hurriedly, and disappeared just as Norris Lorton re-entered the room.

WAGER OF BATTEL

It is not a little strange to know that the barbarous practice of trial by wager of battel (which was a duel between the parties, founded on a presumptuous appeal to heaven to give the victory to the injured or innocent party) was part and parcel of the English law from the time of its introduction by William the Conqueror down to the year 1819.

From a careful research into the old Reports, we gather two authentic cases of trial by wager of battel. The first one is *Reade v. Rochforth*, which occurred about the year 1554-5; in which, however, although the defendant offered to prove his defence by the body of his champion, the dispute was ultimately determined by judgment on demurrer for the plaintiff; and no battle took place. But in the second case, which was the last instance of such a trial on a writ of right, the whole ancient formula was carried out in all its legal pomp and circumstance. The case was *Lowe and Kyme v. Another*, in the year 1571; and it arose on a writ of right to which the defendant (the tenant) pleaded the general issue, and chose the wager of battel as the mode of trial to prove his right to the property of which he was in possession. The offer was accepted; and the defendant following the ancient forms, produced his champion, who threw down his glove as a gage or pledge to the champion of the plaintiff's; 'thus waging or stipulating battel with him.' The latter accepted the challenge by taking up the glove.

In due course the day was named for fighting the duel, which was appointed to take place in Totthill Fields, Westminster, not without consulting the authorities, however (for the custom had fallen into desuetude, no such a trial having been held then for over one hundred and fifty years), and with all due forms strictly adhered to. A piece of ground was then set out sixty feet square, inclosed with lists, and on one side a court was erected for the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and a bar was prepared for the learned sergeants-at-law. On the day appointed, at sunrise,

three of the judges (Chief-justice Dyer and Justices Weston and Harper), in their scarlet robes, attended by the officers and officials of the Court of Common Pleas and the sergeants-at-law, opened the court and the proceedings in Totthill Fields. It is said there were above four thousand persons present. Two knights-at-arms officiated as masters of the ceremonies; and by one of them the defendant's champion was introduced into the lists. According to the form required, he was dressed in a coat of armour, with red sandals; he was barelegged from the knee downwards; barcheaded with and bare arms to the elbows; having as his weapon a baton or stave of an ell long and a four-cornered leather target. Proclamation was made, and the plaintiff's champion was called upon. But the assemblage was doomed to disappointment, for he did not appear; altering his mind perhaps at the last moment. Whereupon the plaintiff was called three times, and not answering, the defendant's counsel moved the court there and then for judgment of nonsuit; which was granted. The Chief-justice then exhorted the people to disperse peaceably and quietly; he adjourned the court, and the display was at an end. The defendant had a bloodless victory.

But the unperformed part of the ceremony, which must have been carried out had the plaintiff's champion appeared, would have been as follows, according to the authorities.

The two champions being introduced into the lists, take hold of each other's hand, and pronounce the oath alternately on the Bible: for the defendant, that the tenements in dispute are not in the right of the plaintiffs; and for the plaintiffs, the champion swearing that they are. The champions then would each take the oath separately against sorcery thus: 'Hear this, ye justices! That I have this day neither eat, drank, nor have upon me neither bone, stone, ne grass, nor any enchantment, sorcery, or witchcraft whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the evil one exalted.' The battle being begun, the combatants were bound to fight till the stars appeared in the evening. If the champion of the tenant (the defendant) could defend himself till then, the tenant should prevail in his cause, for it was sufficient for him to maintain his ground and make it a drawn battle, he being already in possession; but if victory declared itself for either party, judgment was given for him. This victory might arise either from the death of one of the champions, or if either of them proved recreant (that is, yielded) and pronounced the horrible word of craven; a word of 'disgrace and obloquy,' as the old writers have it.

This was certainly a serious thing for the vanquished champion, for he was condemned as a 'recreant' to be infamous; and lost his rights as a freeman; being supposed by the event to be proved perjured, and therefore never put upon a jury or admitted as a witness in any cause. In *Mineham's Dictionary*, a very old work, there appears a circumstantial detail of what must be observed in this mode of trial.

After this 'barbarous and unchristian custom,' as an old writer terms it, had lapsed into disuse, and become obsolete and forgotten, it was suddenly revived in Ireland in 1815 under the following circumstances. One O'Reilly had committed a murder, and there were several witnesses to the

fact. He afterwards made a confession of his guilt in writing. On his trial, the counsel for the prosecution did not call the witnesses to prove the murder, but proceeded to read the prisoner's confession. His counsel (a very astute lawyer in his day) perceiving this unlooked-for advantage, advised his client to plead not guilty, and offer to prove his defence by his body. Following this advice, the prisoner, to the consternation of the prosecution and astonishment of the court, challenged the prosecutor, one Clancy, in due form to 'wage battel' with him. The case was adjourned; and afterwards the prisoner withdrew his plea of not guilty (by compromise of the counsel engaged), and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. In that case there were glaring circumstances of the prisoner's guilt, which the prosecutor might have counterpleaded, and which would have taken away the right of the prisoner to a wager of battel. This was no doubt the reason of the withdrawal of the plea of not guilty.

The sudden revival of this antiquated custom did not, however, make the stir that might have been expected. But two years later, in 1817, it was destined that much wonder and excitement should be caused by another revival of it, under most shocking and painful circumstances, which were these.

On the 26th of May 1817, a beautiful young woman named Mary Ashford, in the bloom of her youth, being but twenty years of age, went to dance at a village called Sutton Coldfield, near Erdington in Warwickshire. It was a village gathering held by a miscellaneous party at *The Tyburn Tree* tavern. Cakes and ale were provided in plenty; and the swains of the neighbourhood there collected, by degrees became boisterous and riotous. The girl there met a farmer's son named Abraham Thornton, who resided in the immediate vicinity, and with whom she danced during the evening. She did not leave the gay scene until a late hour, saying she would pass the night at her grandfather's house, which was handier to reach than her own home; and on leaving, she was escorted by Abraham Thornton as far as a stile in the vicinity of the village, where the two were seen talking together. It was the last time the poor girl was seen alive, for the next morning she was found dead in a pit of water; and there were evidences on her that shewed her death to have been caused by another. General suspicion pointed to Thornton, and this became so intensified, that he was arrested and tried for the murder at the ensuing Warwick assizes in August following. There was powerful circumstantial evidence adduced against him: there were marks of a struggle at the supposed place of the murder, and the prisoner's boots fitted the imprints found on that spot; and other evidence was given which formed a strong chain encircling him with the guilty crime. He, however, set up in defence an alibi, which was so well supported that it obtained for him a verdict of not guilty.

So great was the feeling of indignation and surprise at his obtaining an acquittal, that a new trial was asked for. Under the advice of an acute lawyer in the neighbourhood, the brother of the murdered girl and her next of kin, William Ashford, at once entered an appeal against the verdict. Abraham Thornton was again arrested, and sent to London in November following, to be

tried before Lord Ellenborough and the full Court of King's Bench. The whole affair was noised about, and great excitement prevailed, for an appeal of murder was an uncommon case. The lawyers even interested themselves, and discussed the case in its legal bearings.

In due course Abraham Thornton appeared before the full Court of King's Bench in the custody of the sheriff, by whom he was handed over, under the order of the court, to the governor of the Marshalsea Prison. All formal preliminaries were got through, and the prisoner was called upon to plead. He was efficiently and ably defended by counsel; and instead of a regular and usual defence by arguments, evidence, and witnesses, the prisoner boldly defied all common forms of procedure. He pleaded 'Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same by my body.' He challenged his accuser to single combat, to decide his innocence or guilt by the ancient custom of 'the wager of battel.' He accompanied his plea by the old form of taking off a glove (a large horse glove), handed to him by his counsel, and throwing it down on the floor of the court as a pique.

William Ashford (a delicate-looking young man) was in court, and actually came forward to accept the challenge, by picking up the glove, when he was restrained by those about him. The prisoner's plea and challenge came upon all concerned in the prosecution with so much surprise, and indeed upon the court also, that the counsel for the prosecution moved for time to counterplead, which was granted. With what surprise and amazement did the assembly, and indeed the nation, ask, whether such an obsolete mode of trial could be insisted on by a prisoner? Lawyers with infinite trouble searched through the musty ancient records, in order to discuss the question authoritatively; and all wondered at such an old right being so suddenly unearthed from the depths of ancient law!

In due time the prosecutor counterpleaded, setting forth the whole facts and further circumstances which had come to light, tending to fix the prisoner with his guilt, so as to take away the right to wage battel. But after a further adjournment, the prisoner delivered the replication, setting forth his alibi, and insisting on his ancient right. The prosecution demurred that the replication was bad in law; and the demurrer came on to be heard in due course. The case was learnedly and ably argued for the prosecution. All the ancient writers were cited in support of the argument of the prosecution, that under such a set of circumstances, as set out, the prisoner could not claim a wager of battel. On the other hand, for the prisoner, it was just as learnedly argued that he could. The arguments of the case were not concluded until after four separate sittings of the court; and on April 16, 1818, after much deep research into the authorities and consideration thereof, the court unanimously gave judgment for the prisoner in favour of the ancient right of wager of battel which he claimed; Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief-justice, saying: 'The general law of the land is in favour of the wager of battel; and it is our duty to pronounce the law as it is, and not as we may wish it to be. Whatever prejudice, therefore, may justly exist against this mode of trial, still, as it is the law of the land, the court must pronounce judgment for it.' The appellee, William Ashford, through his counsel

informed the court he did not now feel himself justified in accepting the challenge; and the prisoner was thereupon discharged from custody. He afterwards married and left this country for America, where he died in obscurity. (This case and the elaborate arguments are fully reported in the first volume of *Barnewall and Alderson's Reports*.)

This was the last case of wager of battle; for such was the wonder and regret at the judgment of the court; such was the popular excitement aroused by the case, and the law as propounded by the judges, that in the next session of parliament an Act was passed by which wager of battle, appeal of murder, and other incongruous 'privileges' were abolished. We may further state, that if the challenge in the above case had been accepted, the trial must have been carried out with all the solemnity and detail required on a similar trial of writ of right, which we have already adverted to; with this addition, that the combat must have been fought by the adversaries *in person*, as champions were not allowed on a criminal appeal; and if the prisoner had been successful, he would have been acquitted; if defeated, he would have been hanged immediately, with all the ignominy attending a felon's death by execution in those days.

FRESH NEWS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exertions of many gallant men and the active hopefulness of his brave-hearted widow, but very little has ever been found out regarding the actual fate of Sir John Franklin and his followers. Some eighteen or twenty years ago Captain (now Admiral Sir Leopold) M'Clintock, it is true, discovered in the western part of King William's Land sad evidence that all had perished, in the shape of a paper recording the death of Franklin and twenty-three of his men, and a boat with two bleached skeletons inside it; but in what manner and in what precise locality the melancholy event happened, was still as much as ever a mystery.

At length, however, we gather from a Transatlantic contemporary, a ray of light has been unexpectedly thrown upon the matter, and there appears ground for hope that some details respecting the expedition may yet become known. A vessel named the *A. Houghton* sailed from New Bedford in the summer of 1876, on a whaling cruise, and in the early autumn reached a place a few miles to the south of Cape Ingfield. The ice-floes soon began to surround the vessel, and it was resolved to lay her up for the winter at Marble Island, in the upper part of Hudson's Bay. During her stay there a party of Eskimos, some two hundred in number, came from the Nechelli Settlement, near Cape Ingfield, and made a village of snow-huts in the neighbourhood of the vessel.

As good-luck would have it, her second-mate Mr Thomas Barry was able to converse with them easily, having learned their language during previous voyages. During their intercourse with the whaler's crew, the Eskimos told Mr Barry about a party of white men who had come among them many years before, and whom some of the tribe distinctly remembered, describing their ap-

pearance, especially one large man, whom they called the great chief, from the obedience and respect paid to him by the rest.

The winter after their arrival—according to the account of these Eskimo wanderers—chanced to be one of more than usual severity; game failed, and many of the natives died, inured though they were to the rigours of the climate and scarcity of food. All were reduced to the necessity of eating raw seal-skin, which of course could not sustain life in the white men; and one by one they succumbed to cold and hunger, and before the return of spring they had all perished. The Eskimos wrapped their bodies in skins, and buried them underneath small heaps of stones near the Nechelli Settlement; but the books, journals, and some other articles that had belonged to the strangers, were collected and carefully deposited in a cairn, built for the purpose, which was ever afterwards regarded with a kind of sacred awe, no one daring to open the mound or disturb its contents. Some articles, however, belonging to Sir John Franklin and his party had been retained by the Eskimos; and Mr Barry succeeded in obtaining from them three large silver spoons, undoubtedly the property of the expedition, as one of them bore the Franklin crest—a fish's head surrounded by a wreath. This he has brought to New York; and the others, engraved with now undecipherable letters, he gave to the United States consul at St John's, Newfoundland, at which place he touched on his way home. The Eskimos offered to conduct the whaler's crew to the Nechelli Settlement, and to show them the cairn above referred to; but as the distance was nearly one thousand miles, it was not possible for them then to undertake the journey.

The interesting discovery, to which we have alluded, will lead, it may be hoped, to a renewed search, from which more definite results may be confidently expected; and, indeed, it is said that the New York agents who fitted out the *Polaris*, have already proposed to send out a vessel this summer.

[Since the foregoing was set up in type, intelligence has been received from New York, to the effect that the schooner *Enthos* has sailed for the Arctic regions to search for relics of the Franklin Expedition.]

TAKEN AWAY.

DEATH came and touched with icy hand my babe,
And changed its living loveliness to sleep;
Changed into marble white the restless limbs,
And hid the violet eyes in drifts of snow;
Gathered the roses from the dimpled cheeks;
But where they bloomed he left a pale rose-leaf,
In token that my darling did but sleep.
Ah me! the sleep that never breaks on earth.
He wreathed a smile about the lips, and framed
In rings of burnished gold the snowy brow;
Then bade us bring the fairest buds in bloom,
White Stars of Bethlehem, gleaming fresh with dew,
And strew them o'er my sleeping angel-bud,
In memory of the Heavenly Child of yore.
Then raised it, wrapped it in his sable robe,
And took it home to God.

SARA.

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MISCHIEVOUS PHILANTHROPY.

IN lately calling attention to the Life of George Moore, the merchant-prince and philanthropist, we ventured to express a doubt whether he acted judiciously in scattering his wealth with almost unheard-of profusion on the so-called charities of the metropolis. It was hard for us to make any remark of this kind on a man so generally estimable. Only a sense of duty to society, along with some experience, induced us to do so. If the press is worth anything at all, it should speak out when so great a matter is presented for discussion as the indiscriminate support of public charities to the extent of enfeebling self-dependence, and stamping out the cultivation of thrift and moral responsibility. Has it not become a painfully recognised fact that London, and in a lesser degree other cities, is overstocked with professed charities, and that thoughtful persons are beginning to get alarmed at the consequences? The establishing of charities of one kind or other has attained to the character of a regular business. Catching at some popular notion, two or three individuals set up a charity as they would set up a shop, or organise a Joint-stock Company (Limited) with a flamingly seductive prospectus. Securing a few names as patrons, the thing is done. The machine needs to be only well worked.

The practice of originating charities is a feature in modern society. According to the primary injunctions of Christianity, every man was to be his own almoner, that is to say, he was personally and privately to administer relief to the needy and deserving. In the New Testament we do not hear a word of great wholesale schemes of beneficence, with an array of secretaries and directors, and of men going about as collectors to gather money from subscribers, whose names, with the sums they respectively give, are guaranteed to be published to all the world. The original idea is totally laid aside. The givers know little or nothing personally of the receivers. It would be too much trouble to look after them, nor would it perhaps be pleasant to speak to them, and offer

a word of sympathy or admonition. The whole affair has degenerated into a system of tossing away money, which is left to be distributed by delegation on no one knows whom or how. Can these cold-hearted money gifts out of a superfluity be reconciled with the primary injunctions we have alluded to? They may be viewed as a make-shift, and that is all. The worst of it is, that charitable distribution being elevated into a trade, discourages habits of self-reliance, and creates the pauperism it is professedly designed to alleviate.

Under a consciousness of this growing mischief, have sprung up those supplementary societies which propose to act as a check on that species of imposture which preys on public credulity. How far they will answer the purpose, remains to be seen. As yet, they seem to have done some good. If they only put a stop to the concoction of new charities, they will deserve public confidence and support. To give a notion of the kind of trickery they are designed to circumvent, a little book has been prepared by Mr J. Hornsby Wright, one of the honorary secretaries of the St Marylebone Charity-Organisation Committee, and styled 'Thoughts and Experiences of a Charity-Organisationist.' We shall present a few of his experiences in an abbreviated form.

In a room in Lisson Grove there dwelt, or seemed to dwell, a family apparently in a pitiable degree of distress; the husband with a hacking cough, the wife emaciated, the children in wretchedness. All these appearances were put on to extort charity, and were successful as a means of living. It turned out that the family had two homes, one for day, the other for night. The night residence was in a street leading out of Oxford Street, and was a very comfortable abode. Hither, the family repaired after the fatigues of the day, to enjoy the contributions of the charitable societies they preyed upon. No one seeing them in their evening dress, in their evening quarters, could have imagined they were the same beings who seemed so woe-begone during the day. A number of similar anecdotes follow,

descriptive of the demoralisation produced by giving money to persons who have not properly earned it.

At a meeting held at St Pancras in 1877 for the purpose of establishing a committee of the Charity-Organisation Society, the Bishop of London made some remarks corroborative of the practice followed by gangs of impostors in having two houses—one in which to receive donations, and the other in which to spend their ill-gotten gains. His lordship said that money given without previous investigation, instead of relieving human misery, increases vice and beggary; for the impostors find it very easy to have different places of abode, and receive three, or four, or five families' allowances from the various agencies. 'It is easy to conceive that they thus have the means of obtaining larger incomes than they could receive if they were to devote themselves assiduously to the paths of honest industry. And can you conceive this going on within sight of the labouring people among whom the impostors dwell without deteriorating the honesty of that population? When men—honest working-men—see another man, living in the same rank of life as themselves, obtaining more comforts by idleness than they can obtain by industry, and learn, perhaps, that this is done by receiving visits from societies, they, too, are ready to follow the example, and independence is broken down. It is a sorrowful thing when a working-man among working-men finds that the wages of mendicancy are better than the wages of honest industry, for he is tempted to continue the downward course, in which he tempts others; and in nine cases out of ten from that downward course there is no return. But this is not the only evil. People who have commenced life as good givers are hardened into an opposite course when they come to investigate cases brought before them, and find only one reliable case out of about thirty. Discovery of the deceit practised makes one have a growing distrust of human nature, and so we suspect everybody of being dishonest until we prove them to be honest. Thus persons, after giving large sums, when they have made these discoveries, feel that it is better to leave poverty to its legal relief than to run the risk of being thus imposed upon. Having seen all these influences at work, I have become interested in the work proposed by this association,' &c.

Mr Hornsey Wright narrates some curious cases connected with Begging-letter Impostors. In 1874, he says, the Charity-Organisation Society came into possession of thirty-four street Directories, that had belonged to a gang of these impostors. On the Directories were five different marks opposite names, each mark having a distinct meaning. A short dash meant 'Doubtful,' or 'Not called on before.' A cross signified 'Good,' or 'Likely to give.' A star was 'Very good,' or 'Very likely to give.' A round O signified 'Has given something recently.' An O with a line across it meant 'Has given something recently, and will give again if called on.' The members of the gang are said to have picked up on an average five pounds apiece weekly.

No abuse is on so widely spread a scale as that connected with Dispensaries and Hospitals. There seems to be absolutely no shame in trying to procure medicines, or medical assistance, for nothing. Ladies of rank are known to dress themselves shabbily in order to get medicine gratuitously at a

Dispensary. The Hospitals are crowded with people who are capable of paying a fee to a doctor. In many cases, physicians are to blame for the lavish way they encourage free consultations. The writer of the book before us recalls attention to the well-known case of the late Dr Wardrop and the nobleman who imposed on him as a pauper. 'The doctor had for many years given advice to "poor people" at his house in Charles Street: he discontinued the practice after the following occurrence. Returning one morning from a patient to whom he had been summoned at an early hour, he observed alighting from a coroneted carriage a shabby old man, whom he recognised as one of his gratuitous morning patients. He made a detour, and returning, learned from the footman that it was the Earl of —. By-and-by, when the sham pauper was ushered in, in his turn, the doctor addressed him by name, and demanded as many guineas as he had made visits; which under threat of exposure, the noble deceiver reluctantly paid.' The writer adds: 'Of scores of applicants to the Children's Hospital, whom our inquiries have proved to be utterly ineligible for gratuitous relief, no mean proportion have sneeringly said: "Well, no matter; we can get what we want at the — Hospital without any of this bother."'

It will be recollected with what zeal George Moore went about gathering money from his neighbours on behalf of his pet charitable institution, the Royal Free Hospital—'an hospital free to all without any letters of recommendation'—such were his own words. Listen to what has been the upshot, as related by one of the faculty, Dr Fairlie Clark, on the subject: 'An inquiry lately instituted at the Royal Free Hospital shewed that forty-nine per cent. of the out-patients were in position to contribute towards their own mediævæ relief; and the same has been proved by investigations carried on at the Children's Hospital during the last two years. For practical purposes, we might say that half the applicants at London Hospitals, could afford a few shillings a year for what they are now seeking *in forma pauperum*. Philanthropists of the George Moore type cannot too soon take facts of this kind to heart. In their eagerness to do good, they appear to be entirely forgetful of the fact that every fresh charity adds to the Power of Draw; that, besides lowering self-dependence of residents who take advantage of the offered beneficence, it attracts, as if by attraction, idly inclined families from distant quarters and so aids in filling the town with a pauper and dissolute population. If not actually demoralised on arrival, these strangers are made so by the innumerable contrivances to render them thriftless and abandoned. Nothing is left undone to pollute their moral sensibilities, nor can all the efforts of clerical ministrations do more than mitigate the evils which well-meaning people are habitually and unintentionally cultivating. Very hard is it that the industriously disposed inhabitants in our large cities are to be embarrassed by crowds of paupers and miser-do-wells through a headlong course of mischievous Philanthropy, which, to give it its proper name, is a system of wanton cruelty.

According to late accounts, twenty-eight hospitals in the metropolis are urgently in want of funds. This will not create surprise. The free admission to hospitals is overdone. A reform

in the system is clearly required, in the interests of society. Let the benevolently disposed begin to encourage frugality and self-exertion among the classes who are at present indiscriminately pauperised by accepting medical assistance gratuitously. Instead of attracting many of these classes to free Hospitals and free Dispensaries that are supported with difficulty, they should make a reasonable effort to induce them to co-operate in establishing institutions on the Provident principle, by which, at a comparatively trifling cost per annum, they would be entitled to insure medical assistance for themselves on all needful occasions. Sanatoria, or medical boarding establishments, of different classes, somewhat on the plan of the Parisian *Maisons de Santé*, would, we think, be a useful appendage to all our large towns. The promotion of such institutions, however, would hardly meet the approval of that wild order of Philanthropists who are bent on pauperising everybody and everything.

In *The Times* of May 2, a correspondent (C. E. Trevelyan) pointedly calls attention to the impropriety of indiscriminate free medical treatment, as exemplified in the metropolis. He says: 'The central fact is that we have hitherto attempted to provide medical treatment on a purely eleemosynary footing for the entire working-class, and a considerable portion of the lower middle-class, population of London, and that this is a greater burden than private charity can bear. A vast multitude is encouraged to throw itself for medical aid on a few central points. Hence overcrowded waiting-rooms; the exhaustion of the strength of the patients by delay; mutual infection among large numbers of persons brought into close contact in a susceptible state; the vitiation of the air of the hospitals of medical relief, owing to the impossibility of giving sufficient time to each case. There is also a great misdirection and waste of charitable funds from the notorious fact that the out-patient departments are largely used by persons who can well afford to pay something for their medical treatment. The medical profession is deprived of its just and necessary remuneration, and our people are educated to improvident and mendicant habits, being entirely relieved, as regards this requirement of civilised life, from all necessity for forethought and thrift.' This is exactly the argument we have here and elsewhere been trying to bring under public attention.

There is another view of the matter. Has it never occurred to persons of a reflective turn of mind, that the profligate and reckless dispensation of charity on very many who rely on this mode of existence, is contrary to the clear demands of moral retribution? Every departure from rectitude is destined by an imprescriptible natural law to bring its own punishment. A want of thrift is followed by poverty. A shameful neglect of duties brings remorse, if not some more expressive visitation. In the ancient classic superstition, that there is a Nemesis which executes the decrees of a strict retributive Providence, there is a glimmering of Divine Truth. We can no more escape from the effects of wrongdoing than we can from the laws of health. Inconsiderate Philanthropists have set themselves to overturn or neutralise this expiatory principle

in the moral world. The prodigal who spends all in riotous living is to be coddled, paupered, and sympathised with. The wretch who yields to the basest passions is to be put on a level with the man or woman who, through many a weary year of good conduct and pinching thrift, has supported a good name and cherished a conscience void of offence. Is this practice of confounding right and wrong consistent with common-sense or expediency. Is it fair, and likely to be beneficial? To one who remembers the severities of the criminal law sixty years since, the present penalties, bounding to an opposite extreme, seem little better than a farce. Philanthropy has turned the moral world upside down. A monster of iniquity knocks down, kicks, and tramples on his wife, till she has hardly the breath of life left in her, and it has been the practice to let him off with a month's imprisonment—that is to say, to be indulged with excellent board and lodging for a month as the appropriate punishment for his heinous offence. But the indignity! The scoundrel who behaves so has no sense of indignity. He is only alive to physical suffering, and from that the law, as it now stands, strangely exempts him. His sin smuts with no adequate retribution. The decrees of Providence are reversed.

Such are some of the conspicuous results of inconsiderate benevolence. With the best intentions, a wrong is done to society. We could wish it to be otherwise. Relief and sympathy are of course due to sufferers by misfortunes over which they have had no control; and it would be coming back to something like primary injunctions to succour these to the best of our ability. Charity of this kind will ever command a blessing. It is only the abuse of charity, as developed in great trading associations, to the extent of breaking down self-reliance and encouraging profligacy, that merits general reprobation.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLIII.—AT THE 'OLD VINE.'

'NAME of Parsons, sir? Certainly. Mr Parsons, which he is an old customer, uses this house, and just now he has the parlour to himself.' So said the ringleted barmaid of the *Old Vine* in Walsall Street, Euston Road, as she emerged from her bower of bliss, festooned with jugs, lemons, bright glasses, and burnished pewter, and bristling with the ivory-tipped handles of beer-engines, to shew the stranger who had inquired for Mr Parsons, and was presumably his friend, the way to the *Old Vine's* best parlour.

A notable hostility in its way was this same *Old Vine*, the very name of which had a respectable flavour of quasi-antiquity, for it takes some years to grow a vine, and a good many more before that twining and tough-limbed plant can be said to have attained to the dignity of age. Probably some ancient inn or tavern had been standing on that site when the Oxford fields and Gallows meadows, with the miry lanes adjacent, were yet a happy hunting-ground for bludgeon-bearing footpads, and unsafe lounging-places for the prudent citizen coming home from his excursion to the suburbs.

The *Old Vine*, whether an aboriginal house of entertainment or not, had never laid itself out for the modern adornments that are usually thought necessary to attract custom. There was no fine front decorated with mock-marble pilasters, paint, and gilding, no display of plate-glass, no imposing array of lamps. The small-paned windows and white walls were inscribed in narrow letters with quaint legends having reference to 'neat cordials,' 'fine wines,' and the like, which almost seemed to take the observant wayfarer back to the Tom-and-Jerry days. And there was one announcement less immediately intelligible, which seemed to possess a semi-religious character, since it hinted at 'An Ordinary on Sundays at two o'clock.'

The *Old Vine*, dingy, commonplace, and unattractive as it might appear, never seemed to lack custom. In its unpretentious way it threw remarkably well. It was not a 'brewer's house,' and as such was freed from the vassalage to which many a public of comelier aspect has to submit. But although the *Old Vine* bought its beer where it liked, instead of being constrained to promulgate the strong ale, mild ale, and 'entire' of one mighty vatocrat, the *Old Vine* did a good business in the brood of John Barleycorn. There were landlords hard by whose sumptuous establishments outglittered the modest outside of the *Old Vine*, yet who spoke of the house with a resentful respect. 'Draw a power of beer, they do, let alone sperrits. Ten pound, oftener twelve! And they buy as they choose. It's along of the Staffordshire-men that stand by 'em so.'

That was the secret of the flourishing of the *Old Vine*. Its roots were struck deep in that occult sentiment of local patriotism that everywhere clings closer to the heart than does that grand Imperial patriotism about which leading articles discourse so nobly. The *Old Vine* was simply a bit of Staffordshire transplanted to London. It took in the *Hanley Guardian*, the *Rugley Argus*, the *Tamworth Times*, and the *Etruria Standard*, to say nothing of the *Stafford Times* and the *Lichfield Argus*. It was the Nailers' house of call. It was the Potters' city of refuge. Round it rallied, when cast into the unfamiliar world of London, the men of clay and the men of iron, the lovers of dog—and perhaps dwarf—fights, the pounders of wives, the grimy, liquor-loving, unconventional population of the Black Country.

For all that, the *Old Vine* was not by any means a noisy or disreputable public-house. The Staffordshire-men who frequented it might be often enough rough-spoken and roughly behaved; but London produced on them a tranquillising effect, and they were quite as docile as though Suffolk or Sussex or Somerset had been their native county. It was enough for them that landlord and landlady, barmaid and barman, and the very pot-boys, were 'Staffordshire to the backbone,' and that the old accent, the old provincialisms, and the old gossip were to be heard within its doors.

The supporters of the *Old Vine* were wont to say boastfully in praise of its situation, that it was 'within a jiffy of everywhere.' It certainly was very near to the Euston Station of the London and North-western line, and an active man might have covered the distance between Walsall Street

and King's Cross in a small indeterminate space of time which might not inaptly have been defined as a jiffy. Otherwise it was not so easy to see how the *Old Vine* came to be within easy reach of all places of business and pleasure.

It was the dead-time, in a commercial sense, of the day, and the roaring trade of the *Old Vine* was proportionably at a low ebb. The outer bar contained but some eighteen customers; the young lady who presided over the bottle and jug department had leisure to plunge deeply into the chapters of *The Mysteries of Bolgrave Square*, or *Marquis and Milliner* (illustrated, at one penny per number); while of the three parlours the 'best' had no other tenant than Mr Parsons, better known to Lord Harrogate whom the barmaid now ushered in, as Inspector Drew. Why the inspector frequented the *Old Vine*, and whether he was a Staffordshire-man, or only feigned to be one, and lastly, why he had there conciliated golden opinions under a fictitious name, were questions which he alone would have been able to solve.

'Glad to see you, Jones,' said the inspector very heartily, rising as Lord Harrogate entered.—'We'll take a pint of sherry, brown and old, if you please, miss,' he added parenthetically; and then expressed his delight at the circumstance that Mr Jones was looking 'right well,' and that travelling seemed to agree with him. The pint of old brown sherry, the tint of which undoubtedly answered to the order, as the age too may have done, was produced with business-like promptitude; and having solemnly filled both glasses, the inspector thus guardedly entered upon the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts.

'Think I see my way, my lord, to making a good job of it—really I do,' said the detective, slowly closing one eye as he sipped the dusky amber of the sherry that he held up between him and the mellow daylight. 'At first I simply thought I was picking your lordship's pocket; but now I feel as if we could get a true bill from the grand jury when we ask for one.'

'You wished to see me with reference to the card, or rather the half-card, which I left in your possession?' said Lord Harrogate.

In lieu of a verbal reply, the inspector extracted from an inner coat-pocket a flat tin case, and opening it, drew forth something headfully wrapped in silver-paper, and unwrapping it, disclosed the treasured scrap of pasteboard. Then he produced his pocket magnifying glass, adjusted it, and proffered it to Lord Harrogate.

'My eyes are tolerably strong ones,' answered the young patrician, smiling as he took up the card.

'They had need to be, my lord, if you mean to see anything without the glass,' said the detective in a tone of pique.

'I can make out nothing—nothing,' said Lord Harrogate, after a lengthened survey of the fragment of card. 'A slight smear or indentation in the left corner, I think I saw.'

'Tackle the smear, my lord, with the help of this,' returned the inspector, again offering his horn-rimmed series of lenses. 'I've trimmed the focus to what, according to my fancy, would suit.'

'It is certainly pencil-writing, very dim, faint, and small; but sufficiently legible, with the aid of good glasses,' said Lord Harrogate, after long

scrutiny of the card. 'You were right too, Inspector Drew, about the word. It is "Sandston," beyond a doubt.'

'Sandston it is, my lord,' replied the detective, with a slight smile of self-complacency. 'The wonder of the thing is of course that pencil-marks, so easy to be rubbed out, should have lasted so long, or lenstways so it seems. We of the Force know by experience what a good friend to us the pencil is, in the way of leaving its writing plain to be read, when ink, on account of the acids, has faded from damp and mildew. Once we got a verdict against a forger, all because of his betting-book and the pencilled entries in it, months after he had clucked it and all his papers into the Thames that ran by his villa at Roehampton.'

Inspectors of even the detective branch of that small and active army of police which intervenes between quiet householders and the predatory classes, share the common weaknesses of mortal men. Lord Harrogate saw that this superior officer of the drilled and disciplined constabulary was as vain of his discovery as though he had been the finder of a new metal or a new star, and resolved not to cloud the policeman's joy by any depreciatory criticism.

'It is lucky,' he said, 'that the card came into good hands—professional hands, I mean. A layman like myself could have made nothing of it.'

'Umph! perhaps not!' said the inspector, coughing behind his broad hand. 'Always excepting Mr Bobbins.—Your lordship never heard of Mr Bobbins? That's odd; but to be sure he did his best to keep out of the newspapers; and the reporters, except on grand occasions at the Central Criminal Court, didn't so much as hint at him. Gentleman of property, my lord, was Mr Bobbins, who took to police business as a duck takes to the water, out of pure love for it. Wonder-ful captions he made, of burglars chiefly; so that our best officers got to be a'most jealous, they did, of Mr Bobbins.'

'He grew tired of it perhaps—or married, and found other objects of interest?' asked Lord Harrogate, amused at the policeman's enthusiasm.

'Died, my lord,' answered Drew solemnly. 'Never recovered a trial at the Old Bailey in which he was a witness, and the cross-examination by Mr Serjeant Blathers, who was counsel for the prisoner. "It's my nature," said poor Bobbins, "to attend to matters of this sort, and I can't help it." "Then, sir," roared Blathers (the Serjeant was a big red-faced man with a bullying manner, and a voice that made you wince, whoever you were), "you are no better than a monomaniac, and ought to be locked up as one. Your friends, if you have any friends, should know better than to leave you at large, Mr Bobbins. An amateur thief-taker! Before long perhaps we shall come across an amateur hangman! Who can tell, Mr Bobbins, what your next craze may be?" It broke poor Bobbins's heart. It did indeed, my lord. Never held up his head once since that day.'

Lord Harrogate waited to give time for the subsidence of the inspector's natural emotions at the recollection of the untimely end of this brilliant volunteer, and then returned to the card.

'The word "Sandston," he said, "I should take to be a hurried memorandum. I agree with you,

however, that it points out the most probable field for a fresh discovery.'

By this time Inspector Drew, with whom the melting mood was rare and of brief duration, was himself again, and he proceeded, glancing now and then at the card, as if to make sure that it had not evaporated into thin air, to express his opinion on the subject.

'We guess, don't we, my lord,' he began argumentatively, 'that whoever did the actual job of stealing the child—since I suppose we may take it for granted she was stolen—was a commonish sort of person, not too well educated, now?'

Lord Harrogate agreed with this preliminary proposition. 'Gipsies, chimney-sweepers, and beggars,' he remarked, smiling, 'are the only kidnappers of children of whom I have heard since the days of the Barkers, and none of these can be suspected of much erudition.'

'But neither a chimney-sweep nor a cadger nor yet a gipsy,' returned the inspector with perfect seriousness, 'wrote down that word in pencil. It was a gentleman wrote that. And I should like to know, my lord, if not too great a liberty, whether your lordship never met with a hand-writing similar to that before?'

Now, it had instantly, on seeing the pencilled word, occurred to Lord Harrogate that it was in the handwriting of Sir Sykes Denzil; but he felt as yet unwilling to mention the name of the presumed writer. Inspector Drew, who was quick to read faces as well as half-effaced inscriptions, did not press the question, but proceeded: 'You see, my lord, all turns on whether the job was a put-up job or not. I think it was. There are vagabonds of course who would make no bones of snapping up a pretty bit of a child likely to bring 'em in money, if they met with her in a lane somewhere, alone. But they'd be scared by the idea of a real quality child, at play in her mamma's own garden, where, for aught they knew, maids and men might come running at a cry. It took a determined sort of chap, with a strong motive for what he was about, to risk it.'

'That motive you conclude was gain of course?' observed Lord Harrogate, as the detective came to a pause.

'Must have been gain,' said the inspector dogmatically. 'And tidily too, the work must have been paid for. Now, it seems to me that this little word "Sandston" was pencilled down on the scrap of card by the paymaster of the actual scoundrel who undertook the business. Your lordship can guess why?'

'I suppose, to refresh the man's memory, in case he should forget the name of the place whither he was to convey the stolen child,' said Lord Harrogate, after a moment's thought. 'We are assuming of course that the infant was carried off, not drowned.'

'Well—we may, my lord,' answered the inspector, with the assurance of an expert. 'It wouldn't be easy, really now, to get any man, even the worst, to kill a smiling, innocent bit of a thing of that age; indeed it wouldn't. There's an old hag here and there,' he added, 'would be less particular; but whoever scaled that terrace-bank from the river must have been an active man. No; the little one left that place safe and sound, rely on it.'

'And you think,' said Lord Harrogate, as a host

of sudden hopes crowded on him, 'that we shall find her at Sandston, or a clue to her?'

'Find a clue to her, my lord, we almost certainly shall,' returned the detective earnestly, 'if we do but look long enough and hard enough. Murder will out, they say; and not that alone, but other crime, of whatever sort it may be. If your lordship will be at the Shoreditch Station at 9.30 to-night, we can travel down to Sandston—not together, though—and set about our inquiries in the morning without loss of time.'

DEMONSTRATIONS IN COOKERY.

In teaching cookery by practical demonstration, a kitchen is necessary, where students can work out the recipes with their own hands. The School at South Kensington is the only one which confers diplomas; but many smaller ones are established in various parts of the country, and conducted by competent teachers. Most of these schools combine the advantages of teaching both by demonstration and practice; and thus only can cookery be taught effectually. However, when practice is impossible, demonstration may do good work; and an effort is being made to bring instruction within the reach of poor and busy women, who could afford neither time nor money to attend schools for practice.

The Committee of the School for Cookery has authorised the lady-superintendent to open cookery classes in districts where she can obtain the use of a suitable room and gas, on condition that forty pupils will take tickets at five shillings each for a course of ten lessons in plain cookery, and twenty pupils will take tickets at a guinea each for a course of ten lessons in middle-class cookery. When by the sale of the above number of tickets, a reasonable prospect of success is given, the school supplies all that is necessary, and takes the risk of loss or profit. Programmes are drawn out for both courses, in which the subjects are admirably selected and arranged. To the lessons in plain cookery, twopence is charged for admission and sixpence for reserved seats; for a single lesson in middle-class cookery two shillings and sixpence is charged. These latter are adapted for ladies with some knowledge of the art, who wish to obtain information about special dishes or improved methods; and cooks would find profit here when they are intelligent enough to be good listeners.

Many clergymen have placed their rooms at the service of the Committee, and classes have started in all directions, at some places for plain cookery only. These lessons, lasting two hours, are necessarily given by demonstration. The teacher cooks five or six dishes before the students, explaining the reason of every process; and naming the ingredients required, she shews how to prepare and combine them, and gives many practical hints. A gas stove is used; and an excellent one can be bought for four guineas which will boil four pots at once besides baking and roasting. The ingredients are prepared upon any available table, and

make-shifts are unavoidable in many instances. Some rooms are far better fitted for this purpose than others, though unfortunately no room appears too small, for these demonstrations are not so largely attended as they ought to be. This failure we attribute chiefly to the dislike of innovation which characterises certain British matrons. The cookery, however bad, which has served them for years, may prevail till the end, rather than that they should attempt to effect an improvement. We must rather look to the rising generation for reform in our national cookery; and this fact is so generally acknowledged, that lessons in cookery are becoming in many places an essential part of school education for girls in all classes of society.

The staff teacher at Kensington who gives the demonstrations is always accompanied by a kitchen-maid from the School, and often also by a teacher in training, who assists in the various operations. Lessons in plain cookery are more in demand in the neighbourhood of London than elsewhere—those of a higher class obtaining favour in country places where ladies reside who cannot conveniently attend the school at South Kensington. The number of staff teachers being limited, many excellent teachers are separated from the School, and carry on the work successfully in various towns in England and Scotland. Ladies who wish to promote the interests of cookery can do much good by forming these classes in their own neighbourhoods, and many energetic helpers are to be found outside the School.

The interest of the demonstration depends mainly upon the ability of the demonstrator. It is not enough to cook a given number of dishes in two hours without mistakes. The teacher should sustain the interest of her audience, not by an uninterrupted flow of language, as in a lecture, but by apt and comprehensive remarks regarding the food, or the process in cookery under consideration at the time. Many demonstrators commit the mistake of speaking too quickly for the sense of their words to be easily grasped, or for notes of the lesson to be taken accurately. Much obscurity is avoided when the recipe is first given out to be copied into the note-books of the hearers, the demonstrator afterwards shewing how to prepare the requisite ingredients, and then how to combine them so as to form a certain dish.

During the preparation she may find time to say a good deal about the various articles of food; and while she is frying or boiling, as the case may be, she can give general rules for the perfection of that process. Sometimes, during the progress of the lesson, she may have an opportunity of conveying a slight knowledge of theory; but she must be careful not to involve herself in a labyrinth of words containing little meaning. To attempt high flights and find that one's wings are clipped, is most humiliating; one had better not soar without the sustaining power of well-defined thought. In demonstrations, as the name implies, the teacher *shews* how things are done, in order that she may be copied; however, in these demonstrations it frequently happens that very little is seen, because the students sit too far back or the table is not placed to advantage. For this reason, it is desirable that the demonstrator should audibly

describe what she is doing, so as to bring the operation before the mental eyes of those students who cannot see the details perfectly.

When school children are present, it adds much to the interest of the lesson to question them upon what they heard on a previous occasion; and fresh questions may be framed for them to answer next time. A special programme, consisting of twenty lessons, has been made for the use of schools, by which instruction may be given in a more simple form. This demonstration-work gives much scope to an intelligent teacher, for many lessons may be conveyed beyond the actual cookery. Few of our poorer neighbours understand the right meaning of economy, the word implying to them nothing but stinginess or scanty fare. To object to the waste of bones or fat, would appear to them the extreme of meanness. To expel this pernicious notion, it ought to be the duty of every teacher to inculcate the maxim, that economy is the art of extracting the utmost amount of nourishment from every scrap of food, and to shew them how they can make wholesome and tasty dishes from bones and dry pieces of meat, and how the fat can be best utilised.

It has sometimes been argued that we cannot teach cookery to the poor unless we use cooking utensils similar to theirs. However, many ideas which look well in theory fail when reduced to practice, and we think that this is one of them. We ought to shew people the *best* way to cook; and though it is inexpedient to give demonstrations in the very poorest cookery to mixed audiences, we must by suggestions adapt our lessons to the wants of all. The uneducated classes, knowing nothing of general principles, can seldom aduce conclusions, and will not substitute one thing for another unless they are told what might be done under less favourable circumstances. There is much prejudice to be overcome; but they are nevertheless alive to the persuasive influence of a genial teacher who recognises their needs and makes due allowance for their shortcomings. A public teacher must have in a measure the true sympathies which can transplant fitting lessons into the minds of others, and adapt her teaching to the peculiar needs of the learners.

Originality is also an essential element in good teaching: the words should be of the simplest and to the point, and no mere imitation of another's ideas. As Goethe said: 'There are many echoes in the world, but few voices.' Eccentricity, which is a distortion of originality, should be avoided; and with so all-important a subject as cookery, there should be nothing comical in the lesson, though a touch of humour may sometimes be thrown in as a *bonne bouche*. It is necessary to speak distinctly in giving demonstrations, and not let the voice sink too low. A well-modulated voice is a great desideratum. One hardly knows why it is so much more pleasant to listen to some talkers than to others, for charm does not lie in mere cleverness.

An experienced demonstrator may be detected by the ease with which she cooks and serves up her dishes. She shews no agitation, no hurry towards the end, such as one sees in those who are new to the work; so that one really imagines that the task is as easy as she makes it appear. We may say that ease is perfection. Ease of manner is the perfection of good-breeding; ease

in conversation flows from a well-stored mind; and the style of composition which seems so easy and unstudied is often the outcome of ripe intelligence and the mark of a practised hand.

THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—THE PICTURE.

I HAD formed a resolve in my own mind during that short conversation with my interesting protégée, and now without a moment's hesitation, I addressed myself thus to her uncle: 'Do you intend to keep that mare, Mr Lorton?'

'I am afraid I shall not be able to,' he replied surlily; 'not one of those fools of servants dares go near her.'

'Would it be impertinent in me to inquire how much you would sell her for?'

He looked at me attentively, then replied snavely: 'Not at all. I should ask four hundred rupees, the price I paid for her.'

I knew he was lying; but I did not attempt to bargain with him. I wanted the chestnut mare; and though in general an economical man, was quite prepared now to throw away a considerable sum of money, in order that Miss Lorton's mind might be set at rest. 'I will give you four hundred for her,' said I.

Mr Lorton at once closed with this offer: the bargain was concluded, and the chestnut mare became mine.

'Will you take her with you to-night?' he asked. 'How will you manage?'

'I will lead her,' replied I, 'till I meet a coolie; then he can bring her on.'

Norris Lorton seemed pleased with the plan; and the question of payment having been satisfactorily settled between us, I bade him good-night, and started homewards, riding very slowly, and leading my newly purchased steed by a halter. I soon met some coolies, one of whom, for a few annas, consented to take charge of the mare, which in the course of half an hour or so arrived at my house without, to my inexpressible relief, having done any damage by the way.

It soon became known throughout the station that I had purchased the chestnut whose hoof had trampled out the life of a fellow-man, for the tale of the inquest was soon public property. Nothing, however, in the inquiry transpired about Norris Lorton. The English runaway sailor did not appear, so that the only evidence given was that of the other eye, who averred that he and his companion were travelling to Calcutta, where the horses were to be sold; they had turned off the high-road on to the race-course, in order to cut grass for their beasts, and then the accident had happened. I knew the whole account to be false; but my pledge of secrecy had been given, and I held my peace.

Various remarks, neither kind nor charitable, were made upon my bravado, as they termed it, in keeping so dangerous an animal; but I cared nought just then for the opinion of my neighbours, though in general anxious to be thought well of. Miss Lorton was safe from one danger, and I was satisfied.

Friday came round again. At six P.M., instead of taking part in a game of Badminton, which was going on in the club grounds, I was inside the building, looking through a large pile of last year's *Pail Mall Weekly Budgets*. After about half an hour's search, I found what I wanted: 'On the 20th of June, suddenly, Osmond, youngest son of the late Stephen Lorton, aged 48.' I then looked at the Shipping Intelligence in the same paper, and saw among the list of passengers by the Star-line steamer *Candace*, of the 22d instant, bound for Calcutta, 'Mr Norris Lorton and daughter.' But this was not all; the name next on the same list was Mrs Francis Horley, whom I knew to be my first-cousin, the wife of a merchant in Calcutta; and it all at once occurred to me that I might gain from her some information respecting the Lortons. Before I left the club that night I had made up my mind to go down and call upon my cousin in Calcutta the following Sunday.

The interview that night with Sibyl Lorton was very brief. She met me at the accustomed spot, but told me that she would have to hurry back to the house as soon as possible, for Norris Lorton had only gone out riding, saying he should be back in an hour; so that I had only time to shew her the notice of her father's death in the newspaper which I had brought with me, and to promise to meet her again the following Friday. Her dread of her uncle would not permit her to remain a moment longer.

Sunday came. As soon as my daily duties were over, I journeyed to Calcutta, and, arrived there, repaired instantly to my cousin's house, where I found her at home, and fortunately alone, as I was able then to converse more freely upon the subject which had brought me to her. As we had not met since her arrival in India, she having been paying a series of visits in the North-West Provinces, it was but natural that I should ere long ask her a few questions about the voyage from England.

'By-the-by,' said I, when she had told me that the weather had been stormy, and the passengers more or less afflicted by the usual malady, 'did you come out with a Mr and Miss Lorton?'

'Yes,' she exclaimed, looking rather surprised. 'Do you know them?'

'I know the name,' returned I evasively. 'What were they like?'

Mrs Horley looked a little curiously at me, I thought. 'Well,' she answered with a smile, 'Miss Lorton was the most peculiar girl I ever met in my life.'

'Indeed,' said I eagerly. 'In what way?'

Again my cousin glanced at me sharply as she went on: 'I have no idea, Eustace, what you may know about the Lortons, but if they are any friends of yours, I am very sorry.'

'Why,' inquired I a little stiffly.

'From what I saw of them during the voyage, I can only form one of two opinions: either that Mr Lorton is a very wicked cruel man, or that his poor daughter is what every one on board believed her to be—mad.'

'Ah!' was my mental comment. 'Suppose this should be the case what a fool I should look!'

'Eustace,' said my cousin, seeing I did not answer, 'you have seen these Lortons; I can tell it by your face; you men can never keep a secret. Confess, have the beauty and misfortunes of Miss Lorton touched your heart?'

'No!' replied I earnestly; 'not so bad as that. I believe the girl has been infamously treated by all her relations, and that her sufferings may have affected her brain.'

'How and where came you to know them? Are they living in Mooderaud?'

'No; I have seen and conversed with them both, but am bound by a solemn promise not to reveal where they are.'

'Well, Eustace,' said Mrs Horley, smiling, 'a promise is of course sacred, and I will not ask you to break it. Perhaps you would like to hear my account of them.'

I eagerly assented; so she continued: 'In the first place, the captain of the *Candace* was, in my opinion, very much to blame in allowing the girl to be brought on board at Southampton. I was on deck at the time, and saw her, supported by her father, who said that she had been very ill, and that a sea-voyage had been recommended for her. The captain was anxious to start, and the doctor was engaged down below with an hysterical old lady, or else perhaps they would have seen and noticed what I did, her extraordinary appearance.'

'What did she look like?' inquired I.

'To tell you the truth,' responded my cousin gravely, 'her looks and actions gave me the idea that she was under the influence of drink. She was quite unable to stand alone, had almost to be carried down the companion-ladder; and when, a few minutes after, I went into the saloon, I found her lying on one of the benches, in a slumber so heavy that I am sure it was not natural. I did not see her again then until we reached Malta. She looked rather better, but was still very strange in her manners. One or two of the passengers would have it that she was given to drink, but the rest said she was mad. I asked her once where she was going; she told me she did not know. "She had been taken away from Vivian," she said. Just then her father came up, and led her down below again. One stormy day after we had left Suez, she had been on deck a little while, and attempted to descend the companion alone; she slipped and fell, cutting her head severely, and was laid up for the rest of the voyage. Unfortunately the ship-doctor was at the time unable to perform his duties, being prostrated by intermittent fever, so that the poor girl was nursed only by her father and the stewardess; and by the time we reached Calcutta, she looked far worse than she did at Southampton.'

'And you do not know what became of them afterwards?'

'No; they went away somewhere by train the same day. I expect you know where they are, Eustace,' said my cousin, laughing mischievously.

I made no reply to this insinuation, not wishing to get on dangerous ground, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts, contrived to change the conversation. But the events of the day were not over yet.

During tiffin (lunch), to which my cousin and I sat down *tel-a-telle*, Francis Horley not being expected till the evening, our conversation turned upon pictures, and my cousin exclaimed suddenly: 'By-the-bye, Eustace, you must see the lovely picture Frank's father sent out to me last mail. I have not had it hung up yet. You are a judge

of paintings, I know; you must help me to find a place for it.'

I assented; and after tiffin, two servants brought the picture and laid it on the sofa in the drawing-room. After a little consultation and one or two experiments, we found a good light; and my cousin wishing it to be hung up instantly, I performed the task myself.

'It looks lovely—does it not?' said she, as I stepped back to have a better view of the picture, which had hitherto appeared little better than an indistinct mass of colouring. The subject was well known, one that painters have frequently handled: 'Elaine lying lifeless in the Funeral Barge.' I recognised it at once; then I could not conceal a start; for the face of the dead woman was strangely familiar. True, as I had seen it in the moonlight by the banks of the Dum, it differed much from the painting before me. I had not seen the long fair locks which, in the picture, almost shrouded Elaine's pale still face. The features of the dead had a peaceful, calm expression, which in the living was one of restless longing and fear; and yet they were the same: they were Sibyl Lorton's.

'Who painted this picture?' I asked.

'I have forgotten his name,' replied Mrs Horley carelessly. 'Some young fellow who was going abroad. Let me see—what was his name? Something to do with Tennyson.'

'Was it Vivian? Vivian Clare?'

'Yes; that was the name. Old Mr Horley said he could not understand why it was rejected for the Royal Academy; he thought it a fine painting.—What do you think of it?' went on my cousin, seeing I did not speak.

'The likeness is excellent,' murmured I absently.

'What are you talking about, Eustace? The likeness?'

'Have you never seen that face before?' I asked.

'It does not seem altogether strange to me,' was the reply; 'but I cannot recall when or where I have seen it before.'

'Have you ever seen any one in so sound a sleep that it resembled death?'

Mrs Horley looked eagerly at me; then a light broke suddenly upon her, and she exclaimed: 'Miss Lorton! What could she have known of Mr Clare? Is it possible she could have meant him, when she said she had been taken away from Vivian?'

'Well,' replied I evasively, pointing to the picture, 'they must have been pretty well acquainted, for her to sit to him.'

'Ah yes,' returned my cousin compassionately. 'Poor girl, I suppose it pleased her. Mad people have strange fancies sometimes.'

I allowed my cousin to take this view of the case in silence, wishing to avoid any more questions; then as the time for my departure drew near, I asked her to grant me a favour.

'Anything in reason, Eustace?'

'Will you let me make a copy of that picture?'

'Certainly, if you wish it. How will you manage? Are you going to get the original model to sit to you?'

'I am going to copy,' I answered, rather stiffly, 'not design.'

My cousin looked curiously at me, but said nothing; and soon after I took my leave.

CHAPTER III. CONTINUED.—NORRIS LORTON IS BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH THE PICTURE.

Time passed on; and it was long before I saw Miss Lorton again. Rain set in earlier than usual that year; and by some strange ill-luck, it always seemed to rain heavier on a Friday night than any other in the week; thereby rendering it quite impossible either for me to ride to our appointed meeting-place, or for Miss Lorton to walk there. All my spare time now was devoted to the completion of the copy of 'Elaine.' Painting had always been a favourite occupation of mine, though I had never tried to earn my living by it; now I had another object in view. The picture when finished was to aid me in exposing Norris Lorton's villainy to the world and delivering his niece out of his hands. This work necessarily took me a long time. I could not trust entirely to memory; and my visits to Calcutta, though frequent enough to arouse the curiosity of my neighbours, were fewer than I should have wished them to be. However, I went down whenever the opportunity presented itself, greedily to the amusement of my cousin Mrs Horley, who declared that the picture had bewitched me; and at last, one day about the middle of November, I had the satisfaction of seeing my copy of 'Elaine' completed, and of hearing my cousin, to whom I shewed it, say that it was a very fair representation of the original in the drawing-room.

All this time I had fallen into disgrace with my neighbours in the station. I never went to the club, never played rackets, billiards, or Badminton, and seldom accepted any invitations to dinner; all my spare time was devoted to my picture; and such evenings as the weather permitted, I used to ride on the chestnut mare—now much sobered by constant exercise, and whom I had named 'Elaine'—by the river Dum, or past the house in the jungle, in the hope of again meeting Miss Lorton; but always without success. 'Stammore is quite an altered man,' people would say; 'he used to be such a sociable pleasant young fellow at one time. We cannot think what has come over him.'

Any remark like the preceding one was very certain to be repeated sooner or later to me; but I cared little or nothing for the opinion of my neighbours just then; my thoughts were too much occupied with Sibyl Lorton's troubles, and with plans for rescuing her from the hands of her persecutors. This state of affairs went on till nearly Christmas, and then there was a change, which came about in this way. After a great deal of grave deliberation, I had formed a plan, the result of which shall be shewn presently. One Sunday evening I rode out on Elaine, and presented myself boldly at the doors of the house in the jungle and asked for Mr Lorton.

He was at home, and received me in the same room where, on a previous occasion, we had arranged the sale of the chestnut mare in my possession. We discoursed for some little time upon the politics of the day, after which I contrived to lead the conversation on to pictures; then rather suddenly I asked my host if he was a judge of paintings.

'Not particularly,' he replied. 'I know a good picture when I see it; that is all.'

'I wish you would give me your opinion upon one in my house,' said I.

'Indeed,' he asked, looking a little curiously at me. 'What is the subject?'

'The death of Elaine,' answered I, with assumed indifference. 'But it is on quite a small scale; about the size now of that engraving there.'

He started and changed colour when I said the word 'Elaine,' but glancing at the engraving on the wall which I pointed out to him, and of which the subject was 'Isaac and Rebecca,' he looked reassured, and replied lightly: 'I should be proud to oblige you, Dr Stanmore; but I do not see how I can come to your house. Your friends might surprise me there, and I am most desirous not to be seen. Perhaps you wonder at me?'

'Most of us, sir, have reasons for what we do,' said I hypocritically; 'yours, I am sure, must be good ones. But still, if you would honour me with a visit, I could certainly manage so that no one should know of it.'

'You are very good, Dr Stanmore. May I inquire how you propose to do it?'

'If you will come next Tuesday and dine with me, I will tell my servants that you have come from Calcutta; friends of mine often run up from there; they will see nothing unusual in your coming. There is a large dinner-party the same night at the Judge's house; all the station will be there, so there is no fear of your being seen by any one. Come, Mr Lorton; take compassion on me; say I may expect you?'

He hesitated a moment; then, to my secret delight, accepted the invitation.

'I shall look forward to Tuesday,' said I, as I prepared to take my departure. 'By-the-by, how rude I am; I hope Miss Lorton is well?'

'Quite well, thank you,' replied he stiffly. 'She has been out walking, and is a little tired; otherwise she would have been glad to see you.'

Tuesday came; and punctually at half-past seven Norris Lorton and I sat down together at my dining-table. I had purposely deferred the examination of the picture till after the meal, feeling sure that the coming events of the evening were calculated rather to destroy than increase a man's appetite, and wishing to render affairs as pleasant as possible in the commencement. For myself, excitement prevented me from eating much, but I am conscious of drinking a great deal more wine than was my wont; perhaps this it was that gave me additional courage, for I do not think I am altogether a bold man by nature. At last the critical moment came. I led Norris Lorton into the small room which I had of late converted into a kind of studio, and where the picture still stood on the easel, the light being so arranged that the features of the dead maiden shone out clearly and distinctly; and their likeness to Sibyl Lorton would have struck the most casual observer, had he previously seen her.

'Now, Mr Lorton, your candid opinion, if you please.'

The moment his eyes fell on the picture, I saw that he turned deadly pale and his hands twitched nervously. I affected not to notice this, and repeated my question.

'This is your work?' said he hoarsely.

'It is,' I replied lightly. 'I am anxious to know what you think of my poor rendering of such a pathetic subject?'

'What do you mean by this?' asked he, pointing to the dead face in the picture.

'That is "Elaine." Have you never read Tennyson?'

'The likeness, I mean!' exclaimed he. Then as I pretended not to understand him, he went on: 'That is my niece's portrait; you must have seen and conversed with her.'

'What would that have to do with this picture?'

'She has told you that wild story about Vivian Clare, and you have believed it.'

For a moment or two I hesitated whether to tell him or not of my moonlight interview with his niece. I dreaded the consequences of his anger to her, and would perhaps have tried to evade his inquiry, but he gave me no choice.

'Dr Stanmore,' said he hurriedly and nervously, 'are you aware that my poor unfortunate niece is mad?'

'Pardon me, sir; I have every reason to believe that statement incorrect.'

'I can prove it!' exclaimed he excitedly. 'Ask her how she came out to India; she cannot tell you. Ask her about the house in X. Street, where she declared Vivian Clare lived. Ask her about the picture which she said was in the Royal Academy. Delusions, sir, all delusions!'

'Not so,' replied I coldly. 'The picture at least cannot be a delusion.'

'How say you so?'

'That,' said I, pointing to the painting on the easel, 'is a copy of the original by Vivian Clare, now in the possession of a lady, a cousin of mine, in Calcutta.'

Norris Lorton grew white as death, his limbs trembled, and sinking into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. 'Her father,' he moaned, 'was a dreadful scoundrel!'

'And you, sir, are his brother.'

Mr Lorton collapsed still more.

'Look here!' said I presently; 'you may as well hear everything. A few evenings after I first saw you, I met your niece by the river, and from her own lips heard of the infamously cruel treatment she had received at your hands and her father's. I own that at first I was in doubt as to her sanity; but I soon grew to regard her as a victim to other people's avarice. The painting, of which you see a copy here, confirmed my suspicions; and I now stand here convinced that Miss Lorton has been, and still is, a martyr to the most horrible villainy. She had no one to befriend her; she has no one now but me, and by heaven's help I will do all that is in my power to rescue her out of your hands.'

SOME CURIOSITIES IN LETTER-WRITING.

CHARACTERISTIC letters are always read with interest, and frequently with much amusement, by the student of human nature; and the few following specimens will, we think, repay perusal. The first we find in the Harleian Miscellany, and is 'a private letter sent from one Quaker to another.' It is quaintly prefaced thus: 'The following letter (which was really sent from a country Quaker to his friend in London), I here publish, not with design to reflect on the Quakers, but that the reader may see I am so impartial that I will insert everything wrote either by Church-

man, Presbyterian, or Quaker, &c. that I think deserves it."

FRIEND JOHN—I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called an attorney, and let him take out an instrument, with a seal fixed thereunto; by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lambskin men at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by: and so I rest thy friend in the light.

M. G.

In Seton's *Gossip about Letters and Letter-writers*, he says: 'About three years ago, I happened to come across a very solicitous epistle from a Midlothian farm-servant to a well-known photographer in the Scottish metropolis.' It is as follows:

M—MAINS, *Abriel 28th '65.*

MR A——, DARE SIR—I write to you in order to see if you are going to send my cards devisit or not for there is kno excuse for dull wether this month back for it has ben Good wether for other People geting theres down so if you intend to get my wones reddy sends them to me as quick as ppossible for i have looked for them this last month or if you dont send my cards you mus send the money for i have wated till i can wate no longer and if you dont send eathere the wone or the other i. [Then follows a full stop] so I will look for a ansure this week so i close and remain your truslay

JOHN M——

It has been said that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript, and as an illustration of this, Mr Seton tells us that a young lady having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: 'P.S.—You will see by my signature that I am married.' That the same may sometimes be said of a gentleman's letter is proved by the subjoined, said to have been sent to the late Bishop of Norwich, Dr S——, in answer to an invitation given by him: 'Mr O——'s private affairs turn out so sadly that he cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable house on Monday next. N.B. His wife is dead.'

Here are one or two specimens of laconic epistles given by Mr Seton:

MY DEAR DORSET—I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive. (*Signed*) BURKELEY.

Answer:

MY DEAR BURKELEY—Every dog has his day! (*Signed*) DORSET.

A young man when at college addressed his uncle, on whose liberality he entirely depended, as follows:

MY DEAR UNCLE—Ready for the needful.—Your affectionate Nephew.

To which the uncle replied:

MY DEAR NEPHEW—The needful is not ready.—Your affectionate Uncle.

Perhaps nothing is more amusing, from the absurdity of the thing, than the stiff 'overlooked' letters of children. I (the writer of this article) have amongst others the following, sent to me by an early friend of mine or ten, when I was not much older myself. Of course there had been pencil-lines very carefully erased, and the writing is remarkably small and neat.

MY DEAR FRIEND—It was my intention to write before now, but I have had so many engagements [fancy at that age!] that I could not make it convenient. I am happy to inform you that I have again commenced my half-year's studies, and feel it my duty to begin earnestly. I shall feel great pleasure in visiting you, dear S——, whenever I may be permitted, and shall be happy of your company again when your mother will be kind enough to allow you to come. Please send word whether you have begun school and how you are in health. Be kind enough to present our kind regards to Father, Mother, Sisters, and Brothers, and accept the warmest love of your affectionate friend, A. W. M——.

There is a postscript, which evidently was not 'overlooked,' as it is very crooked and very badly written: 'Please remind Sister B—— [my sister] of the pattern she mentioned to Sister M—— [her sister].'

The letters of foreigners with an imperfect knowledge of English are often very amusing. The following was written by a French Count visiting England.

C——D——'s PRIOREY, *Aug. 27,*
till Sept. 10, that I shall go to Lady B——. F——.

MY DEAR E——. I am shameful to have not had the pleasure to entertain you since you have with disdain abandoned London; but the respect to which I am indebted for your eldest sister had oblige me to think of her Ladyship before you. I hope that you have a better weather during your excursions on the lacs than we have here; for almost every day the tunder is rolling upon our head with noise that should faint you, being as coward as a turkey; but what is more tiresome is the lamentations of peoples, which seeing the rains fall all the days, predict us with famine, plague, and civil wars, by the scarcity of bread, but it is a great error, for the harvest look very well. Be not surpris'd I write so perfectly well in English; but since I am here, I speak and hear speaking all the day English; and during the nights, if some rats or mouses trouble me, I tell them Go lon, and they obey, understanding perfectly my English. Sir G——e is suffering with rheumatism. Lady H—— I——, who have the pretension to be a very good Physitian, but who is very ignorant, after that we have yesterday well breakfast, has given him a physic, and after we have dined she give him another and she desire that he take a walk *au clair de la lune*, in place of to be near good fire. No: a dog or cat would be more prudent. Before yesterday, the brother having eat and drank too much, and being tormented with a strong indigestion, my lady gave him 8 grains of James Powder: the unhappy brother was near to die, and one was obliged to send to a physitian at Folgate, who arriving, found him so well, that he judged it best to wait if the nature would save him or not; but happily

being a strong nature, he was restored. Lady H—— the best of women is the worst of Physician. She had killed some year ago a superb ox with James powder; and on another occasion, having received 24 turkeys very fatigued to have walked to foot a too long journey, she contrived to refresh them to give them some *huile de castor*; but 12 of that number died and the rest did look melancholy so long as they did live. I have receive at this moment a letter from Lady S——n. I put my thanks at her feet as the post go at 2 o'clock. I have not time to write to her ladyship, but I will comply soon with the liberty she gave me. Be sure that I have not forget Lady S——n in my prayers, though not so good as I could wish indeed. Believe the faithful friendship that I feel for you my dear sister-in-law, since that you were so much high than my finger. Write me often and my old wife. Believe me that I love a friendly letter more than a purse of guineas.—Yours,
COMTE DE C——z.

Mr Seton gives a love-letter written by a French sculptor, who went out of his mind for love of the young but cruel widow to whom it was addressed, and who only looked upon it as a witty joke.

DIVINE PEBBLE—Were you not harder than porphyry or agate, the chisel of my love, guided by the mallet of my fidelity, would have made some impression upon you. I, who have given every form to the roughest materials, had hoped that with the compass of reason, the saw of constancy, the fine file of friendship, and the polish of my words, I should have made of you one of the prettiest statues in the world. But, alas! you are but an insensible stone; and yet you fire my soul, yourself remaining cold as marble. Have pity on me; I no longer know what I say or do. When I have a dragon to sculpture, it is Cupid that rises under my chisel. Dear column of my hopes, pedestal of my happiness, cornice of my joy, if you make me happy, I will raise to you statues and pyramids. To-morrow I will call for your answer.
AUGUSTE.

In J. C. Young's *Journal* we find, amongst other amusing matters, the following entry: '1840, July 3d. I have been amused by a letter which has been sent me from a clerk to his rector. It would appear that the clerk had complained of the insignificant remuneration he had received for his services, and finding that there was no idea on the part of the rector or the churchwardens of raising his fees, he threw up his office in disgust. Subsequent reflection convinced him he had made a mistake. It was therefore in the spirit of penitence that he wrote the following extraordinary production to his rector:—'

DEAR AND REV. SIR—I avail myself of the opportunity of troubling your honour with these blundered-up lines, which I hope you will excuse, and which is the very sentiments of your humble servant's heart. I ignorantly, rashly, but reluctantly, gave warning to leave your highly respected office and most amiable duty, as being your servant and clerk of this your most well-worked parish, and place of my succour and support. But, dear sir, I well know it was no fault of yours, nor any of my most worthy parishioners. It was because I thought I were not sufficiently paid for the interment of the silent dead. But will I be a

Judas, and leave the house of my God, the place where His honour dwelleth, for a few pieces of silver? No! Will I be a Peter, and deny myself of an office in His sanctuary, and cause myself to weep bitterly? No! Can I be so unreasonable as to deny, if I live and am well, the pleasure to ring that solemn toll that speaks the departure of a soul? No! Can I leave off digging the tombs of my neighbours and acquaintance, which have many a time made me shudder and think of my mortality, especially when I have dug up the mortal remains of some one as I perhaps very well knew? No! Can I so abruptly forsake the services of my beloved church, which I have not failed to attend of every Sunday for this seven year and a half? No! Can I leave waiting upon you, a minister of that Being that sitteth between the cherubims, and lieth upon the wings of the wind? No! Can I leave the place where our most holy service calls forth, and says, 'Those whom God hath joined together (and being, as I am, a married man) let no man put asunder?' No! Can I leave that ordinance where you say, 'Thus and thus, I baptise thee in the name of, &c. &c.: and he becomes 'regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's church?' No! Can I think of leaving off cleaning at Easter the house of God, in whom I take such delight, in looking down her aisles, and beholding her sanctuary and the table of the Lord? No! Can I forsake taking a part in the service of thanksgiving of women after childbirth, when mine own wife has been delivered these ten times? No! Can I leave off waiting on the congregation of the Lord, which you well know, sir, is my delight? No! Can I leave the table of the Lord, at which I have feasted a matter of, I daresay, full thirty times? No! And, dear sir, can I ever forsake you, who has ever been kind to me? No! And I well know 'you will entreat me not to leave you, neither to return from following after you: for where you pray, there will I pray; where you worship, will I worship; your church shall be my church, your people shall be my people, and your God shall be my God.'

By the waters of Babylon am I to sit down and weep, and leave thee, O my church, and hang my harp upon the trees that grow in the yard? No! One thing have I desired of the Lord all the days of my life—to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple. 'More to be desired art thou, O my church, than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter to me than honey and the honey-comb.' Now think, sir, this is the very desire of my heart, still to wait upon you, which I hope you will find to be my delight as hitherto; but I unthinkingly and rashly said I would no longer; for which 'I have roared for the very disquietness of my heart.'

Now, if you think me worthy to wait upon you, please to tell the churchwardens that all is reconciled; and if not, 'I will get me away into the wilderness, and hide me in the desert in the clefts of the rocks;' but I hope still to be your Gehazi; and when I meet my Shunamite, to be able to say, 'All, all is well.' I will conclude my blunders with my oft-repeated prayer, that it may be 'as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.'

Now, sir, I shall go on with my fees a same as I found them, and will make no more trouble about them; but I will not, I cannot, I must not

leave you nor my delightful duties.—Your most obedient servant,

Let us hope that the penitent clerk was reinstated, and was not obliged to get himself 'away into the wilderness.'

A WILD WESTERN ADVENTURE.

MANY years ago—upwards of twenty-five, I find on counting them over—when the eyes of nearly all adventurers in the States were attracted to the newly acquired Mexican possessions, and when wild stories were afloat of the fortunes to be made, and the power to be acquired in those little known but strangely fascinating regions, I found myself in the vanguard of what promised to be a movement of population toward the south-west, similar in character, if on a smaller scale, to that which was at the same time pressing overland to California. I was a young man then, and though making a fortune was of course uppermost in my mind, I was nearly as much influenced by the desire for adventure; and this it was perhaps that caused me to turn my steps toward the far southern frontier rather than to California. Stories were already coming back from the Golden State, of disappointment and overplus of population and famine; and it occurred to me that New Mexico—where, as I had heard, the early Spanish conquerors found the richest mines—gave surer promise both of easily acquired wealth and of more romantic and unique experiences.

I will confess at the start that, like most of the components of the vast caravan then surging westward, I little thought what a journey across the Plains meant. That it involved hardship, I knew, and that it was not less perilous than difficult; but of the precise nature of the obstacles to be encountered, I was fortunately, or unfortunately, in entire ignorance. It is necessary to remind the reader that what is now known as the 'Plains'—stretching from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, and from the interior of Texas to the boundary-line of British America—was at that period a great open space on the maps, across which was written the legend, 'Great American Desert.' Geographers had in this case followed their immemorial usage of stigmatising as uncanny any region with which they are unacquainted; and mysterious terrors, borrowed from the experience of African explorers, brooded over some of the fairest portions of the continent. Genuine terrors there were in plenty, as the reader will presently see; but I can never recall without a smile my primitive idea of the vast wastes which lay between me and my then eagerly desired goal.

The foregoing paragraphs will explain under what influences and for what objects I found myself in St Louis early in the year 1850. The little city had suffered from several paroxysms of the 'California fever,' and was just beginning to settle down upon the conviction of its own brilliant destiny. Strangers were there in great numbers from all parts; but I soon discovered that nobody knew anything of the country 'beyond the settlements' in the direction I wanted to go. At first

I thought of descending the Mississippi to New Orleans, and then striking westward, and this I had far better have done; but I finally concluded to proceed to Fort Smith, on the extreme western border of Arkansas, procure a guide, and push directly for New Mexico.

The journey to Fort Smith, though tedious, was not difficult; and I had the good fortune, almost immediately on arriving there, to fall in with an experienced trapper and plainsman, who was more than willing to 'git away from the settlements' and make venture in new fields. This guide was a noteworthy character in his way. His name was James Mitchell; but he was almost universally known as 'Surlly Jim,' a sobriquet which he had acquired by reason of his morose temper and repellent ways. I have never seen on a human countenance such an expression of grim and pervading discontent as he carried when I first met him, and he could certainly behave ugly enough when he chose; but I am convinced that his surliness was simply the spontaneous and irrepensible expression of his disgust at being crowded out of his hunting-grounds and scarcely less dear solitude, by the slowly rising tide of population. As soon as we had left civilisation behind us, the crust vanished like frost before the morning sun, and I have seldom had a more cheerful, entertaining, and good-natured companion than Mitchell proved himself during the trip about to be described. The sole point of misunderstanding between us was my pocket compass, for which I entertained a perhaps exaggerated respect, while Mitchell felt for it the aggressive contempt characteristic of old plainsmen. It always provoked his wrath when I consulted that little monitor upon our route, though the service which it subsequently rendered in two or three emergencies compelled him to recognise that it was not altogether a device of the Evil One.

Our preparations for the journey were soon made. I was already the possessor of a good horse; Mitchell had one for his own use; and I bought two pack-mules for the transportation of our 'kit,' which consisted of a small wall-tent, a very few cooking utensils, and a supply of such articles of food as we were least likely to be able to obtain *en route*. To these I added a collection of such trade-goods as I thought most likely to be in demand in a new country unacquainted as yet with American manufactures. None of the animals was heavily burdened, and we expected to make, and in fact did make, good time. The first stage of the journey, from the Arkansas to the Red River, lay through the reservations of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, occupying the south-eastern portion of what is now the Indian Territory. It was traversed rapidly and with little difficulty, the Indians being even at that early date initiated into all the ways of civilisation, and living in a manner scarcely different from that of their white neighbours down east. They treated us amicably, though somewhat suspicious of our intentions; often gave us what we would willingly have bought; and seemed as eager as ourselves to speed us on our journey.

We crossed the Red River about twenty miles above the mouth of the Big Wichita, and then bearing a little south-of-west on a course nearly parallel with the latter stream, entered upon the unknown 'Desert' region of the maps. We were

now in a country where we were liable at any moment to fall in with roving or wild Indians, and I was speedily initiated into all the mysteries of plainsmen's craft. Mitchell, who had hitherto jogged along like any ordinary traveller, now became so extremely cautious in selecting our path and so incessantly alert and watchful, that it kept me at first in a constant fume of anxiety and alarm, which was only dissipated after several days by my becoming used to it and in a measure infected by it. Not a speck on the remote horizon, nor the faintest film of mist, nor the most insignificant mark on the ground, escaped his minute and careful scrutiny; and whenever we approached a slight elevation in the boundless and nearly level expanse of plain, he made me remain behind with the horses, and creeping forward alone to the summit, swept the horizon in all directions. An hour before sunset, if a favourable spot could be found, it was our custom to halt, picket the animals for grazing, and kindle a fire of dried buffalo-chips (which produce scarcely any smoke) for the preparation of our supper. As soon as it was dark, Mitchell carefully obliterated all traces of our fire, and saddling our horses, we went forward a mile or two to some sheltered locality, where we pitched our tent and settled down for the night. So much depended upon our horses, that we spared no pains in securing their safety. Mitchell's horse was an old stager, and only needed to have his halter attached to a wooden stake driven in the ground near the tent. My own horse and the two mules, besides being attached firmly to stakes, were provided with 'side-lines,' tying together the two legs on the same side and completely disabling them from running.

Much of this painstaking seemed to me superfluous at the time, and I confess that I rather fretted under it; but I have had some experience of Plains-life since then, and I am convinced that it saved our scalps. Without knowing it, we were exactly crossing the track of the great buffalo migration from the south, to their summer grazing-grounds on the northern plains. Though the movement for that season was well-nigh finished, we saw great numbers every day; and as the Indians always follow the buffalo route in order to secure their summer hunts, the wonder is that we did not run into their clutches a dozen times. On several occasions, indeed, we came upon indications of their close proximity, and often saw their signal-smokes on the horizon, but only once did we actually fall in with them. It was about the middle of the afternoon, and we were slowly ascending a gentle slope, when on arriving at the crest, we saw on the other side, and coming almost directly toward us, a party of nine mounted Comanches. They were not more than six hundred yards off, and it would have been impossible to avoid the meeting; but even if we had intended making the effort it would have been thwarted, for immediately on sighting them one of our mules gave out a most prodigious bay, which brought them all instantly to attention. Halting a moment to consult they dashed off at a gallop in an oblique direction to our right, yelling like demons and brandishing their weapons. They evidently suspected there were more of us behind the slope, and wanted to gain its crest at a safe distance, instead of coming directly upon us. My first natural impulse on seeing that there was to be a

fight at such odds, was to seek a sheltered position, and I urged Mitchell to enter a rocky thicket which lay a short distance to our left. Instead, he shouted to me to keep close up, and galloped back about a quarter of a mile on the track we had come, to a broad and perfectly level space. In the centre of this he dismounted, put the side-lines on the horses, tied their heads close together, and then taking his gun on his arm, sat down on the ground between them and the Indians, telling me to do the same. Seeing this, the Indians consulted together again, and forming into a compact body, galloped furiously toward us, uttering such yells as I had never before heard, and giving me the impression that they would ride right over us. When they were about two hundred yards away, Mitchell raised his rifle; and instantly each man threw himself on the side of his horse and circled back to the starting-point. This manoeuvre was repeated about half-a-dozen times, until, contrary to Mitchell's orders, I fired and wounded one of the ponies. This inspired them with such respect for our weapons that they did not again come within range, but divided into groups, and examined the ground on every side, in search of some point where they could approach under cover. Finding none, they again came together, watched us intently for a while, and then turning tail, galloped off. I supposed we had done with them, and wanted to resume our journey; but Mitchell only made the horses more secure, and quietly resumed his position. In about half an hour the Indians reappeared on the part of the crest nearest us, and dashed down, yelling worse than ever, and shaking blankets and buffalo robes. The object of this manoeuvre was to stampede our horses; but Mitchell had rendered this impossible, and speedily discovering the fact, the rascals galloped off once more and disappeared.

It was growing dark by this time; and knowing how easy it would be to creep upon us under cover of the darkness, I fully expected a night attack; but Mitchell rightly assured me that Indians would not attack at night, and that we had seen the last of them. I could not understand this at the time, and my trusty guide could tell me nothing beyond the mere fact; but I have since learned that one of the common superstitions of the Plains Indians is that a man killed in the dark will dwell in darkness throughout eternity. This is for the white man a most fortunate belief, for the characteristic Indian qualities are precisely of the kind which make night attacks terrible.

Another quality of the Indians which is fortunate for their white antagonists is also exemplified in the foregoing anecdote. If we had taken to cover, as I wished, we should probably have been scalped in ten minutes; for his knowledge of the ground, and his wonderful skill in profiting by its inequalities, give the Indian overwhelming advantages in such a contest. While adventurous enough, however, in availing himself of any advantages which his superior craft gives him, the Indian has no relish for a fair stand-up fight, in which blood is certain to be shed on both sides. Superiority of numbers seems to have no effect in diminishing this repugnance, for each Indian thinks *he* is the one that will be killed, and an Indian has no more fondness for being killed or wounded than a white man. The raising of a single rifle is often sufficient to stop a party of thirty or forty charging

in full career; and only the largest war-party will run directly upon two or three well-armed men, who have taken a favourable position in the open. Such a party they consider 'bad medicine.'

Four or five days after our adventure with the Indians, we found ourselves approaching the eastern border of the Llano Estacado or Staked Plain, and were congratulating each other on the excellent progress made, when a catastrophe occurred which put a peremptory end to our westward journey, and seemed more than likely at the time to put an end to our lives. We had halted as usual for supper, and then pitched our tent just on the verge of a deep, wide, and somewhat precipitous ravine, at the bottom of which ran a small stream of water. Mitchell's horse was picketed just in rear of the tent; mine and the mules about a dozen yards off. We set up rather late that night, and when I turned in I took less than the usual care to have my gun, &c. convenient, but by a great piece of good fortune kept on my coat, vest, and socks. Shortly after midnight, Mitchell shook me by the arm; and sitting up and obeying his injunction to listen, I heard a low continuous roaring sound like the noise of a distant cataract, but steadily increasing in volume. I was utterly bewildered, and we lost many precious moments in trying to make out what it was; but at last Mitchell rushed from the tent, and drawing on my boots I followed. The roar was much more distinct now; and turning toward the broad prairie whence it came we could see a wavering black line approaching rapidly, and steadily increasing both in width and blackness. One appalled look revealed to us the nature of the phenomenon—an immense herd of stampeded buffalo was rushing directly upon us with tremendous speed and irresistible force. The advance line was not more than three hundred yards distant, so there was no time even to think of a plan of escape, much less to carry it out. For myself I could only gaze at the surging mass with a sort of horrid fascination, and I scarcely saw Mitchell as he flung down his gun and ran to the tent, striking matches as fast as he could and applying them to the grass and tent-cloth. Fortunately the grass was very dry and the cloth inflammable, and almost instantly the entire tent was in a blaze. Then seizing me by the shoulder, Mitchell dragged me to the verge of the bluff directly in front of the tent, and we both fell rather than jumped to a ledge just beneath. As we went over, my powder-can in the tent exploded with a prodigious report, and a moment afterwards the first ranks of the buffalo plunged down the declivity, not ten yards distant on each side of us. Every moment for what seemed hours I expected to feel the fatal tramp of the huge beasts as they rushed over the bank above our heads; but the fire and the noise of the explosion had split the frantic herd scarcely twenty yards away, and the two divergent streams thundered harmlessly by into the darkness. Swift as were their movements, they were upwards of five minutes in passing, and Mitchell himself estimated that there could not have been less than five thousand animals in this stampede.

When the tumultuous roar had subsided again into a faint and rapidly vanishing murmur, we clambered up the bank; and the scene which met our eyes might well strike us with dismay. On

the spot where our tent had stood was a glowing bed of embers and ashes; while scattered about in every direction, whither they had been driven by the explosion, were pots, kettles, and the hardware truck with which I had designed to trade. Of our blankets and clothing hardly a vestige remained; every item of our ammunition had been destroyed; and the woodwork of my gun and pistol was completely burned away. Mitchell's rifle had fallen in the track of the buffalo and was trodden into a shapeless mass of iron. Flour, salt, coffee, all had fed the flames; and the sole residue of our stock, not discovered till the morning, was a large tin box full of crackers (biscuits). Saddest of all, our animals were also lost. Mitchell's horse lay dead just behind the tent, killed probably by the shock of the explosion. My horse and the mules, paralysed with fright and unable to break away, had been trodden by the buffalo into an unrecognisable mass of pulp.

As if Fortune had not already done her worst, Mitchell was apprehensive lest the fire and smoke should bring the Indians upon us, and dragged me down to the densest thickets at the bottom of the ravine, where, strange to say, I at once fell asleep, and slept soundly till sunrise. In the morning we made two important discoveries: first, that five buffalo had been killed in the desperate scramble across the ravine; second, that a large tin box filled with crackers had preserved its contents unharmed. As soon as we made these discoveries we sat down to consider our situation and to decide upon our future course. Between us and our contemplated destination in New Mexico lay the great Staked Plain, utterly impassable to any one on foot. To retrace our steps towards the Red River was to invite almost certain death by starvation and to run terrible risks from the Indians, now on their summer migration northwards. It was finally decided that our best chance lay in pushing south-east for the settlements in Northern Texas. The chief danger in this direction, as we estimated it, lay in our utter ignorance of the intervening country and the probable scarcity of water; but an effort must be made, and this seemed to promise better than any other.

Our resolution being formed, it only remained to devise the ways and means of carrying it out; and the first step was to secure, if possible, an adequate amount of food for the journey. The crackers would last but a few days if we depended on them alone; and having no weapon of any kind except a couple of hunter's knives, we could not depend on getting any game *en route*; but the dead buffaloes seemed to offer ample store of food if we could only utilise them; and here Mitchell's knowledge of Plains-craft was once more of inestimable advantage. The Plains Indians live almost exclusively upon buffalo-meat, which they procure in their summer hunts, and prepare by drying it thoroughly in the sun, pounding it to powder between two stones, and packing it away in air-tight skins. We could not spare the time for this process, for every day of a meagre and limited diet would diminish our strength, while every hour increased the danger of being discovered by passing Indians. Under Mitchell's direction, therefore, we contrived a more expeditious method. Selecting the leanest and juiciest

meat, we cut it into long and thin strips, spread it in the sun upon a rudely constructed platform, and built under it a fire of green wood, which kept it constantly enshrouded in smoke. By this means we had at the end of two days and nights about fifty pounds of tolerably well-preserved meat, which, if dry and tough and flavourless, would at least sustain life. In the meantime we had recovered several uninjured bottles from the wreck of the tent; and these, for the purpose of carrying water, Mitchell covered with buffalo-skin tied on with raw-hide thongs; so that on the morning of the third day we were ready to start with about five pounds of crackers, as much dried meat as we could comfortably carry, and a gallon or so of water.

A detailed account of our journey would not be without interest perhaps, if I could recall it with sufficient vividness, but it was singularly free from adventurous episodes; and though infinitely fatiguing and not without privations, involved less of downright suffering than was to have been expected. Suffice it to say, that after a fortnight's somewhat devious wanderings, we found ourselves approaching the frontier settlements, and before reaching them fell in with a body of United States troops en route from Texas to New Mexico. I easily obtained permission to accompany them; and so at last, in a roundabout way, reached my original destination. Mitchell preferred to return to Arkansas, where, as I have heard, he entered the government service, and rendered valuable service to the army as scout and guide.

I may observe in conclusion that the adventure I have described was not an altogether exceptional one. For many years after the period of which I write, buffalo 'stampedes' constituted one of the characteristic dangers of travel on the Plains. The barbarous slaughter that has been going on since 1871, however, has not only completely eliminated this danger, but has rendered it certain that the American bison will soon be as extinct as the other strange animals whose fossil remains are found throughout the whole length and breadth of the Plains.

GRAVE-DIGGING BEETLES.

ONE of the wonderful provisions of Nature is the existence of certain beetles, with the function of digging graves for dead rats, moles, birds, and other small creatures left upon the surface of the earth, and the effluvia from which might be offensive and baleful. Beetles of this kind are known as the *Necrophorus Germanicus*. About these remarkable animals, Mr Gleditch, an entomologist, has given us several interesting and curious particulars. Being desirous to test the strength of the grave-diggers, he provided a glass vessel half-filled with moist earth, into which he put four beetles with a dead linnet. No alarm was shewn by the captives. Apparently intent on the one sole object of their existence, they began immediately to inspect the bird; and then commenced the digging of a hollow underneath it, removing the earth, and shovelling it away on each side. This was accomplished by leaning strongly upon their collars, bending down their heads, and working with singleness of purpose. After labouring for nearly two hours, one of the beetles was driven away and not allowed to

work again. This Mr Gleditch concluded was a female, as it was smaller than the others, who continued their labour, until one by one they ceased, leaving only one beetle at his work. *Five hours* more hard work were given by the remaining beetle, who at last sank exhausted on the earth and rested from his task, and finally, suddenly rousing himself, stiffened his collar, and by an extraordinary effort of strength, lifted up the bird and arranged it within the spacious grave. In three days the grave was finished, and the bird safely deposited within its narrow limits.

During a space of fifty days, these busy workers interred the bodies of four frogs, three small birds, two grasshoppers, and one mole. This singular occupation, which continues from the middle of April until the end of October, proceeds from an instinctive desire for the preservation of their offspring. Eggs deposited by the parent in the substances which they inter, when hatched, produce larvae, which, feeding on the carrion which surrounds them, grow to an inch in length. These in their turn change into yellow chrysalids, and lastly into beetles; and the latter, when emerged from the earth, begin to dig graves and inter dead animals for the benefit of another generation.

In September 1877, the writer had unexpectedly an opportunity of making the acquaintance of these curious insects. Two of the grave-digging beetles made their appearance in one of two underground kitchens, in the window of which stood a very large pot filled with mould prepared for the reception of plant-cuttings. To this pot the insects made their way, and at once began casting up the earth. On being observed, they were provided with a dead mouse, and set to work exactly in the manner described by Mr Gleditch; but as soon as they became tired and rested from their labour, they were carried into the adjoining kitchen and placed close to the fireplace. The following morning discovered them again at work, having travelled to their former quarters during the night; and again they laboured perseveringly till the body of the mouse gradually disappeared. At the end of the second day, it was neatly covered in, and the insects were turned out of their home and again placed in the back kitchen. Meanwhile, the body of the mouse was removed; but on the following morning the beetles had returned to their flower-pot, and were again burrowing in search of the dead mouse, throwing out nearly the whole of the mould in their untiring efforts. Finally, as a reward for their industry and perseverance, they were transferred to the garden and placed close to the dead mouse, which they at once began to bury afresh. Doubtless there is much of poetry as well as kindly feeling associated with this plodding insect.

And thus from sire to son, through circling years,
Labour these watchful creatures, noting well
If falls a small bird from the bending spray,
Or mole tost out by ruthless hands, his home
Laid waste, himself a corpse, where late he wrought
With patient toil, his humble shed to rear;
Or brown mouse, sleeping his last sleep, beside
Some tuft of wild thyme: all and each are borne
From curious ken, and laid the earth beneath
With decent care.

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THE STORY OF MADAME TUSSAUD.

Most persons of the present day only know that estimable lady, Madame Tussaud, as associated with the wax-work exhibition in Baker Street, Portman Square; they little dream of the part she took in the French crisis, nor the position she held in French society.

About the year 1750, John Christopher Curtius was practising his profession of medicine at Bern in Switzerland when the Prince de Conti happened to be sojourning in that city, and having accidentally seen some portraits and anatomical subjects modelled in wax by Dr Curtius, the Prince was struck with the exquisite delicacy and beauty which those ingenious specimens of art displayed, and after complimenting the modeller upon the perfection of his work, invited him to take up his residence in Paris, promising him, if he did so, the patronage of all the influential persons in that great city; and the Prince, as a further incentive, promised to provide suitable apartments for the purpose of modelling and receiving visitors. M. Curtius was of course grateful for the recognition of himself and his art by a royal Prince who was known and acknowledged as one only second in authority to the king his father; and in a very short time after this interview we find him in possession of splendid apartments in the Hôtel d'Allègre, Rue St-Honord.

In 1760, his sister, Madame Grosholtz, became a widow, and two months afterwards gave birth to a daughter, who was named Marie. The girl was six years of age when her uncle M. Curtius came to Switzerland for the purpose of taking charge of his widowed sister and her children, and conveying them to Paris. The widow had by a previous husband seven sons; but the daughter so won her uncle's affection that he adopted her as his own child, and little Marie looked upon him as a father. At this time, children were in France introduced very early into society, and at eight years of age Marie Grosholtz—who afterwards married a French gentle-

man named Tussaud, and thus became the well-known Madame Tussaud—was allowed to sit at her uncle's table, and was ever in the habit of hearing the conversation of adults and persons possessed of superior talent, for M. Curtius's house had become the resort of the élite, and more especially the literati and artists. Among the most frequent visitors, Madame Tussaud distinctly remembered Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr Franklin, Mirabeau, and Lafayette; and although she was very young when Voltaire and Rousseau died, every circumstance connected with them made a powerful impression on her mind. Early reminiscences are often the most permanent, and when the *amour propre* is flattered by a personal compliment, it remains indelibly impressed upon the mind even in childhood. Thus Madame Tussaud recollected in her extreme age that when she was scarcely nine years old, Voltaire used to pat her on the cheek and call her a pretty little dark-eyed girl.

Marie Grosholtz, or as we must term her, Madame Tussaud, loved her uncle's art, and so closely imitated him, that when she was yet in her teens it was impossible to distinguish between the excellence of their works. At that period, modelling in wax was much in vogue, representations of flowers, fruit, and other subjects being moulded from the originals, and painted with a rare fidelity to life. To such a perfection had Madame Tussaud arrived in giving character and accuracy to her models, that when quite a girl she was intrusted to take casts from the heads of celebrities of that period, who most patiently submitted themselves to the hands of the fair artist. She cast the head of Voltaire only two months before his death.

Amongst members of the royal family who visited M. Curtius's apartments and admired his works and those of his niece, was Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister; and being desirous herself of learning the art of modelling in wax, Madame Tussaud was appointed to teach the Princess, between whom and the skilful modeller sprung up an attachment so warm, that the

former applied to M. Curtius to permit his niece to take up a prolonged residence at the palace of Versailles. The invitation could not be refused, and Madame Tussaud was treated more as an attached friend than as a dependent. She attended all the brilliant assemblies at the royal palace of Versailles, which was then revelling in the acme of its gaiety. In the preceding reign, pleasure, luxury, dissipation, and even debauchery had arrived at their climax; but when Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette ascended the throne, a higher cultivation of the arts, the improving state of literature, the study of different accomplishments, an increased attention to the various branches of education, all contributed to introduce a greater degree of refinement in the court of Versailles. Madame Tussaud thus came into close association with the highest personages of the realm. She described Marie Antoinette as 'combining every attribute which could be united to constitute loveliness in woman; possessing youth, beauty, grace, and elegance to a degree perhaps never surpassed; a sweetness and fascination in her manners, enchanting all who ever had the happiness to be greeted by her smile, in which there was a witchery that has more than once converted the fury of her most brutal enemies into admiration.'

Madame Tussaud's services were, however, too valuable to her uncle to admit of her remaining long at the palace; so we find her again installed at her uncle's, where, however, during her absence certain changes had taken place. Madame Tussaud found that his guests were different from those she had been wont to meet previously. Formerly, philosophers, professors of literature, arts, and sciences, had resorted to the hospitable dwelling of M. Curtius; these were now replaced by fanatic politicians and demagogues, who were sending forth their anathemas against monarchy, haranguing on the different forms of government, and propounding their extravagant ideas on republicanism. When the royal palace was ruthlessly attacked by the mob, Madame Tussaud was in terrible suspense, having three brothers and two uncles in the Swiss guards who were fighting for the king; and her torturing anxiety led her to the palace when the murderous action of the mob was at its height, to find that all her relatives had been slain.

Amid all the political changes which were taking place, M. Curtius's establishment in Paris was visited by persons of the highest rank; amongst these was Joseph, emperor of Austria, who appeared to be delighted with all he saw. Of other distinguished personages who came to see the celebrated studio was the Emperor Paul Petrovitch of Russia, accompanied by the Empress; also Stanislaus Lyvinski, king of Poland; Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden; Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to Frederick the Great; the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Charles IV., king of Spain; and many other notable personages.

After the flight of Louis XVI., M. Curtius turned Republican, and was visited by Camille Desmoulins, Senterre, Thomas Paine, Paul Jones, Chabot, General Dumouriez, Marat, Robespierre, &c. Madame Tussaud, having strong loyalist principles, underwent horrible torture of mind whilst these several leaders of the people in their turn slaughtered the royal family and their adherents,

massacred the priests, and committed unheard-of atrocities. But the most touching incident was perhaps the murder of the amiable Princess de Lamballe. When she was led forth from prison, the Jacobins required two oaths from her: 'That she would swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king, the queen, and royalty,' She replied: 'I will take the first oath; the second I cannot—it is not in my heart.' Upon which one of the by-standers, wishing to save her, said: 'Do swear!' Some one in the mob shouted: 'Let Madame be set at liberty,' which was the dreadful signal for murder, and the fatal stroke was given. Her head, heart, and hands were paraded on pike-heads about the streets, and eventually the horrid spectacle was displayed to the royal prisoners. The queen seeing it, fainted, exclaiming: 'Our doom is also sealed.' The head of the Princess was taken to Madame Tussaud, whose feelings can be easier conceived than described. The savage murderers stood over, whilst she, shrinking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the features of the unfortunate victim.

An intense interest was excited in the minds of the people at that time respecting the royal family confined in the Temple. Numbers of people paid high prices for admission to certain rooms, from the windows of which the king and his family could be seen walking in the Temple Gardens. Madame Tussaud was once enabled to obtain that melancholy satisfaction; but felt so pained at the touching sight that she never again desired to witness their misfortunes. Soon after this, Madame Tussaud, her mother, and aunt were carried off in the middle of the night in a *fiacre*, accused of being royalists, and suffered three months' imprisonment in La Force. In the room in which they were confined were about twenty females, amongst others Josephine, who was then Madame Beauharnais, and afterwards became the French Empress. She had with her a little girl, her only daughter Fanny, who was afterwards married to Louis Bonaparte, and became queen of Holland.

The trial and execution of Louis, the war with England, and the troubles and disorders in France, the queen's execution, &c., are all matters of history with which Madame Tussaud was only too terribly familiar. Many were executed whose heads were cast by this lady; amongst the later ones was the cruel Robespierre, whose mutilated head was brought to her uncle's establishment.

A few months after the execution of Robespierre, Madame Tussaud had the misfortune to lose her uncle, who to the very last persisted that he was a loyalist at heart, but that it was only the very politic conduct which he had pursued that had saved their lives and property. A medical examination proved that his death had been occasioned by poison.

At the commencement of the Napoleonic times and the Consulate, Madame Tussaud was sent for to the Tuileries to take the likeness of Napoleon as First Consul, and was desired to be there at six o'clock in the morning. Accordingly she repaired to the palace at the time stated, and was at once ushered into a room where she found Bonaparte with his wife and Madame Grand-Maison, whose husband was a deputy and partisan of Napoleon's. She was treated with great kindness by Josephine, who conversed freely and with extreme affability

with her, and when she put the liquid plaster upon Napoleon's face, begged that she would be very particular, as her husband had consented to the cast being taken, only at her earnest request, adding that it was for herself that the bust was intended. A few days afterwards, Madame Tussaud took casts of General Massena, Cambrésis, and several other French celebrities who were prominent members under the First Consulate.

Peace being temporarily arranged between the English and French governments, Madame Tussaud was desirous of taking the opportunity of visiting England. She endeavoured to get a passport for that purpose; but Fouché, the Minister of Police refused to grant one, on the ground that it was contrary to the laws of France for artists to leave the country; and it was only by petitioning the higher authorities that she eventually obtained a *permit*, and to her great delight arrived in London in 1802. 'At last,' says she in her Memoirs, 'I am in a country where genius from whatever clime is fostered, and where the unfortunate exile receives the same protection as the native.' Her talents were justly appreciated by a generous and discerning public, and she was most liberally patronised. She lived amongst us for many years. Young and old alike have over and over again visited her establishment, and the 'history in wax' which is there exhibited has become one of the greatest attractions of the metropolis. Though great changes have since been made, a few specimens of her own special talent are still to be seen in Baker Street; the best being the portrait-model of the famous wit and author Voltaire.

The management of this exhibition is now in the hands of descendants of the second generation, whose efforts to obtain the latest celebrities and notorieties are so well known. The collection at present consists of more than three hundred portrait-models of kings and queens, presidents, statesmen, generals, admirals, poets, actors, &c.; in short, the effigies of celebrities of all nations. The great Emperor Napoleon is a prominent character. The more recent additions to the collection are the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, the various Turkish pachas and Russian officers; a fac-simile of the lying in state of the late Pope Pius IX. at St Peter's; and that of King Victor-Emmanuel. In a dismal room, appropriately called the 'Chamber of Horrors,' are representations of murderers and others who have been executed. Here is to be seen perhaps the most extraordinary relic of the terrible French Revolution—namely the actual knife of the original guillotine used in Paris for the decapitation of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the best and worst blood of France.

Madame Tussaud closed her 'eventful life' in London in 1850, having been a citizen of the greatest capital in the world for forty-eight years. Her family were noted for longevity, her mother having lived to the age of one hundred and four, and her grandmother to one hundred and eleven; whilst she herself reached the mature age of ninety. Her effigy in the wax-work exhibition in Baker Street is so life-like, that those who knew her personally fancy they still see the veritable old lady; and she has her favourite spot too, for she is apparently guarding what is known as the

'Sleeping Beauty,' of whom there is a touching history. The figure represents Madame St. Amaranthe, formerly one of the most lovely women in France. She was the widow of a lieutenant-colonel of the body-guard of Louis XVI., who was killed in the attack on the Tuilleries in 1792.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AT SANDSTON.

'The Great Eastern, sir, I suppose?' said the railway porter who shouldered Lord Harrogate's portmanteau, as soon as the few passengers for Sandston had been set down on the brick platform; and never having been in Sandston before, and perceiving by the man's confident tone that a voyager of his appearance was expected to put up at the gaunt new railway hotel that towered contiguous to the station, Lord Harrogate submitted to manifest destiny. There was a town omnibus, wherein Inspector Drew took his seat, and was borne rattling away to the *King's Arms Commercial Inn*, in company with other two second-class travellers, whose luggage mainly consisted of black sample-boxes strongly strapped; and then the majority of the gas-burners were turned down, since nobody else was to be looked for in Sandston, which lay on a loop-line, that night.

Early on the next morning Lord Harrogate was astir, and sallying out, made his way to the edge of the crumbling cliff on which stood Sandston, or more correctly, such portions of the old East Anglian borough as had not yet been swallowed up by the all-devouring sea, which heaved and growled, as though hungering for fresh conquests, at the foot of the friable sandstone rock that its waves beat against twice a day. Sandston, in monkish chronicle, is spoken of as a port of some note; but the same change in the coast-line that had swept away its parish church and two hundred roofs besides, had silted up the harbour, whence fifty barks used to set sail for the Baltic or the North Sea. A quiet, dull, dead-alive town, of a class not uncommon in the east and south of England, was Sandston of the grass-grown streets, lying amidst fens and sandy commons and shallow 'broads,' that were the shrunken remnants of huge meres, haunted by white-winged armadas of screaming wild-fowl, and thickets of alder and pollard willows, and windmills—quite a Dutch landscape; save that instead of cunningly constructed dikes, the land was gnarled from the encroaching sea by the less sure defence of the soft cliff, that every year yielded up some yards of soil.

Some efforts had been made, once and again, to galvanise Sandston into life as a fashionable watering-place; and crescents and terraces, not seldom unfinished, and isolated villas in gardens screened from the salt breeze by tall hedges of the waving tamarisk, were dotted about. There were libraries, a bazaar, a penitential-looking row of bathing-machines, and other necessary adjuncts of a watering-place, inclusive of donkeys and Bath-chairs. But the frequenters of Sandston-on-Sea were few, and of a languid character, that contributed little to the animation of the spot.

There was a beauty, of a sort, about the place, when once the eyes and the mind had been

averted from the gaunt skeletons of the unfinished houses; the side-saddled donkeys drawn up in line with an array of goat-carriages and open flies, drawn by starveling steeds; the tawdry posters of 'the Great Bounce, whose forthcoming entertainment of buffo-singing was to enliven the Assembly Rooms; and the other trite features of a bathing resort. The crags were low, and the caves with which the cliffs were honey-combed lacked the grandeur of the basaltic grottoes of Antrim; but the shapes they took were sufficiently wild and suggestive of smugglers' lairs and of earlier days, when more dangerous visitors than the fair trader were not uncommon on that exposed coast. Far and majestic rolled away to north and east the vast expanse of the German Ocean, smiling and dimpling in the sun, as it had smiled and dimpled a thousand years before, when the ear-blades of Danish pirates had tossed the diamond spray in air at every stroke, and the church bells had tolled, and the beacons been got ready on headland and down, to give warning that the Norse were near. The spreading sands were as smooth as a marble floor, mottled in places by the irregular mosaic of tinted pebbles, shells, and weed, and backed by dense beds of the hardy 'marum' grass, encouraged as the best of safeguards against the intruding sea. Lord Harrogate perhaps looked on all these things with an interest which an ordinary tourist could not have been expected to evince, in consideration of the fact that here had been spent the earlier years of her whom he loved. These wave-worn cliffs, this storm-beaten beach, this range of level sand, reached by flights of mouldering steps that led down from the steep cliff top—how often must Ethel Gray's eyes have rested on these objects, which he now beheld for the first time! For her sake, he viewed Sandston with a tolerant approval, in its picturesque and social aspects, which he might not otherwise have been sufficiently eclectic in his tastes to have extended towards it. He went back to his hotel, and having ordered and eaten his breakfast, went forth again, this time taking the hollow way, bordered by high paved foot-walks on each side, which led into the town.

There is a curious family likeness between these sleepy old English towns, which almost makes us feel familiar with a place so much akin to places we have known elsewhere. There are the same bright brass plates on the doors of the same garden-fronted houses of mellowed brick, to tell us how comfortably live the lawyer and the principal doctor, the local banker, and the miller, whose ornamental garden, with its weeping-willows overhanging the silvery mill-dam, is the prettiest sight to be seen on entering by the old London road. That dog reposing snugly on the sunny strip of pavement must surely be gifted with preternatural powers of somnolency, for you seem to remember him as sleeping thus confidently, in much such a spot, when you were a boy at school. The little shops, with their small-paned windows and low doorways, appear to offer buns and cattle-medicines and goose-quill pens and gown-pieces of the kind that were in demand some forty years ago. The coach will probably soon jolt in, bringing with it the day before yesterday's metropolitan gossip, and the shrill shriek of the locomotive is resented as an anachronism.

Lord Harrogate presently recalled to mind that

he had not journeyed to Sandston with archaeological intent, but on a quest that, he was aware, to eight out of ten of the men he knew on the Pall Mall pavement or in the hunting-field, would appear quixotic. And he dreaded lest he should have allowed what he wished to overpower his usually clear intellect in this matter of the search for the supposed heiress of the De Veres. He was carrying on the hunt, as he knew, with quite other motives than the stern sense of justice which had prompted his earliest endeavours. Sir Sykes, innocent or guilty, had virtually passed beyond human jurisdiction. Earthly blame or praise could be as nothing to the half-animate creature on his couch of suffering at Carbery Chase.

But Lord Harrogate had of late permitted himself to hope that by a coincidence, strange but not impossible, a rainbow bridge might be flung across the gulf which separated his position in life from that of his sister's governess—that beautiful Ethel whose sweet face rose up so often before his mental gaze. He scarcely dared to acknowledge to himself his own thoughts, so well aware was he of the tendency to self-deception which is common to us all; but none the less did he feel spurred on by a double purpose as he pursued the inquiry on which he had entered.

At the corner of the narrow High Street, Lord Harrogate encountered Inspector Drew.

'You are early, my lord,' said the detective, carrying a ready fore-finger to his hat. 'But I have not had my eyes shut either, since they began to open places of business, specially in the licensed victualling line, here in Sandston. This ain't a place though for private conversation, my lord. I see heads peeping over half-a-dozen window blinds already, but Tontine Street here will answer better.'

Tontine Street indeed was lonely enough to have served for a rendezvous in which Talleyrand and Metternich and Pozzo di Borgo, suspicious statesmen as they were, might have conferred together without dread of diplomatic eavesdroppers. Six giant houses, empty, and with dabs of white paint in the centre of each of their blank windows, stood together on one side, and four on the other of this broad thoroughfare, in which the deep dust of sultry summer lay unscoured by hoof or wheel. Farther on, ghastly pits and miscellaneous mounds of rubbish told of tails left incomplete, contracts broken off, insolvency, neglect, decay. Whoever they were who supplied the capital for the commencement of this dreary Tontine Street, sorry was the harvest of profit which seemed likely to devolve upon 'the longest liver' of that speculative Company.

'You have been beating up the inns then, Mr Drew?' said Lord Harrogate, when he found himself, like the Last Man but One, amidst the ghostly echoes and solemn silences of Tontine Street. 'Have you had any success?'

'Well, my lord,' returned the inspector in a tone of expostulation, 'it's too soon to look for much of that. I'm not a sportsman myself—other fish, says your lordship, to fry—but I do believe the fox shews the stuff he's made of before he loses his brush, according to the coloured prints in a window in Waterloo Place, S.W., which taught me, atween ourselves, all I know about it. Now if this child we are looking for was brought here by a stranger or strangers, they

must, in reason, have put up at some house of public entertainment, more or less.

'How, more or less?' asked Lord Harrogate with a smile.

'Why, my lord,' said the inspector, 'there's private lodgings, a deal safer in some respects, for those who have anything to hide and money in their pockets, than any hotel big or little. Parties in a hurry, however, don't often take lodgings right off, and when they do, they leave more trace behind 'em than they meant to leave. Then there are the common lodging-houses, ranging from three pence to six, where the accommodation's rough, I needn't say, but where it's a point of honour not to split upon a customer. Then we rise to the licensed to be drunk on the premises, which often keep "good beds" in an upper window; and then to public houses calling themselves inns, and next to inns that ape at being hotels; and lastly, to hotels, and no mistake. That's about the total,' added the inspector, summing up.

'Which variety, to your mind, here in Sandston, appears the most likely?' demanded Lord Harrogate.

'Just what I've been turning over, and turning over this hour past,' said the detective candidly; 'and my lord, I do assure you I felt inclined to sky a halfpenny and stand by the toss, whether to try the *Robin Hood* or a much more gen-tee place of business, the *Dolphin*. The *Robin Hood* is a big, public-house at the corner of Horsemarket Street yonder, and the folks who keep it don't look the sort who ask troublesome questions. Something of a smuggling flavour, of a mail-coach flavour, of a Blue House at electioneering times, there is about the *Robin Hood*. It is a tumble-down, roomy, seen-better-days kind of establishment, that might tempt queer people on a queer errand, certainly.'

'And the *Dolphin*?' asked Lord Harrogate, as his companion's discourse ended.

'Why, the *Dolphin*,' said the inspector, who was evidently an enthusiastic classifier of hotels, 'is just the very reverse of all that. Quiet, tidy, but maybe a little mouldy; it stands in Paston Street, just off the upper end of High Street, and has a big garden and a big courtyard, and stabling enough for a troop of cavalry. Depend on it, when the gentry of the neighbourhood used to come in to Sandston, once on a time, it was at the *Dolphin* they put up their carriages and ordered dinner, and a bottle of the blue seal and another of the yellow. I think you'll agree with me, my lord, that the likeliest cover to draw is the *Dolphin*, all things considered, and I think you'll guess why.'

Lord Harrogate merely nodded, however, in good-humoured assent; and the inspector, as he led the way up the steep and narrow High Street, the stony kernel whence had sprung the town, proceeded to answer his own question.

'If one of the parties was—as ten to one he was—a gentleman born and bred, he'd have felt more at his ease in a house that he could see was frequented by gentlefolks, my lord. Not only he'd have been sickened at the rags and the dirt and the bad air of the cheap travellers' houses and beer-shops, and so forth, but he'd have felt like a fish out of water in the *King's Arms*, where I put up. Bless you, I've known

those who were up to any game, till it came to soiling their fingers, or eating off a dirty plate, as one may say, and then they were at a dead-lock in a moment.—Here's the *Dolphin*, my lord; though we must not take it amiss if we don't learn much, after so many years.'

(To be continued.)

MAYNE REID'S PET SHEEP.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, the well-known writer of popular romances, who has for some time been residing on the Wye, near Ross, has got into a curious dispute with the Royal and Herefordshire Agricultural Society, concerning a pair of pet sheep with white faces and black wool, which the Society declined to exhibit among other kinds of stock at a prize-show. The rejection appears to have been on the ground, that the introduction of black sheep 'would at once materially reduce the value of that commodity, wool.' Into the general merits of the dispute we are not disposed to enter. As Lucius O'Trigger says, 'The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.' Besides, the Captain is quite adequate to maintain his own cause. The subject, however, is so suggestive that it may bear some useful discussion.

Sheep, as we see them in Great Britain and the colonies, have usually white wool, of different degrees of fineness, according to the breed. But no one, we believe, will aver that sheep from the beginning of time have always been white. There is a breed in the mountainous parts of Scotland with black faces and black feet. It is seemingly an ancient breed, and differs in some respects from the whole of the ordinary breeds in different parts of the United Kingdom. The animals possess a certain independence of character; they can get a living where other sheep would starve; they can nibble and eat the prickly furze without hurt to their mouths, as would be the case with the more highly cultivated breeds from the plains. The wool of this black-faced variety of sheep, which is white, is rather coarse, but its mutton is renowned for its tenderness. Whether as springing from some early alliance with this old black-faced breed, or from other causes, it happens that occasionally lambs wholly black are dropped in flocks which are entirely white. Can it be that these are instances of casting back to some remote original? Captain Mayne Reid's pair of pet sheep with black wool but white faces may possibly be another variety of the same phenomenon.

To whatever cause the blackness may be due, it is certain that the casual appearance of a black-wooled sheep is viewed as a misfortune, for its fleece is less valuable than if it were pure white. Being less appreciated, the creature, from no fault of its own, is considered to be a kind of Pariah, and is in a sense to be pitied. Now, here a question presents itself. Is it quite right economically to degrade and stamp out black-wooled sheep? We allow that for most purposes white

wool is preferable to black, and that explains why white-wooled sheep alone are cultivated. But it would be worth while to inquire whether it might not be advantageous to try the rearing of a breed of sheep with black wool, with a view to certain kinds of manufacture. Nature can hardly be wrong. The black wool is no doubt sent for some useful purpose, if people would only think the matter over. Let it be understood that the term black wool is scarcely correct. The so-called black wool is, properly speaking, a darkish brown. It looks considerably more dark on the live animal than when it is spun and woven into cloth. This modification of colour we have verified.

About twenty years ago, we took a fancy to have an 'Inverness Cape,' a kind of cloak with loose covers for the arms, made from the fleeces of two black-wooled sheep, which browsed daily amidst a flock under our windows. We were determined to see how the manufacture of the wool in its purely natural state would turn out. Accordingly, the fleeces were shorn, washed, carded, spun, woven by a handloom weaver in our neighbourhood, and finally made by a tailor into the required garment. Since that time we have worn it every winter, and as a railway wrap it always accompanies us on our travels. Shrouded in it, we defy the coldest weather. The colour is brown, and as bright as the day it was first worn. It cannot change, as might be the case with wool dyed brown. The colour is inherent in the substance of the wool; and fifty years hence, if kept so long, it would still be unaltered. After making the cloak, there was cloth left sufficient for a lady's jacket, and it has worn equally well. In the caprices of fashion, gentlemen are fond of dressing in rough tweeds, the coarser seemingly the better. We have described a tweed, to call it so, which would undergo any amount of exposure to the atmosphere, and never alter in its original colour, even although worn to be threadbare.

Already, there has sprung up a trade in a coarse kind of hand-woven cloth, composed of brown and white wool, in divers patterns, sent for sale from the western and northern islands, and which, as we learn from a wholesale cloth-merchant, is beginning to rival, in a small way, the regular traffic in tweeds. This home-made insular cloth, produced by poor people in their cottages, resembles in strength of fabric and in durability the *Etappe du Pays*, which one sees in travelling through Lower Canada. A knowledge of circumstances like these may perhaps help to give a new view of the capabilities of black-wooled (or more properly, brown-wooled) sheep; and it would not astonish us to learn that some enterprising stock-breeder, inspired by the manufacturers of tweeds, is prepared to make an experiment in raising the black sheep from its Parish condition to the category of an animal specially valuable for its natural covering. We may perhaps live to see Agricultural Societies offering prizes for the best specimens of black sheep for purposes of breeding. If any good comes of trying to

produce a wholly black-wooled breed, we may have to compliment Captain Mayne Reid for agitating the question, by attempting to exhibit his two remarkable pets. W. C.

THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.—SAVED.

TREMBLING all over, with the white lips and scared eyes of a guilty terror, Lorton made a miserable attempt at defiance.

'You are not the first man who would marry even a madwoman for money,' he sneered. 'That, I suppose, is what you mean by rescuing her out of my hands.'

'Happily for me, I am no penniless adventurer, seeking to make my fortunes by a rich marriage; neither,' added I with scornful emphasis, 'am I your son Stephen!'

'How dare you mention my son's name!' exclaimed the wretched man with some show of spirit. 'How dare you even insinuate that he, a brave honest soldier, serving his Queen and country, would seek to ally himself with a madwoman!'

'Then you still maintain that your niece is insane?'

'I do. She inherits it from her mother. See the proofs; she can tell you nothing that happened last year.'

'That is not very surprising,' retorted I coolly. 'Brain-fever would affect her memory. That scar over her left temple is a deep one.'

'She has had it ever since she was a child!' exclaimed Lorton boldly. 'She fell down some stone steps.'

'Excuse me; she fell down the companion-stair of the *Candace*.'

'Who told you so?'

'A fellow-passenger of yours: Mrs Francis Horley, my cousin, and the present owner of Vivian Clare's picture.'

Norris Lorton's white face grew several shades paler. I thought he was going to faint; but he recovered himself so far as to inquire in a hollow voice: 'Where did she get the picture from?'

'It was a present to her from her husband's father, Mr John Horley.'

Norris Lorton groaned again; his lips grew white as death; large drops stood on his brow; and I began to think there must be some other cause for his emotion beyond that which I had already discovered.

'Might I ask for a little brandy, Dr Stanmore?'

I ordered some for him; he drank about a wine-glassful of the raw spirit; it appeared to give him strength, for he staggered up and stood straight before me.

'Dr Stanmore, it is time for me to wish you good-night.'

'Wait, sir,' said I coldly; 'I have more to say to you still.'

Just at this moment my bearer came in with a note which he said one of Mr Lorton's servants had brought. Norris Lorton tore it open, hastily perused the contents, and sank back in his chair exhausted with emotion.

'It is all up,' murmured he; 'I am a lost man now.'

'What do you mean?' cried I.

'Dr Stanmore,' pleaded he, 'I have been very wicked. I will confess; I will make reparation; only save me.'

'Save you!' echoed I. 'From whom? From what?'

'I cannot tell you unless you swear to help me.'

'How can I do that? I might be shielding you from just punishment. I do not know what new crime you may be guilty of.'

'Crime!' repeated he. 'Yes; it was a crime. But I have not injured you. Help me to hide myself.'

A horrid thought suddenly crossed my brain. 'Norris Lorton,' exclaimed I sternly, seizing him by the shoulder, 'answer me truly. Are you guilty of your niece's blood?'

'I am not!' exclaimed he vehemently. 'I swear it!'

I released him, feeling inexpressibly relieved, and remarked slowly and quietly: 'You are trying to evade the law. Speak! what have you done?'

'There is no time to lose,' said he piteously. 'Read that note!'

I did so. It ran thus: 'It is known that you are in hiding somewhere in Mooderand; they will be down to look for you almost as soon as you receive this warning. Fly at once!'

'There,' said he, as I finished reading, 'you see my danger. How am I to escape? They may be here already. Oh, what shall I do?'

'Tell me what you have done—why there is a warrant out against you.'

'No; I cannot. Help me, Dr Stanmore!'

'Now look here,' said I. 'You say they (by whom I conclude you mean the officers of justice) are after you. If they know you are in hiding somewhere in Mooderand, they will as a matter of course search the different houses, mine among the rest. You have but little time before you make the most of it. Tell me your offence; and if I can do so without feeling that I am shielding a scoundrel from just punishment, I will help you.'

'Are you in earnest?' asked he feverishly.

'I am. You may put me to the proof, if you will.'

'It is not for murder they pursue me, but—but—'

I cannot tell you.'

'Then I cannot help you till you prove to me you are not the villain I now take you for.'

'Dr Stanmore,' said he slowly, 'ride home with me; I will tell you all on the way; we shall be safer in the jungle than here.'

I complied with this request, and ordered my horse Elaine.

'Let us go by the high-road,' said he, as we rode together out of the compound; 'no one will notice us. Is your mare fresh?'

'Not very; she had a long gallop this morning.'

We rode on in silence till we reached the first turning to the race-course, then I spoke.

'Now, Mr Lorton, tell me what it is you are guilty of?' I drew closer to him as I spoke.

All at once the treacherous villain raised the heavy whip he carried, and with all his force struck my mare across the loins. She bounded forward furiously, all the vice in her aroused by the blow, and began rearing and kicking to such an extent that it was all I could do to keep my seat; and when at last, after a sharp struggle, I succeeded in quieting her, Norris Lorton—who

had ridden off at full speed down the high-road to Calcutta—was completely out of sight. I at first thought of pursuing him; but a moment's reflection caused me to change my mind; and instead, I turned and rode swiftly across the race-course to the house in the jungle. The lights were still burning there as I reined in my panting steed before the door, and shouted to the servants slumbering on the steps. They stared in sleepy surprise at seeing me; still more so when I dismounted, bade one of them hold the mare, and ran into the house. 'Miss Lorton!' shouted I; and almost instantly she appeared.

She had altered during the last six months, had grown thinner and paler; and the expression of her features was more melancholy than ever.

'Oh, Dr Stanmore!' she exclaimed; and I could not help noticing with satisfaction that she looked glad to see me.

'Miss Lorton, listen! I believe the time of your escape has come. The detectives are after your uncle upon some charge or other; he has fled on horseback down the Calcutta high-road; and I have hastened here to see what I can do for you.'

'How did it all come about?' she asked, looking at me in utter bewilderment.

I related the events of the evening as briefly as possible. 'You must not remain here,' I concluded.

'Why? What am I to do?'

'That villain is fox enough, if he can elude his pursuers for a while, to slink back here, and carry you off, or else to send his son—Hark! what is that?' There was a clatter of hoofs outside. I had not arrived a moment too soon; the next instant a young man, in military dress uniform, entered the room.

'It is Stephen!' cried Miss Lorton in dismay.

'Do not be afraid,' whispered I reassuringly; 'I will take care of you.'

'Who are you, and what are you doing here?'

'I am Dr Stanmore; you are Stephen Lorton,' was my cool reply. 'I am here as your cousin's friend. What are you here for?'

'To take her to her aunt's house in Calcutta.'

'Dr Stanmore, do not let me go,' pleaded the girl; 'they will kill me.'

'Have no fear.—You hear,' added I, turning haughtily to young Lorton, 'this lady is under my protection; the sooner you take yourself off the better.'

I will not attempt to describe Stephen Lorton's rage at this, nor repeat the language he made use of. He abused me in the most violent manner; and finally turned fiercely upon his cousin. 'As for you,' he stormed, 'fool, lunatic that you are, the asylum will henceforth be your home, as it should have been your mother's!'

My blood boiled at this cowardly insult far more than it had done at any of the abuse to myself. I could no longer control myself, and seizing the fellow by the collar before he well knew what was coming, I dragged him outside the house and kicked him down the steps, at the bottom of which he lay stunned and motionless. I then returned to Miss Lorton, whom I found cowering in a corner of the room, almost frightened to death.

'Come with me,' said I, taking her hand. 'Do not be afraid; I am your friend, you know.'

'Where will you take me?' asked she mechanically.

'To my house for the present. Put on something warm; the night-air is chilly.'

She disappeared into a side-room for a minute, then returned, wearing the opera-cloak and Turkish fez. 'I have nothing else,' she explained.

'It does not matter,' I replied, as we stepped out into the verandah. 'You have some distance to walk; shall you mind?'

'O no. But there is one thing: may I take Gyp?'

'Certainly you may. Where is he?'

She whistled, and the black collie came bounding up. I waited a moment as we passed Stephen Lorton, who was beginning to show signs of returning consciousness; then, having satisfied myself that he was not dead, I gave my arm to Miss Lorton, and leading Elaine by the bridle, left for ever the house in the jungle. We walked slowly, and as the distance was considerable, the night was pretty far advanced by the time we arrived at my house.

'Now, Miss Lorton,' said I. 'You have trusted yourself entirely to me; will you do as I tell you?'

'Yes,' replied she simply. 'You know best.'

'Well, then,' I went on; 'this house is yours for the present; my servants will have orders to obey you in everything. One of them can speak English; and you must tell him when you want anything.'

'And you?' inquired she.

'I am going down to Calcutta upon important business. There is a train in about half an hour's time, which I shall catch. I shall be back before long.'

There was little sleep for me that night, speeding along in the train to Calcutta, my brain in a perfect whirl of excitement from the events of the evening. It was about five A.M. when I reached my cousin's house. She was an early riser, and I had only an hour to wait before she appeared in her riding habit.

'What brings you here, Eustace?' asked she in amazement at seeing me. 'Is anything the matter? You look ill.'

'I have come to beg a favour of you,' said I; and then, without any further preamble, I told her the whole of Sibyl Lorton's history as it had been related to me; went on with a brief account of Norris Lorton's flight; of the scene with Stephen at the house in the jungle, and wound up by informing her that Miss Lorton was at my house, alone, and except for me, friendless. 'Will you not help her?' were my concluding words.

Geraldine Horley was impulsive and thoroughly kind-hearted. 'Eustace,' said she, 'you must return to Moderand as soon as possible, in order to guard against any fresh villainy on the part of Mr Lorton or his son. I will go with you.'

'Heaven bless you, Geraldine!'

'Listen!' she went on gravely. 'My conscience has often reproached me for not interesting myself in that poor girl when I first saw her. Now I will do my best to make up for that neglect.'

She was as good as her word. In another five hours' time we arrived at the Moderand railway station; a large crowd was gathered on the platform, and universal excitement prevailed.

'Caught at last!' the station-master exclaimed excitedly and incoherently.

'Who?' inquired I.

'He they have been after so long. There he stands.' And looking in the direction indicated, I saw, standing handcuffed between two detectives, Norris Lorton.

'Where are you going to take him?' I asked, making my way up to the group.

'To Calcutta,' replied one of the detectives; 'then on to England.'

'There is no train to Calcutta for an hour and a half,' said I. 'Will you bring him to my house for a short time? A relation of his is there.'

The men hesitated; but a promise of reward overcame their scruples, and they consented to grant me an interview with their prisoner. Arrived at my house, I introduced Mrs Horley to Miss Lorton, and leaving them together, repaired to the room known as my studio, into which the detectives and Norris Lorton were presently ushered.

'First of all,' said I, 'will you tell me the charge against Mr Lorton?'

'Theft, sir, and forgery,' was the reply. 'A nice job we have had to run him down.'

'A double charge. Who prosecutes?'

'For the theft, sir, Mr Vivian Clare; for the forgery, Mr John Horley.'

In all my life I have never been so completely taken aback as I was by this speech. I could do nothing but stand and stare in dumb amazement at the detectives and their prisoner.

'Perhaps you would like to hear the whole affair, sir?' said one of the former.

I nodded assent; and the man went on: 'It all began with the theft, sir. He stole an oil-painting belonging to Mr Clare; bribed the servant, it is supposed. That was not found out for some time; for Mr Clare got seriously hurt in an accident on the Metropolitan Railway, was taken to the nearest hospital, and did not know about its having been stolen. In the meantime, this fellow here sold the picture to Mr John Horley, a wealthy merchant, residing at Surbiton, and forged a cheque of his to the tune of some thousands.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed I. 'But you have been a long time finding him out; have you not?'

'Well, yes sir, we have; but it was like this. Owing to Mr Clare's illness, the theft was not found out till long after the forgery; and Mr Lorton contrived to throw suspicion on his brother, who had died suddenly about that time. When Mr Clare got well again, he began about his picture, and he it was who first discovered we were on the wrong scent. A warrant was then made out against this fellow; but he had bolted of course. We had some trouble, as you may imagine, first in tracking him here, and then catching him; but it is done at last; and now he is safe for the next fourteen years.'

I looked at Norris Lorton with a horror and disgust I could not conceal. A common thief and forger; and Sibyl had been in his power so long; he had even tried to marry her to his son.

'Can you allow me a few minutes' private conversation with this man?' asked I. 'I know him well.'

After a little demur, the detectives consented, feeling certain that, being handcuffed, he could not escape, and withdrew to another room, where I had ordered breakfast to be prepared for them.

'Mr Lorton,' said I, 'you have not much time left before you leave this land for ever; the law

will not deal leniently with you; in all probability, I may never see your face again. Before you go, let me entreat you to make a full confession of your conduct to your niece.

Norris Lorton raised his head and regarded me steadily. 'Dr Stanmore,' said he, 'you are a gentleman; you do not taunt a poor fellow when he is down: I do not mind telling *you* the truth. My niece is no more mad than you or I, and neither was her mother. She has told you her history, you say. Well, after that day they took her to X. Street, she had a severe attack of low nervous fever, and was for a time really off her head. Her father died suddenly when she was ill, and then I had to quit this country; you know why. My niece was then so far recovered as to be able to get up; but her mind was very feeble. I bribed the nurse in charge to secrecy, and gave the poor girl some drugged wine which had the effect of stupefying her, so that she can remember nothing of the journey from London to Southampton. I got her on board just before the steamer started, so as to leave no time for awkward inquiries. During the voyage, I often heard the passengers speak of her as the "mad girl" and it used to please me. Then one rough day she fell down the companion and cut her head. You have seen the scar. She had slight brain-fever afterwards, which of course helped me out in my plans; but she got over it too quickly for my liking, and the day we landed at Calcutta I repeated the dose.

'What do you mean?' cried I in horror.

'I mean,' continued he, 'that I gave her more drugged wine, just enough to make her look and walk as if she had no idea of what she was doing.'

It was on my lips to tell him in the bitterest terms what I thought of such wickedness; but his hands were chained: I bit my lips and was silent.

He went on: 'My son Stephen told me of the house in the jungle where you first saw me. I thought it a safe place for me to live in. My servants were all bribed to secrecy; one of them, who had been in my son's service for two or three years, acted as interpreter between me and the others, for I am no Bengalee or Hindustanee scholar; and there I lived in safety, hoping one day to see my niece become my son's wife.'

'How did you get here?' asked I.

'I came as far as Barni, the next station to this by rail; and then we took palanis [palanquins] the rest of the way.'

'One more question. Why did you enter your niece's name on the passengers' list as your daughter?'

'I hoped it would throw Vivian Clare off the scent. But it was a failure. Ah, well! I have had my day; now it is some one else's turn. Those detectives were too sharp; they set a trap for me by the railway, and another by the high-road. Stephen said he would go and carry Sibyl off, but I suppose you prevented him?'

'I did,' was the reply. 'Miss Lorton is in this house. Would you wish to see her once more?'

'In this house?' said he incredulously. 'Why—what?'

'She is under my protection and that of a lady who is staying here; my cousin Mrs Francis Horley.'

'John Horley's daughter-in-law?'

'The same.'

At this moment the detectives returning, respectfully informed me that it was time to start.

'Wait a minute,' I entreated; and without stopping to again ask Norris Lorton, I hastily left the room and summoned his niece. She came in slowly, looking pale and melancholy as usual. Seeing her uncle in handcuffs, she started violently. 'What has he done?' whispered she.

'He has broken the laws,' replied I. 'They will take him to England to be tried there.'

'One word,' she exclaimed. 'Is it on my account? If so, I will not prosecute.'

'No.' It has nothing to do with his treatment of you.'

'Our time is up, sir,' pleaded one of the detectives.

'Good-bye, uncle,' said Miss Lorton, advancing towards the prisoner—a look of infinite compassion in her blue eyes. 'We may never meet again; say good-bye to me.'

Norris Lorton hung his head, and a crimson flush suffused his cheeks. I believe that for the first time since many a long year, a better feeling awoke in the man's bad selfish nature, and that for the time at least his humiliation was deep. 'Good-bye, girl,' said he hoarsely. 'I have wronged you shamefully. Stanmore knows all. Ask him. Forgive me!'

The young, innocent, and forgiving girl leant forward, the tears standing in her eyes, and kissed the criminal, her persecutor, upon the forehead. 'I forgive you, uncle,' she murmured. 'Good-bye.'

Then the detectives led him away, and we lost sight of him for ever. I afterwards heard that he pleaded 'guilty' at his trial, and was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude; but he died before the third year of his imprisonment had expired.

I have not much more to tell. The story of Norris Lorton's arrest upon the double charge of theft and forgery soon became public property. The English weekly papers were studied with unremitting attention, and it seemed to me that my neighbours regarded me rather as an accomplice in his crime, than as Sibyl Lorton's friend and protector; for they treated me with the utmost indifference and coldness, and would sneeringly remark 'that Dr Stanmore had an eye to a rich wife when he took Miss Lorton under his protection.'

My cousin Geraldine Horley took Miss Lorton to Calcutta with her to stay; there the latter rapidly improved in health, and the two ladies formed a friendship which has never been broken. Soon after their departure to Calcutta, I applied for three months' leave, and obtained it, though not without a great deal of demur and delay on the part of the authorities.

The reader can guess how I spent my holiday. I went to England by the quickest route; had a brief but happy meeting with many dear friends; and more than this, found out Vivian Clare.

I had not much trouble in doing so; a young friend of mine, likewise an artist, furnished me with his address, and I lost no time in repairing to him. I will not dwell upon our conversation. I related to him the events recorded in this chapter and the preceding ones: Sibyl Lorton's wrongs, her uncle's arrest, my cousin's kind protection of her.

'The two ladies are fast friends,' said I, 'but we must part them now. I speak professionally. Miss Lorton must return to England as soon as possible; her health will not stand the Indian climate.'

'My mother,' replied Clare, 'will receive her until the day when, as my wife, she will take her place in this house.' He pressed my hand warmly in his. 'God bless you, Dr Stanmore, for all your goodness to her!' he exclaimed earnestly. 'May He, in your need, send to you as true and noble a friend as you have been to me and mine!' And as I left his presence, the feeling arose in me that in the hour of my need I should find that friend in Vivian Clare.

A week after my return to India, Sibyl Lorton sailed for England. Geraldine Horley and I accompanied her as far as the steamer which was to bear her to the man she loved; and then we parted. My cousin was quite overcome.

'O Eustace,' she sobbed, 'I shall miss her so; I have grown so fond of her.'

I could not console her; I was too much in need of consolation myself. Should I never again look upon that sweet pale face, with its grave, melancholy blue eyes; never again hear that soft sad voice, which had poured forth to me the tale of wrongs and sorrow, in the moonlight by the swift silent river? Something within me seemed to say: 'This parting is for ever!'

Some months after, we heard of her marriage with Vivian Clare; and letters came both to Geraldine and myself from her, telling us of her great happiness, whereto we both rejoiced.

I am not a young man now. I have known sorrow and sickness; I have been in foreign climes; I have experienced dangers by sea and by land; my life has been restless, full of trials; but I am contented now. In the place of my birth, the home of my childhood, among the lovely vales of Devonshire, I may hope to end my days in peace. The copy of 'The Death of Elaine,' at which I laboured so sedulously and with such success, hangs over the mantel-piece of my little sitting-room. Open that oak bureau that stands against the wall; press the secret spring; a drawer flies out. What is there? A miniature, painted on ivory, of Sibyl Lorton—I should say Sibyl Clare, for she sent it to me after her marriage with the artist. A packet of letters too, in her writing, amongst them the little scrap of paper in which she first implored my assistance; and a faded Turkish fez. These are the relics, all that is left to me of Sibyl Lorton, the only woman I ever loved, who has long since passed away into the far-off land! The parting in Calcutta was for ever in this world. Death overtook her all too soon. Perhaps in that land where partings and sorrow will be no more, I shall meet and know her again!

INGENIOUS RUSES.

THE 'famous civilian' Dr Dale, sent to Flanders by Queen Elizabeth on state business, finding his funds getting lower than he liked, adopted a shrewd plan of obtaining aid from his royal mistress without asking for it. With his despatches to the Secretary of State he forwarded two letters, one for the queen and one for his wife, carefully addressing that for the queen, 'To my dear Wife,' and that for his Kate, 'To Her most Excellent Majesty.' When Queen Bess opened her agent's epistle she was astonished at finding herself sweethearted, my-loved, and my-deared; made

acquainted with the state of his health and the emptiness of his purse; and was so heartily amused at the doctor's mistake, that she unloosed her purse-strings and relieved his necessity with unmounted liberality. If Dale was as astute in dealing with foreign princes as he was in managing his own liege lady, it is not to be wondered at that he was employed in diplomatic matters. When it was first proposed to send him to Flanders, the queen informed him she should allow him twenty shillings a day for his expenses. He did not think it enough; but keeping his thoughts to himself, replied, that in that case he should spend nineteen shillings a day. Elizabeth inquired what he would do with the other shilling. 'That,' said the doctor, 'I shall keep for my Kate and my boys Tom and Dick.' Her Majesty took the hint, and enlarged her negotiator's allowance.

Gretry was wont to employ a singular method of slackening or quickening the pace of a walking companion to suit his own inclination. 'To say,' he would argue, 'you walk too fast or too slow is unpolite; but to sing softly an air to the time of the walk of your companion, and then by degrees either to quicken the time or make it slower, is a stratagem as innocent as it is convenient.'—The principle of Gretry's ruse was well exemplified in the case of the stingy farmer who gave his hired haymaker buttermilk and whey for breakfast, and going to the field, heard the man singing in a drawing way:

B-u-t-t-e-r-m-i-l-k and whey,
Faint all day, faint all day;

his scythe keeping time to the tune. The next morning the farmer set a good meal of bacon and eggs before the man; and when he went to see how he was getting on with his work, found his arms going swiftly to 'Bacon and eggs, take care of your legs!'

A debate in the House of Commons on the Peace Preservation Act, or some such measure, was enlivened by the relation of the following story. A Westmeath landed proprietor was so attached to field-sports that he turned a deaf ear to his daughter's entreaties, and could not be persuaded to take a house in Dublin where a gentleman abode in whom she was something more than interested. One fine morning the squire was astonished by the coming of a threatening letter, which he put in the fire; the next post brought another; and soon a third came, the last illustrated with a spirited sketch of a coffin. The recipient shewed them to the stipendiary magistrate, and before long a number of detectives were busy in the neighbourhood; but they could neither discover the senders of the objectionable missives nor stop fresh ones from pouring in with every mail. At last the threatened man gave in, and took himself and his family to Dublin, and before long found himself turned into a father-in-law. When the happy pair were about to leave, after the wedding breakfast, the bride, throwing her arms round his neck, said: 'Go home, father; no one will hurt a hair of your head. I wrote the threatening letters that scared you away. I wanted to come to Dublin, and as you would not

agree, I thought I would try the Ribbon scheme; and it succeeded.'

Had the wily damsel been taken to task for playing her wire such a scurvy trick, she would probably have pleaded that all is fair in love and war. Love, however, is a poor excuse for deception, while to cheat a foe, especially when that foe is an invader, is justifiable enough. During the Franco-German war, a couple of hundred Uhlans arrived in a Norman village. One of the peasants hurried to a neighbouring hamlet to warn a well-to-do farmer that he might expect a visit from the unwelcome raiders. The farmer was equal to the emergency. Calling his wife and daughters, all went to work with a will. Torn quilts, tattered petticoats, dilapidated gowns, were thrown over the backs of the cattle, enveloping them up to their horns; their feet and their hands were bound with straw; and then the sheep and goats were treated in the same fashion. Bottles of medicine were scattered about; a large trough was filled with water, and in its midst was placed an ample syringe. Up came the Uhlans; but at sight of the strangely attired animals and the monster squirt they hesitated. At last one of the troopers inquired what was the matter. 'The plague, that's all,' said the farmer. He had to answer no more questions; his visitors turned their horses' heads and galloped off at their best speed, to make requisition elsewhere.

For a less legitimate end did Patrick Murphy exercise his invention. Pat was a candidate for admission into the police force of a certain town, and his appearance before the Mayor was hailed with a cry from the crowd of would-be officers of, 'He can't write his name, yer Honour!' His Honour announced that he was only there to take down the names of those who wished to apply for the vacant situation, and told Murphy to come again that day fortnight.

'Now, Pat,' said a well-wisher, 'go home, and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll set the copy for you.'

Pat obeyed instructions; and when the day came and the Mayor asked if he could write, boldly replied: 'Troth, an' it's meself that jist can.'

'Take that pen,' said the Mayor, 'and write—write your name.'

As Pat took up the pen, exclamations arose behind him. 'Pat's a-writing; he's got a quill in his fist!' cried one amazed rival. 'Small good will it do him; he can't write wid it,' cried another. They were dumfounded when Murphy recorded his name in a bold round hand and the Mayor declared 'That'll do; but recovering from their surprise, two of them shouted out together: 'Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer Honour.'

'Write my name, Murphy,' said the Mayor.

'Write yer Honour's name!' exclaimed Pat. 'Me commit forgery, and goin' into the police! I can't do it, yer Honour!'

The Irishman's conscientious scruples were as opportunely improvised as the ear-ache afflicting Brougham, when engaged in an important case as junior counsel. His leader had been speaking for several hours, when he faltered suddenly and began to hesitate. Brougham rushed to the rescue. Putting on his face an expression of great suffer-

ing, he begged to address the court on a matter personal to himself, but felt sure their lordships would pardon the interruption if they knew the agony he was enduring in his right ear from the killing draught rushing through the door leading into the Common Pleas. Might he, in the interests of his clients, entreat the interposition of the bench? Their lordships expressed their sympathy for the sufferings of Mr Brougham, and ordered the door leading into the other court to be closed; but still the obnoxious draught came. Windows were examined and pulled about, until the martyr to ear-ache, seeing his leader had recovered himself, pronounced himself satisfied, and free from pain.

Sir Walter Scott talking to Rogers of his school-days, told him how he won his way to the top of his class by a bit of strategy. 'There was,' said Scott, 'a boy in my class who always stood at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would. At length I observed that when a question was asked him he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes, and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure. When the boy was next questioned, his fingers sought the button, but found it not; he looked down for it; it was to be no more seen than felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it; or even, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions.'

Scott certainly took a mean advantage of his school-mate's peculiarity, and did not deserve the success thus achieved. An equal but better deserved success rewarded the ingenious device of a physician having to deal with a very obstinate patient, whose weak point, or strong point, was his implacable Toryism. The patient was a west of England bishop. He had been very ill, and to expedite recovery his physician prescribed small doses of brandy, to be taken at regular intervals. Now the prelate hated brandy, and declared he would have none of it. In vain did the physician insist upon the duty he owed to his diocese, his wife, and his family; and when he suggested that his lordship had better make arrangements for his departure from this world, as without brandy he must die, the bishop calmly answered that he was prepared to die, but he would not touch the brandy. Walking up to the head of the bed, the doctor bent over the refractory man and whispered in his ear: 'Need I remind you that Russell is in office, and a *Whig* will be your successor to the bishopric! Fetch the brandy, doctor!' cried the bishop; 'I'll drink a quart if necessary!' The ruse succeeded.

When Sir John Bowring was staying at Khan Shékuné, he heard so much about the beauty of the Sheikh's young wife, that his curiosity was excited, and he was filled with a desire to see what the bepraised lady was like. One day the Sheikh came to 'the Great Doctor' to entreat him

to cure his infant boy—the child of his old age and his lovely spouse. Sir John thought the opportunity too good to be lost, and readily agreed to do what he could for the little sufferer, but informed the Sheik that before he commenced operations it was indispensably necessary for him to see the baby's mother; he could not else prescribe for the child. The Sheik declared that to be impossible, as an unbeliever could not be introduced into the harem of one of the faithful. 'Then your child will die,' was Bowring's answer. The poor Sheik left in despair, but in the evening came again, saying the English doctor was very unkind, but that he would do anything to save the child's life, and that he would shew him the way to the harem. Rejoicing at the success of his ruse, Sir John was led into a room, where he saw a veiled woman bending over a poor emaciated child lying on a rug, his body covered with charms. He addressed the mother with some inquiries as to the symptoms, and then, artfully pretending he could not hear her perfectly enough to understand what she said, asked her to remove her veil. The lady demurred. The doctor insisted, observing that European physicians studied the diseases of children in the countenances of their mothers. At last she slowly raised her veil, when, instead of the angelic beauty he had expected, the cheated cheater was confronted with the face of a hideous dame, who said: 'I am the old wife!' while the Sheik laughed at the doctor's discomfiture.

Strategy is a thing to be admired when it is employed for the circumvention of rogues. While the French were in Mexico, stage-robberies on the Monterey road became very frequent. The French commander resolved to put a stop to them; and this is how he did it. He dressed up half-a-dozen Zouaves in ladies' attire, and sent them on in the next stage, their faces hidden by veils, their carbines hidden by their petticoats. The stage was stopped; the ladies, without waiting to be invited, left the vehicle, and fell into line with the rest of the passengers. Suddenly a series of reports came from that line, and some dozen robbers lay dead; the rest discreetly disappeared. For a long while afterwards it was only requisite to display a shawl and bonnet conspicuously to secure a free passage for a stage on that route.

Taking things for granted brought an illicit distiller to grief, after carrying on his illegal calling for years, under suspicion indeed, but nevertheless with complete immunity. M'Tavish rented a small farm in Glentworth, but the revenue officers never found any apparatus upon the premises, nor any of the necessary ingredients about the farm. Every nook and cranny of the neighbouring hills and dells was rigorously searched again and again, without any result save exposing the officers to the taunts of M'Tavish. Where this wonderfully concealed 'still' might be, was the question to which no answer was forthcoming. Dwellers in the glen of course had not the faintest notion of its whereabouts. One night an exciseman with two comrades knocked up the occupants of a farmhouse and demanded a horse and cart in the Queen's name, saying he had seized M'Tavish's illicit still with all its contents, and required assistance to carry the whole to headquarters. There was no resisting the

demand; horse and cart were soon ready, and a driver too. Getting into the cart with his assistants, the exciseman ordered the man to drive as fast as he could, without telling him where he wanted to be taken. Never dreaming but that the officer had previously discovered and seized the still, the man drove on, and pulled up at the concealed spot. Out jumped the exciseman; the entrance was burst open, and M'Tavish was a prisoner and his bothy emptied of its contents before he could comprehend how the misfortune had befallen him and his long-kept secret had been discovered.

Very cleverly too did M'Manus the Bow Street runner unearth a hidden burglar whom he suspected of having broken into a gentleman's house a few miles out of London. Going into a public-house 'used' by the man he wanted (Smith, let us call him), M'Manus got into conversation with the company, and by-and-by observed that he did not see Smith. It came out that that worthy had not been there since the day of the robbery. The runner next inquired at the different coach-offices, and found that a man resembling Smith had gone down to Oxford the day after the burglary had been committed. The next Oxford coach took him down to that town. Then getting himself very shabbily dressed, M'Manus next went round the outskirts of the town, and when he came to an inn, went in, saying: 'I want a pot of beer for Smith;' to be answered that they knew no such person there, and go his ways. At last his perseverance was rewarded by the reply: 'We'll send it.' 'No,' said M'Manus; 'that won't do; he's in a hurry, and I'm to go with you.' Go with the beer he did, found his man, and the stolen property in his possession. A capital ruse this.

A still shrewder trick was that played by an Oxford Professor, when a student came to tell him that he had lost or been robbed of a parcel of bank-notes. The Professor took down the numbers of the notes, and told the loser to keep his own counsel. Next morning, the walls were covered with bills proclaiming that such-and-such notes had been lost; but the crafty scholar had taken care to put imaginary numbers to them, and before many hours had elapsed, one of the lost notes was tendered at the bank; the truly advised teller gave the presenter into custody, and all the missing notes were recovered.

THE ICE-BRIDGE.

In January 1871, with a large number of others, I stood upon the Durham Terrace, in the city of Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, and looked down on the mighty river St Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked a very low point; and all around there could be seen but the dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike; while from the bosom of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its black waters from view. What could induce human beings, in such an extreme atmosphere, to pace up and down this exposed promenade, which in summer commands a view unrivalled in the whole world? The formation of the 'ice-bridge' was momentarily expected. The ferry steamers, whose traffic would be put a stop to by the ice-bridge, had been prevented leaving their wharfs under a penalty of heavy fines, and of being fired

into, by order of the authorities, were they to attempt to break it. Facing the bitter cold, all anxiously looked down upon the hidden stream, and vigorously paced up and down the snow-clad terraces.

Suddenly a cry was heard: 'It is taken.' Instantly all rushed to the railing and excitedly peered down upon the waters. Slowly the mist arose, and in its place appeared a smooth surface of dark-blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point, and up as far as the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist, Nature had performed her work; in a few minutes had improvised a bridge out of the power of man to construct, a glorious crystal plane, as wonderful as it was beautiful. The opposite shore, which, up to within a few minutes, was almost unattainable, had been, as it were in a flash of time, brought into instant communication. Minute by minute the bridge was strengthening; the intense cold quickly thickened the ice; and in an hour after its 'taking,' a boy, in a sleigh drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed towards the opposite shore, a rumbling sound as of distant thunder rose from the river, for the thin ice was as a sounding-board; and even when the sleigh became as a speck, the rumbling sound continued reverberating between the opposing high lands. Then followed, as it seemed to me, foolhardy skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped in sweeping circles hither and thither; then hundreds followed.

What a view the bridge presented! countless men luxuriating in the fascinating enjoyment of skating on virgin ice. It was barely more than an inch in thickness, and it appeared mad temerity to trust such fragility; but still the crowd increased, and its delirium grew wilder. Each moment, I knew, added to the general safety, yet every one had to keep separate from all others; for it was noticed that when three or four approached the same locality, the india-rubber-like ice sunk, as if it were ready to engulf the reckless pleasure-seekers.

On the wharfs and quays along the river-side were collected hundreds of on-lookers; so I descended, after my bird's-eye view, to have a closer inspection. Over the edge of the wharf upon which I stood was suspended a ladder, from the foot of which planks were laid on the ice, and by these the skaters gained access to the stronger ice beyond, strapping on their skates before descending the ladder. A continual row of people were venturing down shod with skates, and were soon eddying over the glassy surface. I watched one after another to discover if there were any show of bravado in their action, but there seemed to exist but the one feeling of anxiety and eagerness to join the river revel. Suddenly there was a tremor in the shining mass, and a paralysis seemed to strike on-lookers and skaters alike; the ice was moving, the bridge was breaking up. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the wharfs, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders; many were immersed in the chilly waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave; his body was shortly recovered, and borne home to a disconsolate widow and her helpless orphans. The crystal bridge was a thing of the past, and an immortal soul was ushered into eternity.

The next morning's sun rose clear and bright, and shed its rays upon a night-formed bridge as pure and smooth as any mirror; the first had descended with the falling tide; but the works of Nature are rapidly carried out, and in its place another spanned the broad St Lawrence. Even now the venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's memories, rushed wildly over its surface; and ice-boats in scores swept across it with amazing rapidity, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea-gulls. It was a gala festival, and men and women revelled in the rare enjoyment. From the city height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of human beings, of boats, of vehicles. A bond of harmony and conviviality had been formed between the city of Quebec, Point Levis, the island of Orleans, Beauport, and other villages; and representatives from each place met in unison on the river plain, from which, midst the sound of ever-tinkling sleigh-bells, rose strains of music and the joyous shouts and merry laughter of men and women. Viewed from where I stood the ice-bridge was as a glass, everything on its surface being reflected in it; the steep cliffs of Levis threw their shadows on it as on a lake.

We—that is, myself and two friends, a bride and bridegroom of few days—were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this novel and exciting picture, and were carried away with an enthusiasm and a desire to join in the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates, and descending to the Lower Town, soon found ourselves upon the ice. Near by was an ice-boat, ready to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores; so we closed a bargain with the master, and stepped into our conveyance. Voluminous buffalo-robies lined with crimson were wrapped around us, and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlour fire; our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which was now carrying us with the flight of a bird over the shining surface. Meeting similar craft was as a flash of lightning; and skaters and horses were distanced by us in every passing moment. Rapidly we passed up the river: on one side were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while on the other were the higher heights of Levis; and now we were beneath the Plains of Abraham, crowned by the monument of the illustrious Wolfe, rushing past the now desolate timber coves, which in summer are crowded with vessels, and which now shewed at the foot of the cliff the long line of the white-washed cottages of the hard-working lumbermen. On one side were the churches of St Columba de Sillery and St Augustine, and on the other of St Nicholas and New Liverpool, and then the Falls of the Chaudière.

We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when, with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat, with marvellous rapidity, was on the home-stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a frozen-in vessel; till Quebec and Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorency Falls threw their vapoury column high into the rarefied atmosphere; already its cone had begun to form, and we could even see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept, past the villages of Beauport, l'Ange Gardien, and Château Richer;

when again we turned, and doubling le Bout de l'Isle d'Orleans, we stretched over towards the village of St Joseph de Levis, and skirted along the south shore of the St Lawrence, till we struck across to our starting-point, where we arrived after a wild ride of about forty miles, accomplished with marvellous speed. Owing to the circumscribed size of the 'cabin,' our limbs were somewhat stiff, and to recover the circulation of blood, we put on our skates.

No sooner had the steel touched the glistening ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle; we seemed hardly to touch ice, but rather to be carried through air. Hundreds of skaters were gliding hither and thither; ice-boats with their white sails were sweeping upwards and downwards; and horses as if in delirium were galloping in every direction. I remained with my friend the bride, while her husband, impatient of our more tardy progress, forged ahead, we following as best we could, but not keeping up with his rapid movements. She, full of happiness and joy, glided along by my side, and I could see her proudly watching the movements of her loved one as he skillfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the keen ice. Her loving eyes did not lose sight of him for a moment, and in human sympathy I rejoiced in her unalloyed happiness. Her glad expression shewed me that to her, love and life were synonyms. As I watched her, I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I turned my eyes in the direction which riveted her gaze, and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment, however, there was a rush among them to a central spot, and loud cries; but my attention was diverted from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to catch her and prevent her falling, and was holding her in my arms, when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, under its cruel surface, in the death-cold water, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping, and striving to break through the icy fetters! As he passed beneath us, he gave one despairing look upwards, and was swept away for ever from our sight! Fortunately his young bride had fainted, and was mercifully spared that last agonised look. I conveyed her to her home, where for many a succeeding day and night, she lay on her couch the helpless prey of brain-fever, and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of an asylum.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

M^R. JAMIN, of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, has embodied in a paper on Illumination by Electricity many particulars of interest to general readers. The Gramme machine, he says, and the Jablochhoff candle have made the application of electricity to purposes of illumination, a fact beyond doubt. The carbon-points of a powerful machine are equal to the sun in lustre. It is even possible that this limit may be overpassed, for our sun does not occupy the first position in the universe. It is a star already old, the cooling of which is much advanced, and whose yellowish light begins to approach that of terrestrial flames.

In quantity and quality the electric light greatly

exceeds all flames; and it is precisely this immense profusion of illuminating power that is regarded as objectionable. But nothing is easier than to reduce the lustre of the light to any degree that may be desired; it is only necessary to cover the arc with a large opalescent globe. This, while hiding the light, receives all the rays, and disperses them in the same way as if the globe itself were luminous.

A light to be applicable for purposes of illumination should contain the seven primitive colours of the spectrum in certain proportions. The flames of oil and gas do not contain the true proportions, which is the cause of their inferiority. The light from the carbons of the electric light is white; absolutely the same as that of the sun, and contains all the simple rays in the same proportions. It is complete and perfect, and replaces daylight without any modification. It is not the same with the arc itself, which is violet blue, and gives to electric illumination the bluish tint which has been objected to with reason. But it is a fault of excess, which can be remedied, for while the missing rays cannot be added to gaslight, the superfluous rays can be removed from the electric light. Uranium glass and many other substances furnish the means of suppression. This suppression is necessary in other respects, for the objectionable rays are said to attack the humours of the eye and to be the origin of grave diseases.

In ordinary combustion a large amount of heat is produced, and noxious products are thrown off; but the electric light does not vitiate the atmosphere, and makes very little heat, which every one will recognise as important merits.

The conditions of good electrical lighting must be determined by a study of the general illumination of objects during the day. When the sky is clouded, the sunlight pierces the clouds as through a ground glass, and the whole sky is like an immense illuminated ceiling, radiating light from every point and in all directions. The objects illuminated diffuse in their turn the light which they receive, so that there is an intercrossing of rays, producing the effect of a mean amount of light everywhere: this is *general illumination*, and is the model that must be followed. The ceilings, walls, and floors must be well illuminated, so that the diffused light may be radiated into the empty spaces; and that the quantity may be the same everywhere, it will be necessary to multiply the sources of light, and to cover all the openings by which it may escape.

The exterior light enters by the windows during the day, and it is by them that the nocturnal illumination escapes. When Mr Jablochhoff introduced electric lighting into the laboratory of the Sorbonna, the feeble effect it produced was astonishing. The building is covered with a glass roof, by which it is well lighted during the day, but which allowed the escape of at least one half of the light produced by the electric candles. This wasted light illuminated the high walls of the surrounding buildings, and gave a brilliant but useless illumination in the court. The experiment would have succeeded had the roof been covered with a thick white covering to throw down the light so prodigally wasted.

The same thing happens with gas, and will occur with electricity in the illumination of public places. All lamps waste half their light in radia-

tion towards the sky. A simple reflector would return it to the ground and double the illumination.

These conclusions have been tested, and visitors to Paris may now see there a street lighted by electricity, which, as described, is as clear and diffusive as moonlight.

Captain Abney, F.R.S., has undertaken a series of photographic experiments in which sensitive films are exposed to the action of the spectrum in different kinds of atmosphere. He finds as a general result that the image shews no signs of oxidation in atmospheres devoid of oxygen; that the limit of sensibility of the compounds used is lowered towards the least refrangible end of the spectrum; and that according to their composition and the atmosphere in which the experiments are carried on, solutions are sensitive to different parts of the spectrum.

Here the investigation touches the question of photography in natural colours, of which mention was made in our last Month. Captain Abney says: 'If silver sub-chloride or silver sub-bromide be produced chemically, we have a dark compound formed, which, if exposed to the action of the spectrum while in an oxidising solution (such as hydrogen peroxide) rapidly takes the colour of the rays acting upon it, the yellow being the least marked. The red, green, and blue are, however, particularly well rendered by reflected light, and the plate shews the colours as seen when a dull light is thrown on the slit of the spectroscope.' From this it will be understood that the investigation promises well for future discovery. The Captain's 'Notes' are published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, Nos. 187, 188.

As some readers know, dynamite is made by mixing nitro-glycerine with a dry powdery earth, which by absorbing checks its tendency to explode. In nearly all instances the powdery earth consists of infusoria, organisms so minute that Ehrenberg calculated that in a cubic inch there were forty-one millions. Enormous deposits have been discovered in America; the city of Richmond is built on a stratum twenty feet thick which extends into the adjoining State of Maryland; Nevada has large deposits, and recently the infusorial earth has been found in the state of New Jersey. Some kinds are largely sold in the United States as 'Electrosilicon,' an excellent polishing powder; and we are informed by a communication to the Liverpool Geological Society that 'being a very poor conductor of heat, it forms a suitable covering for ice, beer-cellars, fireproof safes, steam-boilers, powder-magazines, and refrigerators. It is nearly five times lighter than dry earth, and only about half the weight of dry coal-ashes. It is not combustible, and remains unaffected by the hottest fire.'

It was thought that this infusorial earth would be valuable as a fertiliser for lands deficient in silica, and the experiment has been tried with complete success, for it was found that the tiny particles were carried into the substance of the wheat straw grown on the experimental field. The microscopist who made the discovery remarks: 'I look upon this application of vegetable silica to fertilising purposes as the most important adaptation of matter for the reproduction of vegetation that has ever been discovered.'

In a Report made to the *Société d'Encouragement*

pour l'Industrie Nationale, a description is given of a process by which chloride of methyl can be manufactured on so large a scale as to become available in commerce. The process, combining as it does scientific principles and ingenious adaptations, will interest chemists, and commend itself to numbers of persons, who will be glad to know that chloride of methyl can be retailed at four francs the kilogramme. To manufacturers of dyes and colours it offers a twofold advantage—moderate cost, and freedom from the risk of explosion that attends the use of nitrate of methyl.

Foreign journals report that experiments have been made at Langenschwalbach in Prussia with a view to utilise the fibre of the common nettle. It was found that when treated in the same way as hemp, the fibre came out as soft as silk and as strong as linen; and this result being regarded as encouraging, a large plantation of nettles has been made to provide material for experiments on a larger scale.

In a paper read before the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, interesting particulars are given of the progress of tree-planting in the United States, from which we gather that so far the results are satisfactory, especially in the treeless regions of the north-west. In Kansas and Nebraska, forest-growth is increasing rapidly from two causes—(1) 'the arrest of prairie-fires by cultivation, and the consequent spontaneous springing up on uncultivated portions of a thick growth of young trees; and (2) the planting of forests, now doubly stimulated by legislative encouragement and by assured profit. Besides which, the planter finds increased comfort; and it is claimed that a public benefit is already perceptible in a modification of the climate, particularly in the way of assuaging the severity of the once unimpeded winds.'

Minnesota has taken up the work with enthusiasm, and has already thousands of acres of young growing trees. In California, more than two hundred thousand of the Australian Eucalyptus have been planted; and the Central Pacific Railroad Company are about to plant eight hundred thousand more of the same kind in different places along their line of railway. Such being the initiatory results, we may safely predict that meteorologists of the next generation will have something to record concerning change and amelioration of climate in the United States.

William Penn's advice to his colonists was, in clearing their lands, to leave one acre in five covered with wood. A tabular statement of the proportions of forest remaining in different countries shews Portugal, 4.40 per cent.; Great Britain, 5; Denmark, 5.50; Spain, 5.52; Holland, 7.10; France, 16.79; Belgium, 18.52; Italy, 20.7; Germany, 26; Sweden, 60; and Norway, 66. There is an intimate connection between forests and water supply; and it is important that care should be taken to protect springs and the headwaters of rivers by judicious planting.

The almost unbearable sultriness of some weeks of summer in the United States, has occasioned many attempts at cooling the air of dwellings, not one of which has as yet proved successful. Among the latest are the use of large quantities of ice to produce a chilly atmosphere and thereby temper the heat; and the employment of large air-pumps to compress the air up

to the point when it heats the vessel in which it is contained, then to allow a portion of the air to expand, which is accompanied by an immediate lowering of the temperature. This last is an entirely philosophical way of cooling, which might even be used for the manufacture of ice; but the great cost of working it would prove fatal to its adoption.

Mr De Rance of the Geological Survey has communicated a paper to the Manchester Geological Society, 'On the Palaeozoic and Secondary Rocks of England as a Source of Water Supply for Towns and Districts,' which contains much useful information on a subject growing every year more important, inasmuch as the demand for water increases, while springs and rivers do not increase. Instances are given which shew how vast are the underground stores of water within the region occupied by the rocks above named. A spring at Barrow-in-Furness yields from a depth of two hundred and fifty feet, thirteen thousand five hundred gallons of water daily. Nearly three million gallons a day are pumped from a single well at Liverpool. Three-fourths of the seven million five hundred thousand gallons supplied daily to Birmingham is got from wells in the 'New Red,' and the water is described as 'of a uniformly excellent quality,' and the Perry well as 'one of the best waters for dietetic and domestic purposes' ever inspected by the Rivers Pollution Commissioners. Kidderminster has deep wells, one of which gives one hundred thousand gallons a day, and yet 'the domestic supply is entirely derived from dangerously polluted shallow wells and streams.'

It is worth remark that the towns with a hard-water supply have a lower death-rate than towns where the water is soft. In manufacturing districts the atmosphere is dirty, 'full of products of respiration of animal life, animal and vegetable waste and decay, and fumes of manufacturing processes, which, carried by the winds, hang suspended until condensation of moisture takes place, and are entangled in the minute globules of water-forming clouds.'

'Half a pint of rain-water often condenses out of three thousand three hundred and seventy-three cubic feet of air—the quantity of air a man would breathe in eight days, so that in drinking that quantity he swallows an amount of impurity that would reach his lungs from the air in eight days only.'

The well-water at Burton-on-Trent contains sulphate of lime, and to this it is believed the pre-eminence of Burton beer is due. The water on its way to the wells dissolves large quantities of gypsum from the rocks through which it passes; and Mr Griess, F.R.S., a chemist at Burton, states, that assuming the annual brewing of beer in the town to be one million four hundred thousand barrels, the quantity of gypsum contained therein and swallowed in various parts of the world will be three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

At Oxford an artesian well 420 feet deep, bored in 1832, contains salines in abundance, 1277 grains per gallon, and in its 'large proportion of sulphates, most nearly resembles some of the German mineral waters, such as Friedrichshall and Rehms.' Compared with the Cheltenham water, it is nearly twice as rich in mineral constituents.

After a survey of the whole region, the reporter

says: 'From our traverse of the water-bearing strata of England, we arrive at the conclusion that several millions of our population live on areas capable of being supplied with immense stores of pure waters contained in the Permian and New Red Sandstones, the Lower and Great Oolites, the Greensand, and the Chalk, though this population is at present suffering all the ills resulting from a polluted water supply.' And that 'in the case of the Chalk in the valley of the Thames, great care should be exercised in extracting any large volume of water by means of deep wells from the underground springs, from the fact that these maintain the steady dry weather flow of the river, to which great damage might be done by any permanent lowering of the saturation line, like that which has taken place through excessive pumping in the metropolitan area.'

A correspondent furnishes the following testimony concerning the use of zinc in boilers:

'I had a piece of cast zinc weighing thirty-five and a half pounds suspended on an iron hook inside one of my boilers, a thirty horse-power. I have no hesitation in recording my conviction that the zinc has prevented the formation of new scale, and that it has tended to loosen the old scale.'

On the other hand, another correspondent informs us that zinc in contact with the metal of a boiler has an electro-chemical action, the result of which is that iron, being of the two metals the most affected by oxidation, finds itself perpetually attacked during the ebullition of the water. No shale or other foreign substance can, therefore, adhere to the boiler, which is thus kept clean. This cleanliness, however, our correspondent fears, may be at the expense of thinning or eating away the boiler-plates, a result of the electro-chemical action. He adds that the remedy is more disastrous than the evil; and that those who at first were enthusiastic supporters of zinc have now changed their views.

We take the earliest opportunity of laying this side of the question before our readers.

A TENDER MEMORY.

A LITTLE footstep pattering on the floor,
A golden head laid gently on my knee;
A shadow darkening all the earth and sky,
And life is sad and desolate to me.

Sweet lips half parted in a peaceful smile;
The light of God upon that baby brow;
A hush upon the tiny waken face—
Our darling's but a tender mem'ry now.

Our grief nigh spent, we try to calmly think,
To ask ourselves half sternly—Is it right
That we should mourn that to eternal rest
Her infant form was laid by us to-night?

In later years her footsteps might have turned
Aside from paths that point the heavenly gate;
Perchance she might have heard the awful words:
'You cannot enter now—too late—too late.'

And, now? Ah, yes! our darling calmly sleeps:
Earth holds for her nor hope, nor grief, nor loss:
Another life has gained the pardon won
With such deep pain upon the bitter cross.

C. R. CRESPI.

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STORY OF THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

A STRANGER with archaeological tastes on lately visiting Edinburgh asked a friend to point out to him the tomb of the Great Marquis of Montrose. The request was puzzling, for although it was known that the remains of Montrose had been buried in Edinburgh, people generally could tell nothing as to the situation of his tomb. The gentleman appealed to at length bethought himself from historical recollections that Montrose's tomb was somewhere in the church of St Giles, an old Gothic building that has undergone various vicissitudes. An eminent antiquary being consulted, the spot which had received the mangled remains of the Great Marquis was pointed out. It was a dark cavern, underneath the southern side of St Giles, reached by a flight of steps from the southern transept, and which cavern was occupied as a coal-cellar. On inspecting this dismal cavern, there was no vestige of tomb or any sepulchral ornament. The place was just a dirty, dingy coal-cellar, with a stove in one corner for sending warm air to the church above. We are not going to expatiate on so indecent a desecration; but will proceed to tell in a brief way the story of the distinguished man whose bones lie mouldering in that miserable coal-cellar.

The family of Graham, which attained to rank under the titular distinction of Montrose, is said to have settled in Scotland in the reign of David I., about the middle of the twelfth century. The principal line of the Grahams burst into distinction in the peerage in the reign of James I. of Scotland. Patrick Graham having been one of the hostages to the English for the ransom of James, returned home in 1432, and was soon after created a peer as Baron Graham. The grandson of this personage was created Earl of Montrose in 1504. Hence there was a succession of several earls, whom it is unnecessary to individualise, until we come to James, fifth Earl of Montrose, born in 1612, and who succeeded his father in 1626. Now comes the history of the notable man of the family.

While a youth, James Graham was sent to the University of St Andrews by his guardian and brother-in-law, Archibald, Lord Napier, son of the famous inventor of logarithms. He was an apt if not an ardent student, and during the two or three seasons of his attendance at college, acquired a respectable amount of classical knowledge, besides exhibiting a genuine predilection for literature, which the stormy character of his after-life never quite destroyed. He married while still a young man, and had two sons. Returning from foreign travel, the young Earl of Montrose arrived about the time when Charles I. began his fatal struggle with the English parliament, and when Scotland was in a state of religious perturbation. In all quarters, things were verging towards a civil war—on the one side royalists, on the other Puritans and Covenanters. It was a grave crisis, and a young man entering the world behaved seriously to consider to which party he would attach himself. Naturally, from family tradition and his own fervour of character, the Earl of Montrose would probably have declared himself for the royalists; but he took part with the majority of the nation, who, in the first place, honestly contending for civil and religious liberty, were not aware that in revolutionary progress there is usually a lower depth, in which anarchy ends in military despotism. It was distinctly so on the present occasion, and in not a very long time did Montrose see that he had been too precipitate in his choice of party. At first, he zealously took part in framing the famous National Covenant, 1638; and in the year following he made three military expeditions to overawe the royalists in Aberdeenshire.

For a time, national distractions were allayed by concessions made by Charles I., who, in a conciliatory spirit, invited the leading Covenanting nobles to meet him at Berwick. By attending this meeting, Montrose is alleged to have been henceforth more lukewarm in the cause he had espoused. Yet, in 1640, when a Scottish force crossed the Tweed under the command of Leslie, in order to join the troops of the Parliament at

York, Montrose was the first man who forded the river. Recalled to Scotland, he was accused of plotting against Argyll, who occupied a prominent place in the Scottish Estates, and was confined in Edinburgh Castle, where he remained till the beginning of 1642, when he was set at liberty. Whether from the indignity he felt at his treatment by Argyll on this occasion, or from a growing conviction that he had erred in attaching himself to the popular party, Montrose soon broke with the Covenanters, and privately ranged himself on the side of the king.

Set right, as he considered, in the line of duty at a tremendous national struggle, Montrose plunged with heroic energy into the cause of Charles I., which was already almost desperate. Erecting the royal standard at Dumfries, he was excommunicated by the Commission of the General Assembly, 1644, and obliged to retire into England. In the same year, in reward for his loyalty, the king raised him to the dignity of Marquis of Montrose. After the defeat of Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, he left his men with that general, and returned to Scotland in the hope of raising forces in the Highlands. Now may be said to begin his most brilliant military exploits. For a time he travelled in the disguise of a groom with only two attendants—a circumstance that Sir Walter Scott has made use of in his *Legend of Montrose*. There is hardly anything in British history more chivalrous than what ensued. In a marvellous manner gathering together troops, Montrose attacked an army of the Covenanters, consisting of upwards of six thousand foot and horse, at Tippermuir, 1st September 1644, totally routed them, and took their artillery and baggage, without losing a man. Perth immediately surrendered to Montrose, and he had some further successes; but threatened by a superior force under the Marquis of Argyll, he retreated northwards into Badenoch, and thence sweeping down into Argyllshire, he mercilessly ravaged the country of the Campbells. Exasperated with the devastation of his estates, Argyll marched against Montrose, who, not waiting to be attacked, surprised the army of the Covenanters at Inverlochy, 2d February 1645, and totally defeated them, with the loss of only four or five men.

Brilliant as were these victories, they had no abiding influence in quenching this terrible civil war. It was a game of winning and losing; and looking to the fact that the Scotch generally took the side of the Covenant, the struggle was almost hopeless. Still Montrose was undaunted. After the Inverlochy affair, he went southwards through Elgin and Banff into Aberdeenshire, carrying everything before him. There was now nothing to prevent his march south, and he set out with a force of from five thousand to six thousand men. Crossing the Forth at the fords of Frew, eight miles above Stirling, he drew his army through the hilly ground in the centre of Stirlingshire, apparently designing to attack Glasgow. But

before executing that purpose, he was overtaken by Baillie at Kilsyth, and obliged to come to an engagement.

Montrose was well posted among a cluster of cottages and gardens, and his men had little to apprehend in case of attack. They, however, felt discouraged on observing a horse regiment which took up its position opposite to them. When the royalists saw the breast-plates of these men glittering in the sun, they could not help expressing some reluctance to charge them, complaining that they had to fight men clothed in iron, on whose persons their swords could be of no avail. Montrose overheard the muttering which went on along the line; and he no sooner heard it, than his ready genius suggested an idea, by which he might not only obviate the evil effects which it was calculated to produce, but even turn to his own advantage the circumstance which occasioned it. 'Gentlemen,' he said to the cavalry around him, 'do you see these cowardly rascals whom you beat at Tippermuir and Auldearn? Their officers, I declare, have at last found it impossible to bring them again before you, without first securing them against your blows with coats of mail. To shew our contempt for them, we'll fight them, if you please, in our shirts.'

With this brilliant sally, Montrose threw off his own coat and waistcoat, buckled up the sleeves of his shirt, and drawing his sword with an air of peculiar resolution and ferocity, immediately stood before them a perfect living statue or model of all that can be conceived terrific in the appearance of a soldier. His cavalry, who heard his address, were the first to imitate his example; and from them the enthusiasm of the moment speedily spread to the remoter ranks of the Highlanders and Irish. The proposal being, indeed, recommended by the heat of the day, it was everywhere received with applause. The horsemen contented themselves with merely taking off their upper garments, and buckling up their shirt sleeves; but the foot stripped their whole persons, even to their feet, retaining only their shirts, the skirts of which they tied betwixt their legs, while they also bared their arms to the shoulder. The people of this district of Scotland still retain a terrible remembrance of Montrose's *shirted army*.

The battle soon commenced. Terrified beyond measure by the appearance of the naked and savage-looking royalists, certain regiments which Baillie had brought into the field, turned and dispersed themselves in every direction over the wide irregular country behind them. Montrose's men immediately gave chase. Those on horseback alone escaped. The Marquis of Argyll did not stop till he reached the little port of South Queensferry, upwards of twenty miles from the fatal field, where, taking boat, he got on board a vessel lying in the Firth of Forth, and so stood out to sea. The number of slain was upwards of six thousand, with very few killed on the side of the royalists.

The victory so effected, 15th August 1645, was the greatest Montrose ever gained. His triumph was complete, for the victory of Kilsyth put him in possession of the whole of Scotland. The government of the country was broken up; every organ of the recent administration, civil and ecclesiastical, at once vanished. The conqueror was hailed as 'the Great Marquis of Montrose.'

Glasgow yielded him tribute and homage; counties and burghs compounded for mercy. The city of Edinburgh humbly deprecated his vengeance, and implored his pardon and forgiveness. While encamped at Berwick, he received a commission from Charles I., constituting him Lieutenant-governor of Scotland, and general of all his Majesty's forces there. He was also honoured with a commission to proceed towards the border, and there fall upon the Scottish army in the north of England.

It was easy for the king in his great straits in England to invest him with supreme authority. Montrose had not the power to execute the orders imposed on him. His army melted away, for he had no means of securing adherence. Nominally at the head of power, he was in fact powerless. With all his masterly ability, he had been only a successful commander in a kind of guerrilla warfare—not the appointed and trusted generalissimo of a kingdom. It may be admitted that he had nominally restored the royal authority; and properly supported, all would have been right. As it was, his authority was but an empty pageant. Two months before the battle of Kilsyth, the royal forces in England were totally defeated at Naseby, and matters were tending towards the surrender of the king. The conquests of Montrose were, in fact, valueless. He had fought a great fight, and it was sad to think with how little avail. Perhaps he was not quite aware of the low pass which the king's affairs had reached in England; nor did he know that the members of the terrified Scotch Estates could at once bring across the border an overpowering squadron of those indomitable Ironsides which had laid the royal authority in the dust. Not without a degree of pity do we read what ensued.

As if nothing could interrupt him in his march to the southern border, Montrose set out with a considerably diminished army, consisting of no more than seven hundred foot and two hundred mounted gentlemen. When near the border, he learned that General Leslie had reached Berwick with a detachment to intercept him, whereupon he resolved to retreat to the Highlands, where he could manœuvre with some degree of advantage. Acting on this resolution, he arrived on the night of the 12th September at a plain called Philipphangh, near the town of Selkirk, and there his small army was encamped, while he took up his quarters in the town. The scouts whom he sent out in all directions brought no tidings of Leslie and his forces, although as a matter of fact they were quartered in the village of Melrose, only a few miles distant. Thick mists are said to have been the cause of this want of information, which, however, we must impute to negligence or treachery. At all events, Leslie with a body of four thousand horse marched along the bank of the Tweed from Melrose in the morning of the 13th, and presented themselves to the small and dismayed body of royalists at Philipphangh.

Montrose at the first note of alarm hurried on horseback from the town, and putting himself at the head of his small band of cavalry, met the huge force with a firmness perfectly admirable. He even managed with this little band to repulse and stagger the great squadrons which attacked them. Again they came up to the charge; and again they were driven back. The bravery dis-

played by these desperate few was all in vain. A detachment that Leslie had sent to make a circuit and fall on the rear of the royalists, at this moment came down with flashing sabres on Montrose's small band of heroes, and at once decided the fate of the day. Finding themselves in danger of being completely surrounded and cut off, the party which had been led by Montrose broke away, making off through such portions of the field as seemed clearest of the enemy, each providing as he best might for his own safety. For a short time Montrose continued to fight in a sort of despair, supported by thirty brave friends who stuck to him. At length, on being entreated to spare himself for the sake of the royal cause, he gave the word to retreat, and the mass of Leslie's army made no attempt to oppose him.

With a few trusty followers on horseback, Montrose passed over the wild hilly ground to Peebles. There he rested for a night with his followers, previous to making his retreat to the Highlands.

On the flight of Montrose from Philipphangh, his little army surrendered themselves prisoners. For safe custody, they were conducted to Newark Castle, an ancient mansion belonging to the Buccleuch family, at the opening to the vale of Yarrow. Confined to the courtyard of the castle, the prisoners expected that their lives would be spared. With no wish to commit an act unwarranted by the usages of war, Leslie was disposed to be merciful; but constrained by the solicitations or commands of his gloomy ecclesiastical associates, he caused the whole to be shot by his troops—a base act that remains a stain on his character. It was a horrid massacre. The spot where the poor wretches were buried in a field in the neighbourhood, is still called 'the Slain Men's Lee.'

The battle of Philipphangh, which lasted little more than half an hour, was fought on Saturday 13th September 1645. By the victory, all that had been effected by the battle of Kilsyth was undone. Montrose was a helpless wanderer. His attempts to raise a fresh insurrection in favour of the royal authority were abortive, and at length were put a stop to by the surrender of Charles I. to parliamentary commissioners, followed by the king's withdrawal of his commission. Till more auspicious times, Montrose went abroad. At Paris, he became acquainted with Cardinal de Retz; and that penetrating judge describes him in his *Memoirs* as one of those heroes, of whom there are no longer any specimens in the world, and who are only to be met with in Plutarch.

We now come to the last act in this melancholy drama. Hearing of the death of Charles I., Montrose offered his services to Charles II., who was residing as a refugee at the Hague, and by him was authorised to conduct a fresh expedition into Scotland. He entered on this enterprise with his usual spirit; landing at Orkney with some forces early in 1650. The campaign was of short duration. In passing through the county of Sutherland, his party were intercepted by General Strachan, and dispersed. Montrose wandered about for some time in the mountainous country, in which he was nearly starved for want of food. At length he was taken prisoner, and sent on to Edinburgh, at which he was aware an ignominious death awaited him.

On Saturday 18th May, the captured hero was brought into Edinburgh by the gateway at the foot of the Canongate. Here commenced the series of ignominious inflictions, which had been decreed by the committee of the Scotch Estates. He was in the first place commanded by the hangman to uncover himself in obedience to the terms of his sentence. On his refusing or hesitating to do so, the hangman rudely snatched off his hat, and took it away from him. He was then placed in a cart, which had been constructed on purpose for his transportation through the city, and which was peculiarly calculated to exhibit his person to the crowd. Bound in a tall chair, he was carted to the Tolbooth, with every circumstance of disgrace. In going up the Canongate, the procession passed in front of Moray House, on the stone balcony of which stood the Marquis of Argyll and his family, to see the show.

On the Monday following this degrading exhibition, Montrose was brought by summons before parliament. Before this tribunal he delivered a pathetic and manly appeal, vindicating his actions; and in particular shewing that he had changed his original principles only on discovering that certain leaders of the Covenanting party designed to take the life of the king and to subvert the monarchy, which in point of fact had been done. His address, of course, made no impression on his hearers. He was sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, and dismembered next day at three o'clock. He heard his doom with dauntless fortitude. In the ensuing night he reduced his last sentiment to verse, and subscribed it on the window of his cell. The lines were afterwards found to run as follows:

'Let them bestow on every airt a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air;
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms
are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.'

Any account of the execution of Montrose must necessarily be passed over. It is sufficient to say that dressed ceremoniously as if for a festive occasion, he submitted with dignity to his fate. After life was extinct, his body was dismembered on the scaffold; his head stuck on a pike at the west end of the prison or Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and other parts of his person placed over the gateways of different towns; while the trunk was buried underneath the gallows, on the Borough-muir. Thus perished the Great Marquis of Montrose, May 21, 1650. At the time, the body which held rule in Scotland doubtless felt justified in what they did; but, as everybody is aware, they were destined to undergo a speedy and fearful awakening. In less than six months afterwards, September 3, Oliver Cromwell defeated the Scotch under Leslie at Dunbar; following on which, a year later, was the defeat at Worcester, whereupon all that the Covenanting party had been contending for was ruthlessly stamped out.

So matters remained until 1660, when monarchy was restored in the person of Charles II. A revulsion of feeling now ensued regarding Montrose. His scattered remains were collected and deposited in the Abbey Church of Holyrood,

where they remained till 14th May 1661, when the body was, with the greatest solemnity and magnificence, carried to the church of St Giles, and interred in the vault underneath the Montrose aisle—a vault which has been tastelessly suffered to degenerate into the coal-cellar already alluded to. It is to be hoped that something will be done to restore the aisle and the vault in a manner befitting the memory of the Great Marquis.

Little can be said of Montrose's family. Of his two sons, the elder pre-deceased him; and he was succeeded by his other son, James, as second Marquis, to whom the title was restored. There was hence a regular succession till the present day. James, the fourth Marquis, who took an active part in promoting the Union, was advanced to the dignity of Duke of Montrose, 1707. The present peer succeeded as fifth Duke, 1874.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLV.—MRS DIVER'S REMINISCENCES.

ARRIVING in front of the *Dolphin*, which still designated itself as 'hotel and posting-house,' and of which in old times the most lucrative part of the business had probably been that which was mixed up with bright-coloured jackets and mahogany topped boots, Lord Harrogate hesitated. He did not quite like, accompanied by a policeman in plain clothes, to ring the bell, and ask for information concerning the events of almost twenty years before. Nevertheless he rang the bell. 'I wish,' he said, 'to see the landlord or the landlady.'

'Mrs Diver, sir, is it?' demanded the goggled waiter, neat enough as to his black raiment, clean enough as to his napkin and cravat, who answered the summons, but a Milesian confessed, whose Irishisms were a source of grief to his good mistress. Such as he was, Tim—he heroically repudiated the English diminutive of his Christian name, and stuck to the monosyllable by which he had been called in County Carlow—was the head-waiter of the *Dolphin*. A first-rate town-made waiter was too costly an article for that reduced establishment. Mrs Diver, worthy soul, would as soon have harboured a Chinese as a German. Were not both foreigners alike? So she chose an Irishman, and drilled him as best she might. Mrs Diver herself, when the visitors had been inducted into her particular parlour, was seen to be precisely that typical landlady of which it is a pity that the British Museum should not secure a stuffed specimen before it becomes extinct. Fat, fair, and comely she had been, no doubt, at the date concerning which she had to be questioned; and now she was as a photograph of her former buxom self, a little less fat, a trifle less firm of substance, with cheeks slightly thinner, and the marks that Time's rude finger had traced around her eyes a little deeper than had then been the case.

A good manager, a pattern landlady according to her code of manners, with a fine memory for the names of the young ladies and the ages of the young gentlemen belonging to the county families whose patronage was her pride, had Mrs Diver ever been. Her kind thoughtful face must have

been amongst the pleasantest of the early recollections of many a youngster doomed to serve, and possibly to die, in the heavy heat and amid the parching dust-storms of India. Her bills were not too long. The old *Dolphin* had never been a dear hotel; but Mrs Diver must have made money, for she weathered the bad times that followed her halcyon period of prosperity, and kept the ancient sign of the ancient house still aloft.

Mrs Diver was more flustered than she cared to own, when once she had been given to understand the rank and condition of the two 'gentlemen from London' who desired a few minutes' conversation with her. With squires and their squires, with bishops and their ladies, archdeacons and their wives, and baronets and their dames, her way of life had made her tolerably familiar. But she had only twice spoken with a lord, and with a detective—never. And of the two strangers, although she revered the lord, she dreaded the detective the most, crediting the inspector with a more than human insight into those cupboards in which we all keep, under lock and key, the proverbial skeleton.

'You see, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, with a little cough—the cough deprecatory—'there have been so many children brought here—more especially years ago, when, I don't mind saying in confidence, business was brisker, very much brisker than I find it now.'

In uttering this sentence she glanced twice at the policeman; first, as though he might possibly have catalogued all the children who had ever occupied a dimity curtained cot at the *Dolphin*, and secondly, as if his professional vision could pierce the marbled binding of her ledger, and gauge her gains and losses with the precision of an accountant engaged to 'wind up' the affairs of the family hotel.

'My question,' said Lord Harrogate, 'referred to a particular year [mentioning the date], and to a child's having been brought here under circumstances somewhat unusual.'

'Which, from information I have received,' hinted Inspector Drew, 'I believe to have been the case.'

'A little boy, or a little girl?' asked Mrs Diver, knitting her brows, as visibly ransacking the storehouse of her memory.

'A little girl certainly,' returned Lord Harrogate.

'Ah, my lord, there it is!' was Mrs Diver's provoking response; 'because, if it had been a boy, there was one brought here that very year, I think—but it's in black and white in my books—all alone, with three foreign servants, two of them heathens from India, and the third a Frenchman, who similarly wore gold rings, only his were in his ears, and theirs in their noses—Master John Budgown—papa supposed to be a Nabob enormously rich—sent here for the sea-bathing, and having water on the brain, and a head as big as four, died, poor lad, at the *Dolphin*, No. 23—which was much regretted.'

'Your memory, I find, Mrs Diver, is an excellent one,' said Lord Harrogate. 'Can you not tax it still further, and remember another child—a girl this time, who was your guest in that same year, somewhat oddly?'

The landlady shook her head. 'Nothing odd,' she said demurely, 'comes here, preferring other

establishments where the ways may be better suited to taste. Though, in my father's time—for we have kept this house, my lord, for three generations—I can just remember Mr Romeo Coates, though I believe such was not his Christian name, with the gold cocks on the blinkers of his horses, and the splash-board, and the hammer-cloth, quite a sight to see—eccentric, they said, but a capital customer. No; I recollect no other child in particular that year except Miss Ada, Sir Thomas Claypole's youngest daughter, that came to Sandston with her parents after the measles; and—let me see, yes, Miss Gray—Ruth, as they called her then—Ethel, as we called her afterwards. She came to Sandston that year.'

'Who called her Ruth?' exclaimed Lord Harrogate, forgetting his diplomacy in his astonishment, while the inspector screwed up his mouth as though whistling silently. Mrs Diver elevated her broad eyebrows a very little.

'Dear me,' she said, with a quick glance at her visitors, 'I hope nothing is intended as to the dear young lady that she might not like?'

'Nothing, nothing; I assure you of that, Mrs Diver,' said Lord Harrogate; and Mrs Diver took another look at the handsome eager face of the young man, and gave full credence to what he said. Her womanly interest in matches actual or problematic made her sharp-sighted in such a case, and enabled her to conjecture with tolerable accuracy how matters stood.

'It's a wonderful chance for her, without a penny to her fortune, and husbands growing scarcer, they say, every day. A lord! But if he were a prince, and could make her a queen one day, he'd not be a bit too good for her,' thought Mrs Diver, as she went on slowly and smilingly: 'They called her Ruth at first; so no doubt 'tis her own old name, though she has very likely forgotten it; and I for one was careful never to call her anything but Miss Ethel, to please Mrs Keating, our vicar's wife, who adopted her, that is, after Mrs Linklater, good soul, was taken from us.'

The inspector's note-book was out by this time and up his sleeve, in which awkward position its owner occupied himself in stealthily taking notes.

'Of Mrs Keating, the wife of your clergyman here, and a college friend of my father's, I have heard before,' said Lord Harrogate. 'I think, but am not sure, that I have also heard of Mrs Linklater—as a mere name, however, which conveys no very distinct ideas.'

'Mrs Linklater, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, smoothing out with her fat fore-finger a crease in her well-worn gown of black silk, 'was the landlady of a lodging-house here in Sandston, No. 9 Bouvenie Villas, as respectable a church-going charitable woman as ever I knew, and the widow of a customs-officer, who missed his footing on the cliff-path one moonless night. And when this Mr Gray—from Australia, so I understood, and early left a widower—with this one little child to care for, came and stopped at the *Dolphin*, and then inquired for good lodgings, kept by careful people, with whom he could leave his little daughter during an occasional absence which business would render necessary, what could I do better than to recommend Mrs Linklater's apartments?'

The substance of what Mrs Diver had to tell was briefly this. At the precise period concerning which information was desired, there had arrived in Sandston a gentleman named Gray, a widower, with one child under his care, and who, by his own account, had newly returned from Australia. A handsome, somewhat melancholy gentleman, and apparently well to do in the world, was this Mr Gray. He attracted much notice, and a good deal of sympathy, during his short stay at the quiet East Anglian bathing-place. He still wore mourning, as deep as the new black frock and black ribbons of the tiny baby-girl whose waxen fingers rested passively in the strong hand that supported her weak steps.

'The little thing'—such was the remark of a critical old maid—'does not seem to take very much to her papa.'

And such was certainly the case. The orphaned child did not cling to her father's caressing hand, meet his kind glance, or nestle beside him, as other bereaved little ones so often learn to do. No man can ever be to a child what a mother is; but children are usually wondrous quick to find out those who love them. As it was, small Ruth Gray had a strange, scared look, would glance around her as if in piteous search for some lost object, and would then fall to weeping, and need kisses and soothing words—seldom lacking, so naturally did her motherless state knock at the door of all women's hearts—to lull her grief to sleep.

Meanwhile, nothing could be more satisfactory than the conduct of Mr Gray. He did not indeed hire, as a wealthier man would have done, a trained nurse for the child. But he engaged Mrs Linklater's somewhat expensive apartments for two months certain, and assisted to that excellent lady's suggestion as to enlisting what she called 'a cheap girl' as Ruth's attendant.

'I'll be head-nurse, I'm sure sir, most willing,' said soft-hearted Mrs Linklater, who idolised children, and who had none of her own left since the sad day on which her one bold, fair-haired boy was drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-yawl.

The gossips of Sandston did not see very much, after all, of the disconsolate widower from Australia. On the sixth day, whether by letter or by telegram, Mr Gray was summoned away in hot haste. Purse in hand, he announced his intended absence for ten days. Ruth must, of course, be left under Mrs Linklater's wing. Mr Gray paid for everything in advance, and with a liberality which the landlady's intimate friends, assembled round the social teapots in the back-parlour, declared to be that of a true gentleman.

It was often remembered in after-years, that parting of the widower from his little daughter, and how he had stooped to pat the soft cheek of the large-eyed child, who had shrunk, palpably shrunk, away from him, holding tight to the skirts of honest Mrs Linklater. The landlady had felt compelled to apologise for the unkind coldness of her orphaned charge. 'Poor darlings, they're often so,' she had said. And then grave Mr Gray had smiled a little oddly, and had said a word or two of leave-taking, and left the house.

Mr Gray's absence lasted more than ten days. It lasted more than ten weeks, ten months, ten years. Sandston saw the Australian widower no more. A London solicitor wrote formally and

frigidly to say that he was commissioned by his client, Mr Gray, unavoidably recalled to the antipodes, to make certain half-yearly payments for the maintenance and education of little Miss Gray. Many an honest woman in Mrs Linklater's position would have resented the stratagem, only too palpable, by which she had been tricked into taking the charge of a stranger's child. But Mrs Linklater was not hard-natured, and to have been angry with Mr Gray's innocent little girl because of Mr Gray's duplicity was an altitude of austere virtue beyond her reach.

How the deserted child grew up beautiful, lovable, and loved by such few friends as sympathy for her desolate estate, and none the less for her winning ways, procured her—how the lawyer ceased to remit money, and Mr Gray kept a silence never to be broken—how Mrs Linklater died, and Mrs Keating took home the child to the parsonage, calling her Ruth no longer, but Ethel, in memory of a little daughter of her own, loved and lost—and how, finally, when Mrs Keating was ordered to the south of France by her physician, Miss Gray had sought and obtained the situation of a village schoolmistress—these things did Mrs Diver copiously narrate.

Then Lord Harrogate tried the effect of a few questions, the inspector sitting silent and watchful, with much the same expression on his face which we may notice on that of an intelligent collie-dog while his master is bargaining in fair or market concerning the fleeces or the mutton of those sheep that weigh so heavily, as regards their safe keeping, on the dog's sensitive conscience.

Was Mr Gray alone when he first appeared in Sandston? Yes; to the best of Mrs Diver's knowledge, quite alone. He brought no servant with him, and was quite unaccompanied, save by the child. Could Mrs Diver remember to have noticed at that time any rough suspicious-looking stranger hanging about the place? Or to have heard that Mr Gray had been seen conferring with such a person during his short stay? Again the reply was in the negative.

'Bad people as well as good people,' said the landlady of the *Dolphin*, 'come to Sandston, as to other places, and we have incurred loss at the hotel, as often occurs in our line, in consequence of such. There was a seafaring fellow prying about this very year in our yard and tap-room and where not, who meant no good, unless his looks belied him; and very careful I bade the barmaid and waiter be with the spoons, until he took his ugly face away with him.' But Mr Gray was too much the gentleman to consort with such.

At mention of a seafaring man of sinister mien who had been lurking about the *Dolphin* that very year, the inspector had pricked up his ears with canine sharpness, while Lord Harrogate inquired whether Mrs Diver had ever before seen the person of whom she spoke, and whether she had heard his name.

'Well, no, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, after a moment's consideration; 'I can't call to mind that I did. And as for his name, why, I had the curiosity, for a wonder, to ask it of Will Ostler, that acknowledged having been treated by him to beer and likewise spirits, for he was always talking with such of our servants as would listen to him. But nobody knew his name; and if

asked about it, he used to answer with a laugh that it was "Hans in Kelder," and that he had been long enough among the Dutchmen to have learned that "Hans in Kelder" was a good name to sail under in strange latitudes.

'It's a common answer among foreign seamen down by the Docks, who don't choose to give their real names,' remarked the detective, in explanation. "Jack in the Cellar" would be the plain English of it.'

Dr and Mrs Keating, it appeared, were still on the continent; nor did it seem likely that their presence in Sandston would have added anything material to the stock of facts already gleaned. Opinions, in the place, had been divided with regard to Mr Gray, one set of gossips holding him to have been a heartless and unprincipled man; while another more charitably inclined to the belief that he had died in the course of his wanderings, and that his non-return from the antipodes was due to the fact that he no longer lived to revisit his native country and claim his daughter.

'I recollect, as if it were yesterday,' said the landlady, who was pleased to have a sympathetic listener, and flattered that the listener should be of patrician rank, 'when first I set eyes on Mr Gray, and the little angel, with her lovely little face all scared and wonder-stricken, as one may say. She took to me pretty soon, the darling—children mostly do, I'm glad to say; but she seemed as though her natural playfulness was frightened away, perhaps by the journey and the strange places, and I could not get her to smile. The first things that seemed to interest her were some great shells that a brother of mine had brought me back from the South Seas, and that were then on the chimney-piece in No. 36—that was the number of the sitting-room.'

Lord Harrogate remembered what Ethel had said as to the shells that were among her own earliest memories; and his heart beat the quicker as Mrs Diver added, smiling: 'Those, my lord, are the very shells, brought down two months ago, to my parlour here, when we refurnished 36—those big pink ones with the long spikes, and most of the furniture you see was in No. 36 in the year your lordship mentioned. This, for instance;' and as Mrs Diver spoke, she rose to call attention to a handsome lacquer-work cabinet, the work of some cunning artisan, Japanese or Chinese, in the Far East. 'A present too, from my brother Joe, and which old General Tiffin—afterwards Sir Samuel Tiffin—greatly admired when he stayed here. I remember shewing the dear child—meaning Miss Gray—the drawers, to amuse her, and how they jumped open when these little ivory knobs were touched.'

And Mrs Diver, suiting the action to the word, pressed her finger on two or three of the knobs successively, when lo! open flew shallow drawers of varying width, giving out a faint scent of sandalwood, and disclosing scraps of lacework, beads, skeins of Berlin-wool and coloured silk, and other useless relics of the past. Amidst these there appeared an object on which the inspector, mute and vigilant till then, pounced with the swoop of an osprey, and catching it up between his finger and thumb, exclaimed: 'By your leave! You'll bear me out, my lord, and this good lady too, how this turned up! It was a losing hand,

to my mind, when we began to play; but now the game's our own, or I am not Inspector Drew of the detectives. A clear case, to my mind, for any jury.'

THE CLOCK AND BELL OF WESTMINSTER.

THE mechanical and financial difficulties which chequered the early history of the mighty clock and bell of Westminster were pretty well known to the readers of *Chambers's Journal* some years ago. But there are reasons why a rapid glance at recent proceedings would be acceptable. The great clock has had ample opportunity of proving its truly wonderful excellences; Big Ben the bell too has told his story well; and experts have within the last few years been ascertaining in what way both have been doing their work, and how proudly they deserve their reputation.

The opportunity has arisen in the following way. There is in London a Society called the *Horological Institute*, the members of which are mostly clock and watch makers of the busy Clerkenwell district. On three or four occasions these members have been invited to visit the clock-room at the Westminster Palace, there to see what is to be seen, and to hear explanations either from the maker or the designer. The latter (in past years known as Mr E. Beckett Denison, now as Sir Edmund Beckett) is one of the most skillful amateur mechanicians in England; and he it is whose plans have been virtually carried out in the construction of the great clock. The second visit of the Institute, in 1872, was to celebrate the 'coming of age' of the clock twenty-one years after the agreement for its manufacture had been signed. On the third visit, in 1875, the members in their examination of the clock were attended by Sir Edmund Beckett himself. A fourth visit was paid in 1877. Every visit is a 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties'; for an ascent has to be made up three or four hundred steps, and then the room is far too small to admit all who have been invited. The clock when finished had to wait some years for the finishing of the tower; and then the tower was found too small for Big Ben to be hauled up within it, except by placing the poor fellow temporarily on his side.

The clock is indeed a grand work. The four dials, facing the four points of the compass, are each so large that (in Sir Edmund's words) 'there are but few rooms in London that would contain one of them on the floor.' They are more than twenty-two feet in diameter; the framework, figures, and divisions are of iron, and the spaces filled in with opalescent glass. The figures are two feet high; and the minute-marks nearly twelve inches apart—little as we may think it when looking up at the clock from Palace Yard. The minute-hand, with its counterweight and central boss, is about two hundredweight. This, however, is little more than one-third as much as the

original hand designed by Sir Charles Barry, which was so elaborate and intricate, so full of angles and quirks, that they interfered with the going of the clock. The present minute-hand is for the most part a flattened copper tube, and is eleven feet long without the counterweight. During a heavy snow-storm, a few winters ago, the mixture of snow and rain that fell on it pressed so heavily on it as to stop the going. The hands of the four dials are it is said the largest in the world, except those of the Mechin Clock—which are, however, only hour-hands, not comprising those which mark the minutes.

Large clock-hands of course require the descent of heavy weights to set them going. Those at Westminster are indeed heavy. No less a depth than a hundred and seventy feet in the clock-tower is allotted for the descent of the weight. Going-weights and striking-weights together, they require four thousand turns of a doubly-manned winch-handle to wind up. Sir Edmund said to the Horologists: 'Various suggestions were made by ingenious people for dispensing with manual labour for winding; steam, water, the rise of the tide, and other things even more unlikely were recommended. My answer was that the winding and care of the clock would cost perhaps less than the interest on the automatic machinery or steam-engine; that any such machinery would be liable to get out of order, and would of course require a man to attend to it however automatic it might profess to be. Therefore, as I always prefer simple to complicated things, I prefer to have the winding done in the old-fashioned way, running no risk of failure. I got over the difficulty of the maintaining-power by directing the man to stop winding about a minute before each hour and quarter.'

As there are weights to set the noble clock going, so must there be a pendulum to regulate the motion when once produced; and it is a pendulum, in good sooth. It weighs nearly seven hundred pounds, is about thirteen feet long to the centre of oscillation, and fifteen feet total length. The rod which holds it consists of a perforated iron tube inside one of zinc. Every beat of the pendulum has to regulate the motion of something like a ton and a half of metal, in the forms of hands, counterweights, and clock-machinery; and yet so delicately is it suspended by a slip of spring steel that one single ounce placed upon it at a particular spot would affect the rate of regulation!

Wheels, weights, hands, pendulums—all have been so carefully planned and constructed, that the accuracy of the clock is something marvellous. The Astronomer-royal, Sir George Biddell Airy, gives it a very high character. We are told that the clock is *less than one second* wrong on two hundred days in the year; that the average for the whole year barely exceeds a second and a half; that it compares well, not only with any church clock, but bravely with the fine astronomical clock at Greenwich Observatory; and that the Royal Exchange clock, which had been regarded as the most accurate ever constructed, is now excelled by the clock at Westminster. 'In November 1876,' it is stated, 'the nights were so dark and murky, that for ten days none of the clock-stars' [a name given to the stars which measure or determine the true time by their position above the horizon]

'were visible; when they reappeared, it was found that the Observatory clock had gone a second and a half wrong through want of correction.' Big Ben's Companion had not erred so much in the interval, which speaks well for the excellence of all the working parts of a clock that has only been stopped five times in fourteen years. One of these occasions was when a fire in the tower had smoked the going and striking trains; another was by the snow-accumulation stopping the hands; the latest was in the autumn of last year, when the clock was purposely stopped during the painting and gilding of the upper part of the tower.

And now for the *Bells*, which audibly tell the world how time ceaselessly flies, or is moving on. The chimes, the four bells which denote the quarters, are pleasing in their harmony and well attuned; and those Londoners who have a familiarity with them may be interested in knowing the notes of the gamut which are given forth. The highest of the four is G[♯], the next F[♯], the third E, and the fourth or lowest B, the whole being attuned to the key of E natural or four sharps. Small as the bells are compared with Ben their giant companion, they are anything but small when compared with the chimes of other great clocks; their weights being greater than those of most hour-bells. Bells that range from four to six feet diameter at the mouth are anything but 'little.'

But Big Ben is the mighty chief. His tone is just an octave lower than that of the lowest chime-bell. Authorities, it must be admitted, differ somewhat concerning his exact dimensions; but we shall not be far wrong in saying that he weighs about fourteen tons (more than thirty thousand pounds), that he is nine feet in diameter at the mouth, nearly nine inches thick at the sound-bow, and that he requires a hammer of four hundredweight to strike him. Few people are aware that Ben is really cracked. The hammer first used, much too heavy for the purpose, wrought the mischief. It was then found, on examination of the inner and outer surfaces, and on analysis of the metal, that through defective casting the outside was harder and more brittle than the inside; the bell-metal had not been well mixed, the outside of the bell containing more tin and less copper than its due proportion. Nevertheless, as the tone is not found to be perceptibly injured, Ben is still able to ring out his magnificent bass voice. Whether the experts have any misgivings for the future, we know not.

As the five bells (the four chime-bells and Ben) take a long while to strike the hour, it has not unreasonably been asked which of the sounds denotes the actual time, the hour within a second or so of absolute accuracy? The arrangement, it appears, stands thus. The first stroke of quarter-past and half-past may be a few seconds wrong; the first stroke of the three-quarter chime is more nearly correct; the first of the hour-chime more correct still; but the first stroke of Ben himself denotes the true hour, the real 'What's o'clock?' As sound is not instantaneously conveyed to a distance, it follows that Ben is a little late when heard at distant spots. From a calculation which has been made, it appears that the sound takes ten seconds to travel to Euston and St Pancras Stations, Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Stations,

the Tower, Camberwell, Battersea Park, South Kensington Museum, and the bridge over the Serpentine; while the retardation amounts to twenty seconds at Kensal Green, Hampstead, Upper Holloway, Hackney, Victoria Park, Limehouse, Deptford, Dulwich, Tooting, Wandsworth, Fulham, and Hammersmith. In whatever part of the metropolis we may be, therefore, we can still set our watches accurately by Big Ben, by making these small allowances. An ingenious map has been published by the Horological Institute, setting forth these travel-distances of the sound of the mighty bell.

Situated in the immediate vicinity of the Houses of Parliament, the clock-tower, we may not unflatteringly remark, tells the world in a very ingenious way whether Mr Speaker is 'sitting,' or whether the House has risen and the members gone their several ways. Experiments on many kinds of powerful artificial light have been made, to determine which is best suited to throw a brilliant beam visible from a distance. The rays are directed mostly to the north and the west, the region of the fashionable and parliamentary world; they begin to shine at dusk, when the House is sitting, and are extinguished when the sitting closes; at most of the club-houses a porter can ascertain by walking a few yards whether the light is in or not. The rays can be seen on a clear night from Primrose Hill.

A prodigious amount of public money has been spent upon these famous products of human skill, these admirable time-tellers. The official accounts narrate that the clock itself cost four thousand pounds; but that the suggestions, oppositions, doubts, difficulties, experiments, failures, &c., increased this sum enormously as the work went on. Sir Charles Barry's original dials and hands, and the alterations subsequently made, ran away with more than five thousand pounds, Big Ben and his four companions six thousand; while the extensive and massive framework, and the various arrangements for adjusting the whole at the top of a lofty tower, have augmented the outlay to a sum exceeding twenty-two thousand pounds sterling.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

ONE of the jolliest fellows on the tolerably long list of my acquaintance is Charles Filby; and though the wrong side of sixty as to age, he yet is as genial and as lively as many young men. I wot of—livelier, in point of fact. I was seated with him after dinner, a few evenings since, enjoying the fragrant weed in perhaps as lovely a little retreat as the eye could possibly wish to behold—namely a Devonshire garden; and noting my friend's brows, during a lull in our pleasant chat, become suddenly clouded, I offered him the meagre sum of a penny for his thoughts.

'You shall have them free, gratis, for nothing, my boy,' was the rejoinder. 'Well, then, I was thinking of my lost diamonds, and moreover what a capital present the like would make for your "Darling Flossy" on her wedding morn. Wouldn't her bright eyes sparkle, eh? . . . Between you and me, Percy (and this is in strict confidence), she may—I say she *may* have such a present, in spite of my long-ago misfortune. I think the thing

by no means impossible. But I won't say who the donor will be. O dear, no! Not by any means!'

'You're a good fellow, Filby. Age hasn't robbed you of warmth of heart and generous feelings. But what about these lost diamonds you were thinking of? I'm all impatience to learn the details, especially as seeing our acquaintance has been of long standing, and this is the first time I've heard you even mention the matter.'

'For the best of all reasons, Percy—a man doesn't care to be laughed at for a greenhorn. The fact is no Englishman likes to be done; and when he *does* prefers keeping his grievance to himself, rather than be laughed at for a "flat," or get that kind of milk-and-water sympathy which is as disgusting as it is insincere. However, I'll unbosom myself for once; and if you *do* elect to call me blockhead, I can't help it.

'You remember the time of the Crimea war? Of course you do though. Well, at that time I held a tolerably long lease of my old shop in Barbican. And Barbican as you know, used to be, whatever it is now, not the least important street in London town. Ah, the gold and silver refining trade *then* was in the zenith of its prosperity; at that time you could buy cheap and sell dear; besides, the profit accruing from ready-made jewellery and precious stones was not by any means meagre. I did not, it is true, keep much of a show in the window; but my customers knew that I had a rare and valuable stock in drawers inside, and that was enough alike for me and them.

'Well, my lad, as I have before said, it was the time of the Crimea war. It was about as near as I can remember eleven o'clock in the morning of a bitterly cold day in December—a Tuesday—when either the slush or the piercing biting cold, or the leaden ominous sky that loomed overhead and threatened a snowstorm, kept people who had money, by their fireside or in bed: indeed few people of any kind were abroad, and all things outside were as gruesome and dispiriting as they well could be. I had drawn near my counting-house fire, and was looking into the glowing coals, my thoughts very far away from Barbican, E. C. My imagination wandered to the seat of war, where such terrible privation and blood-freezing cold and acute suffering—rendered all the more so by shocking mismanagement—encompassed our poor brave fellows round about; and just as a deep sigh came from my lips, my shop-door opened and there entered a fine, tall, handsome-looking gentleman, who, by his dress and bearing, was evidently a clergyman. At least I thought so at the time, as would anybody else, for that matter. His attire was of the best material and make, and scrupulously neat; and his neck-band was as white as driven snow. Moreover, gold-rimmed spectacles and heavy seals depending from his watch-fob, gave him not only a highly respectable appearance but stamped him as wealthy withal. That's to say, I thought so. Well, up he marched to my counter with tolerably

long strides, removed his hat (of the first quality), and placed it upon my counter (his well arranged silver hair became him immensely), and gave me a "good-morning" and a smile which was incalculably pleasing and good to see. This man is a Christian: goodness and gentleness beam on every feature, I mentally told myself. I put on my very best manner and politely asked him his pleasure.

"I have been recommended to you, sir" (he mentioned a firm with which I dealt largely in the way of bar-silver). "I am given to understand," he continued, "that you have a varied and very valuable selection of ladies' diamond ornaments."

"I signified that such was really the case.

"Well," he proceeded, "I am somewhat anxious, sir, to see and examine some of your possessions. The fact is, my daughter—my only daughter, sir, a pure, sweet-tempered child—is on the eve of marriage, and I (naturally, you will say) am desirous of giving her a substantial wedding-present. Very good. Mind! I want nothing gaudy; nor—pardon me, Mr Filby—nor do I desire any artificially contrived specimen of the jeweller's art of deception. I want something solid and substantial—articles that *look* what they literally are—and I do not mind how high I go as to price."

"All this was fair and square and above-board. Undoubtedly my prospective customer, though a clergyman, was moreover an excellent man of business, and one that wouldn't brook trifling. I made up my mind to acquiesce to his every wish—and charge him as long a price as I reasonably could.

"I placed before him several trays of gems of exquisite workmanship, upon which I looked with pride. I expected, I must own, that my customer would appear surprised, to say the least, at the dazzling array. Not so, however. And that's to put it mildly; for when I uncovered my goods and looked up at him with a self-satisfied look on my face, there was a look on his which bore a semblance of indifference, not to say disdain. This nettled me somewhat; but on second thoughts I told myself that it was possible he, personally, did not care for the pomps and vanities of this world; though anxious to procure such commodities for his daughter.

"After careful examination, he selected a pair of diamond earrings (eighty pounds); a diamond bracelet (two hundred pounds); a butterfly brooch—one mass of glitter and dazzle—and a half-hoop diamond ring (the two, one hundred and fifty-two pounds ten shillings). A tolerably good-morning's work, you will say. We shall see.

"Well! after I had fitted the trinkets to superior cases, and when I had packed them in as small a compass as I well could, the reverend gentleman felt in his pockets for the money wherewith to pay me. He drew forth from his breast-pocket a goodly-sized Russia-leather case, and tenderly singling out some bank-notes and a cheque, proceeded to settle for his purchase.

"The cheque is good; you will perceive"—he began.

"My dear sir," I interrupted (the cheque was perfectly genuine, I was convinced, seeing that it bore the signature of the firm that had mentioned my name).

"I know what you would say, sir," he said,

holding up his hand, while a look of extreme shrewdness covered his face; "you would say that you have implicit faith in me. That is wrong—utterly wrong! As a business man, you should be ever careful. It behoves us all to be so at times. Clearly, you know me not; and deception abounds. For instance, I may not be a clergyman at all. I may, in fine, be none other than a knave—a wolf in sheep's clothing." Saying which, he laughed a laugh, which somehow or other seemed to grate upon my ear.

"However, he proceeded to pay me the amount due, as I have said.

"Let me see," he continued musingly; "it will be in all, four—three—two—ten. Good! If you will kindly look over these, Mr Filby, you will find there is threepence short of the required sum, which I will pay you in copper coin immediately." He removed his spectacles, and pushed over to me three one hundred pound Bank of England notes, ten five-pound notes, and the cheque spoken of, which was for eighty-three pounds nine and ninepence. Satisfied that the notes were genuine, I looked up at my wealthy customer and found him fumbling in pocket after pocket for the copper money.

"My dear sir!" I exclaimed, "pray don't bother about the trifling pence. If you are satisfied, I am thoroughly so."

"Nay," he rejoined; "that will not do. Business is business. You are entitled to your demand—ay, and to the uttermost farthing. I buy goods of you for a certain amount; I therefore must pay you every iota of that certain amount, or I shall not be easy in my mind."

"A really upright man this; lucky the congregation that had so just and evenly balanced a man for their pastor. So ran my thoughts as he counted out the remaining threepence and placed them in my hand with a kind of dig, as though he were glad to get rid of them, and set his mind at ease.

"Then there ensued an awkward pause, awkward because, for the life of me, I could not think of anything to say; and as for my reverend customer, he seemed in an all but brown-study. At any rate he seemed by no means in a hurry to take his purchase and be gone—appeared indeed to wish to linger awhile, seemingly for no earthly purpose, seeing that our transaction was at an end, and that he seemed not to care to talk. Presently he again took out his pocket-book, counted over six or seven five-pound notes, and became absorbed in casting up some figures: that done, he began fiddling with some leaves, turning them over and over and then back again.

"By way of turning my attention to other matters, I took up the *Times*; but before scanning its pages I chanced to look towards my shop-door, and saw a tall heavily built man peering through the glass. He was somewhat curious to look upon, I must confess; for the snow that had been threatening, was fiercely and rapidly descending outside, and this man was covered with the white feathery flakes from head to foot. On seeing my gaze steadily fixed at him, he pushed open the door and entered with a firm tread. He had a kind of eagle eye, this man—eager, sidelong, piercing; thoughtful brows too; and there was huge determination about the lower part of his face. Shaking the snow from off his coat, stamping his feet

upon my shop carpet (which I thought a rather cool proceeding), and unfastening the lappets of his sealskin travelling-cap, he gave a deep-drawn grunt of relief, and exclaimed in a bluff boisterous manner: "In time after all! My bird's not flown, by all that's palpable!—Congratulate thyself, thou man of gold and silver and precious stones; and furthermore, congratulate me on my aptitude for scenting 'Slippery Dick!'" Then letting fall his voice, he added more seriously: "You've had a narrow escape, sir. I've no doubt now, that our *reverend* friend here has contrived to lessen your stock of goods pretty considerably—has been a *pretended* (mark that!) purchaser to a very tidy tune!"

"If you mean sir, whoever you may be, that this gentleman has paid a good deal of money to me," I returned, somewhat indignantly, "you are right in your conjecture. But may I ask, pray, who are you, that you enter my shop in this manner, and insult myself and customer by asking such—well, such impertinent questions? . . . Who are you?" I again asked, feeling that I should be compelled to call my shopman to turn him neck and crop into the street.

"You'll very soon know who I am," he returned coolly. "Suffice it at present that I am fully justified in what I ask and do. . . . Bear—kindly bear with me a little. I have a stern duty to perform. This man is not what he pretends to be. He is a blackleg—a canting humbug—a swindler: in a word, as dangerous and troublesome a customer as we have to deal with!"

"I looked at my customer. His face was terrible to look upon; I could scarcely believe my eyes—the passion concentrated in his features was absolutely demonic in its intensity; the ebullition of rage which held possession of him shook him from head to foot.

The boisterous stranger laid his hand heavily on the clergyman's shoulder, grasped it roughly, and whispered something in his ear, at which his passion left him as quickly and suddenly as a flash of lightning. He became, in fact, as pale as death, and finally culminated in trembling violently, while his face assumed a kind of brick-dust hue.

"I did not put this down to guilt; no, I laid it rather to the just indignation that would be naturally felt by a high-souled minister of the Gospel accused of such enormities.

"The rough-and-ready intruder regarded the *reverend* gentleman with unfeigned admiration, at least so it appeared to me. He folded his arms across his broad chest and stood regarding him for a few moments. Then he looked at me and winked knowingly.

"Our Christian friend is clever, oh! He is doing the work of a certain Evil personage who shall be nameless, very admirably, *aha!*" he ejaculated, reverting again to his boisterous manner. "But we old birds are not to be caught; we are accustomed to this kind of thing. O dear, yes, I—your very obedient servant, Mr Filby, belong to the fancy iron trade, and I do my utmost to get as much of my stock on other people's hands as I possibly can." Saying which, he unbuttoned and threw open his shaggy overcoat, and laid bare to my gaze the uniform of an inspector of police. Then, as quick as thought, he drew forth and fastened on the clergyman's wrists a pair of handcuffs!

"This is shocking—really horrible," I couldn't help saying.

"No sentiment, please," returned the inspector angrily. "Leave me to do my work, and take care you do *yours*."

"But my good friend," the man of the white neckcloth exclaimed in whining tones, "you are utterly mistaken. I like—I in fine have nought but admiration for your zeal; but I am not the man you suppose me to be. . . . If you will remove these things—they hurt my wrists—I will go!"

"No; you won't."

"I mean I will go into the details of our transaction. . . . The notes are good, genuine, sir?"

"Perfectly so," I responded; "I would stake my life on their soundness."

"Then, sir, permit a public servant to tell you that you will lose your life. Kindly let me look at these sound and genuine Bank of England notes."

"What could I do but hand them to him?"

"Ah! as I thought!" he then exclaimed. "Very skilful, very clever; decidedly so! Pity our pious friend here doesn't contrive to turn his thoughts in another direction; sad that he disdains to use his talents more honourably. Given such consummate cleverness, he might have surmounted almost anything by honest means. . . . These, sir, are rascally forgeries; splendidly worked out, I'll admit, but forgeries for all that!" he declared emphatically, laying the notes down on my counter and placing his elbow on them. "Now, I shouldn't wonder," he resumed, "if our *reverend* specimen of humanity here did not persuade you that he desired to make his daughter—his daughter a wedding present?"

"I said that such was really the fact.

"Ah, just so! The old, old game; the old story. . . . I wonder, Dick ('Slippery Dick' is the name by which he is known among us and his companions)—I wonder, Dick, you don't alter your *modus operandi*—it's so stupidly stale, you know."

"Dick?" looked daggers, looked as though he would have very much liked to annihilate the inspector on the spot, and retorted in language not at all befitting a clergyman: "You're very clever, ain't you now? Pah! I could 'do fifty like you. . . . It doesn't matter much though. You've got me. You've trapped me nicely. What more d'ye want? . . . Look sharp, and let us go!"

"From this kind of talk, I began to think him none other than what the inspector affirmed him to be—especially so when the man in office whipped off the silvern locks from his prisoner's head and disclosed to my wondering gaze a closely cropped iron-gray head of hair beneath.

"I should hope you don't want *further* proof?" the inspector interrogated triumphantly.

"I replied that I was satisfied. That I had been singled out for a victim, I now felt certain. In short, my dear boy, I was completely taken aback, and fell into the whole scheme."

"The whole scheme!" I exclaimed; 'how? I scarcely understand.'

"Don't interrupt. You shall hear directly: my melancholy story is fast drawing to a close. . . . Well, I looked from one to the other with perplexity on my face.

"What are you thinking of doing, Mr Inspector?" I asked.

"Why, take this predatory individual—this pike

among gudgeons—to the station (they'll have no mercy on him *this time*); and you must accompany us thither. . . . I'll take care of these bits of paper; as in like manner I'll be the safe custodian of the artfully contrived wedding-present." Saying which, he deposited the notes, the cheque, and the diamonds in the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

"There was no help for it; of course I must go to the station. So calling my assistant from the back-room, I instructed him to get a cab and look after business during my absence. Of course I did not tell him the errand I was bound on; and as luck would have it, he appeared not to notice that anything was wrong. It would, I must confess, have been difficult for Thomas, my then shopman, to have seen the handcuffed wrists of the pious-looking gentleman; for, to his credit be it said, the trapped fox had contrived to fasten the bottom buttons of his unusually long-tailed frock-coat, and placing his hands beneath, had thus managed to keep the iron bracelets out of sight. Still, there was a decidedly awkward appearance about him, and the heavily limbed inspector certainly did not by his attitude and manner at all resemble a man bent on buying my wares or selling me his; however, Thomas seemed oblivious to what was taking place under his very nose, and hid him for a cab.

"The cab brought, the two entered first, while I remained behind for a few moments to give instructions to my shopman. Then I got inside the cab, and we started for Moor Lane Police Station, Fore Street. I hadn't been seated long before I found that the prisoner's hands were free.

"That's all right," the inspector said, noting my look of surprise. "He's promised me to behave himself; and between ourselves, I don't like to iron a man if I can get him to give in quietly. Besides, our designing friend, with all his cunning, knows who he's got to deal with—that I am more than a match for him. Don't you fear, sir; he won't easily slip through my fingers!"

"Well, at length we arrived at the station-house. I was the first to alight from the cab, and was about to enter the station. The inspector, still seated with his prisoner, called to me with evident annoyance: "There's no light in the superintendent's room; we'll have to wait a little. However, there's no help for it. You go into that room there, the first door on the right; you'll find newspapers and records there. Amuse yourself. I'll cage my bird—put him under lock-and-key (safe bind, safe find, you know), and then I'll come to you. I'll be here in a few minutes. If I remain away any length of time, ask for Inspector John Trickett. . . . Pray do not mention our business to any living soul."

"Like a fool and the unsuspecting jackass I was, I did as I was bid. I turned the handle of the door, and entered the room, a square dreary apartment, possessed of nothing to speak of save a huge deal table, four spindle-legged chairs, a map of London, and an almanac; and excepting a framed engraving representing a life-boat making slow progress over a boiling sea, the walls were bare of pictures. In my then state of mind the place seemed horribly monotonous. However, I took up the only newspaper the room boasted of, and seated myself to wait for the end.

"It speedily came. I hadn't been seated long before I heard the cab drive away. "Ah," I said to myself, "the man in blue's too economical to let 'cabby' wait; I suppose I shall be detained here some time. Was there ever anything so disagreeable!"

"Fifteen minutes passed. During that time I fidgeted about. There is no disguising the matter; I was terribly perturbed. The most idiotic thoughts passed through my brain. "What if," I found myself asking, "this sham clergyman should eventually prove my destruction? What if, after serving his punishment, he should out of revenge come to my shop and blow out my brains? What?" But I thought all manner of things which I won't bother you with. Suffice it that another fifteen minutes passed. I rose from my seat; but before I could move a yard towards the door, it opened, and a fine-looking old gentleman—evidently the superintendent—stood before me. We were soon on good terms; I gave him my name and explained my advent, and explained why I was cooped up in what he called his "Private Inquiry Office." He seemed, when I had finished, to labour hard to keep down a laugh.

"Well," he said at length, "you've been done nicely! But you have this consolation, that others have been bit—and to a pretty tidy tune too. You say you are waiting for 'Inspector John Trickett.' There's no such party of that name connected with this station. They've carried on a similar game, varied a little, very successfully in all the large towns in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to say nothing about what they've done abroad. . . . Trickett! Ah, a very apt name! The game's been contrived by a trick—and he—they—have let you in the hole. . . . You mustn't suppose me a Job's-comforter when I say that dozens have been swindled by these two clever vultures. They are nothing else; they prey on their kind as best they may. But this is poor talk, Mr Filby. Let me assure you, to be serious, that all that can be done *shall* be done. But what *can* we do? What can Scotland Yard do? They can only issue a caution to tradesmen generally, and put the matter in the *Hue and Cry*, which probably won't amount to much. And between you and me, Mr Filby, I've repeatedly thought (and very seriously too) that they've got some of our fellows in their pay; I could all but swear it; for were it not so, I am confident they'd have been taken long ago."

"Heartily disgusted, I bade him a surly good-day, and hid me for my shop and counting-house fire. Its genial blaze, however, cheered me not. I was dispirited and chagrined, and possessed of a deep-rooted idea that my hitherto clear brain had gotten a superabundance of mud in it. I felt that I could tear my hair and beat my breast and yell out that I was profoundly miserable.

"But why dwell upon the matter. The story is told. Suffice it then, for your behoof, that I never heard more of these two very original swindlers, and that therefore I got not the slightest return for my loss. I have hitherto, as I have previously told you, kept the matter a profound secret, so that sympathy even has not fallen to my share. There! I'm heartily sick of the whole business. Call me a consummate donkey, if you like, but don't let me hear another word about

the matter. . . Ah! how the time has flown! Let us pull ourselves together, and go indoors and join the ladies.'

LORD HOWE ISLAND.

THIS little-known spot, which measures only six or seven miles in length by two or three miles in width, is the southernmost of the outlying islands off the east coast of Australia. It was discovered by Lieutenant Henry Ball, then in command of His Majesty's ship *Supply*, on the 17th of February 1788, while on a voyage to Norfolk Island from Port Jackson, New South Wales, and was named after Lord Howe. It is situated some four hundred miles north-east from Sydney, and about three hundred miles east from the nearest land, Port Macquarie in New South Wales. Off the north end of the island are the Admiralty Islets, about two miles distant; on the east side, nearer the shore, are the Sugar Loaf and Mutton Bird Islands; and on the west is Goat Island. Some twelve or thirteen miles from Lord Howe Island is plainly seen a very strange-looking peak, called Ball's Pyramid, estimated to be eighteen hundred feet high.

For the following brief notes of this strange little spot and its present condition, we are indebted to a communication lately made to the Royal Geographical Society by Mr Alfred Corrie, who paid a visit to the place in a man-of-war in the early part of 1876. The island is mountainous, the highest points having an elevation of not far short of two thousand eight hundred feet. The soil is described as being in parts very rich indeed, and covered with dense vegetation, the undergrowth being kept comparatively clear by goats and pigs. Three kinds of palms are found on the island, some reaching a great height, the Thatch Palm (so called by the settlers because they use it to thatch their houses), the Cabbage and Umbrella Palms. The Pandanus or Screw Pine is found chiefly on the mountain-sides, and attains a height of some thirty or forty feet. It is called by the inhabitants the 'Tent Tree,' on account of the strange arrangement of its roots, which take their rise from the main trunk at different heights, and gradually extend forwards and downwards, and become fixed in the ground, forming a rough sort of tent.

The most conspicuous tree on the island is perhaps a species of *Ficus*, a gigantic banyan, attaining a great height, and spreading out in all directions its branches, which fall downwards in a most graceful manner. From these branches, adventitious roots are produced, which descend to the ground, then rapidly enlarge, and become in course of time huge stems, drawing nourishment from the earth for the parent branch, which as it extends produces similar root-stems. This tree, which is believed to be confined to the island, possesses many of the characteristics of the famous banyan of India. A strange kind of plant was also met with, which the settlers call the *Sink Plant*, a name which Mr Corrie considers most appropriate, for when its leaves are bruised or its branches broken, it emits a most sickening and offensive odour.

The prevailing winds are said to be during the summer months from the north-east, and in the winter from the south-west; severe westerly gales

are experienced during the winter months, generally from May to September. These winds exercise a most destructive influence over the vegetation of the island, causing the crops to wither away; the only protection the settlers have against them for their crops, &c. are the large belts of trees found in many parts.

The temperature of the climate is said to be most equable, rarely ranging higher than eighty degrees or lower than fifty degrees, and consequently it has been found most healthy for European constitutions. Much rain, however, falls during the year, chiefly from May to July, and sometimes the gardens and flats are flooded by the water, which then descends in torrents from the hill-tops.

When accounts last reached us, the total number of people living on this romantic little spot was forty, comprising fourteen men, eleven women, and fifteen children. Some forty-two years since, Mr White, who visited the island to survey it, states that there were only four men, three New Zealand women, and two children then living on the island. In 1853, Captain Denham found that the number of people residing on the island comprised a little community of sixteen. They are most primitive and simple-minded in all their ideas; one old lady, Mrs Andrews, has been on the island thirty years; has one daughter married, and five grandchildren. She has, she told Mr Corrie, enjoyed excellent health the whole time she has been there; and was most cheerful and happy.

They all appear to lead very moral lives, and bickerings and open quarrels of all kinds are most unusual among them, and distasteful to them; there is one old man in their community, a retired whaler captain, to whom they refer all disputed questions, and whose opinion they regard with every feeling of respect, and whose decision is generally final. Sometimes they are six and even twelve months without a ship of any description anchoring off their island; they told their visitors that it was more than five years since a man-of-war had visited them.

When Mr Corrie arrived, many of the inhabitants were almost in a state of starvation, owing to the fact that vessels from New Caledonia and Sydney, which were in the habit of calling, had failed to do so for some months. Consequently the produce of the island—onions, potatoes, &c.—which they exchange for tea, sugar, salt, clothing, &c., was rotting in their storehouses. It is pleasant to know, however, that their visitors good-naturedly gave them such a supply as they could spare of tea, sugar, biscuit, soap, &c.

There are fifteen dwelling-houses on the island besides granaries and piggeries, all built, with few exceptions, of that Thatch Palm before alluded to; and one or two that are less primitive and more durable are raised on stone blocks, boarded up with some Australian pine, and roofed with galvanised iron. The entrance-door is in the centre of a fair-sized room, the sitting-room; the sleeping apartments are at each end; there is no fireplace; the kitchen is formed of one room or compartment a few yards from the house, with a fireplace at one end and a sort of larder at the other, which serves as a dining-room for the family. Their houses are kept very clean, and are both cool and comfortable.

In concluding his interesting remarks on Lord

Howe Island and its Robinson Crusoe population, Mr Corrie says it is but just to state that during the few days he spent with the people he thoroughly enjoyed their kind and simple manners, which were most winning. Their extreme gratitude for any little attention or kindness was most marked; and he feels quite sure that had he or any of his shipmates been left behind, they would have experienced the greatest possible kindness from the islanders. Mr Corrie strongly advises any who may be cruising in the neighbourhood of Lord Howe Island to pay it a visit, and he assures them that they will be amply repaid for their trouble.

IRISH TRAITS.

A READY answer is often useful; and there is at times no better defensive weapon than a sharp repartee, in every class of life. A young cornet of dragoons who hunted with the Kildare hounds for a season, felt the truth of this rather keenly on one occasion. His great ambition was to excel in the hunting-field; but so far from establishing a character for 'going,' or being in the first flight, the luckless Nimrod was always getting into grief of some kind or other.

Miss P——, a well-known character in the county, was hunting that year with the Kildare hounds. She was a perfect horsewoman, rode at her fences with consummate pluck, and was invariably in at 'the death.' Nothing annoyed our young cornet of dragoons so much as to find himself perpetually distanced by this strong-minded and able-bodied lady. When he had ruefully turned away from an ugly fence and was looking about for a friendly gate, to see her put her horse boldly at it and fly over like a bird, was gall and wormwood to his feelings. It was too derogatory to be continually given the go-by by a middle-aged spinster, who, moreover, whenever disaster befell him, seemed to be always on the spot to witness his discomfiture.

It chanced they met—the lady and the soldier—at a country-house in Kildare where a large party was staying. Every one was assembled at breakfast, when the youth, smarting from some hunting disaster of the day before, thought he would attack Miss P—— and 'show her up' before the company. All at the long breakfast-table knew her to be one whose tongue could cut as sharply as her hunting-whip, and who was never at a loss for a repartee; but the young man rushed boldly at the enemy.

'Miss P——,' said he, 'I'm told you're the most learned lady in Kildare. You know everything, so there's no puzzling you. Can you, poising his spoon over the top of his unbroken egg—can you inform me why this duck-egg is blue?'

'Well,' replied she, 'I don't know; but perhaps you would look blue yourself if you were just about to be knocked on the head by a fool.'

The soldier did not return to the charge.

A noticeable thing it is how seldom the power of repartee, which they so abundantly possess, is exerted in an offensive way by Irish beggars to whom alms are refused. On the contrary, instead of the stinging word disappointment might be expected to provoke, the reply is meek and resigned, if not grateful sometimes: 'Well, thank ye, anyway, for the kind answer, if it's nothing else ye're giving us. Tien't always we get that same.'

And what a torrent of blessings a few coppers will procure! blessings, be it remarked, more often spiritual than temporal. I have seen a young stranger, unused to this form of expressing gratitude, and whose mind at the moment was probably less occupied with the future than the present, start visibly at the fervent 'That you may have a happy death, and a favourable judgment,' invoked by the gift of a small coin.

Whether it is from the naturally religious feeling of the people, or because this world has to the poor comparatively little attraction, their wishes for their benefactors refer chiefly to that which is to come: 'That what you're giving to me may be before you where you're going!' 'That as you've covered my body here, the Lord may cover your soul there!' 'That the prayers of the widow and the orphan may meet you at the gates of heaven!' 'Long life to you, and a happy end!' And if they perceive by your mourning garb that you have lost a friend, their words are, 'That the soul that has gone from you may be in peace and rest!'

The patience of the Irish poor in the midst of their privations is very touching; and in town especially, the sight of the long rows of shop-windows filled with their tempting display of comforts and luxuries, must to them be trying in the extreme. Pitiful it is to see, on a bitter winter's day, some poor shivering creature, with old threadbare cloak strained over the half-clad limbs of the starveling child in her arms, standing—her naked feet on the icy flags—before the window of a draper's shop. How yearningly, with longing eyes, she gazes at those rich bales of flannel—the bright scarlet rolls seeming to light up the place with warmth and colour. And the piles of great thick blankets cunningly displayed! Oh, the rapture of nestling among those delicious folds, burying herself, as it were, in their soft, warm, woolly depths! Comfort she may picture, but alas! never experience.

And how tantalising is the eating-house window with its array of tempting joints and appetising food; the well-filled dishes only separated by the 'envious pane' from the hungry looker-in. The door opens; a gush of savoury steam escapes, as a man comes out who has been dining—his satisfied looks and visage unctuous and flushed from meat and drink, a contrast indeed to the poor pinched face and hollow eyes meekly up-raised; while from the trembling lips—blue with cold—comes the timid prayer for charity.

'Nothing for you; pass on!' is the rough reply; and she does so, turning away with a bitter sigh and a murmured: 'Well, God spare you to your comforts.'

Few of us have experienced the grim realities of cold and hunger, or can understand the miserable irritability they cause. We may have remarked, or in ourselves felt in a degree, the proverbial 'crossness' of the before-dinner half-hour, when the meal has been unduly delayed; and those who fast on principle can realise the sinking, depressed, irritable feeling produced by want of food. A salutary result, by the way, of this observance, when its practice enables us to sympathise with our suffering fellow-creatures. This being so, it is, as already remarked, wonderful how meekly the poor take the refusal of what they ask. One would imagine that the sight of the

wealth, of which in vain they crave so small a share, would goad them into bitter retort and envenomed words—that they would hate the rich for their abundant fullness of all themselves do miserably lack—that anathemas, not blessings, would be on their lips.

'Mary, honey, how can they *die*?' I heard one woman say to another as a train of carriages filled with gaily dressed company equipped for a fête, rolled by. 'Mary, honey,' and her friend were basket-women, and blithe and buxom dames enough. Perhaps, had they known it, life might have been as enjoyable to themselves, even with the drawbacks of poverty, as to some of the fine ladies after whom they cast such envious glances. They would have marvelled incredulously had any one told them that all this glitter might not be unalloyed gold; that silks and satins and gorgeous clothes could not guarantee their wearers against the cares and sufferings of humanity; that it was possible for a breast upon which costly jewels sparkled, to be torn with anxieties and feel the sting of baffled schemes—disappointed hopes. Weal is, after all, more equally blended with woe than we are apt to imagine. Of course, to the utterly destitute this remark does not apply; but it is consoling to think how widely the 'blessed law of compensation' prevails in the world.

The subject of poverty naturally leads to the means employed to relieve it. Among these, charity sermons were in former years resorted to with the most success. There is a fashion in everything, even in sermons, and the fashion of that day was working strongly upon the feelings, and by vividly drawn pictures and touching descriptions, appealing to the hearts and pockets of the hearers. On the occasion of a sermon for some favourite charity, everything that could address itself to the senses was pressed into the service. If for a school or orphan asylum, the plates were handed about by little children, chosen for their interesting appearance. These were escorted through the church by gentlemen, who remained at the door of the pews while the small collectors went round inside. The square old-fashioned pew was extant in those days. Ladies, the most influential in the county, collected after the sermon, for hospitals and other charities; their selection for this office being determined by position, popularity, and personal qualities.

The most successful preacher of charity sermons of his time, in Ireland, was the Hon. and Rev. Ludlow Tonson, afterwards Lord Riversdale, Bishop of Killaloe. He was a perfect master of the sensational style of preaching, now obsolete; and his power of harrowing up the feelings by heart-rending descriptions of the misery for which he was pleading, was irresistible. When it was announced that a charity had been fortunate enough to secure him for its advocate, crowds from far and near flocked in to hear him, and the collections obtained were great in proportion. Christ-church in Cork, being from its size capable of accommodating a larger congregation than the other churches of the place, was the chief scene of his addresses.

Among the earliest recollections of the writer of these pages was the being present as a child at one of those charity sermons. It was a great privilege, where every foot of space was an object; but the preacher was an old friend of the family and its

guest on the occasion, and a member of it was, moreover, one of the ladies appointed to carry round the collecting-plates. Long before the service began, the church was filled with overflowing. Breathless multitudes hung with rapt attention upon the tones of a voice exquisitely modulated, and endowed with a peculiar gift of expressing the most delicate shades of emotion, and carrying home to the heart eloquent and touching descriptions. As the discourse proceeded, tears began to flow freely, and now and then a smothered sob might be heard through the church. The whole of that vast assemblage was swayed—as it had been but one soul—by the pathos of those earnest pleadings, those powerfully wrought scenes of suffering and woe. How all inadequate, as these grew in intensity, seemed to the excited hearers the sum they had brought out in purse and pocket for contribution! And when at last the appeal was ended and streaming eyes were dried, and there came the soft fall of bank-notes and a clink of gold and silver upon the plates, there poured in upon them from eager hands, rings, watches, pencil-cases, bracelets, scent-bottles, to be redeemed afterwards by their owners with liberal offerings in current coin of the realm.

Such scenes were of frequent occurrence when pulpit sensation was at its height. One cannot wonder at the impulsive Hibernian temperament being thus worked up to enthusiasm, when it is on record that a tourist from another country passing through Cork, and going by chance into Christ-church on the occasion of a charity sermon, was so moved by Ludlow Tonson's eloquence that he redeemed the watch he had put on the plate by a cheque for a hundred pounds.

The well-known benevolence of the preacher enhanced the effect of his words. He was, when a young curate, a comparatively poor man, and when applied to for a case of distress would strip himself of every farthing he had by him; often, to the dismay of his housekeeper, giving away the blankets off his beds. Being one day waited on by a party who were collecting funds for some charitable object, his reply was: 'Gentlemen, I have no money; but there is my cow in the field, you can take her;' and they drove the animal off. Afterwards, when Lord Riversdale and Bishop of Killaloe, he devoted almost all his private means and the whole income of the see to the cause of charity. This gifted and good man died unmarried, his title becoming extinct.

While on the subject of sermons, I cannot resist repeating a conversation between a friend and his farm-servant, which illustrates the remark already made, that an Irishman is rarely at a loss for a reply or an excuse.

'That was a good sermon, was it not, that we had last Sunday?' said the gentleman.

'True for you, yer honor, an' ligant one! It done me a power of good intirely.'

'I'm glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?'

'Oh, well, scratching his head, 'I don't rightly—not just exactly know. I-a-a—I—' A' where's the use in telling lies? Sure I don't remember one single 'dividual word of it, good or bad. Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all.'

'And yet you say it did you a power of good!'

'So it did, sir. I'll stick to that.'

'I don't see how.'

'Well now, yer honour, look here. There's my shirt that the wife is after washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and the soap and the starch that's gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water, or soap, or starch, or blue, has stayed in, d' ye see. And that's just the same with me and that sermon. It's run through me, yer honour, an' it's dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it.'

There was more philosophy than he was aware of in the quaint reasoning of the man. An impression for good or evil is often left upon the mind and bears fruit, when what has caused the influence has passed away from our memories.

CURIOUS ANIMAL AVERSIONS.

Sometimes, for no very apparent reasons, animals will evince special antipathy towards one out of a crowd of persons. These animal-aversions, as we will call them, are not at all times easily accounted for, seeing that the object of antipathy may be a child, or as in the following case, a lady, who we are assured had never given the animals the slightest cause for jealousy or ill-feeling. Our correspondent writes as follows:

'Some time ago, in company with some of my relatives and friends, I paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton. One lady of the party, Mrs M——, had travelled with her husband in foreign countries, and expressed herself very fearless about wild beasts. Before entering the monkey-house, she informed us there was one monkey which had taken a great dislike to her, and however long a period elapsed between her visits, its recognition of her was almost instantaneous. The house in which the monkeys were confined had cages round the wall, and a huge one in the centre in which were a large number of all sizes and shades. We entered on the tiptoe of expectation to see if this time it would recognise her. We were not long in determining which was the enemy. One of the tribe jumped from its perch and clung to the bars nearest to us, chattering and grinning in a frightful manner. Whichever side of the cage we stood the monkey followed, all the time intently watching Mrs M——, who had with her ginger snaps and nuts, with which she proceeded to feed the other monkeys.

'Seeing this, Mrs M——'s enemy sprang upon them, seized the food, and threw it back angrily in her face, chattering and screaming in great fury; and I am not sure if it was not the same monkey that succeeded in tearing off some deep lace Mrs M—— wore round her mantle, and climbing on to the topmost perch, commenced tearing it in pieces.

'I was not sorry when we left his ugly grinning face and screeching voice behind us, and paid a visit to the lion and tiger house. Here, Mrs M—— informed us, was a tiger which would shew its dislike as much as the monkey had done. On seeing her, it began to growl fiercely, and turning, walked slowly to the other end of the cage; then facing us again, he threw himself with great force against the strong bars, which, had they yielded to the shock, would have involved certain death to Mrs M——, who, fixing her eyes on the enormous beast, and shaking her umbrella at it, exclaimed: "I should like to tame

you." A gentleman standing near watching the proceedings said: "It is your eye it does not like." And here I should mention, Mrs M—— has very dark and prominent eyes. After visiting other parts of the gardens, we returned to take a last farewell of the tiger. It was agreed Mrs M—— was to stay outside, while some of our party entered, myself among the number. We stood before its cage and commenced to make remarks about it; but beyond looking at us very quietly, no further notice was taken. On the entrance of Mrs M——, nearly the same scene ensued as at the first visit; at length the huge animal gave a loud roar, in which all the other lions and tigers joined. Nearly all rushed from the place but Mrs M——, who stood her ground before the cage while the roaring continued, while the keepers ran in haste to learn the cause of the disturbance. We then left the gardens, commenting on the strange conduct and knowledge of the monkey and tiger, which after so long a period, had recognised and so unmistakably expressed their great dislike to Mrs M——.'

LYRICAL BALLAD.

[The following is a correct copy of the much-admired ballad written by the Marquis of Montrose, a sketch of whose history appears in the present number. It is conceived in the true Cavalier style.]

My dear and only love, I pray
That little word—of *THINE*—
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest Monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a *Synod* in mine heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne:
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if *Committees* thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee *glorious* by my pen,
And *famous* by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown, and deck thee all, with bays,
And love thee more and more.

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CAGOTS OF THE PYRENEES.

From time to time we meet with mention of a peculiar tribe or group of persons called *Cagots*, in the French provinces adjacent to the mountain range of the Pyrenees; and of other groups on the Spanish side of the same range, known by other names, but marked by similar characteristics. These unfortunate persons have for ages been ostracised, shunned, treated as outcasts by their neighbours, placed under legal and social disabilities alike degrading and insulting. Recent investigations have laid bare for the first time the nature and origin of this singular state of society.

All authorities agree that in bygone ages these Cagots were uniformly regarded as beings to be despised, avoided, distrusted, kept at a distance. The inhabitants of neighbouring towns and villages treated them as diseased and morally offensive beings to be uniformly shunned. If they dwelt in towns they were confined to a special faubourg, which the other inhabitants seldom or never entered; and when they emerged from these limits, they were obliged to wear a small bit of red cloth attached to some conspicuous part of their apparel, as a sort of signal for shunning. In the country districts they mostly inhabited poor wretched hovels, frequently grouped under the walls of a château or abbey, and separated from the villages by a water-course or a thicket. A small door was set apart for them to enter the churches, behind a barrier which separated them from the rest of the congregation. Holy-water, eucharistic elements, religious processions—all were either denied to them, or granted under a kind of ban. After death the bodies of these Pyrenean outcasts were interred without solemnity in a particular graveyard, or in one secluded corner of the general cemetery.

In all the relations of life these deprivations made themselves apparent. Parish registers and legal documents displayed the word 'Cagot' as a disparaging epithet hurled at these unfortunate people. They were excluded from all honours

and public functions; and the employments permitted to them were pretty nearly confined to those of the gravedigger, sawyer, wood-cutter, and coffin-maker. Although employed sometimes as weavers, they were obliged to seek for work at a distance, as their neighbours feared they would *encagoté* or poison the cloth. They made gibbets and instruments of punishment. They were interdicted from carrying arms and iron implements, except their working tools; and equally from entering a village with bare feet, grinding their corn at the public mills, drinking at the public fountains, or washing at the public lavatories. They could own no live-stock beyond one fowl and one beast of burden; and even these could not be pastured on the common land. They could neither work nor play with their neighbours. In a court of justice their testimony was not admitted save in default of other witnesses; and the testimony of four or five Cagots was required to weigh equally with that of one ordinary person. They could only intermarry among themselves, union with them being regarded as dishonouring to others. They were constantly subject to shouts, cries, taunts, sneers, and insulting epithets; and if a quarrel and scuffle ensued in consequence, the luckless Cagot generally got the worst of it. How life could be endurable under such conditions seems a marvel.

As it was with the Cagots in one of the Pyrenean provinces of France, so was it with other tribes or groups of natives on both flanks of the great range, Spanish as well as French. Marca, Gébélín, Palasson, Michel, Rochas, and other competent men made personal researches in those regions, and found outcasts very much resembling in general characteristics the Cagots. It then appeared that these scouted and unhappy creatures were known as *Agotes* in Navarre, *Gahets* in Guienne, *Capots* in Languedoc, and *Cacous* or *Caguenas* in other provinces. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Martin de Vizcay, of Navarre, described the Agotes of that province, Aragon, and Béarn. Excluded from the centres of population, these pariahs were described by him as

taking refuge in deserted hovels and huts. They could fill no offices, and were not allowed to sit at table with other persons or to drink from the same cup, lest they should empoison or pollute the vessels. They could not enter a church to receive a portion of the offertory near the altar, but waited at the porch till the priest brought it out to them. Intermarriage with them was regarded almost as degrading as with the Morescos or other non-Christians. Numerous repulsive maladies and defects were imputed to them without any just ground.

The *Gahets* of Guienne were known so far back as the end of the thirteenth century as the victims of nearly the same kind of cruel prejudices. The rejection from all the more sacred portions of the churches; the unhonoured interment in the least sacred part of the graveyard; the interdiction against dealing in cattle or poultry, and against borrowing money (with any claim, that is, to legal restitution); the forbidding to appear outside the *Gahet quartier* with bare feet, or without the bit of red cloth as a mark on the outer garments—all these prejudices were in full force. A law was also in force to prevent them from buying or sojourning in a town except on Mondays. They were also enjoined, when meeting other people in the roads or streets, to step aside as far as possible, that no contamination might come from them.

What, the reader may fairly ask, does all this mean? Were the scouted creatures really deserving of no better treatment than they received? Were they all equally bad, and in the same way, on both sides of the Pyrenees? Was the ban under which they lay of a permanent or a temporary character? French writers have arrived at diverse conclusions, in their attempts to solve these questions.

An opinion long and extensively held in France is that the *Cagots* and other ostracised provincials were descended from the Visigoths who were vanquished by Clovis; and an attempt has been made to trace the word *Cagot* up to a Béarnois word equivalent to 'Gothic dog.' But Pierre de Marca, in his *Histoire de Béarn*, shewed that this idea was ill-founded; while François de Belleforest, annalist of the kingdom of France under Charles IX., drew attention to the fact that many of the best families of Gascony, Aquitaine, and Béarn were descended from the Visigoths; and that these hardy warriors were not disfigured by such personal deformities as were imputed to the *Cagots*. In short, the Visigoth theory falls to the ground.

Another view—entertained to some extent by the *Cagots* themselves—is that they are the descendants of the Albigenses who were excommunicated by Pope Innocent III. in the early part of the thirteenth century. That those poor persecuted anti-papalists or heretics were treated like the scum of the earth, is true enough; but it has been well pointed out that the popular sympathies in those parts of France went much more with the heretics than with the popes. The Albigenses, those who escaped slaughter, mostly sought shelter in foreign lands; the remnants were pitied rather than despised by the French people generally. But the most conclusive argument against this view is that the *Cagots* were a spurned and shunned body of people at least two centuries before the Albigensis crusade. The Albigenses

must therefore share the fate of the Visigoths, in being left out in any estimate of the origin of the *Cagots*.

Pierre de Marca, who assisted in demolishing these two theories, himself believed that the *Cagots* were descended from the Moors of Spain who remained in Gascony after their general had been defeated by Charles Martel on the slopes of the Pyrenees. It has, however, been proved that the descendants of these Moors gradually became Christians, intermarried with the other French nationalities, and became blended with them into one people.

The Visigoths, the Albigenses, and the Moors being thus set aside, many other theories, some ingenious and some ludicrous, have been put forward to account for the origin of the poor *Cagots*. Caxar Arnaut, relying on what he believed to be the meaning of a particular verse in the Bible, assigned to them a Jewish origin. The Abbé Venuti suggested that they might be descended from the first Crusaders returning from the Holy Land, afflicted with some disease which rendered them loathsome to other people. M. Court de Gébelin thought he saw in them the descendants of the aborigines dwelling in the Pyrenean region, analogous to the lowest tribes known at present in India. M. F. Michel suggested that the *Cagots* may be descendants from the Spaniards who, compromised in the cause of Charlemagne by the defeat of Roland at Roncevaux, took shelter in France, where nothing but the protection by the monarchs saved them from ill-treatment on the part of the people; but a comparison of dates and localities has invalidated this theory. Lastly, a view was put forth identifying the *Cagots* with pilgrims afflicted with the distressing maladies known in France by the names of *gottre* and *cretinism*.

Sounder opinions now prevail. M. Francisque Michel, in his *Histoire des Races maudites de France et de Spain*, and M. Louis Laude, in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, have carried almost to the verge of demonstration the evidence that leprosy was the origin of the cruel and ignorant treatment to which the *Cagots* were subjected. It is well known that among ancient nations, in particular the Jews, leprosy was considered as a divine chastisement for great sins. In a moral as well as a physical sense the separation of lepers from non-lepers was insisted on. The dread of contact extended to the dead as well as to the living, leading to the interment of leprosy corpses in special burial-places. The Christians of the middle ages took the same view.

That it was not any particular district, in a religious or political sense, of France or Spain that was marked by undefined dread of these outcasts, is plain enough; but if we once take into view a popular belief that the *Cagots* were or had been lepers, all the rest becomes explicable. Littre and other etymologists have found in old French words many which referred to the bent, cramped, contorted figures so often to be seen among lepers, and a connection between such words and some of the names given to the outcasts. Indeed in the old Breton dialect *kakod* was a leper, and from it came *cacous*, *caguenx*, *carguots*, *cagots*. Most of the prejudices against the *Cagots*, it appears, were maintained at one time or other against lepers. The charge against them of having

fetid breath and skin; the abnormal shape of the ears; the imputation of hypocrisy, violence, lying, lasciviousness; the police regulations for keeping the tainted members of society apart from the untainted; the injunction against walking the streets with bare feet, and touching passers-by with their garments; the discredit, almost disavowal, of their evidence in a court of justice—all these were characteristic of the treatment of lepers in the middle ages; strikingly similar to those which we have seen to apply to Cagots and other outcasts.

M. de Rochas, to put this matter to a test, made many journeys to the provinces flanking the Pyrenees, under circumstances of no slight peril during a period of the civil war between the Carlists and the Constitutionists of Spain. He found everywhere that the descendants of the Cagots were just like the general inhabitants of the country in bodily and mental characteristics, betraying no foreign origin, marked by no unusual or abnormal characteristics. Inter-marriage with other peasants, it is true, he finds to be infrequent; but the people trade on equal terms, the children attend the same schools, adults and children alike go to the same churches, and the average intelligence is about on an equality. Many of them shew taints of scrofula; but these are reasonably attributable to poverty, poor and scanty diet, squalid hovels, and physical discomforts. In one of the Spanish parishes, mostly inhabited by the descendants of the once-outcasts, Rochas found the people strong and fairly intelligent, cultivating small patches of ground, rearing swine and poultry, and carrying on the same manual employments as their neighbours. They submit patiently to a few old usages of exclusion, such as the prohibition of marrying out of their own circle; but this they do because the usages are old, not clearly accounted for either by themselves or by their neighbours. In short, the small communities now to be met with are distinguishable from their neighbours—not so much by any peculiar physical or moral characteristics—as by the remembrance of an old belief, the hereditary descent of a traditional prejudice once applied to all lepers, but gradually disappearing as the dreadful disease of leprosy itself lessens in its intensity.

Until the time of the French Revolution, governments and legislatures did very little for the protection of the poor Cagots. Matters are improved now; and the prejudice is gradually dying out everywhere, although very slowly in the remote villages.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLV.—FOUND IN THE DRAWER.

THE inspector was a man so reserved, quiet, and commonplace of demeanour, that an outburst of excited feeling on his part was by far more impressive on those who witnessed it than would have been the case with nine men out of any ten that could have been chosen at random. All of us have acquaintances from whom no extravagance, whether of diction or of gesture, would surprise us, who stalk the stage, as it were, throughout life's drama, and play some grand heroic part even in what would otherwise be humdrum discussions over their butchers' bills and the accounts of their laundress. Inspector

Drew of the detective police was of another composition. His calling brought him into contact with some of the most startling phases of our modern civilisation; but he endured them, as a rule, with the stoical equanimity of a true philosopher. Wickedness was with him the subject of a professional study, over which he manifested neither pain nor indignation, but the illegal varieties of which it was his duty to bring to condign punishment. It took a good deal to excite the inspector.

The inspector was for once all on fire with an excitement which was not long in communicating itself to the other two occupants of the room. Lord Harrogate readily divined that some clue to the discovery which it was his purpose to make had been thus unexpectedly found; while the landlady of the *Dolphin*, with all her sex's sympathy with the marvellous, was ready to give credence to the policeman had he announced himself the finder of Aladdin's Lamp or the long-lost secret of Hermes Trismegistus.

'It's—it's the—other half of the card!' gasped out Inspector Drew faintly, and concealing, by some odd instinct, the prize within his outstretched hand. 'I'd not have believed it, not though I'd seen it in print,' he added, staggering rather than walking back to his chair and dropping heavily upon it. 'This kind of thing takes a man's breath away, it does.'

Mrs Diver, seeing how white the detective's rufous face had suddenly become, suggested 'cordial,' and produced a tempting-looking bottle and glass from a corner cupboard. But Inspector Drew, albeit as fond, in moderation, of a timely portion of good liquor as any other man could be, declined the dram, even though it came under the seductive name of cordial, and rallied his nerves and his wits without alcoholic aid.

'Now, my lord,' he said in a voice that, tremulous at first, grew steadier as he proceeded, 'this is one of those chances that one don't tumble upon twice, says you, in a lifetime; and so, as perfect openness is in the nature of things the wisest policy, and this good lady has at heart the interests of the young lady concerned, I make so bold as to speak freely of the matter in her presence. I make no doubt too that your lordship has about you the half-card that has been our guide throughout. Might I ask your lordship to produce it?'

'Here it is, certainly,' said Lord Harrogate, as he laid the moiety of the card on the red cover of Mrs Diver's loo-table.

'And here's the fellow of it,' responded the inspector, as he clapped down beside it another piece of torn card, the jagged edges of which fitted exactly with those of the other half. 'There it is!' cried the inspector, hoarse and almost indistinct in his eagerness. 'There it is! See! "Standish" is engraved on the one, and "Captain F." on the other. See again, the "Grena" that goes with the "dier Guards," and the exact match of the bits of pasteboard, every notch and projection corresponding. Why, it's like what it would have been, when there was the old g'vment lottery, buying two half-numbers at random, and finding they made up the one number that won the thirty thousand pound prize! Hurrah!' And by way of a relief to his feelings, the detective flung his hat into the corner of the room, and

administered to an unoffending footstool, covered with faded worsted-work, and presented to Mrs Diver by some patroness from amongst the county families, a kick that sent it noisily into an opposite angle of the parlour. Indifferent to the fate of hat or footstool, the inspector whipped out his horn-mounted arrangement of lenses, and began to survey the newly found card with their help, as minutely and as patiently as the curator of an entomological museum could examine the wing-cases and antennae of a hitherto unique beetle.

'There's pencil-writing here too,' said the policeman after a lengthened scrutiny; 'but it's too many for me—rubbed as it is. Something like an *H I* fancy I can see.'

Lord Harrogate too thought that one of the almost effaced marks of pencilling on the back of the lately found portion of the card might represent the letter *H*. He thought too that the writer of the disjointed memoranda was identical. Then Mrs Diver, as a matter of politeness, was requested to take her turn as a decipherer. To the surprise of her visitors, she drew forth from between the leaves of an illustrated book that lay on the table a piece of silver paper, laid it lightly and smoothly over the card, and then accepted the inspector's proffered glasses.

'I learned this way,' she said, 'years ago, from an artist gentleman who was here sketching, and meant, I am sure, to remit the amount of his bill, as he promised, from London. It does act in a contrary manner to what may be at first supposed, and—ah! yes, I make out the *H* and an *o* and then *!* and then *d*.'

'H-o-l-d! Why, that spells Hold!' cried Lord Harrogate, overjoyed.

'And then follows the name "Gray—Gray," written twice, and scored through the first time, and next, much smaller, "Post-office." That seems to be all,' said Mrs Diver, wiping the glasses.

Further examination confirmed the landlady's original reading of the almost obliterated pencil-marks.

'Hold—Gray—Gray—Post-office,' could yet, though very faintly, be distinguished on the lately recovered portion of the torn card.

'The Post-office, I conclude, may have been used as a concerted place of meeting between the principal in this affair and his agent,' said Lord Harrogate; 'and the former may have written down not merely the name of his confederate, but that by which he chose to be known in Sandaton, the pencilled memorandum being designed to meet no other eye than his own. But as to how the torn card came into the drawer, and how it came to be preserved for so long, I am somewhat at a loss to conjecture.'

'Twenty ways, my lord, as to the first,' said the inspector readily; 'such as the card being entangled in the cloak or jacket or something or other the little lady wore. More likely though it was Mr Gray, as he called himself, let it drop unawares. When men are excited, they are always pulling things out of their pockets restlessly, and don't always put them safe back again. And then, if this good lady has had a habit, and I'm sure a very nice habit, of never throwing away anything that might be useful—why, this card, to judge by the marks on it and this little nick in one corner, which seems as if it had been made with scissors

such as those neat little cards I see sticking out of the work-basket, having been used for the winding of silk, how easy it might have been picked up from the carpet afterwards, and popped into a drawer without a second look or a second thought, and then used years after, mayhap!'

'The gentleman's guessed right,' thoughtfully returned Mrs Diver; 'right, that is as regards a way I've got of keeping by me, against a needful day, odds and ends that others would send to the dust-bin. "Waste not, want not," was the word when I was young; and I've never forgot a saying of my poor mother's about keeping a thing seven years and then fludding a use for it at last. So I may have picked up, when tidying the room, this scrap of torn card, and may have put it from custom in the drawer. Anyhow, I must have used it, for there's a fluff of the green purse silk I generally put along with red into the purses I made to give away among my friends, when silk purses were the rage.'

'It is for me to congratulate myself,' said Lord Harrogate, smiling, 'that this thrifty practice has enabled me, as I trust under heaven, to right a cruel wrong, and sweep away as with a besom the vile web of fraudulent imposture that dares to bar the way of Truth and Justice.'

CHAPTER XLVII.—UNDER A NEW NAME.

'Your duty to leave us, Miss Gray? Your duty to go, without a word of explanation as to the cause of so very singular and unexpected a resolve? Upon my word, young lady, you astonish me!' And indeed Lady Wolverhampton did look the very picture of bewilderment. She liked Ethel much, and was aware that her girls liked her more. She was thoroughly satisfied with the ex-mistress of the village school, both as an instructress for Lady Alice and as an inmate of the house at High Tor, and had often congratulated herself on the chance that had brought Miss Gray beneath her roof. And here was this incomprehensible young person suddenly insisting that she must resign her situation and go away, and only praying that she might not be closely questioned as to the motive for such a resolution.

'Again, dear Lady Wolverhampton, I must beg of you not to ask me why I go,' pleaded Ethel. 'Believe me, that it is a sorrowful change for me, and that it has cost me much to bring myself to do what I feel is right.'

And here the tears welled up in her eyes again, and she turned her face away. They were not the first tears shed since last Lord Harrogate had spoken of his love. Through anxious days and sleepless nights Ethel had been thinking, thinking, and the summary of her reflections was that honour bade her leave the place where she had been so happy, and the family of which the future chief had stooped to woo her for his bride. That, of course, could never be. Yet Lord Harrogate must return; and should he be of the same mind still, her constancy might not always endure as it had hitherto done, and some word of assent or encouragement be wrung from her lips.

Ethel had made up her mind that she must go; and all the arguments and entreaties of her friend Lady Maud and her pupil Lady Alice could not dissuade her from her purpose. Then her intention had been made known to the mistress of the

house, and Lady Wolverhampton had in her turn expostulated, but without result.

'I know very well,' said she, eyeing Ethel as though she were some natural phenomenon, 'that times have altered a good deal; but I can only say that when I was young myself this sort of thing could hardly have happened.'

The honest Countess was one of those to whom the rising, or at anyrate the junior generation, present a standing puzzle. The days in which she had learned her little chapter of the world's great book had been simpler days than these latter ones, and people's motives, if not purer, were at all events very much more intelligible than they now were. When George the Magnificent reigned over us, when the Sailor-king hoisted his flag at Windsor, and when Queen Victoria was a young queen, domestic servitude wore another aspect from that which it now wears. The harsh drill-sergeant Want kept the needy under smarter discipline than modern usages exact. To lose a place was for a servant a misfortune only second to some bodily hurt. And a governess was as much averse to being flung off into the bare, bleak, blank world of poverty as even a servant.

Lady Wolverhampton was vexed and almost angry at Ethel's defection. She knew that young people were nowadays prone to do the oddest things, turning into Sisters of Mercy, shipping for Australia or the Dominion, going off at short notice to some New Zealand dairy, or flinging themselves on the Indian marriage market, or becoming public performers, or Red Cross Ladies in time of war, or shop-girls, porcelain-painters, lecturers, or lady-helps. These avenues of employment had all sprung into being since the Countess formed her first conceptions of right and wrong; but it annoyed her that Ethel should take to any of them. She had been so pleased with Ethel—and how now was she to look for a governess to replace her!

'I am quite sure of one thing,' said Lady Maud, whose own eyes were sympathetically moist; 'whatever Miss Gray's reason may be, it is a good one, and worthy of one whom we have all loved so well.'

Just then there came the sound of wheels, the barking of dogs, and the clang of a bell. But these sounds attracted little notice, for now young Lady Alice burst out into a petulant outbreak of grief and anger.

'Miss Gray,' she declared, 'was cruel, unfriendly, unjust, and unkind, to go away and leave High Tor and all who cared for her just for a whim. It was scandalous, heartless, unpardonable. Of course, Miss Gray—for Lady Alice would never, never, never call her Ethel again—might please herself; but it was none the less cruel conduct, mean, and unworthy of her.'

Having said which, weeping the while, with a flushed cheek and quivering lip, Lady Alice became incoherent in her reproaches, and refused to be comforted, repulsing all Ethel's well-meant efforts to soothe her.

'I'll never call you Ethel more,' cried the indignant girl—'never, never!'

'I don't think you will, Alice,' answered an unexpected voice—the voice of the Earl himself. The Earl was in the room by this, followed by Lord Harrogate. 'I don't think you will,' he repeated, walking straight up to where Ethel

stood, and bending down to press his lips, in fatherly fashion, on her white forehead. 'I must be the first to kiss you, Helena, my dear, the first to welcome beneath this poor roof of mine, by her true name, the kinswoman who has the best right to its hospitality—poor cousin Clare's child—Helena, Lady Harrogate!'

No one there present could ever quite clearly recall, in later days, the scene that followed, the outcries, the astonishment, the excited talk, the marble pallor of Ethel's lovely face, as, with eyes that had grown dim and heart scarce throbbing, she clung to Lady Maud, sobbing in her arms, and murmured again and again the child-like question, 'Can it be true—true of me?'

It was noticeable that no one, save Ethel herself, for a moment doubted the truth of the good news. Even the Countess put fullest faith in the tale which her son had to tell, in the reality of the discovery which had placed a coronet on the brow of a poor and nameless girl. There was much eager curiosity as to the manner in which the riddle had been solved, but of its solution all were satisfied. It had been far otherwise when Miss Willis had been ostentatiously proclaimed at Carbery heiress to the De Vere honours. Wonder, suspicion, resentment, had then been the prevalent feelings; but now the Earl's daughters clustered round their new-found cousin with soft words and fond caresses, and vowed that they could never love her better than they had done as dear Ethel, and that she would give, instead of borrowing, lustre to the ancient race to which they all belonged.

And then Lord Harrogate, with a flushed cheek, rallied all his fortune, since he felt it due to Ethel herself, to say what he had to say publicly. He could not have given a stronger proof of his attachment; for an educated Englishman, even before a kindred audience, has an almost hydrophobic horror of that dramatic effect which is as mother's milk to the more demonstrative Frenchman.

'Once—twice,' he said, going up to Ethel, 'I have told you that I loved you, and have asked you to be my wife. If you were, as I learn, about to quit High Tor, and leave the friends that you had made, it was, as I suspect, to shield yourself by absence from addresses which a noble sense of duty urged you to reject.—Father—mother—you hear me—hear me now renew my suit, and crave for our cousin's love, now that the noblest in Europe might acknowledge her for their equal.'

Very often, afterwards, Ethel Gray—let us still call her so—attempted to recall to her memory the precise answer which she had given to Lord Harrogate's public proposal of marriage, but it all seemed like a confused dream of wazy happiness, and all that was certain was that everybody kissed and was kissed by everybody else, and all talked and none listened; and the betrothal was assumed and sanctioned and blessed and joyed over without Ethel's having ever pronounced the actual word 'Yes' from first to last.

'If it is possible to be glad of so terrible a calamity,' said the Earl at last, when the conversation became more general. 'I cannot but rejoice that I am not to be the means of bringing punishment down upon the head of one with whom I have been on terms of neighbourly amity. To poor Sir Sykes, in his present helpless state, man's justice signifies little; yet there is no doubt

but that he was the pseudo-widower, the false Mr Gray, in person, and that the buccaneering rascal Hold has long terrorised over him by working on his fears and his remorse.'

'That miserable creature—whom we knew as Miss Willis—what will become of her?' said Lady Mand, pity and indignation mingling in her voice as she spoke.

'Being of the weaker sex, and presumably a tool of Hold's, she will not be very severely dealt with, I suspect,' said Lord Harrogate. 'To-night, however, or to-morrow, Inspector Drew will arrive with the necessary warrant from the Home Office, and our pirate friend yonder will probably find Carberry too hot to hold him much longer. It is odd though, as to Miss Willis, how strangely her face comes back to my recollection as having been seen in a shop somewhere.'

'That can scarcely be,' said Lady Gladys; 'we were all told, when she arrived, that she was fresh from India.'

'Yes, Gladys,' said the Earl cheerily; 'we were told that, and a good deal more; but we were afterwards required to believe that the interesting ward was of our own race, and this was more than we could take on trust. The sooner that clever young lady vanishes from the scene now, the better for her, I should say. Two Kings of Brentford, as the saying is, would not be worse than two Ladies Harrogate, in their own right, in a quiet Devonshire parish; and Miss Willis and her ally Hold may be assured that the tables have turned at last, and that a heavy day of reckoning is at hand.'

STAR-FISHES.

On a previous occasion we described those curious creatures the 'Sea-eggs'—the *Echini* of the zoologist. In the present paper we intend to say something about the Star-fishes, which are not merely common denizens of our rock-pools and coasts, but also boast of being very near relations of the sea-eggs themselves. The name 'star-fish' in some parts of the country is superseded by the terms 'cross-fish' and 'five-fingers.' Each name applies distinctively to the commonest species of these animals found on our coasts, the Common Star-fish (*Uroaster rubens*). This animal is so familiar that any description of its outward appearance is almost unnecessary. We see a body which appears to consist almost entirely of five rays. There is very little 'body' or 'disc' to be noticed in the common star-fish—the name 'disc' applying to the central portion from which the rays may be supposed to spring. The surface of the body is rough and studded with a great many little prominences and miniature spines, and the skin itself is not only of a tough, leathery consistence, but contains living particles which in their own humble way represent the more perfect development of that mineral we see in the shell of the 'sea-egg.'

As we observe a star-fish cast up by the unkindly waves on the beach, it certainly appears to be one of the most helpless and forlorn of creatures. Drop it into the nearest rock-pool however, and the aspect of matters will soon

appear changed. The star-fish will then be seen to move slowly and circumspectly over the bed of the pool, and to present the appearance of an animal thoroughly at home. The under surface of the star-fish certainly offers for our observation a greater abundance of features than the upper surface. Below and in the centre of the body we see the mouth which, however, is unprovided with the teeth or jaws, that form so marked a feature of the 'sea-eggs.' Stretching like five avenues from this central mouth we find the rays, and on their under surface, packed one would think to an extreme degree, are to be seen the numerous curious little structures called tube-feet by means of which the star-fish walks. Each tube-foot consists of a little muscular pipe, provided at its tip with a sucker, enabling the animal to hold on firmly to any surface to which the foot may be applied. We are therefore not surprised at the ready fashion in which the star-fish crawls about. With hundreds of tube-feet in each ray, the body is slowly but surely borne over all the inequalities of rock-pool or sea-bed.

The mechanism by which these tube-feet act resembles that through which the similar 'feet' of the sea-eggs are put in operation. But the subject is so interesting that a recapitulation of the locomotive arrangements in these animals may be briefly given. The entire system of tube-feet in the star-fish is set in operation, so to speak, through the agency of water. The tube-feet of each ray are attached to a main-pipe which runs along the groove of the ray in which the feet are placed. And this main-pipe in its turn takes its origin from a circular vessel surrounding the mouth internally. At the base of each tube-foot—that is where the foot is attached to the main-pipe—a little muscular bag exists; and we may lastly note that the whole system of pipes—main-pipe, circular vessel, tube-feet, and their sacs or bags—is placed in communication with the outer world by another tube, the function of which is to admit water to the system. Suppose now, that the star-fish intends to make a tour of its abode. Water will first be admitted to the circular vessel, and from that vessel will run through the main-pipe in each ray, ultimately filling the bags or sacs at the bases of the tube-feet. These bags, like the feet, are muscular; and hence by their contraction the fluid is forced into the feet. The latter are thus distended and rendered tense, and the suckers can therefore be firmly applied to the surface over which the star-fish is proceeding. When on the other hand the star-fish comes to rest, or when it is tossed up on the beach by the waves and we find its tube-feet empty and flaccid, we see the effects of the escape of the water which formerly filled them, and without which the creature is unable to seek 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

It is not our intention to describe minutely the internal anatomy of the star-fish, although there are some few points which even the reader,

unfamiliar with zoology, may find it interesting to know. The mouth is found to lead into a stomach which, curiously enough, sends processes into each ray. The stomach of the star-fish is thus a capacious organ, and partakes of the general symmetry or shape of its body. According to trustworthy accounts, the star-fish would seem to make rather a peculiar use of its stomach-sac. The fisherman views the star-fishes with disgust, and no wonder, when he finds half his baited hooks attacked by these, to him, useless creatures; and oyster-dredgers regard them with the most unfavourable eyes. The cause of this animosity is, in the statement of the dredgers, that star-fishes are the enemies of oysters, and devour large quantities of these molluscs.

We can understand how the star-fish fastens to a nautilus, but how it is enabled to destroy the oyster was long regarded as a puzzling question. The idea that the star-fish inserted one of its rays within the shell of the oyster, and thus forced it to open its shell, is of course untenable. Oysters are very wary animals as far as the opening of their shells is concerned; and the quick action of the mollusc in closing its shell whenever it is touched, shews the impossibility of a sluggish animal like the star-fish attacking the citadel of the oyster in the manner just described. A sea-side observation made by naturalists in past years, and confirmed by the writer, makes clear the manner in which star-fishes may be able to assault the oyster. Visitors to the beach may frequently find star-fishes apparently rolled into a rounded form, and tossed up on the beach just after the tide has receded. If one of these star-fishes be uncoiled and examined it will be found to inclose some unfortunate whelk or periwinkle which is being slowly devoured. The victim is found to be applied close to the mouth of the star-fish, and when it is pulled away from the mouth, a clear jelly-like bag is seen to be slowly withdrawn from the victim's shell into the mouth of the star-fish. This bag is the stomach, which the star-fish appears enabled to evert and protrude, with the result it is supposed of irritating or poisoning its victim, and also of absorbing its soft parts. Whether this latter is the true explanation or not, the observation on the habits of the star-fish which any one may make during a sea-side visit appears to favour the idea that the star-fish first renders the mollusc helpless, and then absorbs it by a curious application of the stomach.

Our star-fish possesses a system of nerves, and its chief sense-organs appear to be the eyes which, curiously enough, are placed at the tips of its rays. The situation of the simple eyes of the animal is peculiar, and although they can hardly be supposed to exercise a true sense of sight as represented in higher animals, they may nevertheless be regarded as useful to the animal in making it acquainted with so much of its surroundings. As the star-fish crawls along, the eyes appear at any rate to be satisfactorily placed at the tips of the rays, and a small tentacle or feeler is also found in this situation, being placed just above the eye. In the sea-eggs, the curious little organisms known as *pedicellariæ* were noted to occur. These latter are minute bodies, each consisting of a stalk bearing a pair of snapping jaws at its extremity. The pedicellariæ are attached to the little spines of the star-fish and to its outer surface generally. The nature of these curious

little jaws and how or why they move—even after the death of the star-fish—are items in their history of which no good explanation has yet been given.

Our star-fish begins its life in a somewhat different fashion and appearance from that in which it passes its mature years. The young star-fish is, in the vast majority of species, unlike the adult. It appears as a little free-swimming body known as *Bipinnaria*, and when first discovered by naturalists, its relations to the star-fish were utterly unsuspected. The most curious part of its development, however, consists in the fact that the real and future star-fish is developed within this *Bipinnaria*, from a limited part of the body of the latter. The young star-fish is formed and grows at the expense of its representative, and what remains of the *Bipinnaria* after the young star-fish has been formed, is cast off and perishes.

As we have already remarked, the name 'star-fish' is applied especially to denote the common 'five-fingered' animal of our sea-beaches. That there are a number of other animals which also possess a rightful claim to this title is a well-known fact. The 'Sun-stars' with their thirteen or sixteen rays, are also 'star-fishes' in the true sense of the term; and the little 'Sand-stars' and 'Brittle-stars' which are brought up in the dredge, claim the title of star-fishes equally with the foregoing examples. The 'Sand-stars' are active little creatures, whose rays are more appendages to the body and are not so much parts of the body itself as in the common star-fish. They do not move about by means of tube-feet, but by the active movements of their rays, and a mass of these star-fishes just dredged presents a curious appearance as they lie twisting and coiling their rays in the meshes of the net. The 'Brittle-stars' obtain their distinctive title from the readiness with which they part with their arms. Indeed, it is a highly difficult matter to obtain a perfect specimen of a brittle-star. Edward Forbes has left us a humorous description of his endeavour to capture one of these animals in a perfect state. He had in readiness a pail of fresh-water into which the brittle-star was meant to be placed as it came up in the dredge, in the hope of killing it ere it had time to get rid of its rays. The star-fish was just introduced into the bucket, when it parted with its rays, literally separating itself into fragments; Professor Forbes in despair grasping 'the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision.'

If, however, self-mutilation is common amongst the star-fishes, no less well represented is the power of reproducing lost parts. In a sea-side ramble we may find star-fishes consisting of a body, and one ray—the other members having likely been torn away by some voracious fish. But *nil desperandum* is the motto of the star-fish. Given sufficient time and favourable surroundings, and the maimed body will develop new rays and parts to replace the old, and will appear in due time as a living testimony to the wondrous powers of reparation which some of Nature's creatures possess.

Recent observations on the star-fishes, and their neighbours the sea-eggs, and sea-cucumbers or trepangs, have revealed the interesting fact that

many of these creatures not only hatch their eggs within their bodies, but carry their young in special pouches or receptacles for lengthened periods. The kangaroos amongst quadrupeds are known to carry the young for a considerable period in the *marsupium* or pouch. It is therefore highly interesting to find an analogous instance of protection of the young in the star-fishes and their neighbours; and there is one star-fish known—a species of Brittle-star—which would actually seem to imitate the opossums, since it carries its young on its back. That much yet remains to be discovered in the history and habits of the star-fishes, no one may doubt. But we trust enough has been said to shew that there are many studies of a much less elevating nature and of less interesting kind which a sea-side visitor may undertake, than the investigation of the ways of star-fishes.

TESTED.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'THANKS for your advice, old fellow; it's thoroughly good and thoroughly well meant; I am sure of both these facts; at the same time, forgive me for saying I can't take it.'

'And I'll do you the further justice of admitting that you didn't ask me for it.'

'Good-bye till to-morrow morning at eleven sharp,' the first speaker replied, jumping as he spoke, off the gate on which he had been sitting. 'Wish me joy, and do your best to make my peace with the girls; your wife will do her best for me, I know.'

The other man wished Leonard Bell joy and good-bye heartily enough; but as he passed out of sight and hearing, the man, who still remained leaning against the gate, shook his head rather moodily, and said to himself: 'Poor old boy! you're wrong about my wife for once; in marrying beneath you, you offend one of her strongest prejudices. I know how her head will go up, and how she will "wonder how Leonard could fall in love with vulgarity after having been intimate with me!" What a world we live in! Bell with a wife he could have been proud of, would have had the ball at his feet in a short time; as it is'

— He checked himself abruptly, and with a shrug of the shoulders, that did not betoken too much sanguine expectation concerning his friend's future, walked slowly back to the village where he was staying until such time as Leonard Bell bachelor should be transformed into Leonard Bell benedict.

Considerably older than the man whose matrimonial project had just been on the *tapis*, and endowed with considerably more experience of the world, Mr Linton had not distrusted his powers to put a stop to the ill-advised marriage Leonard seemed bent on making, up to the present morning. The knowledge of the handsome, cultivated, refined young artist's engagement to a girl who had been accountant and head-barmaid at an hotel in an adjoining town, had only been in

Mr Linton's possession for the last four days. Instantly on the receipt of the letter containing the (to him) sad intelligence, he had left London, and sought Leonard in the little village on the borders of the breezy Sussex downs, where the enchantress held him in bondage until the fatal knot could be tied legally; and it is but fair to Mrs Linton to say that it was her influence which urged her husband to take such immediate action.

The journey was fruitless as far as prevention went. Leonard loved the girl for her fine animal beauty, and thought there was something piquant in her pronunciation, which was sufficiently coarse to have cured him utterly, had not the aforesaid animal beauty affected his senses in a way that deadened his perceptive faculties.

'She's as pure as an angel, as lovely as Venus, and as unsophisticated as a child!' he replied rapturously, when Mr Linton asked him into what circle he supposed it probable that he would be able to introduce his bride. 'She'd adorn any circle, sir; and if my circle thinks itself too good for her, why, I shall not attempt to enter its sacred precincts myself. If she is not fit for it, neither am I.'

'A man is bound to stand by the woman to whom he gives his name,' Mr Linton replied sentimentously. But he thought: 'A man who gives his name to a woman so far beneath him socially, himself becomes unfit for a circle so greatly above her.' He only thought this, however; he refrained from saying it, and wounding Leonard's feelings more deeply than he had already done by the honest though measured terms in which he had expressed his disapprobation of the unequal match.

The bridal morning dawned, and the bells rang out merrily from the old parish church over the cowslip and buttercup spangled meadows, telling the tidings of the handsome young gentleman-artist's nuptials with the pretty daughter of the Priory steward. There was, however, nothing merry in their pealing, in the ears of Mr Linton. The golden radiance of the meadows annoyed him, as it seemed to be typical of that rustic beauty and simplicity which had wrought the social ruin of his friend and favourite Leonard Bell. 'If the sun would only cloud over, it would be more in accordance with my feelings than all this glare and stir,' he said to himself, as he made his way to the church. But the bells went on ringing, the flowers went on blooming, and the sun went on shining in a way that proved each and all to be utterly regardless of Harry Linton's feelings and of Leonard Bell's future.

Presently the wedding-party entered. It was small and as silent as the nature of the case would admit of its being. The mother of the bride, Mrs Waller, led the way, leaning on the arm of her son, a fine brawny young man, who held the post of farm-bailiff at the Priory, now that his father's age unfitted him for active service. A good, honest, hearty-looking fellow, carrying his six feet easily and manfully enough. 'A nice-looking fellow for his class,' Mr Linton instantly admitted; 'but not the sort of man that Bell can ever introduce to his sisters and my wife as his brother-in-law.'

Following the mother and brother came the two sisters as bride's-maids. Prettily, quietly, and

becomingly dressed, they looked like what they were, respectable young country-town shopwomen. And last of all came the bride, led by her venerable handsome-headed old father, who in all the dignity of his unstained integrity and well-earned independence, might have sat for the portrait of the Miller of the Dee.

'Undoubtedly a handsome girl,' was Mr Linton's verdict, as he caught sight of the well-cut features and the rich, blooming brunette complexion of the girl, who had in some mysterious manner caused the fastidious caste-loving Leonard Bell to forswear his social creed. 'If she's teachable and tractable, above all if she's initiative, she may take the place his wife should take—in time; but at present he will blush for her as soon as he sees her side by side with a gentlewoman. She looks wonderfully well, though; how will it be when she opens her mouth?'

He soon had an opportunity of judging, for as soon as the service was over, the whole party adjourned to the vestry to sign the registers, in attestation of their having witnessed the holy and lawful ceremony. With the ardour of a lover and of an owner proud of his new possession, Leonard Bell took his bride's hand and presented Mr Linton to her as his 'earliest and best friend.'

Something in the younger man's voice and manner, some singular mixture of pride and deprecation, touched the elder and more worldly-wise man into displaying greater cordiality and tenderness towards the newly-made wife than he would otherwise have exhibited. For a moment he allowed himself to forget the gap that custom and culture made between them, and bowing over her hand with the same amount of courtesy and respect he would have shewn for a princess, he said that he 'wished her every form of happiness and prosperity that her heart could desire, both for Leonard's sake and her own.'

Slight as the ordeal was, she could not pass through it unscathed. To her new friend's intense disappointment, to the equally intense mortification of her husband, Mrs Leonard Bell tossed her pretty head after the manner of a stage *soubrette* whom she had once much admired at a provincial theatre, and replied, with a jaunty and highly artificial assumption of being perfectly at ease: 'Thank you, Mr Linton; and I am sure you'll find no difference in the welcome you'll get at our house, though Mr Bell is married; and that's not what every wife would say to the friends her husband hobnobbed with in his bachelor days.'

'This is not one of my bachelor friends, you must understand, Ellen dear,' Leonard began explaining, in an agony of confusion; but 'Ellen dear' knew she had created a sensation by her last remark, and was determined to deepen the impression her *aplomb* had produced on one of 'Leonard's stack-up friends,' and give him the opportunity of assuring that mystic 'set' of Leonard's, of which she had heard faint rumours, that 'Mrs Leonard Bell was well able to take care of herself.'

'And it's not every young lady that will speak civil to her husband's old lady-friends, I can tell you. There was my companion at the'—She stopped suddenly, checked by a look of agonised entreaty on her husband's face, and with a loud laugh and another jaunty toss of the head, turned to another subject. 'We'll go back to breakfast now; for we must all be that hungry. I'm sure

that we shall all do full justice to whatever you have had provided, Ma'—I'm sure it was very good of you, Mr Linton, to come down to this hole of a place to do honour to our wedding; and we should have been very glad to have seen your wife with you, and then she and I could have struck up a friendship, you know, and so have been able to run in and out and have a gossip with each other, as soon as I got to London, and was settled in my own home.'

'So this is Leonard Bell's wife!' Mr Linton thought. 'The woman he has selected from all the world to bear his name, to be the mother of his children, solace his lot, and sympathise with his highest aspirations!'

CHAPTER II.

'The happy pair are coming home to-day; aren't they?' Mr Linton said one morning, a few weeks after the Bells' marriage. 'Yes,' he went on, consulting his note-book, without waiting for his wife's reply; 'this is the day, the third of July. Couldn't you send a line round to await them, Kate, and ask them here to dinner?'

A pretty, sparkling-faced, graceful-mannered woman rose quickly as he spoke, and went over to bestow some trifling loving attention on the flowers in her window-garden before she replied: 'I have never been able to extract a single word of description from you about Mrs Leonard Bell. Why should I bring her on myself in this intimate way, until I know whether or not the intimacy will be congenial to us both?'

'Don't get on preliminary stilts, Kate,' he answered laughing. 'Leonard owes a good deal to you in one way and another; don't make him feel the debt too keenly, by keeping his wife at arm's length.'

'What is she like, Harry? Tell me.'

'A very handsome richly coloured brunette; tall, well grown, and'—

'Shy?'

'Not at all; remarkably self-possessed.'

'Ah! now, do give me fuller information. You have been so strangely reticent about it all. She is either a person whom you expect to fairly dazzle me, or she is some one whom it would have been well for Leonard not to have married.'

'I shall leave you to draw your own conclusions when you meet her,' said Mr Linton, rising, and preparing to get himself away to his office. 'Remember this: you have helped to popularise Leonard in society, you have worked his name up in the press, and you have conferred the distinction of your openly avowed friendship upon him. Don't attempt to neutralise the effect of all these things by shewing him the cold-shoulder, even if you don't happen to like his choice of a wife.'

'His sister's tears are well founded, and our boy has made a mistake, I fear—oh how I fear it!' muttered Mrs Linton to herself, as her husband went out of the room. 'However, Harry is right. I, who have spoilt him, and taught him to believe in the infallibility of his own judgment, must be the last one to show that it is a mistake, if it turns out to be one; the world will do that sharply and speedily enough.'

Mrs Linton debated the question of the propriety of the proposition her husband had made as to inviting the bride and bridegroom to dine

with them (the Lintons) this day of their return, up to mid-day. Then kindness and curiosity combined to make her pen the following note:

DEAR MRS BELL.—My husband and I, as old friends of your husband's, who wish with as little delay as possible to become friends of yours also, trust that you and Leonard will waive ceremony, and dine with us *en famille* to-night at seven.—Believe me, with kindest regards to you both, yours truly

KATE LINTON.

This note, written in all friendliness, was sent round to the artist's house by a messenger, who was charged to wait for an answer, if Mr and Mrs Bell were at home. Sent in kindness and courtesy, we shall see how it was received, in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

The husband and wife had been home for about an hour when Mrs Linton's note was delivered to Mrs Leonard Bell. On the whole, this hour that he had passed in the home, which was dainty and delicately decorated with the indescribable taste of an art-loving man, was the happiest he had passed since his marriage. The pictures and the statuettes, the bronzes and harmoniously coloured pieces of old china, the oriental rugs and carved oak buffets, were all dear and familiar, fraught with delightful associations, charged every one of them with pleasant memories of friends of his own class, whose very existence he had forgotten, while the glamour was over him about Ellen Price. Additionally, he could gaze at and study these beautiful objects with the sure conviction that they would never speak and shock him out of all admiration for them by faulty pronunciation and coarse tones.

It had come to this, unfortunately. His wife's beauty was as great as it had ever been, greater indeed, for he had modified and toned down her dress with such taste that it would have been difficult to find a better or more becomingly costumed woman than Mrs Leonard Bell in the most *recherché* set in London. But he had found himself utterly unable to modify or tone down her provincial accent and coarse colloquialisms. The underbred girl who had been the belle of the bar, flattered, courted, and admired by the very lowest and worst class of bagmen, believed herself to be fully equal to the situation she was now filling, and laughed to scorn any attempt her husband made to cultivate her intellect and get her to cast off at least the outer shell of ignorance.

The hour had been the happiest he had passed since his marriage, for at least his surroundings were dear and congenial to him. But it had not been unalloyed happiness which he had tasted. He had purposely timed their return for the middle of the day, in order that he might have several hours of daylight at his disposal, during which he might be able to inoculate his wife with something like an admiration of and appreciation for some of the art treasures which he had obtained at the cost of many years of hard work at his art, and the sacrifice of many a merely social or selfish pleasure.

'I'll shew you your kingdom from garret to basement, Nellie dear,' he said to the lady as soon as she had avowed herself to be sufficiently 'rested'

to undertake the tour of inspection after her journey. She had sailed into the dining-room and cast anchor in that haven immediately on entering the house, and though she was delighted at the affluence displayed in its fittings-up and furniture, she would not avow that delight, for fear Leonard should think she 'hadn't seen as good many and many a time' at the houses of some wealthy but extremely mythical relations whom she was in the habit of quoting.

'The attics!' she exclaimed in affected surprise, 'what should ladies do in the attics, Leonard? No; I'm too tired to go up that 'ight;' and just as she said this the letter came from Mrs Linton.

'Well, well! read your note, and then we will go up to the drawing-room,' he said good-humouredly; but his brow burnt, for the servant who had brought in the letter had missed her mistress's 'h'; and he knew that his wife's former social status was guessed at once pretty correctly by at least one of his faithful servitors.

'It's from the wife of that gentleman who came to our wedding, Len; she asks us there to dinner to-night,' Mrs Bell cried out with an air of pleasure that was natural, and therefore agreeable to her husband.

'Jolly of her!' he responded with enthusiasm, for Mrs Linton had proved herself one of his fastest and truest friends for many a year; and the dread had come into his mind more than once since his marriage that the wife he had chosen would not be likely to cement the union. 'Jolly of her! It's just like her to be the first to shew you kindness. We go of course.'

'I am not so sure about that,' Mrs Bell replied with a pout. 'If she's as stuck-up as her husband is, I'm in no hurry to know her; and as for shewing me kindness, I could have my dinner at home, I suppose. Besides, she doesn't know me yet, so it's for you the kindness is shewn, not for me.'

'We won't argue about that, darling,' he replied affectionately. A good deal of the glamour that her positive beauty had cast over him was gone; but he remembered that he had selected her from all the world, and that he had removed her from her own sphere and her own friends; and remembering these things, he was careful that she should find nothing wanting in him. Accordingly he called her 'darling' affectionately, though her burst of self-importance struck him as being singularly ill-timed.

'Write a line to Mrs Linton, Nellie, and tell her we have much pleasure in accepting her friendly invitation,' he went on, wheeling a small writing-table up to her; and after some slight demur, Nellie did as she was desired to do; but she did it with a bad grace; and Leonard Bell began to have his visions of pleasure consequent on the renewal of intercourse with Mrs Linton, tinged with nervous apprehension of his wife's possible antagonism.

It was undoubtedly a trying moment for them all when he led his bride into Mrs Linton's drawing-room that evening. As far as appearance went he had every reason to be satisfied with his wife; for she had dressed according to his directions, and was looking splendidly handsome. He watched eagerly for this effect she would produce on a woman whose predominant characteristics were refinement and tact; and he felt, with a pang of

bitter mortification, that it would require a good deal of the latter quality to enable Mrs Linton to conceal what a shock it was to the former one to see on whom his choice had fallen.

'I welcome you warmly, for Leonard's sake, at once, and doubtless shall soon do so for your own,' was the greeting of the hostess, as she came forward cordially to meet her guests; and at this Mrs Bell bridled and tossed her head, and replied in tones that were sharpened by some undefinable feeling of jealousy: 'If I had known that it was only for Mr Bell's sake that you asked me, I should have let him come alone.'

'The beauty of a Venus and the temper of a vixen and the breeding of a—what? What could have possessed Leonard to marry a woman who is so palpably not a lady?' Mrs Linton thought; but she spared her old friend and favourite the mortification of following the expression of these thoughts to portray themselves on her face.

'Twas long to tell and vain to hear' the series of humiliating incidents that occurred during this the first evening of Mrs Leonard Bell's introduction to her husband's set. Ignorant, vain, and ill-tempered, she outraged Mrs Linton's sense of social decorum at every turn; and when the moment of their departure arrived, Leonard felt, with a pang of genuine grief, that a change had been brought in his once staunch ally's opinion of him.

'She despises me,' he said to himself; 'but I owe it to the woman I have married, never to let Mrs Linton know how fully conscious I am of deserving her contempt. If any sacrifice is to be made, I will sacrifice her friendship and interest, rather than be disloyal to one of the obligations I have taken on myself.'

It was but the beginning of the end. The handsome artist soon found that his position in society altered in a way that made him wretched when he went into it. His wife was absolutely unteachable, and at times absolutely unbearable in her arrogance and ill-humour. The once courted, popular 'favourite of Fortune,' as he had been frequently designated, was keenly alive to the indifferent tones that had succeeded those which once thrilled with interest in him. He ran the gantlet of averted looks and cool accents, of languid answers, and every description of slight which Society offers to the man who has wronged it by 'marrying beneath him.' He ran the gantlet of these poisoned weapons for one season, and then lapsed from the sphere of which he had been the brightest luminary. There was something almost grand in the way in which he retired from the contest, that was so cruelly unequal. Even those who had been most merciless in awarding him the punishment due to his offence, acknowledged his manliness, and half admired him for it. He shewed the section of Society that had been his 'world,' that he would have no share in it while it ostracised his wife.

On the other hand, was she grateful for the sacrifice he made for her for his honour's sake? Was she even grateful for the air of thinking it no sacrifice at all, which he always assumed when she began to investigate the subject? Emphatically no! She was furious, spiteful that the necessity for his self-abetting himself in such a way should have been thrust upon him; but she was careless and indifferent to the last degree about the graceful graciousness with

which he accepted the necessity. There was no balm for him in his wife's society and manner; there was no compensation to him for all he had lost in her cloudy looks and temper, in her ignorant derision of the art that was dear to him, or in her barely concealed aversion to, and jealousy of the few bachelor friends who still habitually associated with him.

A dreary life this of Leonard's, a desolate life, for he felt both mentally and socially isolated. For a time he strove to interest her in the literature of the day; he would give her extracts from contemporaneous history in the daily journals, and read chapter after chapter of moving pictures of real life from the pens of the best novelists. But he relinquished his self-appointed task in despair, when he found that she never either felt or feigned the faintest interest in any literature save pungent police reports, or in anything dramatic save melo-dramatic pieces at some of the transpontine theatres. As for conversing with him on any topic of the day, in which thousands of her fellow-creatures were taking a keen interest, if they had been topics of another world she could not have known less about them.

So two years passed away, and Leonard Bell's narrowed aspirations and interests, his social desolation and domestic lack of sympathy, began to tell on his work, in a way that it was very sad for those to see who had prophesied that the man who had started from such a praiseworthy point would eventually reach an exalted position. Now the few years had passed, and Mrs Linton and others of the class of which she is the representative, watched his decadence at the Academy with many a pang of self-reproach for having withheld the kindly word and the helping hand, that might have spared the feeling of abandonment which was making itself manifest.

'At least he can't have poverty to contend with,' the pretty fashionable woman, who had been such a friend of Leonard Bell's while the friendship redounded as much to her honour as to his, said to herself as she came out from the Academy one morning, after having vainly tried to discern something of his old better self in his best picture of the year. 'He can't have poverty to contend with. He is as popular as ever he was; and though he is popular with a lower class than formerly, it's with a class to whom money is no object. If I thought for a moment he was feeling the grip of want, I'd go and see him; as it is!'

As it was, Mrs Linton stifled the good impulse, and tried to banish all thoughts of the man whose career she had once proudly prognosticated would be a brilliant one.

But the day soon dawned when her resolution to forget the man for whom she had been ambitious, utterly broke down before a storm of strong human feeling. Glancing over the *Times* obituary one morning, her eye fell on the words: 'At Glenholme House, St John's Wood, on the 9th instant, KATE, the only child of LEONARD and ELLEN BELL, aged four years.'

Her first feeling was one of intense, earnest, loving pity and sympathy for the bereaved parents; her next a pang of pleasure that she herself, in spite of all her callous neglect of him, should have been so kindly remembered by Leonard, that he

had called his only child after her. 'At least they shall see that I don't stand aloof from them in their hour of trial,' she said to her husband half apologetically. But he rather checked her enthusiasm by reminding her that people 'acted injudiciously very often when attacked by a fit of late remorse.'

Who can tell what throbs of kindly feeling agitated her heart; what sweet desires to make amends filled her mind as she drove over to Glen-thorne House, resolving to go in with outstretched hands, and with the sorrow for them which she really felt, expressed in her face? Who can tell what an effort of self-constraint it cost her to go when she felt so little sure of a welcome, to meet those to whom she had played the social Pharisee's part?

For a few minutes she was left alone in a room that was well filled with handsome modern furniture stiffly and conventionally arranged. 'No evidences of poor Leonard's taste here,' she thought; then she blamed herself for the touch of contempt for the taste of his wife, which was tingling her reflections; and as he came in at the moment, went forward with tearful eyes and quivering lips to greet him.

'Your sorrow is reflected in my heart, my friend,' she murmured. 'Leonard, we have been strangers for a long time; let my sympathy with your wife and you now, win my way back to your friendship.'

She was chilled when he told her, told her quietly enough, that she had never lost his friendship, but that all friendship had seemed valueless to him since he had found it drawing lines and distinctions which would have made him seem a traitor in his own eyes if he had striven to retain it.

She was chilled, inexpressibly wounded, for she saw that the stab Society had given him rankled still. But her respect for him deepened as she realised that however foolish he had been in pledging the solemn vows he had pledged to Ellen Price, he had amply redeemed them to Ellen Bell.

'May I see your wife?' she next asked; and he told her 'yes'; and himself went and brought the once-brilliant beauty in.

Saddened, softened as she was by the loss of her child, the character of the wife for whose sake he was self-banished from the world he sympathised with and loved so well, remained unaltered. She was still jealous, suspicious, and anxious about minor matters, desperately ignorant, and arrogant in her manner. Still there was a touch of pathos in the words and tone in which she unconsciously revealed to Mrs Linton, when Leonard left them for a while, how unrepiningly and thoroughly her husband had stood the sharp test to which he had been subjected.

'I'm more sorry for Mr Bell than I am for myself even,' she said weeping; 'for though he never wants any company but mine, and is happier and more contented in his home, whatever temper I may be in, than I ever saw a man in my life, still our Kate was the apple of his eye; and she worshipped her father, and would have been a better companion for him perhaps than I am, if she had lived to grow up. He isn't like some men you see; his first thought has always been for his home, so the loss falls hard on him; for he's given

up everything that could take him away from it, for us; and now Kate's gone!'

'He's nobler by far now than he was when I predicted such a noble future for him,' Mrs Linton told her husband when she went home. 'Though married beneath him, he has never allowed his wife to see that she has cost him a jot of what was dear as life to him. Has he not been terribly tested, and triumphantly proved true?'

THE GLORY OF POSSESSION.

POPE says that 'Man never is, but always to be blessed'; a remark which, while obviously true as a rule, has yet many exceptions, which go far to prove its power and truth as a general axiom. Certain individuals are never satisfied with the condition of things around them, are always discontented and wishing for some change; all the time being blind to the fact that the root of the dissatisfaction lies within themselves. 'How well we should get on if we got such and such an appointment! How comfortable in such a position! How happy there, and how successful somewhere else,' is the continual cry. 'If I had this, or knew that, or might get such another thing, life would be far different!' Of such vain grumblers is Pope's line true, as forcibly true as it is of longings infinitely deeper.

But there is in the world another class, whose acceptance of things as they are is equally remarkable and almost equally aggravating. They are the people to whom the glory of possession covers all defects, and throws a beauty over all unsightliness; to whom all is wonderful, all is beautiful, because it is 'ours.' To such minds the very fact of possession implies perfection, not that the thing is so in itself, but that it becomes so extrinsically because it is 'our own.' These are the people who live in lonely wretchedness in country mansions, and wonder how others can exist in the smoke and din of a city; who tell you that they never have any fogs, never hear any storms; who speak of 'our' grapes and 'our' cabbages being finer than any other, and who pity the poor unfortunates who are so far the victims of fate as to be reduced to the necessity of eating market vegetables; totally oblivious of the important fact, that such individuals can have earlier peas and later strawberries, not to speak of the thousand dainties one garden cannot produce, but which the golden key can unlock as from the gardens of the Hesperides. Transport the same people to town, and (curious phenomenon) it is thenceforth a matter of wonder to them how people can live in a miserably dull country house; and town becomes the most desirable of residences simply because 'we' live in town. What of the fogs and the storms now and the many other disagreeables? All vanished away, or rather transferred to the now despised rural life.

In the same manner 'our' carriage is always the best. If it be a wagonette, it is so much more convenient than any other kind. Then when a

landau is purchased, how much more comfortable; and it immediately becomes a matter of surprise that makers of any other style find any sale for their productions. The same state of feeling is evident towards the whole of the possessions, and ranges from the most important to the most trivial matter. The happy possessor of a small sailing-yacht discourses with apparent modesty of his 'trim-built wherry,' as he pleases to call it, affecting to prefer it to all boats of larger dimensions, and scoffing at the many drawbacks of steam and machinery. Next year, with the advent of a larger fortune, he becomes the owner of a fine screw-steamer, and all its good qualities are apparent and its bad ones forgotten, in the glory of possession.

In like manner with children; the parents of each family are singularly alive to the defects in others, and quite cognisant of the rudeness of the children belonging to any one else, deploring with ludicrous gravity the fashionable errors of extravagant up-bringing and want of training; while all the time they are perfectly blind to the faults of their own offspring, faults eminently visible to others, who are equally blinded towards their own. It is an old saying that 'Every crow thinks its own bird the whitest,' a proverb the truth of which is brought home to us every day in the present pitiable exaltation of children, and equally pitiable humiliation of parents, who cannot even enforce obedience, but who, seeing nothing amiss, look with admiring eyes on their ill-guided children, rampant in overbearing demeanour; for over all defects is thrown the glamour of possession; they are ideally beautiful in soul and body, for—they are 'ours.'

This remarkable state of mind tinges the opinions of such people in regard to all things both in nature and art. Wherever they have travelled, there and there alone are the true charms of nature. Speak not of rambles in unfrequented places or detours of the usual route, such details being sure to elicit the usual hackneyed stories of the time when 'we went up the Rhine' or 'our trip to Paris' (said trip being to a certainty 'our' only one). Hint at any sight they may have omitted to 'do,' and you are sure of the obvious reply: 'We did not go; it was not worth seeing.' Of course not! In Art it is the same way; and it is fortunate that the immortality of genius does not depend on the fiat of such judgments, as whatever is new is wrong, and whatever is incomprehensible (to them) is wicked. They run down paintings they have never seen, and scoff at books they have never read, and have always on hand ready-made and sweeping judgments of things in general which they know nothing about, and therefore condemn. The only things that are right and beautiful and perfect are what they themselves do, what they themselves see, what they themselves possess. Such is the English phillistine in his castle of Self, bound with the chains of bigotry and a slave to Mrs Grundy.

But the glory of possession does not gleam merely over the pleasures, luxuries, and so-called good things of life; it also sheds an extraneous lustre upon the ills and sorrows of a section of mankind. We all know the unfortunate mortal whose

pain is the worst ever endured on earth; and it is as difficult to screw sympathy for indigestion out of a toothache-sufferer as it is to make a hypochondriac believe himself as well as he really is. Each twinge of pain is literally hailed as an additional thorn in the crown of martyrdom; and such sufferers revel in the narration of their various aches, dwelling on each detail with the complacent satisfaction which can only arise from the glory of possession. In sorrow, the same principle is often at work, and the *refrain* of man's grief is the bitter cry that 'there is no sorrow like unto *my* sorrow.' Each heart feels its own bitterness, and sorrows, like everything else, are great only by comparison. The loudness of the outward expression is in proportion to the shallowness of the feeling, and much talk is an evidence not of deep emotion, but of a certain glorying in the possession of a circumstance conferring momentary importance.

It is thus clear that certain individuals judge all things joyful as well as sorrowful from their own view-point, 'ego' being the touchstone of all; and the narrower the nature, the harsher the judgment as far as others are concerned. The more closely one is wrapped up in his own concerns, the less does he care for the happiness of others; and the more satisfied he is with his own affairs, the less easily is he pleased with those of another. Blind to his own faults and cruel to those of the rest of the world; unobservant of the many sins of omission and commission within his own magic circle (narrower or wider, as the case may be), and yet hypercritical of others, such a mind grows more and more contracted in proportion to the amount of glory derived from possession; just as the pupil of a cat's eye diminishes as the light grows brighter.

Contentment is in truth a great virtue, and there is certainly no harm, but rather great good, in people being contented with their lot in life. It is likewise a wise dispensation of Providence that each should be pleased and satisfied with his belongings animate and inanimate; and it is only when such satisfaction is fostered by that depreciation of others which engenders a spirit of Pharisaic self-righteousness that it becomes not merely despicable, but also wicked. The gratulation of one's self which can only be secured by finding fault with another, is the thin end of the wedge which soon leads to a constant habit of self-exaltation at the expense of others. That such a state of mind is common is a curious fact in a land which glories in the possession of a religion teaching one to 'love his neighbour as himself;' but Selfishness would seem to dominate Christianity; and the absence of the true spirit of that religion proves that, in too many cases, the devotion to the letter thereof is only one of the respectable, because sanctioned hypocrisies of the day.

To minds warped by self-satisfaction and glorying in the possession of the tangible and the materialistic, there can be no beauty in an ideal future where the world's judgments may be reversed, and the valuable here be the utterly valueless there. Such minds are not troubled by yearnings after the mysteries of the divine and eternal: the unseen has no power for them, the future no vague wonder, the soul no place. No shifting horizon of future blessedness ever gleams with tempting light before their eyes; but thoroughly

comfortable in their own estate, surrounded by the good things of life, and lulled by a sense of entire satisfaction, the present is beautiful for them in the Glory of Possession.

AN INDIAN RACE-MEETING.

AN Indian officer kindly sends us the following notes from Sonopore on what is termed a race-meeting, the festivities at which extend over many days.

Originally a place of Hindu pilgrimage, Sonopore has come to be known as one of the great fairs of India, famous for its horses and elephants, its workings in wood, gold and ivory, and specialities from Benares, Delhi and Bombay; and still pious pilgrims flock to the temple of Mahadeo, on the banks of the Ganges, and bathe in the sacred waters when the moon of the month Katik is at its full. But it is neither with fair nor pilgrims that we have to do. Sonopore is a word of meaning to the residents of Patna and the surrounding districts. There, in a magnificent mango-wood, close to the race-course, and safely removed from the fair and its odorous crowds, they pitch their tents, invite their friends, and spend ten days or so in boundless hospitality and grateful relaxation. That mango *tope* has made the fortune of Sonopore.

A central road traverses the trees, and on each side, forming a sort of street, the 'camps' are placed. They are all much of the same pattern. In the centre you will see a large canopy, supported on poles, called a *Shamianah*; to this the *Lady* of the Camp has probably transported her drawing-room furniture, piano and all. A little behind will be a large closed tent; this serves as a dining-room. Round these two as a centre some twenty small tents are grouped; these are the private rooms of the visitors. Camps are usually formed by the leading civilians of the district, by the regiment stationed at Dinapore, and last, but not least, by the jovial indigo-planters of Tirhoot. At the extreme verge of the wood is situated the grand stand, in front of which the course sweeps round an ample plain. Inside the stand is a large ball-room with—oh, luxury!—a boarded floor, for it is a luxury to us in India, where we generally have to woo Terpsichore on dead springless *chunam*, with a dancing-cloth stretched over it.

And now, to tell you how the day is spent at Sonopore. Punctually at seven o'clock, bang! goes the camp-gun; and then, starting from the secretary's tent close to the stand, a brass band perambulates the camp, waking up the lazy with that inspiring strain, *Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye walking yet? No sleep after that!* Up you get and make for the races. These last for about two hours; but as I cannot profess any admiration for the Indian Turf, I will pass them over. With appetites sharpened by the cold air of a November morning, we hurry back to breakfast—always a jolly jovial meal at Sonopore; the men in good-humour, and the ladies with real English roses on their cheeks. After breakfast, you can sit out under the trees, and interview the various travelling merchants with their wondrous silk-work from Cashmere and their stocks of Delhi jewellery. Possibly a travelling juggler may drop in. Every one has heard of Indian jugglers; but to appreciate them, you should see them sitting on the grass with no

table, and no apparatus but a cloth spread in front of them, performing the same tricks that gave fame to Anderson and Stodare. This sort of thing, with perhaps a little visiting, passes the time till luncheon, after which you can go and see the fair from the back of an elephant. The sagacious beasts take you very comfortably through the crowds, though every now and then they draw down on you the wrath of some obese provision-seller by helping themselves *en passant* from his stall. Afterwards, you can ride or drive on the course, or if skilled therein, join as good a game of Polo as any to be found in India. One year they got up tilting at the ring for ladies; but as each ring was a silver bangle, and as the fair performers were so stimulated thereby, they had at last to stop it, lest the race-fund should be ruined. After a short breathing-time comes dinner, and after dinner, every other evening we have a dance.

A dance at Sonopore is much like a dance elsewhere I suppose, so we may pass these evenings by. But on the alternate ones, when the regimental band and a roaring bonfire call us all to the camp of H. M. —th, you will see something that is probably new to you. A cheerful fire crackling and flaming up till it nearly reaches the lower branches of the trees; round about, a semi-circle of ladies in their evening dresses, with a background of men in black or scarlet, white tents shewing here and there through the trees, with the Sonopore moon shining down over all, form a picture that gives one a very favourable idea of Indian life. Between the tunes, you will perhaps hear a song or two of more or less merit, and the muffled claret goes round merrily. Presently the ladies flit off like ghosts through the moonlight, and round the now dying embers, the details of many a pig-sticking hunt are recapitulated, and many a long-bow is pulled with a skill only to be arrived at by a lengthened apprenticeship in the gorgeous East. And so the day ends; and so life goes on for nearly a fortnight more or less, and the Sonopore race-meet comes to an end.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

FROM the Annual Report of the British Museum, which has just been made public by order of the House of Commons, we learn that in the department of Printed Books the most important acquisition of the past year has been the purchase of a copy of the great Chinese Encyclopedia, the native title of which may be rendered, 'A Complete Collection of Writings and Illustrations, Ancient and Modern, drawn up under Imperial Sanction.' The acquisition of this literary curiosity is due mainly to the exertions of the late Mr W. S. F. Mayers, Chinese Secretary of Her Majesty's Legation at Peking, who after nearly a year's negotiation succeeded in making the purchase for the British Museum.

This great Encyclopedia—we spare our readers the Chinese title—is comprised in no fewer than five thousand and twenty volumes, and consists of a vast thesaurus, into which is digested the entire mass of Chinese literature extant at the date of its publication, classified under appropriate headings, and accompanied by illustrative drawings, plans, and maps. It includes treatises ranging from about 1150 B.C. to about 1700 A.D.; and

it is said that with the exception of novels, upon which the true Chinese scholar looks with contempt, every branch of the national literature is fully represented in it.

This stupendous work was compiled in the early part of the eighteenth century by an Imperial Commission of high officials, appointed by the famous Emperor Kang-hsi, who ruled China from 1662 to 1722. This great emperor, so well known from the accounts of the Jesuit missionaries, whom he favoured and assisted, and who were his instructors in European arts and learning, was himself a great writer, and he was struck by the alterations and corruptions which were gradually being introduced into the texts of standard works. He therefore conceived the idea of re-printing from the most authentic editions the whole body of Chinese literature then in existence. The Commission of high officials above mentioned was accordingly directed to select and classify the texts; and their labours extended over forty years, terminating in the publication of the work in the early years of the reign of Kang-hsi's successor, Yung-cheng, who consequently inscribed the preface in his stead.

In the compilation of this great storehouse of information the editors adopted the principle of grouping the materials before them into six grand categories, containing all matters relating to the Heavens, the Earth, Mankind, Inanimate Nature, Philosophy, and Political Economy. These categories were subdivided into thirty-two sections, the components of which were more minutely classified under upwards of six thousand heads. To shew the great care exercised by the compilers in carrying out the very onerous task imposed upon them, we venture to enumerate the subject-matters of the thirty-two sections—namely the heavenly bodies, the calendar, astronomy and mathematical science, astrology, the earth, the dominions of China, the topography of the same, the frontier nations and foreign countries, the imperial court, the imperial buildings, official institutes, domestic laws, private relationships, genealogy and biography, men, women, arts and divinations, religion and phenomena, the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, canonical and general literature, education and conduct, *belles lettres*, etymology, the official examination system, the system of official appointments, food and commerce, ceremonies, music, military organisation, administration of justice, and handicraft.

The general index to this vast and comprehensive collection fills twenty volumes, in addition to the minute indices attached to each subdivision; so that a large amount of work will have to be done in cataloguing it to make it available to a European investigator.

Having thus described the scope of this unique literary curiosity, it only remains to say a few words as to the more mechanical part of the work. For the purpose of printing the Encyclopædia, a complete fount of copper type was specially cast under the direction of the Jesuit missionaries, who probably also superintended the printing, as the Chinese have not at any time used movable type to any great extent. Only one hundred copies, it is said, were printed; and this number has no doubt been much reduced by various casualties during the last century and a half. The whole impression was distributed as

gifts amongst the princes of the imperial family and other great officers of state. The type used in the production of the work is said to have been melted shortly afterwards, and converted into money, to meet the exigencies of the government during a financial crisis, so that a second edition could not be struck off. The copies still extant are in the hands of the families of the original recipients, from one of which the copy just acquired by the British Museum has been purchased; and as no copy is known to be accessible for reference in China itself, the Chinese will in future have greater facilities in London for literary research than they can hope to obtain in their own country!

THE USE OF OIL AT SEA.

ALTHOUGH the effects of pouring oil upon the troubled waters scarcely enters into the mind of man beyond a figurative sentiment, there are a few modern instances of its wonderful power at sea in cases of impending shipwreck. Those few cases, however, which have found a faithful record, ought to arrest more deeply the public attention; for if the efficacy of oil is of the nature which these accounts would lead us to accept, so simple a provision against the disasters of the ocean cannot be too extensively known. With this view we return to a subject which has already been touched upon in these columns, and would lay before our readers certain facts which will bear examination, and it is hoped tend to further inquiry.

As far back as 1770, a Dutch East Indianman was saved from wreck in a storm near the islands of Paul and Amsterdam, by pouring on the sea a jar of olive-oil. The writer of *Wallerdehrs* states that a Mr Ritchie, who accompanied a Danish captain to the island of Porto Santo (being tutor to his son), was standing on the shore during a hurricane, when he saw the vessel in which he arrived torn from her anchor and swallowed up. Suddenly in the middle of the bay appeared a boat driving towards the shore. The waves, however, advanced with redoubled energy, but without breaking, and tossed the boat so high on the strand that the men were able to jump out and scramble up the beach. The rescue was due to the captain, who as the boat entered the breakers, stove in the head of a keg of oil, which though unable to lessen their height, prevented the waves from breaking, and caused them to run up the strand like rollers, carrying the boat with them.

In 1867, a master stated in the *New York Shipping List* that he had been at sea twenty-eight years and master for ten years, and that he had saved the vessel under his command twice by oiling the sea. He says when a ship is disabled and cannot get out of a storm, and the master has to make the best of a gale, if he has oil on board he should start two or three gallons over the side, to *windward*; this will make smooth water. The oil allowed to drip slowly out is all that is required; the ship is in smooth though heaving water as long as the oil runs. In 1864, in the heaviest gale of wind he ever experienced, he lost all sails, and then the

rudder followed; and he knew the vessel could not have ridden the sea for an hour longer if he had not had some oil. Five gallons lasted fifty-six hours, and thus saved the vessel, cargo, and lives. He recommends that ships of heavy tonnage should have two iron tanks of forty gallons each, one on each side, with the faucets so arranged that the oil can be started at any time into small vessels—say ten-gallon casks; and in all ships' boats, tanks of five gallons each well filled, so that in case the ship founders or burns, the boats will have oil to smooth the sea in a gale. With these tanks, and a good master who knows the law of storms and handles the ship so as to get out of the centre of it, the danger of foundering is greatly reduced.

Captain Betts of the *King Cenric*, of one thousand four hundred and ninety tons, which lately arrived at Bombay from Liverpool with a cargo of coal, used common pine-oil in a heavy gale of wind to prevent the sea breaking on board, and with perfect success. The gale continued for nearly five days, and raged with determined fury. It had lasted some time, when the chief officer, Mr Bowyer, bethought himself of a plan he had seen tried upon some occasions when in the Atlantic trade to prevent the sea breaking in. He got out two canvas clothes-bags; into each he poured two gallons of oil. He punctured the bags slightly, and hung one over each quarter, towing them along. The effect was magical. The waves no longer broke against the poop and sides of the ship; but yards and yards away, where the oil had slowly spread itself over the water and in the wake of the vessel, was a large space of calm water. The crew were thus able to repair damages with greater ease; the ship was relieved from those tremendous shocks received from the mass of waters which had burst over her quarters and stern, and the danger was considerably lessened. The two bags lasted two days; after which, the worst rage of the storm having expended itself, no more oil was used. Four gallons of oil, scarcely worth thirty shillings, perhaps here saved *King Cenric*, its cargo, and the lives and property of the crew.

The above facts are capable of absolute verification. The philosophy of the operation is simply, that the thin covering of oil floating on the waves prevents the wind from entering under the surface, and therefore greatly reduces the roughness of the sea, and probably the height of the waves, the crests of which are thus prevented from breaking, which is one of the principal causes of danger. There is, however, nothing new in the application of oil for such purposes. Pliny mentions that in his day divers used to throw oil to lessen the roughness of the sea, in order that they might more readily discern objects at the bottom.

The position of seals is readily known by the traces of oil which they throw up when feeding on oil-giving fishes such as the cod; and the course taken by shoals of herrings and pilchards can also be easily observed by the oil, let free, causing streaks of smooth water in the midst of the otherwise turbulent element. From the same reason, the sea never breaks round the body of a dead or harpooned whale, and its track for a long distance may be clearly discerned. The cook's slush, or the waste from a disused oil-barrel, or a little coal-tar thrown overboard, has caused a rough sea to become remarkably smooth. Dr Franklin tells us

that in Newport Harbour, U. S., the sea was always smooth when there were any whaling-vessels at anchor in it, through the waste of blubber and oil from them. When the bilge-water from oil-laden ships in the Ceylon trade is pumped overboard, the roughness caused by a gale subsides immediately; and knowing this, some intelligent masters, especially when near the Cape of Good Hope, always resort to the pumps of such ships previous to encountering heavy weather. Indeed, when running a gale, oil is sometimes thrown from vessels in the Newfoundland and Labrador trade, to keep the sea from breaking over them. They can run much longer with this assistance than without it, and the oil spreads to windward as fast as to leeward. Yet how little are these facts known. The writer has spoken of them for years to captains of vessels, who have either received these facts with indifference or refused them credence. It is to be hoped that more general attention may be given to this important subject; and as it is one which deeply concerns the interests of the mercantile marine, it seems most desirable that some public body—the Wreck Commissioners, for instance—should get together all the substantial information which might lead to placing the matter in an effective shape. What could be more applicable for initial experiments than a trial of life-boats, &c. going out in rough weather to stranded or wrecked vessels? We throw out the hint.

SWIMMING FOR GIRLS.

The public are continually reminded of the numerous contrivances, supports, stays, shoulder-straps, &c., and the various exercises that are best calculated to prevent round shoulders, a stooping awkward gait, contracted chests, and so forth; but perhaps there is no kind of exercise for girls more calculated to attain those desirable objects than that of swimming. During the act of swimming the head is thrown back, the chest well forward, while the thoracic and respiratory muscles are in strong action, and both the upper and lower extremities are brought into full play. Indeed, in a health-point of view, females would often have an advantage over the stronger sex, as, owing to the large amount of adipose tissue covering their muscles, and the comparative smallness and lightness of their bones, they not only have greater powers of flotation than men, but as a rule, can continue much longer in the water. They are therefore naturally qualified to become good swimmers; and Mr Macgregor mentions that out of a class of thirty girls, whose instruction commenced late last season, twenty-five were taught to swim in six lessons, and six of them won prizes. It is to be hoped therefore, that girls will not be debarred from learning this graceful and healthful accomplishment either through lack of baths or of teachers. Such a practice is particularly called for at the present day, as a set-off against the growing tendency in the 'girls of the period' to indulge in those literary and sedentary pursuits which are anything but favourable to the development of a healthy physique.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

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THE TESTIMONIAL MANIA.

In every large city in Great Britain there are certain individuals who, wishing to bring themselves to the front and make themselves of importance, are constantly contriving schemes to grant testimonials to persons dead or alive. These public-spirited individuals do not of course propose to incur the expense of the testimonials out of their own pocket. They adopt the easy method of plaguing all and sundry for subscriptions. Their merit, as they think, consists in sending round the hat, framing a committee, and helping to get up a prospectus, shewing the exceeding desirableness of the object in view.

We should think it hardly worth while to notice the comparatively innocent order of testimonials which take the form of a public dinner, or the raising of means to succour some one who in spite of his efforts has been unfortunate in the battle of life. These are matters which come and go. The dinners are eaten, the toasts are duly shouted with all the honours, or the praise is complementarily handed over, as the case may be, and nobody feels himself the worse. The occasion has served its end, and excepting possibly a newspaper puff, it leaves not a trace behind. It is a very different affair when the testimonial assumes the permanent character of a statue to be set up on a pedestal in a prominent public situation. Here society at large, generation after generation, gets compromised. People till the end of time are to be martyred by looking most likely at some hideous object that they would rather shut their eyes upon and forget. Whether people, however, are to show their repugnance or not, is not deemed to be of any importance. All that the inventors of such so-called testimonials think of, is the fussy glory of getting them up. The crave is satisfied. When the curtain is withdrawn on the day of inauguration, and the clamorous applause of the uncritical crowd has died away in the distance, there is a consciousness that a grand and memorable feat has been performed.

No one will aver that monumental sculpture

is a lost art, but we take it upon us to say, that within the last fifty years there have been sundry scandalously bad statues erected in public places, whether emblematic or assumedly commemorative of persons of note. The chief defect seems to be a want of imaginativeness according to the rules of good taste. Sculptors may have done their best. In some instances they have succeeded in presenting designs pleasing to the eye, and bearing tokens of genius, as, for example, the colossal bronze statue of Captain Cook by Woolner, recently executed for the purpose of being placed on a height overlooking the harbour of Sydney, New South Wales. This and a few others are exceptions. Too frequently, from whatever cause, sculptors working on plastic materials have failed to produce objects which when set up are calculated to evoke agreeable emotions. From sheer tastelessness and want of tact, not only the metropolis, but almost every large city, is becoming dotted with figures of a repulsive description, though we doubt not all in their turn have been the subjects of eulogy among cliques and coteries. Who was the designer and sculptor of that extraordinary emblematic figure set up at the lower end of Waterloo Place, Pall-Mall, and which purports to be something triumphant connected with the Crimean War, we do not know, but anything more maudlin and hideous it would be difficult to conceive. Yet, there it stands, a thing of ugliness, a disgust for ever. Much have testimonial-mongers to answer for by inflicting such an intolerable eyesore in times present and future. The very notion of so perpetuating remembrances of a foolish national paroxysm deserves reprobation. We should be glad to see the street rid of it.

A question arises how far parish, or civic, or any other authorities are entitled to trifle with public feelings. Have they a right, at their own discretion, to permit all sorts of figures to be stuck about in open spaces, on pretence of commemorating historical incidents, or of persons who from peculiar considerations are thought to be deserving of posthumous honours? Surely on conduct of

this nature there should be some check, otherwise there will by-and-by be no public pleasure-ground, square, or other open space which is not filled with pedestals and figures that may be far from being agreeable to contemplators, and, with all respect, whose absence would be better than their company. We have instanced that awfully ridiculous figure in Pall Mall; but only in a degree less absurd, and equally lowering to the national reputation, is that wonderful equestrian figure of the Duke of Wellington stuck on the top of the arch at the west end of Piccadilly.

With no small satisfaction we observe that *The Times* has brought its robust good sense to bear on this prevalent absurdity. The writer asks: 'Who is responsible for the statues of statesmen which are increasing with such frightful rapidity in Parliament Square? The First Commissioner has sanctioned the erection of all of them, and they crowd every other collection of the kind in London—perhaps in the known world—for badness. The sight of these images must give rise to very serious reflections. Who can estimate the effect they must have on the men of the rising generation? . . . It is a fine thing to be Prime Minister, enjoying the respect and confidence of all parties in the country; but it is a great drawback to the name and fame they reached to be exhibited to future generations of men in the likeness of a tailor's dummy stuck on a pedestal.'

Bad enough as are these artistic performances in London, they could be matched elsewhere. The open spaces in Edinburgh are getting defaced by a profusion of ugly figures of deceased personages, who, if they could come alive, would be very much chagrined to find they had been so inconsiderately pilloried. We hear much of art, and high art, but really it seems to us that in at least one department things are far from being improved. Where in the present day do we find the chaste elegance, the calm beauty, of the equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, a production of the seventeenth century? Where do we find any works nowadays comparable to the sculptures of Roubiliac? The best things are apparently those which were executed when newspapers were in their infancy, and sycophantic criticisms and art-unions were unheard of. However this may be, we feel that the downpour of ugly figures is becoming unendurable. How the matter is to be mended we do not profess to tell, unless by a strong counteractive influence. The men who amuse themselves by devising commemorative testimonials, and worrying everybody for subscriptions to carry out their crotchet, must be met by a polite refusal. Nor, as is seen, are First Commissioners and civic corporations to be trusted in guarding open spaces in cities from being misused. After all, statues of any kind are not absolutely required as monuments. We venerate the memory of hundreds of great men in past ages, because of their good deeds and undying fame, without caring much about their personal appearance. If the sentiment of veneration must take practical shape in monumental erections, it may harmlessly, under a strict regard to taste, be demonstrated in objects in marble placed within some hallowed fane, as is exemplified in the finer monuments in Westminster Abbey. In most instances, however, a man's

works will prove his best monument; and at all events, better be forgotten than set up as ugly images to be scorned and contemptuously laughed at. W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE DAY OF RECKONING.

THE news of Lord Harrogate's return to High Tor possessed of indisputable proofs of the imposture that had been essayed with reference to the lost heiress of the De Vere; and that Ethel Gray, not Ruth Willis, was to be recognised as the true Helena, Lady Harrogate, burst upon Carbery Chase like a bomb-shell. The result was as close an approach to a revolutionary outbreak among the servants as could well take place in the orderly household of an English baronet.

The period which succeeded the sudden seizure of Sir Sykes was a kind of interregnum, during which the strongest will and the most confident bearing were pretty sure to make themselves obeyed. Jasper, the only son of the now powerless master of the mansion, was unfitted by character and by circumstances to grasp the reins of authority. He was not heir of entail; he was on dubious terms with his wealthy father; Sir Sykes might recover sufficiently to execute a will—all of which considerations were potent drawbacks to any assertion of authority on the part of Jasper Denzil.

Strangely enough, the sceptre which Jasper's weakling hands were too tremulous to clutch, fell naturally into those of Ruth Willis. She had been high in the baronet's favour when he was struck down by paralysis; she was affianced to Captain Jasper as 'My Lady,' a baroness in her own right; and she was acknowledged as a shrewd young person who was capable of holding her own, and perhaps a little more than her own, against all comers.

Ruth ruled at Carbery. It never occurred to Lucy and Blanche Denzil to contest her tacitly assumed superiority. Jasper was her slave, dragged at her gilded chariot-wheels; and Mr Wilkins the lawyer, after a vain attempt to stem the current, had done homage before the throne of the usurper. It need not be supposed that the submission of the household was a whole-hearted one. Sullen resentment was evoked in more than one quarter by the high-handed manner in which she who had been known as Miss Willis over-ruled vested interests and trampled down cherished abuses. 'Set a beggar on horseback!' was the bitter quotation constantly applied to the combined sway of Ruth Willis and Enoch Wilkins.

The only person who felt disposed to resist Ruth's usurpation of authority had been the City lawyer, and he had quickly perceived that his sagest policy was to act as vizier to the imperious little lady who now reigned at Carbery. Mr Wilkins's own position, based as it had been upon the fears of his employer, had become insecure since Sir Sykes had lain, the breathing effigy of a man, on the bed whence it was improbable that any volition of his own should ever raise him. The solicitor therefore had hailed the rising luminary, and had been satisfied to take his orders from the so-called peeress and bride-elect.

Then came the news that Ethel Gray's rival

claim to be the missing heiress was backed by the whole De Vere family; that she was to be married to Lord Harrogate; and that if the long arm of Justice spared Sir Sykes on account of his hopeless condition of bodily health, chastisement was not unlikely to be meted out to the subordinate agents in the plot which was now about to be revealed. Little less than a mutiny occurred at Carbery. There were murmurs loud and long, and Ruth found herself met on every hand by accusing eyes and insolent tongues, a detected cheat, to be stripped of the borrowed plumes in which she had pranked it so bravely.

A strange gathering it was that took place in the great library of Carbery Court, the room that had been Sir Sykes's favourite apartment, and which contained, as has been said, a magnificent window of stained glass, emblazoned with the arms of the former possessors of the mansion. Through this window, which faced westward, streamed the tinted light, falling like the lustre of a rainbow upon the elfish form and face of Ruth Willis as she stood, erect and defiant, confronting the hostile gaze of those around.

Of all those present, Ruth had not a single friend. Her tactics had been those of an audacious self-reliance that conciliated no support, won no sympathy; but pressed on, ever and always, towards the glittering goal. The Denzil girls, who had liked her well at first, were by her late insolence utterly estranged. Jasper, on whose neck she had set her foot, was coldly and passively her enemy. The ex-captain of cavalry hated, as he loved, in a lukewarm way; but he was quite shrewd enough to see that the spell was broken which had made him the bond-slave of Miss Willis. It was the unlikeliest thing on earth that Sir Sykes should rally; and if he did, he would scarcely be active in espousing the cause of one whose fraud had been found out.

Enoch Wilkins, one of the attorneys of Our Lady the Queen, was there also, and he was angrier than those who had more right to be angry. He saw the reins of government slipping from his grasp, and had no kindly feelings towards those whose blatant self-assertion had brought about the ruin of his projects. The keen, hook-nosed young Jew whom Mr Wilkins had inducted into the stewardship of the estate was there; and a little way off was to be seen the lowering countenance of the steward whom he had displaced, while the background was filled with tenantry and upper-servants.

Ruth Willis, standing in the full gleam of the dying day, as it poured through the storied panes of the rich window near her, gave proof of a rare courage. Now that she was fairly brought to bay, now that wiles and subterfuge could avail her no more, she turned, like a wounded panther on the hunters, and many of those who loved her least shrank from the scorn and wrath that glistened in her undaunted eyes. 'A little patience, my good friends, is all I ask of you,' she said boldly. 'You are many, and I am one. Listen then, for yet a little while, to a voice that but yesterday could command, and found none to gainsay it.'

She paused, looking steadfastly upon the faces of those who hearkened to her, and then went on: 'I am going to do that for which you should thank me, Lucy Denzil, you and your sister; and for which the thanks of your brother, Captain Jasper,

are doubly due. My self-sacrifice merely rids your home of my presence; but him it saves from being linked to a wife who would bring him but a dowry of contempt. Yes; the usurping cuckoo is going to leave the nest to its rightful occupants. Helena, Lady Harrogate, tosses aside her tinsel coronet. Miss Willis, the interesting Indian orphan, abdicates. Do you care to know the true name of the girl who has come so near to a successful imposture? It is RUTH HOLD. The pirate fellow—the seafaring adventurer whose connection with myself and my schemes has been a source of speculation to you all—is simply my brother Richard.

'Whether Richard or I deserved the dubious honour of having originated the idea that I should impersonate the lost child of Clare, Lady Harrogate, matters little. We were both poor and both unscrupulous, and in some respects alike. But mine were the better brains; and he it is who has wrecked the ship, after I had weathered storm and shoal.—Are you curious, Captain Denzil, about the former home of her who was to have been your bride? It must not be sought, as you once supposed, among the spreading peepul trees and verandah-shaded bungalows of some cantonment in Bengal. But in Jull Street, Tunbridge Wells, within a stone's throw of the Parade, stands a little circulating library and stationer's shop, over which may yet be read in faded letters the name of Hold. Our father and our widowed mother, and our grandfather in earlier days, kept that shop. Dick and I were born there. Our parents were good God-fearing people. My father, it may be, was a little harsh towards unruly children, as was thought right long ago, when discipline was sterner. At anyrate Brother Richard ran away and went to sea. He came back the year my father died, and then went off again. His was a roving nature, and what he became you can see for yourselves. What I became, you have yet to hear. I was well taught. My mother, poor soul! pinched herself to give me, as she said, the education of a lady. Quick and shrewd, I profited well by what lessons could be afforded me. As for reading, did I not devour the stores of erudition that lay within my reach, until I think there could not have been a single book upon the shelves which I had not perused once at least. I grew up wayward, intelligent, and discontented, a rebel against a social system in which there seemed to be no place for me. Honest work, humble living, duty—these things were repugnant to my restless soul, which pined and craved for power, for distinction, for a sphere quite other than that in which the circumstances of my birth had placed me. And then, shortly after my mother's death had removed the last tie which bound me to the sober, workaday life of narrow fortunes and contracted habits, against which my instincts rose in revolt, my brother Richard came back again from sea. He was a middle-aged man now—he was older than me by many years—seemed to have some command of money, and called himself Captain. I think he had grown tired of ranging leagues upon leagues of salt water in search of the wealth which is greedily competed for even under the fiery skies of those tropical countries where half his life had been spent, and that he was disposed to batten on prey nearer home. He went and came, and presently gave me to understand that a man

of title and property, Sir Sykes Denzil, was under his thumb, and could deny him nothing; and that if I would but play my allotted part and play it well, we could finish our lives in the midst of the luxurious surroundings which we both coveted.

'I fully understood, although Richard never entered into details, that his was the hand that had robbed Clare De Vere, Baroness Harrogate, of her child—hired to do that wickedness by the gold of Sir Sykes, who'—

'No, no; I forbid you to speak of my father thus,' said Lucy Denzil, crimson with honest shame and anger, and stepping forward. 'He may have been a dupe, but never, never'— She broke down, sobbing.

Ruth laughed a cruel little laugh. 'You are a model of filial piety, Miss Denzil,' she said scornfully. 'How reconcile, then, your belief in your father's innocence with the fact of his having been a puppet in our hands from the first—in ours, and in those of sleek Mr Wilkins there? When he took me in here among you as the orphan child of the imaginary Major Willis—when he insisted that your brother should marry me—when he reluctantly declared me a peersess in my own right, he gave such proofs of the guilt which made him our slave, as, before any earthly tribunal, would convict him.

'Mr Wilkins played a little game parallel to, but not connected with ours. He had a knowledge, which no honest man could have had'—

'Upon my word, young lady, your language may cost you more than you are aware of!' exclaimed Mr Wilkins, livid with rage, as he pulled out pencil and pocket-book and made a show of writing down Ruth's words. 'There's a law of libel in England.'

'Yes,' returned Ruth fearlessly, 'and a Chancellor who can strike off the Rolls a name so infamous as that of Enoch Wilkins is likely to be. Does any sane man believe that, were you not an accomplice who had to be humoured, Sir Sykes would have been weak enough to have'—

'I was no accomplice,' interrupted the lawyer, growing pale and red by turns. 'Whatever I did was done professionally and in a regular manner. All that could be said against my conduct as a practitioner resolves itself into a mere question of delicacy. Mr Gray—I really believed his name to be Gray, when first he consulted me in St Nicholas Poulney—turned out, when next we met, after a lapse of years, to be a more valuable client than I had originally conjectured, that is all. I was aware of an episode in his past life which he seemed anxious to conceal; and this no doubt had weight with him when he reposed in me a confidence which I have not abused. That I have made enemies here, I know. That parasites accustomed to fatten on the estate wish me ill because I brushed them aside, I am well aware. But I challenge any practised accountant to examine my books, and prove that I have wronged Sir Sykes of a sixpence. And as for the story of a stolen child, until that fellow Hold came to my office and talked wildly there, I had no notion that Sir Sykes had been concerned in actual crime.'

'That fellow Hold,' said a deep fierce voice, 'is here to answer for himself; and you, Lawyer Wilkins, if you care to sleep to-night with whole

bones, had better respect his name when you mention it.' And the dark scowling visage of Richard Hold, master-mariner, became apparent among the white wondering faces gathered there.

THE FRENCH OYSTER NURSERIES.

The best places at which to witness the varied processes of oyster-culture, as now carried on in France, are Arcachon, Ile d'Oléron, Cancale, Vannes, and Auray. The basin of Arcachon is worthy of being first mentioned, because at that place visitors can obtain a bird's-eye view of various systems of culture, as well as of several productive natural oyster-scalps.

Arcachon has quite a history in the annals of oyster-culture. Long ago it was famed throughout France for its productive natural scalps, which yielded at the rate of eighty million oysters per annum; but these, consequent on the great demand, originated by the railways, were at one period drawn on to such an extent that they were in danger of becoming utterly exhausted. At no time, however, were the oyster fisheries at Arcachon so productive as they are at present. In 1876-77, the stock of oysters of all ages, excluding mere spat, which cannot be numbered, was estimated at two hundred and twenty-two millions! Some idea of the importance of this grand source of natural wealth may be obtained by calculating the value of the oysters on hand, young and old, at one penny each, which amounts to a sum of nine hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. During the last ten years or so, every opportunity has been taken of the natural advantages possessed by the basin of Arcachon as a place for the development of oyster-culture. Above all, the bottom or ground on which the oysters rest and breed has been scrupulously 'worked' day by day, in order to clear off all extraneous matter which the tide may leave upon the breeding-places, or which may be carried into the basin by the waters which flow into it. The enemies of the oyster are carefully sought for and destroyed, every part of the basin being gone over at least twice a month with this object in view.

There were at one period nineteen natural oyster scalps in the basin of Arcachon, all of which were wonderfully prolific. There are not quite so many scalps now; but those which are still in existence have become so productive that, if all their progeny were to be allowed to grow and multiply, the basin would in time be too small to contain the enormous quantity which would result. The persons employed to gather the oysters are women; and when the hour or two's gathering is over for the day, they carry the quantity they have obtained to the ship which lies in the basin for their reception; when it will be found that as many as sixty thousand oysters have been gathered by five gangs, each gang composed of ten women; and these women have by constant practice become so expert at examining and classifying the oysters, that they never require to use the gauge, which is a ring of given dimensions.

The basin of Arcachon contains an area of over twenty-five thousand acres, and about a third of that space has been conceded to persons who 'cultivate' oysters. The state at one time reserved to itself a small portion of the basin, on which model beds were constructed shewing the

newest designs in tiles and other apparatus for spat-collecting. These beds, however, have been relinquished by government and given over to the Life-boat Society, so that the whole area of the basin is now in the hands of private persons, all taken bound, on receiving a concession of oyster territory, to obey whatever rules and regulations are in force at the time, or may afterwards be devised by the authorities for the protection of the mollusc.

Incredible as it may appear to those connected with either the natural scalps or private oyster layings of this country, the oyster-picking which was permitted in the basin of Arcachon during the years from 1870 to 1877 inclusive, only lasted eight hours altogether! Yet in that short space of time, no less than about seventy-four and a half millions of oysters were picked up. Five thousand persons find employment on the public oyster-grounds at the times allotted for work; and upon a flag being hoisted as a signal, they begin their labour with astonishing vigour, determined to make the most of the brief time at their disposal. On the 2d December (1877) and on the 4th of the same month, the take is stated, on official authority, to have reached twenty-two million of oysters. One gatherer or hand-picker is able to take up as many as a dozen panniers of oysters within the hour which is allowed. No oysters under the regulation size of two inches in diameter are permitted to be taken away from the basin. To insure compliance with this and other rules, an inspector and twelve guards are employed at a cost to the state of five hundred and sixty pounds annually; except an allowance of eight pounds per annum for *cultch*, this is all that is done by the government for the oyster-beds of Arcachon. It is interesting to know that the oysters produced there are now to be obtained in the British markets, large quantities being annually forwarded to the shell-fish agents at Billingsgate for sale to British dealers. It may be also stated here that a Monsieur D'Argy, at Le Brenegruy, Auray, has contracted to supply during the present season one million marketable oysters to London, and as many to Paris, whilst next year he has undertaken to double these supplies to both cities.

On the Ile d'Oléron an active industry is carried on in oyster-culture. The business on this island is mostly in the hands of private growers, an experiment on an extensive scale by employés of the State having proved a failure. The *viviers* of Oléron are constructed in rather a rude fashion. They generally measure about sixty yards each way, and are separated from each other by simple rows of stones or tiles. One of the largest *viviers* is held by the authorities; it contains as many as ten thousand spat receivers. The whole of the nurseries, as they may be called, are fully stocked with oysters of all sizes, which are carefully attended to by the people of Oléron. It is computed that between six and seven hundred thousand tiles have been laid down on the Ile d'Oléron; and there are at present in the *viviers* of the islanders one hundred and sixty millions of oysters, not counting the spat which may be on the tiles.

Curious experiments in the acclimatisation of foreign oysters have from time to time been made in several of the French oyster nurseries. Specimens of Portuguese oysters from an immense

bank at the mouth of the Tagus have been laid down in the Oléron *viviers*, and being of a hardy and vigorous quality, are likely to grow and become valuable for cooking purposes. A large number of these Tagus oysters, which were laid down temporarily at the mouth of the Gironde below Bordeaux, spatbed before they were lifted, and a large bank of them has been formed at Le Verdon, the spat from which has frequently been transported by the waves as far as Le Rochelle, where it has flourished, and become reproductive. Spat which when emitted from the parent has the power of locomotion, is often borne by the waves to distant places, where if it falls on kindly ground, it will grow and in time repeat the story of its birth. An oyster must of course have something to rest upon and cling to; but some simple cogn of ventage is all that is required; hence the system of tiles adopted in the French *viviers*. These tiles intercept the spat and afford it its first condition of growth. Tiles have the convenience of being movable and portable, so that they can be easily taken from place to place; and when the oysters are stripped off, they can be again used. They have likewise another advantage—they prevent some of the numerous enemies of the oyster from obtaining too easy access to their prey. It has been over and over again asserted that transplanted oysters do not breed; but that is an error. There can be no doubt that in time all oysters emit spat, if the animals have been placed in conditions favourable to their breeding powers; one of these conditions has been ascertained to be the giving access to the scalps of a stream of foreign or fresh water. A good bottom of *cultch* or tiles is another of the necessary requisites.

An illustration of the commercial value of oyster-culture as carried on in France may be given here, on the authority of M. Charles Morio, President of the Chamber of Commerce at Vannes, who holds a space of ground about six hundred and fifty yards long by four hundred and fifty yards broad. That gentleman has at present a stock of four million of oysters of all ages deposited in trays formed of cement, each tray containing in close rows about fifty of the bivalves. The total expenditure incurred by M. Morio amounts to about two thousand five hundred pounds, and he is quite satisfied with the returns obtained. His stock of oysters cost him two thousand pounds, and he estimates its present value at five thousand pounds; so that he has reason to anticipate that his *viviers* will ultimately prove a profitable venture. The oysters taken from the public beds of Vannes in the years 1875-76 exceeded on the average six million in each of these years.

Passing now from the oyster-layings of Vannes to those of Auray. There is much to be seen there that is worthy of being noticed. The oyster-farm of M. D'Argy, which extends to one hundred acres, and is private property, is particularly worthy of notice. The gentleman to whom it belongs was compelled to enter upon oyster-farming, because in 1864 the sea broke in upon his land and submerged that portion of it which is now devoted to that mollusc. M. D'Argy's great shell-fish preserve was constructed at a heavy cost, extensive dikes requiring to be erected along with sluices, for the regulation of the vast water-supply which is necessary. In the year 1876 the pro-

prioter stocked his ground with six million of oysters, more than half of which were of the regulation size of two inches in diameter. These oysters have thriven remarkably well, and have yielded a prolific spat; the seventy thousand tiles which were laid down by M. D'Argy having effectually served the purpose of collecting a quantity, which it is estimated will provide forty million oysters. The preserve is worked during the oyster-season by twelve men and sixty women; but at other seasons twenty women and eight men suffice. There are other *viviers* at Aray which, if space permitted, we might notice. Messrs Hédon and Jardin and some other oyster culturists have hit upon the following plan for the protection of their valuable charge. They place the oysters, as soon as they are large enough to be safely removed from the tiles on which they have been collected, on what are called ambulances—that is, movable erections in the shape of framework capable of holding from three to five thousand. This oyster-holding apparatus is raised a few inches from the bottom, and can be set down in the most advantageous places, such as near a current of flowing water, which is largely conducive to quick growth. Oysters spat in 1876 attained a size of over two inches in the space of about fourteen months; affording a remarkable example of the benefits derived from this mode of culture.

The oysters of Cancale were at one time the oysters of France *par excellence*, being alike distinguished by fine shape and delicious flavour. By means of its deep shell, the oyster of Cancale retained sufficient liquor to keep it fresh for many days, and was in consequence a prime favourite with connoisseurs. In the first half of the present century, during which the scalps of Cancale reached their acme of production, as many as seventy-one million of oysters were lifted in certain years. Ten years ago the once productive oyster-grounds of Cancale were at their lowest ebb, the take in that year being little more than a million individual oysters. After 1868 the produce began to augment, and in the season of 1874-75, nearly ten million were lifted; which proved, however, to be an over-draught, as the supply immediately afterwards fell to little more than half that quantity. Steps have in consequence been taken both by government and those immediately interested, for a rigorous protection of the beds.

The facts and figures of oyster-culture, as exemplified in the French nurseries, when they can be correctly ascertained, are worth making a note of, for the encouragement and guidance of home enterprise. The following *notanda* may be depended upon as not being exaggerated. We have again returned to the district of Aray. Not less than two-and-a-half million tiles have been laid down within the district of the syndicate; and these tiles, it has been computed, have in one year collected one hundred and ten million five hundred and sixty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty oysters, which, if they all reached maturity, would represent a goodly sum of money, even at one penny each. At home here, the price of 'natives' is, while we write, threepence-half-penny each, whilst 'common' oysters bring one penny less. It is said that one healthy oyster will yield as much spat as will fertilise an acre of ground; and we know that in France some of the fisheries where the spat has been collected on

tiles have become enormously productive. When fifty persons can gather as many as sixty thousand oysters in a few hours, it is not necessary to say more on the subject. Such oyster-wealth to British oyster-dealers must indeed appear fabulous.

It may be asserted of the places we have more particularly alluded to, and a few others of lesser importance, that this united oyster-wealth, public and private, must represent at least a sum of over one hundred thousand pounds per annum, even at French prices—the produce, be it understood, of only a few hours' fishing! It will be obvious enough, from what has been stated, that this money is divided among a large number of persons, bringing comfort to many families who carry on oyster-culture in their leisure hours. As we have already indicated, the business has only attained success by those severe measures of restriction which have been devised to prevent over-fishing and the taking of oysters under regulation size, which is the bane at the present day of the British oyster fisheries, and was till about ten years ago the bane of those of France.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

I ARRIVED at Creston at eight o'clock in the evening. The train was punctual, and I was set down at the little station. My luggage was seized by a strong stalwart porter, who scrutinised me from head to foot, bustling about and seemed to expect me, offering to shew me the way to the doctor's house.

'You are the new assistant, I suppose?' said he. 'The doctor was down here about five o'clock; he told me as you was a-coming, and said he had to go out somewhere to-night after a man as had had his foot hurt by a machine some way off; and so he couldn't meet you; and you was to be so kind as excuse him.'

I replied it did not matter, and walked on, the porter following with my portmanteau on his shoulder. The village looked so peaceful. The long straggling street, with its shops and houses on each side, terminated in a slight hill, on which stood the church, an old gray Norman edifice, long and low, its chancel clothed with ivy, amid which roses twined in great red and white clusters. The square low tower, the arched windows, and the venerable porch, through which many a babe had gone to its christening, many a bride on her wedding morning, and many both old and young to their last long home in the green churchyard, looked gravely and solemnly down upon the village.

I gazed up at the church, wondering what would happen during my short stay in this pretty village to shape my career. Anything strange, anything unlooked for? or simply the ordinary routine of a country doctor's life, wearing enough, but unromantic generally and placid. I said to myself as I stood before the church: 'Shall you have to do with me and with my life during my stay of one short year? Who can tell?'

'This way sir,' said the porter, interrupting my

reverie, and doubtless wondering why I stood there gazing at the church. 'This way sir, if you please;' and we continued our road up the path which skirted the churchyard; past the village inn *The Fox and Hounds*, with its gaily painted sign-board—horses, huts, hounds all mixed up confusedly together, while in the distance a preternaturally large and very red fox looked cunningly round upon his pursuers; past the Post-office, the Brewery, some better-class houses of the well-to-do farmers; past the Rectory, standing in its pretty lawn, dotted with flower-beds, whereon a group of gaily dressed girls were standing; and so on to the doctor's house, a low whitewashed building, standing in a pretty old-fashioned flower-garden, a little green gate and green palings covered with climbing roses and creepers, separating it from the road. The porter preceded me, and without further announcement, walked in at the wide open door shouting: 'Now then, Betsy, here's the gentleman; look sharp, girl.'

Betsy, a fair-haired, bright-looking lassie, came forward, and courtesied, saying: 'Master's had to go out sir. He was very sorry. But if you please sir, supper's ready and your room and all; and you was to do the best you could till he got back again.'

It seemed to me the quarters were comfortable enough, and that life would be very bearable for a while. I knew the doctor. He was an old friend of my father's, and ought to have risen above a mere country practice; but Fortune smiles on some men and frowns on others, and Dr Hamilton was one of those whose professional skill was great, but whose modesty and want of *push*—if I may so style it—made him content to live humbly in obscurity.

When I had visited my comfortable room and washed off the traces of the journey from my hands and face, I descended the stairs and entered the parlour, where an inviting-looking repast of hot smoking ham, steak, poached eggs, tea-cakes and cheese-cakes and fresh fruit, was spread upon a snow-white cloth; and an elderly woman, whom I discovered to be Mrs Wilson the doctor's cook, housekeeper, and factotum, was standing by the tea-table waiting to pour out my tea. She dropped a courtesy and apologised for her absence when I arrived.

'I was just getting a sup of cream sir, for your tea, from Mrs Colly,' she said; 'and her poor husband was took bad with a cramp at his heart, and I had to wait to get him a drop of something hot, poor man! Eh, it is a bad job! He's that awful when he's took bad, you would hear him screechin' a mile off. And he can't go and milk the cows nor do nothink to help his wife, poor thing. She's my niece, you see sir; and this girl I have here, she's her daughter.'

'She appears a nice tidy girl,' I remarked.

'Yes sir, she be,' returned the housekeeper. 'She's a good girl. She don't go, like other girls, tearing here and tattering there—more's the pity for them. She's one of the quiet sort is Betsy. We always calls her Betsy sir; but front ways she's called Elizabeth. Yes, she's a good un, though I do say it, as has almost brought her up.—Now do help yourself sir, and make yourself

at home, do. Perhaps them cheese-cakes is not what you fancy?'

'They look excellent,' said I; 'but I must first ask for another slice of that delicious ham, for I really am very hungry.'

'Ah, that's right,' said Mrs Wilson, as she bustled about. 'It's the pig we killed last Christmas sir; and I said to the doctor, says I, "We never had such a pig, no never since ever I come to you, and that's twenty-two years and more." Ay, he's a good man, sir; and a good master, and that's more. I am glad you've come sir, to help him a bit. He's not so young as he used to be, and all this night-work in the winter-time is none too good for him. He has a good heart. Bless him! And so has the rector and his good lady, and the young ladies and all on 'em. Bless them all! I have seen them all grow up; and now one is to be married, it seems strange-like. The other day she was a baby in my arms; and the old woman sighed. 'But I won't stop here a-talking to you sir. Perhaps when you be done your tea, you'd like to look round.—And bless me, there's Miss Hilda as white as a ghost, running in.—What is the matter?'

'O Mrs Wilson!' cried a fresh young voice, 'as the doctor in? There's been such an awful accident, and I have run all the way. The railway bridge has broken, and there are a lot of people hurt.'

'Lord-a-mercy!' cried Mrs Wilson; 'the like of that never happened afore.—No, honey; the doctor's not in; but the new doctor's come; and although he is but young, he will do his best. I'se sure he will!'

I stepped forward, and with this introduction to 'Miss Hilda,' came out into the little garden where she stood, saying: 'I am at your service; will you shew me the way?' Shall I ever forget her as she stood there in the soft evening light, her hat swinging by its broad ribbons in her hand, her simple muslin dress, her brown hair dishevelled with the speed with which she had run, her glowing eager face, its look of horror and anxiety!

'Oh, do be quick!' she cried, as she turned and led the way.—'Prepare your rooms, Mrs Wilson!' she cried; 'they might be wanted. Lucy has run to the Rectory to tell mamma to do the same.'

I waited only to snatch my travelling-flask, which lay on the hall table, and I knew contained a little brandy, and sped after my fair guide.

As we hurried along she said: 'My sister and I were going up the lane late to see an old woman who is ill. Just as we approached the railway bridge, the train came up; it got to the middle of the bridge; it seemed to stop, and to our horror, half the carriages fall through as the bridge broke like a rotten stick. O Mr Summers, it was awful; I shall never get it out of my head; and the girl's colour, which had returned with her rapid walk, faded again to a deathly pallor.'

'I don't think you ought to come on here,' I said; 'it will be a harrowing sight, unfit for you. Let me persuade you to return, and prepare at home for the sufferers, if they should need your care.'

'O no, no!' she cried; 'let me come. In am strong, very strong. I won't faint, an bother to you!' she added with a half-smile

I read in her face that it was useless to

strate, and we ran on. Already the news had spread; the crowd had gathered, and every moment new arrivals came. People in these parts retired very early to their beds, and many had got up again and were arriving partly dressed.

On the road and on the embankment lay the broken carriages, the centre ones of the train, some third class, and likewise one second. Hardly a piece was left whole; they were broken up and smashed into little bits. Some of them had fortunately been empty. But there were many sufferers notwithstanding. The usual excitement, confusion, and bustle prevailed; persons hurrying aimlessly to and fro, women shrieking, men shouting, and both calling in their terror on the name of God. The light was still good; ten o'clock on an evening in June, with the moon slowly rising, is never dark; but here and there a lantern flashed its doubtful light on some upturned face lying on the roadside, on those who suffered and on those who ministered to them, and made the wild scene wilder and more awful. I did what I could in attending to the sufferers. There were not many very serious cases apparently; but some of the men had brought down carts, and into these those who were unable to walk were carried and taken to the Rectory and to the *Fox and Hounds* and other houses which had been hospitably opened to receive them.

As I was looking round to see if any had been overlooked, before I went to attend to the poor sufferers, I felt an eager grasp upon my arm, and turning quickly, saw a young woman, wrapped in a long light-gray cloak, standing beside me.

'Come, for mercy's sake!' she said. 'If you are a man, come and help here!'

I followed. She seemed to fly over the ground, stepping lightly over the heaps of ruin and debris, climbing over carriages, jumping over pieces of wood and wheels and cushions of carriages heaped together in inextricable confusion. I wondered at her haste, which I tried in vain to emulate. At last she cried in tones of agony: 'Oh, how slow you are! Come, come quickly!' I made a desperate effort, and was beside her. There, amid a tangled mass of ruin and confusion, amid planks and broken iron, shivered glass, passengers' luggage—some of the boxes having been broken by the force of the fall—clothes, heavy boots, wooden panels, and articles too numerous to mention, lay a female figure quite motionless; and beside her, calmly sleeping as if in its cradle at home, the loveliest infant I think I ever saw, the cheeks flushed with a bright rosy hue, the curly hair upon its forehead. A cherub indeed it seemed from heaven, sent down among all the terror and agony of that night's work. The carriage in which the woman and child had been was shattered to pieces; but the portion of the seat on which the baby had been placed had fallen as it was, with the cushion under it, and had become firmly wedged between two great pieces of iron, just beside the child on each hand. A piece of wood had likewise fallen crosswise over the child, so that it was completely sheltered and quite untouched—lying as it were in a box. This same piece of wood had struck the woman and had killed her, for I fancied life was extinct. So carefully and securely was the child wedged in, that I could not extricate it. My companion seemed possessed of supernatural strength;

she tore at the heavy wood with her slender hands; she ran for a large piece of iron and implored me to use it as a crowbar; then flew for more assistance. I scarcely then noticed her; but I remembered afterwards, her pale face and set fixed expression, her eagerness, even beyond what the situation warranted. I assured her the child was safe, perfectly so, and I continued my efforts to extricate it; and at last some persons having arrived to help me, we succeeded in lifting off the heavy barriers, and took out the child, apparently quite unhurt. I placed it in the young woman's arms. It scarcely awoke, but turned and nestled in her bosom. I heard her say softly: 'Thank God!' and saw the tears fall gently from her eyes as she turned and left me. The thought occurred to me for a moment: Strange that she has never thought about the woman with whom the child was—perhaps its mother. Surely one so gentle and kind apparently, would have thought of her too?

She seemed to pause after a minute, and coming back, said hurriedly: 'Is she dead sir?'

'I do not know,' I answered. 'I will remove her to the house. She may be only stunned; but I fear the worst.'

We lifted up the insensible figure. It seemed to be that of an elderly woman, perhaps fifty or thereabouts. Her dress, of a coarse dark stuff, and her tidy shawl, and plain straw bonnet, of no fashionable make, seemed to point her out as a respectable woman of the peasant class, too old certainly to be the mother of the lovely baby, who could not possibly be more than a few months old.

I returned as quickly as I could to the village, and began the sad work of trying to alleviate as far as I could the sufferings of those injured. Some were only shaken and had slight contusions. The worst case, that of a man whose leg was shattered, had been taken to the inn; and as further medical aid had been telegraphed for, there was little to be done for him till the doctors arrived, as I did not care to take the whole responsibility of amputation. I went down to the Rectory, where I found several of the passengers being tenderly cared for by the kind people there. While seeing to their injuries, the young woman who had called me to the rescue of the little child came to the door and called, saying: 'Miss Hilda, will you come and speak to me?'

'What! is it you, Miss Brown? Come in. What is it? How did you come down so far?'

'I came down on an errand to the village,' returned she, 'and saw the accident.—Oh, never mind now, Miss Hilda; take this, and keep it safe, for the love of mercy.'

The girl started as Miss Brown, uncovering her bundle, disclosed the lovely face of the sleeping child.

'What child is this?' said she. 'Where did you find it?'

But even as she spoke, Miss Brown, saying hurriedly: 'I once had charge of a little one so like that; and now it is gone, it upsets me to see that darling,' turned and left the room.

The two girls Hilda and Lucy stood open-mouthed, and I stepped forward and explained how the child had been discovered. 'Mother will tell us what to do,' said Hilda, and she ran off with the baby. I next saw it in Mrs Morton's motherly arms, and she said, as she addressed me kindly: 'Another time, doctor, we must try and

find out who is the owner of this little treasure; at present it shall have food and shelter here till we hear further particulars. Some one is sure to make inquiries about it."

All that night the village was in commotion; the telegraph wires never ceased bringing messages from anxious friends and conveying the answers, in some cases sad enough. Two died that night—one at the *Fox and Hounds*; and the woman we had found, at the doctor's house, whither she had been taken, and laid in my pretty fresh bedroom, which I little thought, when I arrived a few short hours before, would so soon be the scene of suffering and of death itself. To my surprise, when I returned to my quarters, I found the sufferer had been brought there, and moreover, I found Miss Brown earnestly using every possible means to restore animation. When I entered she looked up. "I fancy she breathes still," she said. "I have been trained to nurse, and I have been trying hard to restore her. What do you think?" I examined the patient carefully; she did breathe, but so faintly that the movement was scarcely to be felt; and after about an hour's anxious watching, she gave a deep sigh and breathed her last peacefully and without a struggle.

"Who is she?" said I to Miss Brown.
 "A stranger here apparently," she answered.
 "Of course inquiry will be made in time."

"I will call Mrs Wilson, and all that can be done for her now shall be done at once. Your services are required elsewhere, and your time is precious to the living; do not delay with the dead."

Her face was deadly pale, and she sank on her knees beside the bed. "Are you able for all this?" I asked.

"O yes. Send Mrs Wilson to me; I dare not be alone. You think me foolish perhaps sir; but I am not very strong, and I have had much trouble; this shock has tried me a good deal;" and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

I hurried to find Mrs Wilson. "Go up-stairs to that poor thing," I said, "please. You will find her rather shaken by all this. I don't suppose the doctor would be angry if you were to take her a glass of wine."

"Trust me sir," said the good old dame; "I'll see to her, poor child. I wonder what brought her into the middle of it all? Well, she is a good one, I believe, in spite of all they say in the village about her quiet ways. I don't care; I am sorry for her, she is so young; and she looks that sad now and then, I could almost cry to see her. I will run up and see to her."

"Do," said I; and I saw Mrs Wilson, as I quitted the house, ascending the stairs with a bumper of hot brandy-and-water. At the gate I met Dr Hamilton.

"A sad business this, Summers, and a sad welcome to you, my boy. Any bad cases?"

"Come with me," I replied. "There is but one serious case left, and that, I fear, is hopeless; but together we will try what we can do;" and as we walked up to the inn, I gave my friend particulars of the accident and its consequences.

All through the night we watched anxiously to relieve the sufferers; but as morning dawned, death mercifully interposed in the case of the poor fellow lying at the inn. The others were recovering; and the morning train brought the friends of most of them, who were either

removed to their homes or remained awhile in the village until fit to travel. The remains of the man were recognised, and taken away by his friends for interment; but those of the woman were still unclaimed. No one arrived to seek her. No inquiries were made respecting her; and after the inquest and a verdict of "Accidental death" had been returned, she was quietly laid in the peaceful churchyard. Her ticket gave no clue to her identity; it simply bore the mark "King's Cross." Who could trace her in the great world of London? All particulars were forwarded to the police; but no result followed. There were no marks upon her clothes nor upon those of the child, although a neat wooden box, unclaimed by other passengers, was supposed to have belonged to her, as it contained a few odd volumes well worn, and articles of wearing apparel for a woman in her apparent circumstances, and a child; all very neat and exquisitely clean, but homely and plain in their make and fashion.

Of Miss Brown we heard nothing more until the day of the funeral, when she attended it, dressed as usual in black. "I found her sir," she said to the rector, "and I thought I should like to follow her remains."

"It is very curious," said the rector, "that no inquiries have been made regarding her. I wonder whether we shall ever hear anything?"

"If you ever do, will you be so good as to tell me?" asked Miss Brown.

"Certainly," replied he. "And now, would you not like to step on to the Rectory and have a look at the baby?"

"I should very much," she answered.

"My girls have grown so fond of it," said the rector, "I don't know how they will ever part with it; but some one must be found to take care of it. It cannot live at the Rectory always."

"I suppose not," said Miss Brown rather sadly. "It could not be expected."

I heard afterwards that when she went to pay her visit, baby took to her wonderfully in spite of her black dress, crowed and laughed, and was altogether, as the girls said, "too sweet a darling for anything."

And the grave of the lone stranger lay under the shadow of the old church peacefully. What secret lay hidden under that fresh grassy mound? Would it ever see the light? Was she some simple peasant woman going on a journey to distant kinsfolk, who perhaps were ignorant of her intention, and therefore made no inquiries respecting her? Or was she taking charge of this little one for another? Was it not strange that no clue had been discovered as to whom they were, or where they came from? Or was it a secret known only to one sad and troubled heart, that had been grossly and cruelly betrayed, and only wished to hide its shame?

Such speculations occurred to us all I think in turn; but the wonder ceased to be a wonder after a time; and presently good Mrs Morton made arrangements to place the child with little Mrs Coulson, who had lately lost her own baby; and after this, the excitement subsided and gradually died away.

I settled down also into my appointed place. So strange a beginning to my life at Creston had brought me more rapidly into intimacy with the family at the Rectory than months of ordinary

intercourse would have done, especially during the time when the invalids yet remained in the village. I was always welcomed by both Mr and Mrs Morton; and my old friend Dr Hamilton was a prime favourite with them and with their daughters. Was he not the oldest friend the girls had? Did they not tease and torment him to their hearts' content; and as for the rector, he could not do without him, and they were constant companions. So the intercourse between the houses was very frequent; and the girls would often come down and have a cup of tea with the doctor in the afternoon; but generally, to my disgust, they chose the time when I was out on some long ride over the moors; and when I returned, the old man would say knowingly: 'I see the girls are afraid of you Summers; they only come down when you are safe off. What a dangerous fellow you must be!'

'They are right sir,' I replied, 'to come and look after you when I am away. When are we to have Miss Lucy's young fellow down here? They promised me all sorts of fun at the wedding.'

'Yes,' sighed the doctor; 'it makes one feel an old man, Summers, to think of that monkey, that I held a baby in my arms, going to be married; it seems only yesterday; but so it is. She is a rare good girl, and will just be the very wife Frank Lester wants to keep his fine house and play the Lady Bountiful to his cottagers. But the warm corner in my old heart is for Hilda. Bless her sweet face and pretty loving ways. That's the girl for me; and I hope she will meet with a real good fellow one of these days to take care of her, Eh, Harry?'

'I hope so too sir,' I replied; but somehow the subject was not one I cared to pursue further just then; so I asked abruptly: 'Who is Miss Brown?'

'That is easily told,' replied the doctor. 'She is the governess at the Poplars. You have not been there yet, as Mrs Nixon and the children went off to the sea-side for a while the very day that poor woman was buried; but they will not be absent very long.'

'I have heard you speak of Mrs Nixon,' I replied, 'more than once. Is she a widow?'

'No, no; not a widow,' said the doctor. 'Her husband is a judge or magistrate in India; and as the climate did not suit his wife, he brought her and the children home, settled her at the Poplars, which was to let, found her Miss Brown, and departed to finish out his term of service. Then I suppose he will retire, still comparatively a young man, growl and grumble at his own idleness, and sigh for India again, like all the rest when they come home.'

'We will hope not sir,' said I. 'But tell me, do you know nothing more of Miss Brown?'

'Nothing,' cried my old friend; 'except that Mr Nixon found her in London; that she was at the time staying with a friend who was lady-superintendent of one of the children's hospitals, and gave her the highest character; and that Nixon told me she was quite irresistible; so he engaged her at once. He was right. She suits his wife exactly; indeed I have never met any one so entirely sympathetic and kindly in her ways; and the children adore her. You saw yourself how active and handy she was that awful night; and as for that baby, it might have been her own, from the way she handled it.'

'Yes,' said I, rather absently; for, truth to say, Miss Brown's strange behaviour that awful night, her agitation, and various little circumstances I noticed, had convinced me that she knew more of the strangers than she had chosen to tell, and I was resolved to watch her as closely as I could.

During the next two months, nothing particular took place, except at the Rectory, where all was bustle and preparation for the wedding; and on a bright morning early in August, the bells rang out merrily, the churchyard filled with spectators, the village children in their white dresses strewed the churchyard path with flowers; and as the hands of the old clock pointed to half-past eleven, the bride with her fair attendants appeared. Her father, on whose arm she leant, looked proudly and fondly down upon the beloved daughter at his side. A few solemn words were spoken; the organ burst forth into the glorious Wedding March, and Frank and Lucy, husband and wife now, came down the churchyard path again to her old home. Loud and long were the cheers and many the congratulations that followed; and after much feasting and merriment, the parting came. Lucy's fair face was saddened for a moment as she crossed the threshold, and leaving go for an instant of her husband's arm, she ran back again, and giving one last hearty kiss to her mother, followed her husband, placed her hand trustingly in his, entered the carriage and drove away. Such a shower of rice and old shoes followed them; such blessings! such cheers! I looked around for Hilda, but she had disappeared. I turned into the garden, and saw the flutter of her dress as she escaped down a side-walk, and heard the sound of a stifled sob.

'Just like her,' I thought, 'She has tried to stifle her own feelings in the loss of her only sister and the companion of her life. I will not disturb her. But,' I added mentally, 'what a darling she is!'

Half an hour later I heard Hilda's merry laugh as she moved among the guests, and was privileged to accompany her when she went up the village to take old Mrs Watson a bit of cake and tell her all about the wedding. After this followed picnics and excursions almost every day; and as the weather was glorious and everything favoured us, the time passed but too quickly. Dr Hamilton insisted on doing all the work, and leaving me free to have a holiday. Was he quite discreet in so doing? I don't know. I only know that somehow the day did not seem half so bright or the party half so pleasant if any one appropriated my usual seat beside Hilda.

Well, all things must have an end, and this very dangerous wedding week, with all its festivities and flirtations, its rambles by the shore, its quiet hours at the Rectory, with sweet music or merry games, all came to an end; the guests dispersed, Hilda and her parents went on some visits to distant friends, and the village relapsed into its ordinary calm.

A few days after these events, Mrs Nixon, with her children and governess, returned from the seaside, bringing with them the seeds of a sort of low intermittent fever, which, though neither dangerous nor infectious, was just sufficient to require my constant attendance at the Poplars. During this time, I saw a great deal of Miss Brown, and could not fail to appreciate her quiet good sense, her presence of mind, and untiring patience with

the often fractions children, whom she seemed to have a special gift for amusing. Their mother was not very strong, and Miss Brown was indefatigable and unwearied in her efforts. I grew to like her very much, and to rely upon her more and more.

ASSUMED NAMES IN LITERATURE.

THE French term *nom de plume* is usually given to an assumed surname or personal name in literature. Why writers should not openly put their names to their productions would involve endless speculation to determine. Some are influenced by modesty; some desire to affect a mystery; some, in writing in severe and caustic terms of political opponents, like to keep their real names in the dark. Among this last-mentioned class was Junius, a *nom de plume* which has been the subject of inquiry for a century; and so well was the secret preserved, that after all that has been said first and last, one can't yet determinedly say who Junius really was.

All the countries of Europe present instances more or less numerous of this tendency to adopt noms de plume; but confining ourselves to the English-speaking world, we may remark that the Americans have been very successful in obtaining celebrity for their writers through this medium. Artemus Ward had become a distinguished favourite on both sides of the Atlantic before it was known that his veritable name was Charles F. Brown; Hosea Bigelow, author of the irresistible *Bigelow Papers*, is Mr Russell Lowell; Josh Billings is Mr A. W. Shaw; while Hans Breitman, of the *Breitman Ballads*, is Charles G. Leland. Washington Irving was almost as well known by two noms de plume as by his real name; these assumed designations being Geoffrey Crayon and Knickerbocker. Judge Haliburton was responsible for the peculiarly rich vein of wit and humour displayed under the pseudonym of Sam Slick, clockmaker.

Our own notabilities in the past have not been wanting in their liking for noms de plume. The 'Author of *Waverley*' was not exactly a case in point, because *Waverley* was really written by him; but there can be no question of the intense public interest felt in the mystery wherewith Walter Scott chose to enwrap himself. Christopher North, of *Blackwood*, all the world now knows to have been Professor John Wilson; the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg; Delta, David Macbeth Laing. Peter Plymley was a *nom de plume* assumed by the Rev. Sydney Smith. Dr Syntax, Thomas Ingoldsby, Derwent Conway—all were assumed designations, the rightful owners of which became known after a time. Charles Lamb was the author of the delightful *Essays of Elia*. Boz speedily acknowledged himself to be Charles Dickens; Father Prout of *Fraser* was Mr Mahoney; while Cornelius O'Dowd was very soon known to be Charles Lever.

Mr Joseph Whitaker, editor of the *Bookseller* and other bibliographical works, has with much labour collected an alphabetical list of noms de plume in English literature, extending to upwards of five hundred in number. In the vast catalogue of the library at the British Museum many thousands of works are entered under noms de plume; but there is often given, if obtainable, a clue to the real names. We may fairly conclude that there

is no breach of faith involved; that an author, if now dead, revealed his own secret or left the materials for revealing it; and that, if still living, the reasons have passed away which had induced him to adopt the incognito. Nevertheless, it does not follow that the pages of a popular periodical should be a means of diffusing such information. For book-selling purposes, and for many questions relating to copyright, it is well that the truth on these matters should be known, so far as can be done without breach of confidence; but for mere inquisitiveness we may pass it by. Of course that the English Opium Eater was Thomas de Quincey; that Barry Cornwall, the author of some of our best English songs, was Bryan Waller Procter; and that Tom Brown was, and happily still is, Mr Thomas Hughes—is known everywhere.

Lady writers sometimes exhibit a proneness to assume the names of the sterner sex. Madame or Mademoiselle Dudevant is a case in point; she is much better known as George Sand than by her real name, and many readers and admirers of her works are to this day ignorant of the real sex of the said George. We have a George of our own, quite as celebrated among English writers, namely George Eliot. To many it is still unknown that George Eliot is a lady. But what matter? It is to them sufficient to know that George Eliot wrote *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, and *Middlemarch*. A more remarkable instance is that of the sisters Brontë. For reasons satisfactory to themselves, the three daughters of a hard-working Yorkshire clergyman assumed noms de plume which the public took to be masculine, but which at anyrate were utterly unlike their real names. Charlotte Brontë was the Currer Bell who wrote *The Professor*, *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, and *Villette*; Anne Brontë was in the same way responsible for the *Agnes Grey* of Acton Bell; and Emily Brontë for the *Wuthering Heights* of Ellis Bell. When the most celebrated of the sisters became the wife of a country curate, it seemed to dash all the poetry out of such names as Charlotte Brontë and Currer Bell; but death carried her off before she had seen twelve months of married life.

Curious are many of the instances in which publishers—or some among them—take fast hold of noms de plume which have acquired large money value. Guy, who was Guy? Nobody cares; but the publishers know that *Guy's New London Spelling Book* is a property in itself, simply because it is Guy's, or purports to be so. And the like of Walkinghame's Arithmetick, Goldsmith's Geography, and Pinnock's Catechisms; they may be revised and improved over and over again, but the publishers well know what they are about in retaining the names of Walkinghame, Goldsmith, and Pinnock. The late Mr Haydn hit upon a capital idea in his *Dictionary of Dates*; it has been followed by other Dictionaries in which he had no share; the 'Haydn series' having proved to be a commercially successful collective name for many different works by different writers. These, however, are illustrative examples, not so much of the adoption of noms de plume, as of clinging to the names of certain authors who have long since disappeared from the scene.

The *Dame Europa* series of pamphlets is not the least singular among the illustrations of the point now under consideration. When the terrible

Franco-German War was raging in 1870-1, a sixpenny pamphlet appeared bearing the title 'The Fight at Dame Europa's School; shewing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy.' The success was immense; insured by the lively style, humour, and sarcasm of the unknown writer, and by the intense public interest felt in the events of the time. A number of imitators and opponents at once sprang up—discussing the question whether the English boy ought not to have come to the aid of the French boy in his time of trouble. All the pamphleteers (some dozens in number) adopted 'Dame Europa' as part of their title-page, finding it too good a thing to be lost sight of. Thus it was that we were confronted by 'Dame Europa's School: why Johnny did not interfere;,' 'Mrs Britannia's Opinion of Johnny's Conduct;,' 'John's Defence and Dame Europa's Apology;,' and so forth. The original pamphlet did not fail to find its way to the continent; where the French published 'Combat à l'Ecole de Madame Europa;,' the Germans, 'Der Kampf in Frau Europa's Schule;,' the Danes, 'Slagmålet i Fru Europa's Skall;,' and the Dutch, 'De Kloppartig op de Schoel van Mamsell Europa.' It became known that the author of the original pamphlet was a quiet clergyman.

Nothing more remarkable, perhaps, in connection with the value of a name has recently been presented than in the case of the immaculate Mrs Brown. About a dozen years ago appeared Mrs Brown's reflections on Christmas Day, its festivities and its anxious responsibilities to Materfamilias. Mrs Brown appeared as the wife of a tradesman, tolerably well to do, below the level of the educated middle class, but above the social standing of Mrs Gamp. The good lady narrated to the public what she had said to her husband, what he replied, and how generally the victory lay with her. Shrewd, observant, and having a will of her own, she was decidedly a character. Soon afterwards appeared 'Mrs Brown at the Paris Exhibition' and 'Mrs Brown on the Sea Serpent,' affording her an opportunity of saying her say on topics of temporary public interest—especially in reference to Paris, a new world to a middle-aged married couple who knew not a word of French. Then came 'Mrs Brown in the Highlands' and 'Mrs Brown up the Nile'—journeys quite within the range of tourist-ticket purchasers in these days. 'Mrs Brown on the Grand Tour' enabled her to make her quaint comments on continental travel; and Mrs Brown as one of Cook's Excursionists was in the same vein. When *Blackwood* brought out the famous 'Battle of Dorking' article, Mrs Brown did not fail to tell the public what she thought about it. In 1872, the first of the four annual International Exhibitions at South Kensington set her facile tongue going. The 'Alabama Claims' and the 'Tichborne Case' afforded rich material for her animadversions. Brighton and Margate in turn engaged her attention; and there was much good sense in her strictures on the bathing arrangements at those sea-side pleasure-spots. Once now and then Mrs Brown dips a little into politics; she discoursed on Mr Disraeli's assumption of the premiership four years ago. The 'New Liquor Law,' the 'Anglo-Russian Royal Marriage,' the 'Shah's Visit to England' ('Have you seen the Shah?'), 'Women's Rights,' 'Skating Rinks,' all in turn came under the good

woman's scrutiny. There is a vein of sarcasm in her, and she did not fail to make use of it in 'Mrs Brown at the Play' and 'Mrs Brown at a Spelling Bee.'

For some time the public wished to believe, and tried hard to believe, that Mrs Brown wrote those small books or pamphlets herself. But the honour was consigned to Mr Arthur Sketchley; and now this name itself is known to be a nom de plume.

We have only space left to notice one more example of the wonderful commercial success of a nom de plume. Mr Samuel Griswold Goodrich, connected with a literary family in the United States, made his first visit to Europe in 1823. Soon afterwards he assumed the character of Peter Parley, a chatty old gentleman who loved to tell stories about things and people to children and young persons. The thing took immediately; and during a long series of years, Peter Parley's books were poured forth in amazing number and variety. More than thirty years afterwards, Mr Goodrich thought it due to his own name and fame to make public a few autobiographical facts. He said amongst other things, 'In England my name has been largely used as a passport for the sale of books I never wrote; while attempts have been made in this country to deprive me of the authorship of at least a hundred volumes which I did write.' He gave an astonishing list of a hundred and seventy volumes written or edited by himself, a hundred and sixteen of which bore the renowned name of Peter Parley as the author. Three hundred thousand copies of the several works were sold annually for some time before his autobiography was written, and seven million had been sold altogether. Of one of the works, among the earliest and most successful of the whole, he made the significant comment, 'Two million copies of it were sold; the publisher paid me three hundred dollars for the copyright, and made his fortune by it.' Mr Goodrich proceeded to give a list of thirty-one spurious Peter Parley volumes published in America, and forty-one published in England. He died in 1860; but the Peter Parley gold mine has been worked ever since, on both sides of the Atlantic.

TESTAMENTARY VAGARIES.

WERE wills always what they should be, mere formal dispositions of property drawn by legal hands, there would be small temptation for any save legatees to take note of their contents. But people will write their own wills, and doing so, are apt to use the opportunity for airing private grievances, expressing personal likes and dislikes, proclaiming their sentiments upon things in general, and otherwise provoking comment by going beyond the strict necessities of the occasion.

A certain Earl bequeathed his Countess forty-five brass halfpence to buy a pullet for her supper, and at the same time declared her to be 'the worst of women, guilty of all ills.' Another husband could not part company with his wife without reminding her of her unprovoked and unjustifiable fits of passion, violence, and cruelty; and yet another reproached his helpmate with being jealous, disaffectionate, calumnious, and censorious; common-place methods of expressing marital ill-feeling. Of the good feeling expressed

for wives, there have been many fine examples in wills. For example, Mr G. Granville Harcourt paid his wife an extraordinary compliment, writing: 'The unspeakable interest with which I constantly regard Lady Waldegrave's future fate, induces me to advise her earnestly to unite herself again with some one who may deserve to enjoy the blessing of her society, during the many years of her probable survival of my life. I am grateful to Providence for the great happiness I enjoy in her singular affection; and I pray and confidently hope that she may long continue to possess the same esteem and friendship of those who are intimate with her, and can appreciate her admirable qualities; and the respect of all with whom, in any relation of life, she is connected.' The lady in due time found a gentleman she held deserving to enjoy the blessing of her society, and took the course so tenderly advised; and although we cannot speak absolutely on the matter, we have not the least doubt a certain Mr Van Hanrigh was equally obedient, and fulfilled the desire of his lost spouse, who, leaving all she possessed to her 'darling husband,' with the 'earnest wish that he should marry erelong a nice pretty girl who is a good housewife, and above all to be careful that she has a good temper.'

'Love me, love my dog,' was the motto of another loving woman whose husband predeceased her. When her own time came she left sixty-five pounds a year for the support of his favourite cob, and five pounds a year for that of his greyhound, specially ordering that the first-named was to be kept, as it had been kept since its master's death, in a warm, comfortable, loose box, and not put to any work either in or out of harness, but to be ridden four times a week at a walking pace, for one hour, by a person of light weight, with the proviso that its back was never to be crossed by any member of her husband's family.

Pet animals have often figured as legatees. Lord Chesterfield provided for the maintenance of his cat; an example followed by Mr Harpur, who bequeathed one Fanny Hodges the dividend accruing from a hundred pounds in the Three Per Cents so long as his young black cat should live; an excellent way to insure Puss from being cheated out of any portion of her nine lives. Still more secure of effecting her object was the dame who left two hundred guineas a year to the caretaker of her pet parrot so long as she could give ocular demonstration of Poll being in the land of the living.

The Rev. John Monkhouse, sometime rector of Bradchurch, Hampshire, died a bachelor at the age of seventy. By his will he left eleven thousand eight hundred pounds for erecting a school for illegitimate children only, and by a codicil devoted an additional eight thousand pounds to the unique educational institution. As a matter of course the will was disputed by his disappointed relatives, but only with partial success; the court pronouncing in favour of the will, but against the codicil, on the ground that at the time of the execution of the latter instrument the testator had shewn symptoms of monomania. The decision seems an odd one, for if the founding of such a school was the act of a sane man, it was scarcely the act of a madman to make a liberal provision for its support.

Some pleasant posthumous jokes were perpe-

trated by a certain French merchant and Dr Jasper More, a medical celebrity of James I's time; the former leaving a lady a legacy for having refused his hand twenty years before, and so enabled him to live independently and happily as a bachelor; and the latter fulfilling his promise to leave his servant something that would make him drink, by bequeathing that liquor-loving gentleman's gentleman a red herring. David Hume's testamentary joke at John Home's expense took a less aggravating form. Mindful of his old friend's dislike of port, and his obstinately insisting that H-o-m-e was the proper way of spelling the historian's name, Hume left him 'ten dozen of my old claret at his choice, and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his own hand, signed John Hume, that he has himself alone finished a bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal affairs.'

A curious will-case was tried at Clonmel in 1873, the action being one to dispossess Pat Dovan of a house and land worth two hundred a year, which he held by virtue of Mr Cooke's declaration: 'I leave and bequeath to my steward Pat Dovan the sum of fifty pounds, and also the house and lands of Littlefield, until I am able to live there and enjoy it myself.' The steward contended this meant until the millennium, in the speedy advent of which the testator believed; and the court accepting this view, awarded Dovan possession of the property accordingly.—Mr John Starkey looked forward to no earthly millennium, although he anticipated enjoying his own again, if we rightly understand the final clause of his will: 'The remainder of my wealth is vested in the affection of my dear wife, with whom I leave it, in the good hope of resuming it, more pure and bright and precious, where neither moth nor rust corrupteth, and where there are no railways or monetary panics or fluctuations of exchange, but the steadfast though progressive and unspeakable riches of glory and immortality.'

A writing-master named Kelly happening to survive his wife and daughter, the only relatives he had in the world, the Solicitor to the Treasury took out letters of administration on behalf of the Crown, and astonished the court by reading:

I, having neither kith nor kin,
Bequeath all I have named herein
To Harriet, my dearest wife,
To have and hold as hers for life;
While in good health and sound in mind
This codicil I've undersigned.

No lawyer we may be sure acted as the writing-master's amanuensis; although a solicitor once perpetrated a like piece of rhyme on his own account, in the lines:

As to all my worldly goods now or to be in store,
I give to my beloved wife, and hers for evermore.
I give all freely; I no limit fix;
This is my will, and she's my executrix.

A more fanciful freak was played by a Mr George in bequeathing the residue of his personal property to be equally divided between a boy and girl, his offspring by a beautiful Circassian lady whom he had wedded at St Peter's Church, Plymouth,

but who had proved faithless and eloped, children and all, with a gay and gallant Indian officer; whereas in truth the man had never been married in his life, the beautiful Circassian being only a creature of his imagination. Had the frail fair one existed in the flesh, she would have had no reason to complain of the unsubstantial liberality of the forgiving testator; like the legatees of the Arbriolot 'mixture of benevolence and folly,' as Dr Guthrie calls him, who instructed his lawyer to set down such a number of handsome legacies, that his legal friend could not help interrupting with: 'I don't believe you have all that money to leave.' 'Oh,' replied the good man, 'I ken that as well as you do; but I just want to shew them my good-will.' It was a funny way of shewing it to raise expectations that could not be realised; and the dying hoaxer had not the excuse of ignorantly deluding himself, like the old fellow who, having nothing else to leave his brother, bequeathed him the daily pint of milk allowed him by the squire of the parish.

Saving to the last, Mrs Kitty Jenkyn Paeke left little to the discretion of her executors respecting the disposal of her remains, writing: 'If I die away from Branksome, I wish my remains, after being placed in the proper coffin—first in a leaden one, and then in a wooden one—to be inclosed in a plain deal box, so that no one may know the contents, and conveyed by a goods-train to Poole, which will cost no more than any other package of the same weight; from Poole station, said box to be conveyed in a cart to Branksome Tower.' So thoroughly had the provident dame thought out the whole matter, that she added: 'The easiest way to carry my coffin out of the house will be to take the window out of the dining-room.'

Surgeon-major Wyat, C.B., desired that he might be buried in the full-dress uniform of the Coldstream Guards, in which regiment he had passed the best part of an eventful life; the Bible given him by his wife to be buried with him. Like Mr Conceen, who bound his wife not to 'offend artistic taste or blazon the sacred feelings of her sweet and gentle nature by the exhibition of a widow's cap,' the Surgeon-major had an antipathy to 'weeds,' and especially requested his partner not to assume any description of widow's cap or wear any particle of crape upon her dress in token of mourning. He wished the funeral ceremony to be considered rather as an occasion for rejoicing, and therefore desired all those who followed him to the grave to content themselves with donning a black band of medium width—crape for the hats of relatives, cloth for those of friends—black gloves, and not to omit carrying white roses or camellias in their button-holes. The hired attendants were forbidden to wear hat-bands or scarfs, and the horses were not to be decorated in any way whatever.—The Dowager Countess of Sandwich, with similar distaste for the funeral furnisher's grotesque paraphernalia, desired that she might be buried quietly and decently, 'with no undertaker's frauds and cheating, no scarfs, hat-bands, or nonsense.' And Mr Zimmerman, not content with ordering that no funeral bell was to be rung for him, no train of persons to attend his corpse to the grave, which was to be buried in a plain and decent manner, wound up with the threat: 'If this be not done, I will come again—that is to say, if I can.'

William Kinsett, believing in the impolicy of interring the dead amongst the living, and as an example to others, gave his body to the directors of the Imperial Gas Company, London, to be placed in one of their retorts and consumed to ashes, his executors to pay the company ten pounds for performing the operation. But having a well-founded doubt as to his offer being accepted, the testator concluded: 'Should a defence of fanaticism and superstition prevent the granting this my request, then my executors must submit to have my remains buried in the plainest manner possible in my family grave in St John's Wood Cemetery, to assist in poisoning the living in that neighbourhood.'

SUTTEE.

It is a matter of no small gratification to reflect, that to whatever region of the world the power of our country has extended, it has been exercised in the cause of humanity. In no part has this been more clearly manifested than in India.

Suttee, which means the burning of women on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands, and various other religious rites of a cruel and inhuman character, have all been suppressed in the provinces under the immediate control of Great Britain; and even in regions of that vast continent which lie beyond the borders of our territory, our influence has been made use of to put a stop to these and similar revolting practices. It is then with no small surprise and sorrow we learn that on the death of Jung Bahadoor the prime-minister of the Nepal government, which took place last year, three of his widows were burned to death on his funeral pyre. The circumstance naturally gives rise to the question, as to whether these widows and the numerous others who have been burned to death in days gone by, were voluntary victims, or were compelled to sacrifice themselves by the friends of their deceased husbands. We shall see.

It is possible that in solitary instances of this horrible practice, force may have been resorted to; but the question is surrounded by circumstances quite potent enough to induce voluntary immolation; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the natives of India firmly assert that among the higher castes, such as Brahmans, Rajputs, and Marathas, widows are always ready to come forward and seal their fidelity and devotion to their deceased husbands by sacrificing themselves on the funeral pyre. The Hindu doctrine of the transmigration of souls is wielded with no small power and influence by the priests on these occasions. For the soul to have successively to tenant the body of some unclean beast, some vile bird, some loathsome reptile, or some degraded outcast of the human family, is not only revolting, but appalling to the mind of the devout Hindu; and this dire penalty is held over the head of the bereaved widow when stunned by sudden calamity she feels that her earthly hopes are blasted, and that the dreaded calamity is sure to overtake her in case she refuses to become a suttee. Besides she knows too well that life-long widowhood, with all its discomfort, hardship, scorn, and perhaps disgrace, awaits her, in case she prefers to survive her husband; and that not as a penalty for refusing to immolate herself, but as the natural conse-

quence of the barbarous and unnatural custom of her people. On the other hand, she is led by the priests to believe that by submitting to become a suttee she follows her deceased lord to the realms of bliss. It is then not difficult to conceive that, as a rule, it was not necessary to resort to force to effect the purpose of those interested in inducing widows to sacrifice themselves; and it must be remembered that the deluded creatures have very little time to reflect as to the course they should pursue, for both the climate of the country and the custom of the people require that no time should be lost in performing the last rites of a deceased person. In short, the whole question has to be settled and carried out in a few short hours.

As the funeral procession on such occasions is very remarkable, a few words may be said regarding it. The pyre—consisting of wood, or other material, and straw, according to the means of the deceased—having been prepared at the usual place of cremation, the dead body of the husband, covered with a white sheet, and decorated with flowers and coloured saffron, is placed on an open bier. This is carried on the shoulders of four bare-headed and nearly naked men, followed by a fifth carrying a censer with burning incense, from which the pyre is to be lighted. The wife follows the bier on foot; but before being led forth, she is attired in costly garments, decorated with garlands of flowers, and feasted with sweetmeats, in some of which ingredients of a stupefying nature are mixed, with a view of rendering her less sensible than she otherwise would be to the dreadful sufferings through which she has to pass. She is accompanied by a band of gaily dressed dancing-girls, who chant and dance around her as the procession moves on, showing flowers on and occasionally doing obeisance to her, as to a deity! A band of noisy musicians come next, then the friends of the deceased, and last a crowd of idle spectators. Arrived at the place of cremation, the bier is placed on the pyre; and the wife having been assisted to ascend it, seats herself on the bier, placing the head of her husband on her lap. These arrangements having been completed, the pyre is lighted in several places; and amid the deafening sounds of barbarous music, and the shouts of the assembled crowd, the scene closes. The screams of the victim, if any, are unheard; and she soon becomes invisible—and it is to be hoped, insensible—in the cloud of smoke which rises from the burning pyre. After a time, the multitude disperse; and when the fire is burned out, the ashes and any unconsumed parts of the bodies are collected and thrown into the nearest sacred stream.

Allusion has been made to the sufferings of the Hindu widow as contributing to the causes which induce self-immolation on her part; and it will not be out of place here to give the reader some idea of the nature of those sufferings; but before doing so it must be observed that it is only the high-caste Hindu widows who are not allowed to marry again; the widows of the lower castes or working-classes, such as farmers, farm-labourers, &c., have no such restrictions laid upon them; and it must also be observed that the high-caste Hindu widows are not all subjected to the same degree of hardship. The elderly widow, sur-

rounded by her children, has comparatively much less to complain of in the treatment she receives from the members of her husband's family and the world at large, than the young and childless widow, and especially than she who may be termed the child-widow. The child-widow is indeed an object of the deepest commiseration. Her miseries in particular begin at an age when British children are mere school-girls; she may not have reached her teens! It is then for the first time that her head is shaved—an operation which is repeated at short intervals throughout her life—and henceforward every effort is resorted to, to render her appearance as repulsive as possible. Married women blacken the rims of their eyelids, and adorn their foreheads with a coloured and often scented preparation of saffron; but in her case these personal embellishments are strictly prohibited, as also is the use of articles of jewellery of every description. Married women have always two articles of dress, a robe and a jacket; but the widow is not allowed the latter article, and the robe provided for her is of coarse material and of a forbidding brownish-red colour. She is obliged to wear it in a manner indicative of her bereaved condition, without the graceful folds adopted by married women; and conscious of her unwomanly appearance, she voluntarily draws one end of it over her head, in order that her face may not be seen. She is compelled to sleep on the floor; and her bedding as a rule consists of a coarse blanket or carpet; her covering, the robe she wears during the day. She is not allowed more than one meal a day, and that of the plainest kind, no savoury or rich food being permitted; and she is obliged to observe various yearly and monthly fasts of a most rigorous nature. Her life is spent in a continuous round of grinding corn at the hand-mill, of drawing water at the village well or stream, of washing soiled linen, of sweeping and cleansing the dwelling, and of scouring cooking utensils and preparing food. Conversation with the male sex, except in the case of children or very aged men, is not allowed, and her intercourse even with her own sex is of a very limited nature. Feelings of humanity on the part of some kind-hearted member of the family sometimes interfere to mitigate the amount of drudgery expected of her; but on the whole she is looked upon as an ill-omened mortal, who has brought a blight upon the family; and she is therefore treated with all the rigour which it is possible for dreadful ignorance and an unfeeling superstition to inflict.

It need hardly be wondered at then, that with such a prospect before them, young childless widows have in numerous instances in days gone by voluntarily immolated themselves on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands; nor need the truth of the statements so frequently heard in India be a matter of doubt, that since suttee has been suppressed, many widows dispose of themselves by poison, to avoid the hardships which they have to endure. Such occurrences, however, never see the light; for certificates of death by medical men are as yet unknown, at least in many of the rural districts of India. On the other hand the widow, if a mother, is exempted from this life of drudgery, and is treated by the members of the family with no little re-

spect. She has merely to superintend the household duties, assigning to each of the younger members her particular share in them, and joining with them in the work according to her inclination or convenience. In her case, age, delicacy of constitution, or other infirmities are allowed to plead for indulgence with regard to food, fasting, &c.; but no laxity of the rules regarding dress and personal adornment is allowed. She must, with her other widowed sisters, submit to adopt all the badges of widowhood, except that a pleasant smile occasionally lights up her features; whereas the faces of the others are characterised by a look of sadness quite in keeping with their lamentable condition.

JAPANESE BIRD-LIME

ALTHOUGH bird-lime may be obtained in small quantities in other countries, Japan is probably the only one in the world in which it is regularly manufactured on a large scale, and gives employment to some thousands of persons. The following brief particulars respecting its manufacture, &c. are condensed from the *Hogo News*, and may prove interesting.

Bird-lime is called by the Japanese *mochi*, a term which gives a good idea of its nature, as it means 'bird-catching-sticky-substance'. The date of its first discovery is uncertain, some placing it five hundred years back, and others three hundred. During the last twenty years the quantity produced has been perceptibly affected through the destruction of the trees by denuding them of their bark for its manufacture; but the Japanese have been endeavouring to obviate this, though without much success, by leaving in a particular manner a certain amount of bark on the trees, in the hope that they might serve a second time.

The best kinds of bird-lime are distinguished by being free from bark, of a dull whitish colour, extremely viscid, and having a very gummy consistency; these descriptions are said to keep good for any length of time. The principal tree from which this bird-lime is made is a dark evergreen, found in the southern half of Japan, which grows high up the shady sides of deep mountain glens, and is frequently used as an ornamental shrub. Its bark is of a grayish-brown colour and rather rough texture; the leaves are of a smooth dark green, rather more pulpy than our holly leaf, and have an unbroken edge.

The manufacture of bird-lime extends over a period of several months, commencing about June, when the bark is stripped off the trees and macerated in water for some forty days, after which it is collected and beaten in a mortar. The pestle used is shod with iron, its flat under-surface being armed with spikes projecting downwards. When the pulpy mass under the pestle becomes glutinous, it is taken out and washed in water, in order to remove as far as possible the rough outer bark. The pulp is then again pounded and treated in a caldron with hot water, on the surface of which it floats. During this treatment it undergoes considerable manipulation at the hands of the workman, for the purpose of separating the remaining particles of bark, which sink to the bottom of the boiler. This is the most difficult part of the process, as much skill and experience are required in the workman to keep the stuff from adhering

to his hands. After this, the pulpy mass is again washed in cold water, and the pounding, boiling, and washing are repeated until the material becomes sufficiently clean and pure. During the process we have briefly described, about nine-tenths of the weight of the raw material is lost, two hundred and fifty pounds of the latter not turning out more than twenty-five pounds of good bird-lime.

The uses to which the Japanese put this substance are numerous, the chief being of course the snaring of birds and animals. By means of it, animals as large as monkeys are caught, for when they once get the stuff upon their paws, they soon cover themselves with it, and so exhaust their strength in trying to get rid of it, that they fall an easy prey. Birds almost of the size of ducks are taken, and by a very ingenious process. The young shoots of the *wisteria*, which attain considerable length and are strong, are gathered, dried, and knotted together in one continuous length. This is floated out to sea, after being smeared with bird-lime; and very often in the morning several birds are caught. Small birds are caught in various ways; some by means of a decoy-bird concealed near a patch of tempting food, in which are fixed numerous little splinters of bamboo like large needles, the upper half of which is smeared with bird-lime. Others, again, are taken on trees by means of a long slender bamboo the top of which is anointed with the lime, and then stealthily thrust against their feathers. Rats are easily caught by spreading a small quantity on a piece of board or paper and placing it near their holes. Bird-lime is also spread upon a bamboo leaf, and everywhere used in Japan for catching flies and other insects.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

A bird sat in the hawthorn tree

In bonny May,

And oh! he sang so cheerily

The livelong day;

For, while the sun shone bright above,

He sweetly carolled to his love

A bridal lay.

We stood beneath the hawthorn tree,

My love and I,

And listened, while the birdie's song

Went floating by;

And as he rang his wedding chime,

Our joyous hearts beat merry time,

And sang as high.

A bird sat in the hawthorn tree

In winter bare,

And dropped his sad head wearily—

No mate was there;

His little heart with grief was crushed,

His song of hope for ever hushed

In mute despair.

I stood beneath the hawthorn tree,

But all alone;

And through its leafless boughs the wind

Made dismal moan;

The dirge-like music seemed to raise

A requiem, to those blissful days

For ever gone!

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THE KINGDOM OF ETHIOPIA.

OUR readers will probably remember that we dwelt at some length on the brief but brilliant career of King Theodore of Abyssinia; and when he met with the fate incurred by his obstinate disregard of the laws of nations, at the hands of the British 'Expedition,' we gave an account of the condition of the 'kingdom of Ethiopia,' after his defeat and suicide, and the elevation to the throne of Kassa, Prince of Tigre, under the title of King Yohannes. There has been little to interest the public in the affairs of Abyssinia since the occurrence of those startling and dramatic events, until the narrative of the journey of Mr De Cosson, his brother, and the late General Kirkham, in 1873, throughout the Ethiopian kingdom and the Egyptian Soudan, recalled the attention of all lovers of the literature of travel to the beautiful African hill-country and to the picturesque figure of its king. This journey has been picturesquely described in a book entitled *The Cradle of the Blue Nile* (London, John Murray), concerning which we would say a few words.

Accompanied by a native escort, the travellers started from Massowah, on the Red Sea. The Egyptian government looks with little favour on travellers in these regions, who may be likely to report on the slave-dealing carried on in them, and also on the Egyptian encroachment on the frontiers of Abyssinia, which they are anxious to screen from the notice of Europe. As a means of intimidation, Mr De Cosson was warned of a variety of terrible dangers he would have to encounter; but he and his companions persisted in going forward. And so on they went. The march lay through a range of wooded hills, from whose summit the travellers saw the valley of Ailet, famous for lions, elephants, and giraffes. Afterwards they followed the course of a river through scenery like that of North Devon, emerging on a plateau where they first saw the giant cactus, with dark-green branches spreading out fifty feet, with little yellow tips at the ends like

tufts of gold, which form so striking a feature of the Abyssinian forests. Then came severe climbing—for the frontier is a succession of mountain ranges—and, at the top of a pass seemingly interminable, a view which was a sufficient reward for all their labour. 'As far as the eye could reach we saw the uplands of Abyssinia stretching before us in endless ranges of wooded mountains, while the clouds floated far below our feet, over emerald valleys watered by glittering streams. To the far south were the great table-lands, towering high above the loftiest mountains like a purple wall; while in the foreground the dark-green forests of tree cactuses, with the sunlight playing on their yellow flowers, made the nearer mountains look as if they had been powdered with gold.'

These are the characteristic features of a country the climate of which is delightful; the heat being tempered by rain and soft winds; the luxuriant vegetation offering unfailling shade. There are few real roads, and the merchants seem to despise them; they travel on foot, and go straight up and down the hills. All the people go barefoot, their toes are singularly prehensile, their gait is easy, and their endurance great. The travellers were particularly struck with the small size and the beauty of the natives' hands and feet, in the case of both men and women. Their first camp was at Asmara, on the road to Adowa, the capital of Tigre, and there they had an opportunity of observing the fauna of the country. Hares, wild-duck, teal, widgeon, pigeons, and monkeys abounded, and were quite fearless, being unmolested by man. All night the jackals and hyenas prowled about the tent, and were heard crunching the thrown-out bones, but they never were seen. Resuming their march, the travellers soon came to Bruce's famous Daroo tree, and fell in with troops of dog-faced baboons, accompanied by funny little gray monkeys, which follow them about and play all sorts of tricks, unpunished by their big grave brethren. Before the travellers reached Adowa, they were forced to abandon half their baggage, finding it impossible to get men to carry any but

the lighter portions; and now the road became very difficult, for they had reached the end of the table-land, and found themselves on the verge of a great precipice descending abruptly into the valley a thousand feet below.

The difficulty of travelling in Abyssinia arises from these alternating table-lands and precipices. The description of one will suffice for all. 'The precipice down which we had to descend,' says the author, 'was nearly perpendicular for upwards of seven hundred feet; then there was a broad ledge of rock covered with bush, which again terminated in another precipitous descent leading into a gorge below, full of forest trees, and inclosed on either side by high ranges of gray limestone rocks; beyond, the great valley of the Mareb was visible, and at the other side of it, the mountains surrounding Adowa looked like needles of gray granite against the clear blue sky.' The trees in these gorges are peopled by dreadfully human-looking baboons, indeed the travellers had a narrow escape of shooting some natives in mistake for the big monkeys, specimens of whose skins they wished to secure. The forests are musical with the cooings of thousands of cushat doves; and when the travellers camped in the woods, they heard a continuous scuttling of little feet over the dry leaves, and found armies of hares travelling by night. These migratory creatures accomplish great distances between sunset and sunrise.

During this journey the travellers found their native escort very apprehensive of falling in with Aba Kassié, whose history they afterwards learned. It has a fine mediæval flavour, as indeed much of Mr De Cosson's narrative has. The redoubtable chief was a kind of Fra Diavolo or Abyssinian Robin Hood, a daring, dauntless, splendid outlaw, who set mankind at defiance, and found a woman, his wife, to love him with heroic ardour and ill-requested constancy. Prince Kassa (now King John) took him prisoner, and tried to persuade him to enter his service, but in vain; he escaped—indeed he eluded his captors so easily always, that popular superstition ascribed to him the power of rendering himself invisible—and his alliance was sought by Kassa's enemies. A price was set on the outlaw's head; so when the Egyptians invited him to go to Massowah and treat with the Khedive's government, who wanted his help to take the Abyssinian province of Bogos, he went thither. They imprisoned him, however, finding the other project not ripe for execution; and then he escaped again, before the travellers reached Massowah, and was used as a bugbear to them, as before related. The closing scene of the bold robber's romantic story, as related by our author, was painfully weird.

On their arrival at Adowa, the travellers were welcomed by a large party of warriors, attended by their shield-bearers, who came to conduct them to the presence of the viceroy of Tigre. This wild escort enlivened the way with many feats of dashing horsemanship and mimic warfare, and at length led them to the presence of the Ras, whose 'palace' may be described as typical of the residences of all the great personages of the Ethiopian kingdom. The house, standing within a rude stone inclosure, consisted of one large circular chamber; the floor was strewn with rushes, as in English houses of the fifteenth century; and from

the walls projected a number of horns, whereon hung the sword and shield of the Ras and several matchlocks belonging to his soldiers. The conical roof, lined with reeds, was supported on rough wooden pillars draped with red silk; and the furniture consisted of a European sofa, two chairs, and a low *alga* or stretcher, covered with a handsome leopard-skin, on which reclined the Ras, a powerful, very dark-skinned man, with a face expressive of dogged obstinacy, and fearfully disfigured by a sword-cut, received in battle. The Ras received the visitors courteously, gave them *tege* (mead) to drink, and had them conducted to a *gojio* or hut, constructed of branches, where some *algas* had been placed for their accommodation. At this point began their experience of life in Abyssinia, in two particulars: the horrible custom of having animals killed in the presence of guests and the flesh being instantly devoured raw; and the impossibility of sleeping in a native *gojio*, under covering which has been used by natives, in consequence of the swarms of insects which infest both dwelling and covering.

One of the finest views in all Abyssinia was obtained by Mr De Cosson from the top of a mountain called Soloda, two thousand feet above Adowa, eight thousand two hundred and eighty-seven feet above the sea, and which he enjoyed while large birds sat tamely around him, and green lizards ran over his legs in pursuit of flies. Among the features of the panorama, Amba Sema-yeta is conspicuous; its steep sides, rising four thousand feet clear above the plain, give it a resemblance to an enormous sugar-loaf. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the viceroy, except his reluctance to forward the travellers on their journey. He paid them all imaginable honours and displayed the treasures of the province to them—among others, several pairs of boots with scarlet tops, which the British government had sent to Prince Kassa, with other presents; 'though why,' says the author, 'the Prince should have been thus led to believe that it was fashionable in England to wear scarlet top-boots, or why indeed Her Majesty's government should supply him with boots at all, is one of those awful mysteries only known to the Foreign Office.' The Prince put on a pair of these mysteries of civilisation (with much inconvenience, as he had no stockings), bore the pain like a man, and even went to bed in the boots, which indeed he could not get off; but in the night the agony became too great for endurance, and he sent for General Kirkham to shew him how to get quit of the boots with the scarlet tops. Mr De Cosson suggests that the government might as well have sent him a boot-jack when they were about it.

The travellers had a pleasant time, deteriorated, however, by howling dogs and a perfect plague of flies, at Adowa, which is on the highway from Gondar to the Red Sea. The market is a curious sight, for there all the tribes of inner Africa and all their wares are represented. Though the city is the capital of one of the most powerful provinces of Ethiopia, the houses are only built of loose stones, lined with mud; and though there are bridges, constructed by the Portuguese, still standing in the country, the traveller must either cross the Assam on stepping-stones, or ford it with his mules before he can enter the town of Adowa. 'An Abyssinian household,' says the author,

'generally lodges in a single room; but there are various nooks and recesses in it, each devoted to a separate purpose; one of these serves as a stable, and is occupied by the mules, horses, and sheep, which live on terms of the greatest intimacy with the family. A curtain screens the master's bed at the end of the room; the servants being generally left to sleep on the floor, or in one of the little huts in the court-yard. As for the chickens and children they are ubiquitous; and go where they like, the latter being mostly innocent of clothing. Like all Africans, the people are totally indifferent to time themselves, and impossible to convince that it can be of importance to others; and this peculiarity inflicted a great deal of annoyance upon our travellers. By dint of perseverance, however, they did succeed in procuring mules, and visiting the ancient town of Axum, formerly the capital of Tigre, and supposed to have been the city of the Troglodyte Ethiopians or Cushites. There they saw the gigantic monoliths in gray granite, whose history is lost in the mists of ages; and visited the Nebred, or high-priest, who questioned them at length, through their interpreter, concerning the motive of their visit, and would not be persuaded that they had not come to seek for treasure. 'Do they know their way to the hidden treasures of the mountains?' he asked, giving utterance to the traditional belief of every Abyssinian.

During their stay at Adowa, which the Ras made them prolong by many ingenious devices, only suffering them to depart at length on receiving a positive order from the king to forward them to his camp, the travellers studied the fauna, the flora, the natives, and the manners of the country, and enjoyed some exciting sport. Most of the larger animals indigenous to Central Africa are to be met with in Abyssinia; in the low wooded valleys by the rivers are lions, rhinoceri, elephants, leopards, panthers, and buffaloes; on the higher plains, endless varieties of the antelope and gazelle kind; in the forests, countless monkeys and birds. The country is as rich as it is beautiful; and the people, a few detestable customs excepted, are a decidedly fine race. They are brave, warlike, and patriotic; and not cruel, in comparison with other African races. A great variety of types is to be found among the people. Though the natives of Tigre, Amhara, and Shoa are principally Christians, there are Jews, Mohammedans, Fire-worshippers, Pagans, and even races that appear to have no form of worship at all, scattered about in different parts of the country; and owing to the inaccessible nature of the mountain regions, it is not uncommon to find two races or tribes within a couple of days' march of each other, differing as much in type, religion, and language as if a hundred miles lay between them. Abyssinia has had a turbulent and romantic history, through the accidents and events of which she has not, however, as Mr De Cosson points out, reached civilisation, though it was precisely through such vicissitudes that other nations have attained to it.

Intending to visit the king at Ambachura, beyond the Takazze, our travellers found the mountain-ride thither full of charm and incident. The king had ordered the path to be cleared of rocks before them, and though steep and difficult, the road was thus rendered less dangerous. Mr

De Cosson gives a wonderful account of the grass, with which, wherever there is holding-ground for a few inches of earth, the sides of the mountains are clothed. 'Such grass! It is the giant bush-grass of tropical Africa, each blade ten feet high, and as big round as a swan-quill. In the wet season this grass would be a waving forest of emerald green, in which a man could hide; but now it was hard and yellow, and every stem as stiff and upright as a young bamboo.' The wild grandeur of the dark snowless peaks of the Semyen range much impressed the travellers, and the effect was deepened by the following incident: 'As we gained the top of a great hog-backed mountain, surrounded by an amphitheatre of frowning crags, that looked like giant castles of gray granite, my mule began to tremble, and I shall never forget the effect produced by the low rumbling of an earthquake which shook the mountains, and was echoed back from rock to rock till the whole atmosphere vibrated with the sound. My three native companions believed the noise came from the subterranean treasure-caves in the heart of the Semyen, and they hurried their pace, for they said that the demon of the mountains was abroad.'

The camp of King Yohannes was pitched in a most picturesque spot, on a plateau near the cone of a lofty mountain, and commanding a view of Lake Tzana, an inland sea that lay glittering in the sunlight. The reception accorded to Mr De Cosson and his companions by the king was of the most cordial description; and during their sojourn of many weeks they had ample opportunities of forming a just estimate of the remarkable Prince who has consolidated the royal power, so rashly used and disastrously lost by King Theodore. Their stay at the camp of King Yohannes belongs to the political history of our own time, for it was Mr De Cosson who brought to England the letters to our government, in which King Yohannes pledged himself to abolish the slave-trade in his dominions. Only the other day has a similar engagement been entered into by the Egyptian government, so that it is cheering to see the dawn of a new day for the nations who have for so many ages dwelt under the curse of slavery in the cradle of the Blue Nile.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLIX.—ADRIET UPON THE WORLD.

'You'll pack your traps, my dear, and we'll be off,' said Doredevil Dick with a cool nod, and addressing himself to his sister.

'You have come quickly,' said Ruth, looking at Hold's bronzed countenance with an expression of anything but affection. 'To be put in the pillory, as we both are, perhaps suits you.'

'To be put in the pillory,' answered Richard with perfect composure, 'requires somebody with pluck enough to bell the cat, and I'm very much mistaken if such will be found here. I met your messenger, my girl, on my road to Carbery. I'd heard before that the murder was out—the lost one found. When there's a real Helena, Lady Harrogate, up at High Tor, it's time for the pinchbeck one to give way before the sterling gold.'

'You knew, then, that this governess, this

Ethel Gray was the true heiress !' cried Ruth, with flaming eyes. 'Brother, brother, you are a greater villain than even I took you for !'

There was a murmur among the audience, and cries of 'Down with him !' 'Secure him !' were raised by some of those in the background.

Hold turned his unabashed face towards the malcontents. 'Any cowardly curs,' he said contemptuously, 'can rabble and mob a stag at bay. Yelp, you hounds, as ye please, but don't, if you value a sound skin, test Dick Hold's patience too far ! I have come to fetch away my sister. You are rid of us on cheap terms. But if you dare to stretch so much as a finger towards her or me, I'll teach the man who does it a lesson that will last him his life, or a little longer, maybe !'

There was a hush and a shrinking back on the part of the by-standers. Hold was evidently very much in earnest, and none cared to provoke the desperado to an outbreak of wrath which might have a tragical ending.

'Get your kit ready, Ruth, and we'll be going,' said Hold imperatively.

For some minutes past it had been growing perceptibly darker, as a wrack of sable clouds came crawling seawards before the moorland breeze. As the buccanier ceased speaking, a broad bright flash glanced athwart the emblazoned window, and presently boomed out the deep roar of the thunder. Such as he was, Hold's unfaltering courage made him, even at that pass, master of the situation. His sister, in obedience to his commands, left the room to prepare for her departure, and in a short time returned in travelling attire, with a rain-cloak thrown over her arm.

'I have locked my trunks,' she said, in a low voice, 'but whether—'

'Ah, I'll see to that,' responded Hold roughly. 'See, some of you, that the girl's luggage is sent over to *The Traveller's Rest*. She has lost a goodish deal—this fine house, among other things; but she ought to have her finery and fal-lals, so I will thank whoever walks quarter-deck here to attend to it.'

So many eyes were turned towards Jasper Denzil, that he found it easier to speak, since speech was required of him, than to be silent. He stepped forward. 'This has been a most unfortunate business, in fact an awkward business,' he said, feebly stroking his moustache. 'The governor's precarious state of health—'

'Keeps the governor,' bluntly interrupted Hold, 'out of as pretty a pickle as a baronet needs to get into. Why do you put in your oar, Captain Denzil ? It's pretty well understood that things were squared with you to make you marry Ruth here. Now you cry "off," and I don't blame you. You're not going to come out generous, surely, and volunteer to be spiced, all the same !'

'No ; I don't say that,' replied the ex-captain of Lancers, recoiling.

'Then don't say anything,' was Hold's gruff rejoinder, as, drawing his sister's arm through his own, he walked from the room and from the house, checking, by the cool fearlessness of his defiant manner, the insulting murmurs of Sir Sykes's servants. It was long remembered afterwards that, as Richard and Ruth were in the act of stepping across the threshold, a dazzling flash of lightning was succeeded by so portentous a peal of thunder, that, throughout the ancient man-

sion, door and casement and wainscot rattled and quivered, and the vaulted roof gave back the sullen sound in deep resonance. Ruth instinctively shrank back ; but her brother stood firm, and drew, almost dragged, her onwards into the rage of the tempest.

There were those who ran to door and window to watch, with a curiosity that in some cases did not quite exclude a sort of sympathy, these two outcasts making their way through the pelting pitiless rain, across the park. On they went, the very heavens seeming to frown upon them, lashed by the rain and hail, blinded by the bewildering lightning, deafened by the bellowing thunder, and buffeted by the gusts that swept down from the uplands of Dartmoor, swaying to and fro the stately oaks of the grand avenue.

Hold and his sister reached the north wall of the park, passed through the gate that was ever open, and found themselves clear of the demesne, and in the wild and broken country beyond. Till then, Ruth had not spoken a word. At intervals as they crossed the park, a heavy sob had burst from her, but that was all.

'See, see !' she said suddenly, 'to what your drunken folly and stiff-necked obstinacy have brought us ! Was it thus that I should have quitted Carbery, I, whose will was law there but yesterday !'

'I'll tell you one thing, Missy,' returned Hold with the grin and somewhat of the growl of a bulldog ; 'men like me are not much used, in a general way, to put up with hard words and name-calling and so forth from the women that belong to them, whether wife or sister. I've humoured you, my dear, as if you were a lady, because I thought you'd be one ; but now you'd better keep your tongue quiet, d'ye hear ? I may quarrel, if you don't.'

Ruth turned upon him with a feverish fierceness, the very petulance of which excluded fear.

'You can't terrify me,' she said shrilly. 'Keep your ruffian threats for the drudges who cower before them ; but clenched fists and kicks and buffets will not wring obedience from little Ruth Hold. Brother Dick, you are a dolt as well as a scoundrel, or we should not be here !'

For all answer, the man grasped her arm hard enough for her soft flesh to wince under the pressure of his powerful hand, gave her a rough shake, and urged her forwards brusquely but not unkindly.

'You've but one friend, Missy ; don't try his temper overmuch,' said Hold, as he would have spoken to a fractious child. 'No use crying over spilt milk, my dear.'

Nevertheless, Ruth did cry over the milk that had been, metaphorically, much spilt, moaning and wailing and sobbing in a storm of half-hysterical grief that deadened her perception of the elemental war around her. The girl hardly knew that she was wet, that the drenched hair which had escaped from her bedraggled hat hung loosely over her face, hardly saw the levin flash or heard the roll of the thunder. Her own sorrow absorbed all her faculties ; and indeed the calamity which had befallen her was very great. There had been a few triumphant days and weeks during which the glittering prize of rank, power, almost boundless wealth, had seemed to lie within the hollow of her hand.

All was over now. Cast out, Ruth was leaving, in disgrace and despair, the mansion of which she was to have been the legitimate mistress, and where she had of late quenched it in borrowed splendour. But yesterday she assumed the style and received the treatment of a lady of high degree, and then came the bursting of the bubble, the exposure, the confession, and the snapping of the ties that had bound her to those whose birth-right was the station which she had usurped. Henceforth she was cut off from the society of those who had hitherto owned her as an equal. Henceforth she was a detected impostor, cast away, as a leper in old times, by her late associates. She must herd now with the coarse and the vile, must get her bread how she could, must sink down, down, down into abysses of degradation that yawned grimly before her.

Hold, his first irritable outburst over, was not unkind in his behaviour towards the wayward girl, whose passionate sorrow he judiciously allowed to have its swing. He had a sort of dim sympathy with her unhappiness, recognising that whereas with him the failure of the plot was but a pounds, shillings, and pence question, to Ruth it was much more. But he did not speak, and indeed he had need of all his senses to keep to the right track, full in the teeth of that raging storm, through which it was necessary to struggle to reach the ill-reputed inn which was his residence.

'Come, come lass!' said Hold at length, with an awkward effort to speak soothingly, as he caught sight, by the glare of the lightning, of the tumble-down roof and rickety sign of *The Traveller's Rest*. 'Here we are, close to port. For to-night anyhow, we must make shift here. To-morrow—'

'To-morrow!' interrupted Ruth, with a wild laugh. 'What am I, or what has life to offer me, that I should care where my wretched head may lie to-morrow?'

'It won't be so bad. I'll see you are made comfortable,' urged Hold, putting his hand upon her wrist to lead her forward. 'Anyhow, there's shelter here for a night. To-morrow we can be off; to London first; then, if you like, home.'

'Home!' echoed the girl, with a mocking laugh.

'Ay, down to Kent,' said Hold, misunderstanding her. 'Try, if you can, to make a living out of the old shop. It's going before the mast—I know that well enough—after being berthed in the state cabin; but still it's your best plan. Before I go to sea again, I'll share with you the yellow-boys that jingle yet in my purse, I will indeed, to the last stiver, and then—'

'There's the captain,' squeaked out a boyish voice, as under the rotten porch of *The Traveller's Rest* there appeared the stripling figure of the treacherous Deputy, pointing with outstretched finger at the advancing guest. Who were those to whom he spoke? Helmets, bright buttons, and dark-blue uniforms were a sufficient evidence to their calling.

'Your name Richard Hold? In the Queen's name, then!' exclaimed the foremost of the group, hurrying forward, but only to be felled to the earth like an ox beneath the pole-axe of the butcher by one blow of the buccaneer's heavy fist. The second, who wore plain clothes, and was

indeed no other than Inspector Drew, passed on undantied, and caught Daredevil Dick by the collar just as the seaman turned towards his sister.

'Run, Ruth, run!' cried Hold, grappling with this new antagonist. 'I'll follow as soon as I've—' And as he spoke he succeeded in getting one hand into the inner breast-pocket of the short rough coat he wore, and in drawing from it a revolver. Then there were more wrestling and tramping to and fro, and a short sharp struggle for the weapon, and then two rapid reports. Then there was a groan and a crashing fall.

'Not hurt, I hope?' exclaimed the chief officer of the county police present, who with two of his men had darted forward to lend their aid in the contest.

'Only a graze not worth speaking of,' answered the inspector, shaking off the drops of fresh blood that trickled from a scratch across his right wrist. 'The second shot has taken effect, fatally so, I fear, in his own body. We had better carry him in.'

'But where is the young woman?' asked another of the police, looking round. For Ruth had disappeared.

CHAPTER L.—LOST.

Winged by terror, nerved by the formless dread that gave speed to her feet, to exertions of which she had not known herself to be capable, and scarcely aware whither she bent her steps, Ruth fled from *The Traveller's Rest* into the blackness of the night. She heard the sound of the pistol-shots, but did not for a moment slacken the rapid pace at which she had started. Leaving the road and turning her face from human habitations and the haunts of men, she struck desperately, like some hunted animal, across that wild and solitary moor.

The storm yet raged; the granitic Tors of the Dartmoor range that loomed ahead re-echoed the frequent crash of the deep-voiced thunder, and ever and anon some flash of more than common brilliancy illuminated all the surface of the moor, the dull brown of the faded heather, the gray stones and dusky peat-hags and ragged clumps of broom, leaving the desolate expanse all the darker and less inviting the instant after, by its sudden contrast with the murky gloom that prevailed. The rain beat heavily on Ruth's undefended form, and the shrieking wind howled and moaned around her like wolves impatient for their prey; but she heeded the rain and wind no more than a hunted hare would have done; or if she gave a thought to the weather, it was with a strange sense of satisfaction that she remembered that it might serve to mask her flight and facilitate her escape.

Escape! That was the one thought uppermost with her, the one ray of light that broke in upon her clouded mind. Yes, she must escape. She had lost all, riches and rank and pomp. Her lot no longer lay with the wearers of purple and fine linen. To rest on a soft couch, and feed daintily, and glitter and shine and sparkle among the gold-powdered butterflies of Fashion, these things were not for the sister and accomplice of such a one as Richard Hold. But to escape actual punishment for her misdeeds, to elude the halting step with

which Nemesis stalks down the evil-doer, this at anyrate she was resolved to do.

During all her plots and schemes, her double-dealing and deception, the idea of punishment, of actual duress of the law, had never once flitted before the mind of Ruth Hold as regarded herself. That her reckless brother would come to be hanged she had often said, and sometimes thought. But as concerned herself, who never went armed, had no perilous habit of pugnacity, and avoided the ruder forms of crime, she had been unused to apprehend any worse evil than that of the breakdown of a promising project.

Now the long-expected blow had fallen, and the smart of it had been harder to bear than Ruth had pictured it to be; and as if penury and disgrace were not enough, the foiled conspirators had found themselves within the clutch of the law. The pistol-shots still rang in her ears as she hurried on. How often had she remonstrated with Richard about his semi-savage Californian custom of going armed. Those loaded Derringers that he persisted in carrying in his pocket, how often had she told him that these presented too strong a temptation to one whose brains, naturally shrewd, were always on fire with drink. He had done murder, and now the country would rise, and he and she would be hunted down like wolves.

That her brother had come victorious out of the contest, she never doubted. Had she not been accustomed from her childhood to hear stories of his wonderful escapes and constant broils in the far-off tropics! What she feared was the being thrust at his side behind the spiked partition of the dock at the assize court, to hear the indictment read out in dry rapid tones by the Clerk of Arraigs, and to be described, stared at, and sentenced as 'the female prisoner at the bar.' To keep herself free from prison with all its humiliations, free from the searching, the hair-cropping, the hideous garb, the whitewashed cell, the oakum to pick, the gruel ration, was her object now.

As she sped along, somewhat of a plan began to shape itself vaguely in her fevered mind. Her first aim was to distance the pursuers. To do that, she must double and twist as the hare before the hounds, and leave no trace behind her. She would push on, and on, and on! At last, no doubt a high-road would be reached, and a village, and there she could find means of transport to some town. She would not go back to London or to Kent, because it was in London and in Kent that her enemies would await her. No; she would make her way westward, to Plymouth, to Cornwall, to South Wales perhaps, and there lie hidden.

She was not helpless, not without means. There was money about her person, not indeed enough to live upon for any length of time; but more than enough for current expenses—about, as she reckoned, seventy pounds. Sir Sykes had written her a cheque for a hundred, two days before his seizure, and she had that much left in notes and gold. She had jewels too, and some of them were of value, gifts made to her during her brief season of prosperity, and these she could sell; but she was aware that the gems could only be disposed of in some great city. Time enough to think of this resource when London itself should be reached.

The future lay dark before her; but she was young, and could hope. Let her once escape the ignominy of chastisement, keep outside the jail doors, and surely some career must lie open before her. She was educated. She was clever. As a teacher, an actress, a servant if need were, she could earn her bread, and set her foot once more upon the ladder of life. Her prospects seemed to her all the brighter because her brother was no longer her companion. What but ruin could come from an association with a desperado such as Dick Hold!

How the moorland gale blew, staggering her as she walked! The thunder growled yet, but with less of fury than before, and the flashes were fewer; but the wind and the rain were mighty in their swoop, and the night was black and starless, so that she could scarcely see the rough uneven path which she trod. She had changed her course more than once, and there was nothing but the remembrance from which quarter the wind blew, to guide her steps, and prevent her from wandering back to the vicinity of *The Traveller's Rest*. She had walked, so she calculated, several miles, since her flight began, and had given the slip, so far, to the police.

Were those voices calling to her from behind? Ah, no; the sound was but produced by the creaking of the willow-boughs, the leafless wands and twigs of which she saw waving like the fleshless arms of half-buried skeletons. Ruth was traversing a hollow, nestling between two ridges of the uneven moor, and through which there ran brawling a thread of water, now swollen with rain. But the huge stepping-stones made the passage of this brooklet easy, and the storm-beaten wayfarer pressed on, and gained the drier ground beyond. A dreary prospect it was that lay before her. Darkness, more and more rarely broken by the now distant lightning, brooded over the far-stretching surface of the moor. The wind was less violent, but the rain still fell heavily.

A long way off, a faint light, obviously proceeding from the window of some human habitation, was visible. To Ruth Hold, alone in the wilderness, cut off as it seemed from the great communion of mankind, this light was as welcome as is the ray from a harbour-beacon to the storm-beaten mariner. Perhaps it shone from the window of some farm-house, or it might be of one of those isolated cottages that here and there studded the rough outskirts of the moor. In either case she could, when she gained its shelter, find a peat-fire whereat she might dry her wet hair and dripping clothes, and a guide to the nearest village that lay on a frequented road. Of rest and sleep she must not think for hours yet to come.

To reach the upland where the light beamed forth into the shadows of the night, it was necessary that Ruth should quit the hard and firm, if rugged track which she had hitherto followed, and strike into another and much narrower path, less distinctly marked, and in places scarcely to be traced. Presently the wanderer became conscious that the ground on which she trod was wet and yielding; those were the spongy hummocks of a swamp over which she now passed, while at every step the ink-black water started forth from the peaty soil. Still on she went towards the lighted window that seemed

to beckon to her from afar. Were those boughs waving in the wind? No; but tall reed-beds, the browned stalks swaying under the impact of the gale. She was glad now to avail herself of the great lichen-incrusted stones which at intervals dotted the path, and which yielded dry footing for a pace or two, though even when supported by them she felt the earth quiver beneath her feet.

The storm was dying away in the distance, but one ruddy gleam on the far horizon lit up for an instant the whole desolate tract, and shewed waving reed-banks, and black pools of water draped in places with floating weed-masses, and moss, and piles of brown peat ready dug and stacked to be carted away, and tangles of rushes, rank grass, and feathery wild-flax close at hand. Farther on, the ridges of heather-clad moorland rolled upwards towards the lofty spot, no longer visible, where the lightning burned so invitingly in the window of some human dwelling.

The darkness, which seemed to swallow up the whole wide landscape as rapidly as the evanescent gleam of the lightning had illumined it, once more brooded over the earth, like some primeval monster, when Ruth resumed her route. The quagmire trembled more and more beneath her feet as she pushed on. Yet no sensation of alarm assailed her. It was men's enmity that she dreaded, with all its consequences of disgrace, shame, ruin. The fear of being arrested and lodged in prison was ever present to her as she pressed on, until, on a sudden, the treacherous crust of earth gave way beneath her weight, and down she sank with sullen plunge, and cry unheard by mortal ear, into the slimy bog.

From the first moment, Ruth knew that she was lost, that her struggling and efforts could but sink her deeper in the tenacious mud and foul black water, the gases from which poured forth in suffocating streams, now that the unknown depths of the swamp had been disturbed. Yet she struggled and screamed for human help, and uttered one wild cry to heaven for pity and for pardon! Then felt she as though some dreadful creature, hidden in the slime, had grasped her by the feet, and was dragging her down, slowly and surely down, deeper and deeper yet. She shrieked for aid a second time and a third, and then there was silence.

WALKS IN A FRENCH FOREST.

We look back with delight to a period of our life which was spent on the borders of one of the few forests still left in France. Each morning we wandered through the glades when the morning sun had not dissipated the silvery vapour which moistened the leaves, and drops of dew still hung from the branches.

Let us describe a party of wooden-shoe makers or as they are termed, *sabotiers*, at work near a clear stream. The whole family is together; the father with his son and son-in-law, the apprentices, the mother and children running about in the beds of cress. Under the trees rises a hut of planks, where all sleep; not far off, the two mules which carry the belongings of the encampment, are tethered. They are birds of passage, travers-

ing the forest, and sojourning where the wood is cheap. In this greencombe several fine beech-trees are marked for the axe; they are fifty feet high, and three feet in girth. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp; but the beech *sabots* are light, of a close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud; and in this respect are greatly superior to leather.

All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths; and if the pieces prove too large, they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabot* roughly with a hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the holes for the interior, and scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cutter*. The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it; carving a rose or primrose upon the top, if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border round the edge, so that the blue or white stocking may be shewn by a coquettish girl. As they are finished, they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm golden-brown hue.

The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the wash-house, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the schoolboy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows, the mother keeps the little *sabots* in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe. Long after, when the child has become a man, and his chair is vacant by the hearth, they are drawn out to be looked at, sometimes with a smile, too often with tears.

During all his toil the workman talks and sings; he is not taciturn, like the charcoal-burner; his muscles continually in action, his work in the open air, keep him in good temper, and give him refreshing sleep and appetite. He sings like a linnet, whilst the women chatter and mend the family garments. When the trees have been all cut up, the camp is raised, the mules are loaded, adieu to the green hollow, and another place is sought for. Thus all the year long, whether the forest be tinted with pale spring verdure or covered with the yellow autumn leaves, in some corner will be heard the workers, busy as bees in a hive, gaily carrying on their simple healthy forest-life.

Our walks often led us to what we called our forest orchard, where the thrushes and blackbirds came for the meal which good mother Pomona provides for them by day. By night she lodges them amid thick bushes that fairly hang down

with fruit; while beautiful flowers carpet the ground. When June has half run its course, strawberries and raspberries perfume the thickets; then the black cherry ripens. But in autumn the forest is most prodigal of its riches. By Sainte Madeleine, as the proverb says, the walnuts are full, the leafy hazel stretches out its twin nuts, with hoods curiously jagged and twisted. The squirrels run about storing their winter provision. The wild plum purples the hedges; crabs and wild pears offer their astringent fruits, amidst the red foliage of their ungrafted stocks. Clusters of cornel-berries, like vermilion olives, ripen beside the scarlet barberry. Wild-boars regale themselves on countless acorns that bestrew the ground. The beech renders its harvest of 'mast.' At the end of September the beech-mast falls with a crisp noise out of the brown capsules, and strews the ground with its triangular seeds. Then the woods are busy indeed; women, old men, and children rush in from the neighbouring villages, and spread large sheets of white cloth, whilst they shake the branches into them. The mast is very savoury. It is put under slow pressure, and oil equal to olive oil is extracted; it has the advantage of keeping sweet for ten years, and is used for the excellent golden *fritures* in which the French excel.

Passing through colonnades of beech-trees, an odour of smoke spreads through the branches. It is a party of charcoal-burners, and we soon see the conical forms of their furnaces. A few steps from their hut, built of sods and branches, they are seated on sacks round the fire, where the pan is boiling for their meal. There are six of them: three well-made boys, with intelligent eyes shining beneath their wide-brimmed hats; a girl of sixteen, a type of wild beauty; and the wrinkled father and mother. They are not an open-hearted race; but we draw near; and after a few kind words and an offer of tobacco, friendship is established.

'Yours is a hard, rude business,' we remarked.

'I believe it is,' said the master; 'but we love it in spite of all its difficulties. I have followed it for fifty years, when I began with my father in the woods of Argonne; and since then I have seen most of our forests, I can tell you.'

'Do you ever fail in the burning?'

'Yes, occasionally; and then we put the badly burned pieces of wood into a new furnace.'

'Will you describe the process to us, who never see such work in our part of England?'

'Certainly. In the first place, we seek a spot near to the forest roads, and well sheltered from the wind; and then proceed to the difficult operation of making the kiln, requiring both patience and experience. We count eight strides for the diameter, and in the centre mark out an empty place with poles to form the chimney; around this we lay billets of wood; then a second row and a third, until the extremity of the circle is reached. This is the first bed, and looks like the great web of the autumn spider. Row after row is laid on this foundation, always narrowing to the top, until it takes the form of a tunnel wrong way up. It must be dressed in a thick mantle, to protect it from the air; over thick sticks there is a layer of three inches of earth, and lastly the ashes taken from an old kiln. The top being open, it is lighted

there with brushwood and burning charcoal; the current of air sets in, and the wood begins to catch fire. Now come the real anxiety and fatigue of our trade; charcoal is like a spoiled child, that must be watched night and day. When the smoke, white at first, changes to brown, the openings are stopped with earth; twelve hours after, a little air is allowed. If there is a noise, the "cooking" is going on too fast; if the wind rise, that is another trouble. After a thousand cares and difficulties, the kiln slowly sinks; we open one side, and the charcoal is as black as a mulberry.'

Bidding good-bye to our intelligent companion, we pass on, through an avenue of poplars, towards the spot where the stream runs between steep rocks, and the picturesque ruins of an old Benedictine monastery now stand. When the monks laid the first stones of their abbey, the solitude seemed fitted for meditation and prayer; no road lay near, and the thick coverts permitted no echo of the life of the world outside. Thus for a long time their history was like that of a happy nation, peaceable and uniform. They drained and cultivated the land, built farms, and increased their revenues; mills and forges appeared by the side of the river; the streams in narrow gorges were dammed up for preserving fish. With prosperity came luxury and its wants. In the eighteenth century, the monks, possessors of the forest and the plain, lived like princes. They hunted over the hills and valleys; and in the centre of the wood, a large stone table and seats are to be seen, where the abbot gave a breakfast to his guests in the hall of the chase. The Revolution burst over them like a thunderbolt; the monks fled, and the abbey was sold by auction.

But the long reign of the monks seems to have been a gentle one, and the old people speak respectfully of their memory. We can imagine them painting the beautiful legendary flowers in golden, azure, and purple tints on the pages of parchment missals; writing the formularies of wonderful herbs for cures in the middle ages, or the mystic verse of the Holy Grail; or bury ourselves in the far distance of the Merovingian epoch, when Saint Remy, according to tradition, built the ruined chapel on the borders of the forest, where the peasants say no spider has ever woven its web; out of respect we may suppose for the founder.

The remembrance of the Roman invasion retains a stronghold on the people's memory. At this time, the Gauls are said to have withdrawn into the forest and fortified themselves. In some places there are found circular walls of stone, overgrown with moss, which the woodmen say were villages. On one occasion, after a rebellion, the Romans, carrying away six thousand prisoners, encamped in a forest comb. Provisions were scarce in this wild country; so many useless mouths could not be fed, and, so runs the story, they were all massacred in one night. History, as written by Cæsar, partially confirms this tale of horrible slaughter. The wide circle of the valley is now covered with thick vegetation; the beeches grow freely, and nothing marks the graves of thousands, two thousand years ago.

Ivy garlands the oaks, the scabious flowers in the clearings, the blue-tit warbles as he busies himself amid the sprays, and the blue sky shines

overhead. The military glory has passed away; Caesar's name is unknown to the woodmen; but the terrible deed is remembered in the valley, which still bears the name of the *Combe au Sang*.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER II.

Soon after I was called in to the Poplars, Mrs Nixon asked me whether anything fresh had been heard about the mysterious woman and child in the village.

'Only,' said I, 'that Mrs Coulson has had a letter, post-mark "London, E.C.," containing a five-pound note, and written on a slip of paper inside "For baby's use." No clue has been found to the sender as yet.'

'It is a very curious affair altogether,' said Mrs Nixon.—'Don't you think so, Miss Brown?'

Miss Brown, whose head was bent low over her work, replied, that it certainly was most strange; and then continued, without raising her head: 'Is baby well?'

'Quite well,' I replied, 'and growing fast. There has been a question as to whether he ought to be baptised; but the Rector thinks perhaps it may have already been done, and will defer the ceremony for a time, unless the child were ill, when of course he would at once do it.'

'Is there any fear of infection, supposing I went to see baby?' asked Miss Brown.

'I think not,' I answered, 'but it might perhaps be safer not to take him in your arms.'

'I will attend to your wishes,' Miss Brown said quietly, as she rose and moved towards the door with averted face. On her way she stumbled against a small work-table, whose multifarious contents scattered in all directions about the floor. 'How clumsy of me!' she exclaimed; and as I stooped to assist her in replacing the fallen articles, I noticed that her cheeks were crimson and her eyes full of tears.

'What can the mystery be?' I said to myself as I rode slowly and thoughtfully homewards. 'There is certainly a connection between that woman and the child. I know there is. But what?'

A few days later, I looked in at Mrs Coulson's. 'Well, how is baby?' I inquired.

'Well sir, he grows, he do; bless him!' smiled the young woman, as she held up the rosy laughing child in her arms. 'He is a beauty, and no mistake. I called at the Rectory sir, and gave Mrs Morton that money to keep. Maybe one day he'd be glad enough of it, and he doesn't cost nothing now sir, nothing but looking after. He has lots of clothes—a whole suit came for him along with the money the other day; and Miss Brown, she was down too, and brought him the loveliest little frock you ever seen, and socks she had knitted for him while she was away at the sea. Why, bless you sir, they're good enough for any quality child. I'll just let you see them sir.'

'I am no judge of such things, Mrs Coulson; but I am glad you have them for the baby.' And this set me off thinking again.

The season grew into autumn, and then on to winter; still no clue to the mystery had been obtained. As the children at the Poplars were all well again, my intercourse with Miss Brown

was more restricted; I had, however, seen enough of her to be aware that she was a woman of no ordinary accomplishments and refinement. I came upon her one day during the children's convalescence, the centre of an eager group of listeners, while she related awful and thrilling tales of sprites and goblins, gnomes and fairies, which held her audience enthralled; and when asked their origin, she replied: 'Oh, out of my head. It amuses the little ones to hear a story.'

'Not only the little ones,' I answered. 'You ought to write them down, for the benefit of other children.'

'I intended to do so once,' she said with a heavy sigh; 'but I have changed my mind;' and abruptly snatching up her youngest hearer, a baby boy of two years old, she hid her face among his pretty curls. Another time, when I entered the schoolroom unawares while she was singing, I rallied her on keeping her music so selfishly for her own amusement, declaring that I had found a treasure in her rich full voice for the choir and the village concerts; but she besought me so earnestly not to say anything about her singing, and to allow her to remain unmolested in her obscurity, that I yielded: 'No doubt you have good reasons, Miss Brown, whatever they may be,' said I.

'I am only the governess,' she said; 'and do not wish to be brought forward at all. So please Dr Summers, do not name my singing.'

'Very well,' I rejoined.—'Have you seen your little favourite lately?'

'O yes,' she said, while a rosy glow illumined her whole face. 'What a beautiful boy he is! Such a treasure!' And as she turned her soft gray eyes full upon me, I wondered where I had seen eyes like hers so lately.

'There seems to be no clue as yet about that baby,' I said; 'but if his mother is alive, she cannot keep away long; it would not be human nature. Why does she not claim him, I wonder?'

'Why indeed?' echoed Miss Brown with a sharp accent of pain; and turning abruptly, she spoke to the little ones, desiring them to put on their things and get ready to go out.

As I left, I encountered Hilda Morton on an errand of mercy to old Jackson's cottage, with her little basket on her arm; and passing Mrs Coulson's door in the afternoon, I saw Hilda and Miss Brown coddling the baby between them; and just as I came up, the little one clasped his fat arms tightly round the neck of the latter, refusing to leave her.

'I declare I'm jealous, Miss Brown,' said Hilda; 'why, baby won't come to me!'

'Go, my pretty one,' said Miss Brown in a gentle cooing voice; and as she spoke she undid the loving arms from about her neck, kissed the child hastily, and placed him in Hilda's arms, saying, she had loitered too long and must now run home.

The child had on an outdoor pelisse with embroidery upon it of flowers and leaves delicately traced.

'I suppose that is one of the frocks that came in the mysterious parcel?' I said, addressing Mrs Coulson.

'Yes sir,' she said; 'that is one of them; and too good for every day too.'

I have a quick eye for colours and patterns.

Where had I lately seen a strip of work like that peeping from a work-basket? I could not remember at the moment, but felt sure I was not mistaken.

I received about this time a long letter from my brother Tom, who was with his regiment in India. As it seems to form part of this to me eventful year's history, I venture to transcribe a portion of it:

POONAH, November 15th

DEAR OLD BOY—Weather fearfully hot, but we are pretty jolly notwithstanding. . . . We have a very sad instance here of the perils of matrimony in our colonel, one of the best men living, adored positively by all ranks, and yet his life is made miserable and wretched by a woman. Indeed, I can think of nothing else just now, as somehow although so much younger than he, the dear old man has chosen to confide his troubles to me, and I have given him all my sympathy, and only wish I could help him more. The facts are these. Last spring, or rather early summer, he was forced to rejoin his regiment out here. His wife, to whom he had been married about a year, and whom he describes as the very quintessence of all that is lovely and lovable in womankind, was not strong enough to accompany him, but was to follow after the birth of their child. She, it appears, was a native of Australia, and had no relatives in England. He heard from the lady-friend with whom she stayed of the safety of his darling and the birth of a beautiful boy; and for several consecutive mails rapturous letters reached him describing the joy of the mother over her treasure and her delight at their speedy reunion, to which she looked forward with the utmost eagerness.

When the expected ship was due he went to Bombay to meet her: but neither wife nor child was on board. He telegraphed to his agents in London. The answer returned was concise. The order for the cabin had been countermanded by Mrs Beauchamp. He telegraphed to her. No answer. All inquiries have proved fruitless from that day, now five months ago, to this; he has failed to discover any clue to the whereabouts of wife or child. In his despair he came to my quarters last night and unburdened his sad story. You must forgive my filling this letter with its repetition. I can think of nothing else, and of course I do not wish to tell it to all the men out here, some of whom are not the sort to appreciate it.

Our colonel goes home by the next mail to prosecute his inquiries himself. Should you come across him, which is hardly likely where you are, you must make yourself known to him, and you will, I know, find him one of the most noble, unselfish, lovable characters you ever met. What that woman could have been about, I don't know. I cannot think she is any good, and only bitterly regret that she ever had the opportunity of throwing away or making sport of the happiness of so good a man. Mr Nixon, our collector and magistrate, goes home also very soon. He only came out to finish his term of service, and will retire, lucky man, upon his pension in dear old England. Don't I wish I could go with them! Good-bye; take care of yourself and your heart; and believe me your affectionate brother,

TOM SUMMERS.

So, I thought to myself, Mr Nixon is soon coming home, and will perhaps be here in a few weeks. Tom says he is about to start soon. I will go up to the Poplars and call; perhaps my news may be later than Mrs Nixon's. Accordingly, I called about luncheon-time, and found that Mrs Nixon had likewise heard from her husband, but that he feared he would not be able to reach home for Christmas, but hoped to be with them by the first or second week in January.

'I have persuaded Miss Brown to remain with us over Christmas,' she said, 'as I really am so excited and nervous at the idea of my husband's return, that I feel as if I should never get through the time without some one to talk to; and Miss Brown is kind enough to postpone her holiday for a time.'

'My brother in former letters describes Poonah as a charming station,' I remarked, 'although just now the weather is unseasonably warm.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Nixon; 'my husband always liked it; and so did I, as long as my health continued good. He says they are fortunate just now in having a remarkably pleasant set of officers of the 140th Regiment, quartered there. They are particularly gentlemanly men; and their colonel, my husband admires almost more than any one he ever knew. Lately, however, he says he seems so down-hearted and sad that no one can imagine the cause. His wife was to have joined him; but he has never alluded to her or the cause of her detention, and of course no one likes to ask; but my husband thinks something must be very wrong.'

'My dear Miss Brown, I am afraid you feel ill. Are you faint?'

I had been watching Miss Brown's varying colour for some time. Now, however, she suddenly reeled from her chair, and without further warning, sank unconscious on the floor. Of course, I started up, raised her, and carried her to the sofa in the library; and after a little while she recovered, after the usual remedies had been resorted to. She laughed at herself rather hysterically, said she had been very silly, murmured something about the hot fire and the smell of dinner, and asked if she could lie down for a while in her room. When she fainting, I had loosened the stud which fastened the collar at her neck, and while doing so, a small gold chain appeared, at the end of which was a plain gold wedding-ring. Miss Brown's first movement on recovering was to replace this ring, while a deep crimson blush overspread her countenance. No one had seen it but myself; Mrs Nixon had left the room to fetch some sal-volatile; and the children had of course been excluded. This circumstance somehow made an impression which I could not get rid of. It was now only a week to Christmas-day, and the preparations for Christmas festivities were going on rapidly. I had seen more than ever of Hilda Morton lately, and had assisted her in finding out who were the objects of her parents' Christmas bounties, and in distributing them with her. There was to be a large children's party at the Rectory the evening after the 25th—Christmas-tree, games, and all sorts of delights, ending with snapdragon; just a merry gathering of little ones whom the rector and his dear wife loved to see around them. Miss Brown of course was to come with her young charges; and I was to assist

Hilda in lighting and hanging the Christmas-tree with gifts.

During the evening, and while Hilda and I were alone, and supposed to be engaged in lighting up the tree, I took courage, and in desperation spoke out my whole heart to her. Her reply sealed my fate, and made me the happiest of mortals. Dear old Dr Hamilton knew my secret; and indeed had, I knew, confided it to the rector; for my old friend had encouraged me in my suit, and had said with a twinkle in his eye: 'Go on, my boy; you have nothing to fear from any stern father's opposition, I know; so pluck up your courage and attack the enemy herself.'

Now, as he entered, I felt that he guessed our secret; and as he came up to me and gave me a poke, he said: 'So, you sly young rascal, you've been and done it! I thought some mischief was brewing when you two went off to light the candles so eagerly.—I know all about it, little one,' he added as Hilda came up; 'God bless you, darling!' and the tears filled his kind old eyes. 'This is what I always wanted—the son and daughter of my two best friends united: now I am quite happy.'

During the interval which followed the Christmas-tree, and while the children had their tea, I made my confessions to the rector and Mrs Morton, and was intensely gratified at the manner in which they received my quest. They made no difficulties; and indeed I found Dr Hamilton had suspected all these away, having not only told them of his intention to resign his present practice—which was a very large one—to me, but to leave all his fortune to Hilda, which, though not large, would be a very considerable addition to the settlement I was myself able to make upon her. So all went merrily; and when tea was over, games began, and the old people made themselves into children again, and delighted the hearts of the little ones; and Miss Brown was wonderfully clever in devising new games and in making herself, as she always did, both popular and useful. Mrs Coulson was one of those extra hands always in request at the Rectory when any unusual bustle or cleaning was going on, and of course she was there on this occasion; and baby, who was the darling of Mrs Morton, was specially invited too. He was now a plump, rosy little thing, pulling at everything and noticing everything within the range of his little hands and bright intelligent eyes. He was the delight of all, especially of the ladies, and was paid an amount of baby adoration which he seemed quite to appreciate and approve of. The mysterious remittances still continued—sometimes presents of clothes, always money, and now a nice warm gown for Mrs Coulson, and garments for her husband. These had now ceased to excite wonder, and indeed the baby was now looked upon as no longer a novelty.

When the fun of that delightful Christmas entertainment was over, and the little ones were preparing to leave, Miss Brown, who was holding baby, was observed to stoop and make anxious search for something on the floor. Hilda and I stepped forward.

'Have you lost anything, Miss Brown?' said Hilda.

'Only a trinket I was in the habit of wearing always,' she said; 'and which I think baby

clutched from my neck. But please do not make a fuss about it; it may be found afterwards.'

'But we must find it,' said Hilda. 'Get a candle, please, somebody, and we will have a look.'

'Oh, please, Miss Morton, please do not trouble yourself,' Miss Brown answered hastily. 'It does not matter now. I would so much rather you did not hunt for it.'

'Nonsense!' said Hilda. 'It must be found. It can't be far off; you have never moved from that spot, you know.'

Miss Brown's agitation increased so much, that all eyes were now turned upon her questioningly.

'What is it like?' said I.

'A little gold ornament,' she answered. 'But, dear Miss Morton,' she said to Hilda in a low voice, 'please do not look when all these people are here. If I may come back quietly and look for it afterwards, it would be much better. I cannot tell you more now; do please let me have my own way in this.'

Hilda looked surprised, and answered rather stiffly: 'As you please, Miss Brown. Of course if you would rather we did not find it, we will not look.'

'Oh, it is so hard to tell you,' said she sadly; 'but I think you would be kind, if you only knew, and would pity me. I would give anything now for a friend to speak to.'

My gentle Hilda turned a look full of sympathy and kindness upon her as she said these words, and kissed her tenderly. 'You shall tell me as much or as little as you like,' she said; 'and I want you to feel you have a friend in me. Now come away; and when this room is cleared, you shall come back alone, and look for your mysterious trinket undisturbed.'

We followed the crowd into the drawing-room, and were surprised to see baby, who was in Mrs Morton's arms, the centre of an excited group. 'Where did the little creature get it?' 'There is no married lady here but yourself!' 'What a thick one!' Such were the exclamations we heard on every side; and coming up to Mrs Morton, saw in her hand a plain gold wedding-ring, very thick and massive, which Master Baby with a baby's instinct had found a most desirable object to put into his mouth. At one end was a small piece of fine gold chain, to which the ring had evidently been attached.

'Who does this pretty thing belong to?' cried the children. And no one spoke.

'It is certainly mysterious,' said Mrs Morton. 'How did baby get hold of it? Who claims it?'

'I do,' said Miss Brown, as she came forward very slowly, and growing so pale that I scarcely thought she would be able to stand. 'It is mine,' she added, quietly taking it from Mrs Morton's hand; but her own trembled so, she could scarcely hold it in her fingers.

'I suppose it was your mother's,' said Mrs Morton, 'and therefore very precious to you?'

Miss Brown bowed, said hurriedly that it was growing very late, and that Mrs Nixon would expect the children home; and carried off the little ones as quickly as she could. When she had gone, there was a good deal of talk about the strange finding of the wedding-ring and Miss Brown's agitated manner. Hilda and I went to a

distant sofa, and there discussed the matter, of which we knew more than any one else, and I also confided to her that I had seen that ring before, and under what circumstances.

'I wish you could induce her to make a friend of you, Hilda,' I said. 'I have now watched her very closely for a long time, and believe me she has some very sad trouble to bear; and I think somehow in my secret heart it is connected with baby.'

'What do you mean?' cried Hilda excitedly. 'Why do you think so, Harry?'

'Her strange behaviour that awful night of my arrival here; her eagerness; her face when the little one was found unhurt; her visits to the cottage. One day when I passed she did not hear my knock, and was sitting there with the boy on her lap, calling him her child, her darling, her own sweet boy; while she sang to him and cried over him, and went on in a manner very unlike what you would imagine to be placid Miss Brown's.'

'But why did you not tell me all this before, Harry?' said Hilda.

'Why did you always run away and put me off, when I wanted to tell another kind of secret, you naughty girl?' I answered.

'Because, sir, it is not good for people always to have everything they want at the very moment they want it!' replied she saucily. 'But now I have a sort of claim upon you to know all your ideas and conjectures, and I won't allow you to have any more secrets from me. Do you hear that, sir?'

I did hear; and forthwith we had a long chat, ending in Hilda's making a solemn declaration that many days should not elapse before she had fathomed the mystery. Her curiosity was fairly roused, and Hilda was only a woman after all!

'I know it is nothing bad or disgraceful,' she said. 'Those gentle lovely eyes could not look one straight in the face as they do, if guilt and wickedness lay behind. No; she may have been deceived or deserted; but she is good and true, and that I'll stick to anyhow. I shan't sleep much to-night, Harry,' she said; 'I have too much to think about; and you, you bad boy, have disturbed my mind too. I wish it were to-morrow, that I might go up to the Poplars. Now, go away, do, and don't keep that poor old Father Hamilton up all night.'

We joined the elders, who were still talking together, wondering over the mysterious ring; and after a few parting words we separated.

I did not see Hilda till the following evening, and meantime went my rounds about the village. In almost every cottage I heard different and exaggerated accounts of Miss Brown's wedding-ring—how they always knew she was a sly one; how they believed she was a sham, and making-believe all the time; how this one had seen her speaking to a tall gentleman who came by the train; how that one had met her in a solitary lane crying bitterly as she sat on a bank pretending to gather flowers. All these and wilder stories—how she had fainted and shrieked when the ring was found—and other tales too numerous to relate, reached my ears, generally ending: 'Now, you were there, doctor; tell us all about it. Mrs Nixon's nurse has always suspected she wasn't what she pretended. She says she can see through a stone wall as easily as

most people; and it's no use people thinking as they can deceive her!'

Why Mrs Nixon's nurse had not made known her suspicions before, or why Miss Brown's having very few letters, and always in the same handwriting, and her linen being simply marked M. B., should excite the good woman's suspicion at all, did not appear; and I do not think much would have been heard about it, but for the matter of the ring. I was all impatience to find out what Hilda had discovered.

When I called at the Rectory, however, that evening, it appeared that Mrs Nixon had called upon Mrs Morton; that the two ladies had been closeted together for more than an hour; that Mrs Morton had come out with her eyes very red, and so had her visitor; that Mrs Morton had let fall that very strange suspicions were afloat; and that Mrs Nixon had very reluctantly given Miss Brown notice that she could not keep her as a governess after the New Year unless she chose to give an explanation of certain suspicious circumstances which had come to light. It transpired later that the postman—who, like most village officials of his class, was an inveterate gossip—had shewn Mrs Nixon's nurse a letter addressed to Mrs Coulson, the handwriting of which was peculiar, and exactly the same as that which occasionally appeared upon letters which came from the Poplars, and which were known to be written by Miss Brown! Here was a discovery which nurse at once thought it her duty to make known to her mistress. Mrs Nixon, being a perfectly honourable, truthful person, at once sent for Miss Brown and told her what she had heard; at the same time imparting to her the various versions of the story of the ring which had reached her. The governess appeared very much agitated, but had looked her employer steadily in the face as she replied respectfully, that the letter was in her handwriting and written by her; that the money inside it, as well as former sums, had been sent by her; but that she was reluctantly compelled to withhold further explanations either of the letter or the ring.

'I cannot believe any harm of her,' was Mrs Nixon's firm declaration; 'she is so very very good, so patient, so unselfish; she cannot be a hypocrite; but still, I feel, unless she explains all these occurrences, that I could not let her stay.'

Hilda was deeply grieved about it all. 'I wish I had been able to see her to-day,' she said; 'but mother would not let me go out, as I had a slight cold. She said you would be angry; and that is such an awful thing to contemplate, I dare not risk it!'

'She was quite right,' I replied; 'I should have been dreadfully angry. But I will see Miss Brown to-morrow, if I can, and ask her to come down and have a cup of tea with you in the afternoon. I will say you have some particular news to tell her yourself.'

'Do,' said Hilda. 'That will do beautifully. Mother and Lucy are to be from home for the day, and I shall be all alone. If you are good, and when we have had time for a very long talk, perhaps you too may have a cup of tea, if there is any left in the pot.'

Next day I rode up to the Poplars, saw Miss

Brown, who looked very pale and sad, and gave her Hilda's message. She smiled. 'I believe I know what Miss Morton has to tell me,' she said; 'but I shall like to hear it from her own lips. Pray, accept my warmest congratulations, and may your married life be as happy as—as that of a friend very dear to me once promised to be.'

I thought this rather a lugubrious wish, and Miss Brown seemed to think so too after a moment, as she said brightly: 'I wish you all the happiness possible, Mr Summers. Do not think of what I said just now; I did not intend the words to slip out as they did.'

I bowed and thanked her, and before riding away, again entreated her to be at the Rectory for afternoon kettledrums with Hilda.

Punctually to the hour I sauntered up to the Rectory, and, as I expected, found Hilda and Miss Brown alone. As I entered unannounced, Miss Brown's head lay upon my darling's shoulder, and she was looking happier and more satisfied than I had seen her before. She raised herself quickly.

'Now, Margaret,' said Hilda, 'come and tell Harry all you have told me: he had better hear it from you; and you need not be afraid; he will do all he can to help you, I know. I am certain it is all a mistake; and if we can by any possibility help to put things right again, why it will be a good work for us to do. What you wanted all along, dear, was a good, strong, sensible man like him to look after you. I feel quite sure now we shall have a clue to the mystery.'

I of course seconded Hilda's request, at the same time expressing as cordially as I could my desire to serve her in any possible way.

'You are very kind,' she answered simply; 'and I have never forgotten how you respected by your silence the secret of my ring, which I know you must have seen before last night. I will tell you as briefly as I can what my story is.'

'I was sent to England when I was sixteen, from Australia, by my guardians, for the advantage of better masters, my parents being both dead; and was placed with my dear friend Miss Wright—an old friend of my guardians—whose means being rather limited, she was glad to look after me and my studies. Miss Wright moved in very good society in London; and as I was with her for some years, I went out with her and mixed in society as I grew up. When I was twenty-one, I met with a gentleman, than whom I believe the world did not contain a nobler character. Older than myself by twenty-three years, he yet seemed to me to be the very best-ideal of all that was most excellent and most chivalrous; kind and loving as a woman; the soul, as it appeared to me, of truth and honour. We met often; and I could scarce believe my happiness when he asked me to become his wife. Sure never girl was so happy before! I thought him all that was good, and gloried in his love, which I never for one instant doubted. We married. His position and fortune were such that no possible objection could be raised by any of my friends; besides, I was twenty-one and could please myself. We therefore did not wait for my guardians' answer, as my husband's leave was short—scarcely a year in England, then he would have to rejoin his regi-

ment; and he wished so much that we should have the time together quietly. Oh, the happiness of that year! It surely was too bright to last; a very glimpse of Paradise itself! I found more than my hopes realised. The qualities that I had looked for were even greater and grander than I had expected. So gentle, so loving, so brave and true a heart had never beat before; and that heart I fondly imagined was all my own. Last February came our parting, a sad one truly, but yet bright anticipations filled our minds. It was only to be a short one; three or four months at most. I was not strong; a long voyage was not thought advisable for me; and I was to remain with my dear Miss Wright until my little one was born, and as soon as possible afterwards to rejoin my husband. He had been gone about two months when, if possible, I was happier than ever; and the only drawback was that my darling was not with me to share my joy. I recovered very slowly. I believe over-anxiety to get well really retarded my recovery, and I was not fit to start before May. This being the worst month to start in, my journey was further put off; and I stayed on in London for a time; but Miss Wright having accepted a post as lady-superintendent to one of the hospitals, I went down to the sea-side for fresh air for my baby and myself, taking with me Kitty, an old and experienced servant of Miss Wright's, to look after baby.

RUSTY IRON.

THE strong tendency of the most widely diffused and most useful of the metals to combine with oxygen, or, in common words, to rust, is looked upon by the majority of practical men as an unfortunate defect in the long list of its excellent properties. Thirty or forty years ago, when vessels were mostly built of wood, the ship-builder lamented this proneness of iron to corrosion: 'It is a pity that iron, which is so cheap, so easily rusts, for otherwise I might use it in my shipyards instead of the expensive copper bolts.' Much more does the ship-builder of to-day deplore the evil, for his ships are entirely of iron, and the services of the cementer and of the painter are periodically required to defend them from the insidious attacks of rust. Wherever iron is in contact with water fire or air, rust attacks it, nor ceases its ravages until complete disintegration of the substance of the iron has been attained. But paint as he will and cement as he will, so strong is the eager affinity of iron for oxygen, that man's utmost efforts to keep those elements asunder require constantly to be renewed to be efficacious. Engineers and contractors lament this awkward propensity of, in other respects, so well-conducted a metal. It is their *bête noire*, this red rust, and plays sad havoc with their works.

The commercial greatness of this country in great part depends upon its abundance of iron. Steam drives our vast machinery of industry; but steam, the giant, will only obey orders when close confined; he is like the Afrite of the Arabian tale, imprisoned by Solomon under his own seal in the

bottle, and who, when thus confined, obeyed the wishes of the fisherman who released him. The modern Afrite's bottle is the steam-boiler, in which we confine our gigantic slave; and our boilers are made of strong tenacious iron, which provokingly persists in rusting and growing weaker and weaker, until sometimes our terrible Afrite bursts his bonds in fury, and heaps destruction about us. Rust has much to do with this.

Wise men, however, who look abroad and care not to fix their eyes too eagerly on their own immediate wants, recognise in this at first sight noxious quality of the metal, its highest virtue. In strict truth, a rusty nail is more alive than a polished knife, for rust is engendered by the consumption of oxygen, a substance by which we ourselves and all living beings exist; oxidation is moreover a slow form of combustion, and we speak of living fire and vital heat; and lastly, in another sense, the rusty nail has life, for the rust dissolved in water will prove a health and life bearing medicine to man, to whom a polished knife might be only an instrument of destruction. This is perhaps a somewhat fanciful vindication of the good name of rusty iron; but in a wider sense, over the vast territory of Nature it is easy to shew its claims to our appreciation and thankfulness. Those who wish to see this aspect of the subject treated more at length may refer to Mr Ruskin's lecture upon Iron, delivered nearly twenty years ago at Tunbridge Wells (apropos of the iron-water springs at that watering-place), and published in pamphlet form.

Dismissing for a moment the engineer's view of the subject, and looking out upon Nature with the eyes of artists, we find that rusty iron produces the most picturesque effect. Walking one day in Wales along a country road hewn out of the side of the mountain, the clefts of which gave sustenance to countless wild-flowers of various beauty, we observed here and there a miniature waterfall with much fussiness and self-importance cast itself over the moss-grown crevice. Over all the surface of the hard slaty rock gleamed the richest tints of blazing orange and sombre purple, now fading, now strengthening, now shining in the sun, and anon glowing in the purple-toned shade. For miles and miles was the rocky side of the road filled with these miniature landscapes, to paint which Nature has employed none other pigment than our friend rusty iron.

Rusty iron again is the basis of colour which gives the rich tints to marble and red granite, and to those many coloured pebbles, onyxes, and agates which men have ever delighted to cut and carve into cameos and intaglios. In every direction in our towns and cities the same material is at hand to colour and vivify the sombre walls and soot-grimed roofs. Iron tints the red clay which in the form of bricks and tiles glows so comfortably in the winter-time. Both town and country bear evidence of its presence. What we call the brown

earth of the fallow fields is in reality rich in deep red and purple shades cunningly mingled, and wealthy in dark sumptuous colouring. Mr Ruskin touched upon all these and many other points in his lecture to which we have referred, and he completed this portion of the subject by a reference to the human face, which derives its colour from rusty iron!

The law that causes this metal so readily to rust, is a wiser one than at first sight might appear, though hitherto we have been compelled to submit to the necessity for a frequent renewal of the labour of painting and preserving our works in iron. It seems likely, however, that in future we shall be enabled in our dealings with iron to release ourselves from the results of its ever active energy, and by directing that energy into a proper channel, insure a protection against all further action of a destructive tendency. In 1877, Professor Barff delivered a lecture upon his patented process for the prevention of iron rust, a process which promises to be of the greatest importance to the community.

When iron begins to rust, a substance called ferrous oxide forms upon its surface, which by continued exposure to the air attracts a still greater proportion of oxygen, and becomes ferric oxide or sesquioxide of iron. This sesquioxide with an excess of oxygen is a very unstable compound, and being in contact with pure iron, gives up to it a proportion of oxygen; and so by alternate steps the decay eats deep into the body of the metal, continuing indeed as long as any pure material is left. This destructive process is assisted by the flaky inadherent nature of rust already formed, which peels off, and, insidiously creeping beneath protective paint-coats, continually widens its field of action. Now if these red oxides were stable, that is, if they had no liability to part with their oxygen to the iron upon which they form, and if they possessed a real unity with and adherence to that iron, they would themselves form an admirable protective covering. But though these do not fulfil such conditions, there is a black oxide of iron formed of a different apportionment of the elements, which is perfectly stable; and Professor Barff has discovered a means of forming this oxide upon the surface of iron *without disturbing the molecular arrangement of the surface*, so that it is perfectly one with and adherent to that surface. This black or magnetic oxide is so stable as to resist indefinitely the attacks of moist air or corrosive acids, and is actually harder than the original iron, resisting the action of a rasp, and thus affording conclusive evidence of its protective power. Moreover, any flaw in this covering is not liable to become the centre of an ever extending circle of rust ravages, as is the case with paint and varnish coverings which have no kindred connection with the surface they cling to. Professor Barff's process for obtaining a film of this black oxide of iron consists in submitting the iron to the action of steam of the temperature of five hundred degrees Fahr. for five hours, at the end of which time a protecting surface is formed

capable of resisting emery-paper and all ordinary conditions of indoor moisture. By extending the time to seven or eight hours, and raising the temperature to one thousand two hundred degrees Fahr., the iron will resist a rasp and bear exposure to any amount of damp or weather. The apparent effects of the process seem to be a simple blackening of the surface; nor is the strength of the material affected, seeing that in the process the iron is never raised beyond a low red-heat.

It is at once evident what an extended sphere of usefulness is open to this invention of Professor Barff. Hitherto the process has been applied to small articles only, such as water-piping, bolts, hinges, nuts, &c.; but there is no reason for supposing that the invention need be restricted to such small ironwork. With the introduction of more extensive apparatus, we shall doubtless see the preservative process applied to the plates of iron ships, to steam-boiler plates, to water-mains and ironwork of an ornamental and constructive character: or it may be employed in the manufacture of statues instead of the expensive material bronze. Professor Barff summarises his lecture with regard to the applications of his process in these words: 'I think I need hardly take up your time by enumerating other applications for the preservation of iron, for it appears to me that they would be commensurate with most of the uses to which iron is applied, save and except those where friction—such as that to which rails and wheels are exposed—would necessarily wear away the coating, as they wear away the material itself.'

Whilst we admire, therefore, the manifold forms of beauty in which oxidised iron manifests itself to us in nature, let us hope that in future we may be free from the harassing thought that our works are slowly burning away under the attacks of the enemy rust.

HAIR-EELS.

In many parts of the country the notion has long prevailed that if horse-hairs be placed in a brook and left there, they will after a time become endowed with life; in short, that they will turn into *hair-eels*. Very recently, a correspondence on this subject was published in the columns of a prominent Scotch newspaper, between an anonymous writer, and Dr Andrew Wilson of the Edinburgh School of Medicine; the former alleging that a friend in Shetland had succeeded in effecting the transformation of hairs into 'hair-eels,' the latter denying that any such 'spontaneous generation' of living beings was possible. The life-history of the *Gordius aquaticus*, as naturalists name the hair-eel, is perfectly well known. It passes the earlier stages of its existence as a parasite lying coiled up within the body of an insect such as the grasshopper; the worm exceeding its host many times in length. In this condition it is immature, and has no power of reproducing its kind. When mature, it leaves the body of the insect and seeks the water, being found in summer at the breeding-season in thousands in some localities. There the eggs are laid in long strings, and from each is developed a tiny embryo or

young Gordius, which gains admittance to an insect-host, there to lie quiescent for a time, and soon to repeat the history of its parent.

It is plain that in such a life-history there is neither room nor need for the supposition that hair-eels are developed in an unnatural fashion, and at the will of man. The fallacy that hair-eels are transformed hairs, arises frequently from imperfect observation; often from preconceived notions, and from an inability to perceive the unnatural nature of the supposition, or to reason out the procedure adopted to produce the hair-eels. Thus, for instance, it would be an absurd supposition were any one to maintain that hair-eels could only be formed artificially from hairs. It is a perfectly evident truth and a demonstrable fact that they reproduce their kind by means of eggs, and this fact shows us that they possess a natural method of reproduction, and further that the statement of any supposed infringement of a natural law should be received with caution and suspicion.

But judging the 'hair-eel' tales on their own merits, is the evidence of the experimenters trustworthy as to their facts? And even admitting that the facts are as they have been stated, it may be asked if a more rational interpretation of them cannot be given? A boy places a number of horse-hairs under a stone in a brook. Three weeks afterwards, he finds the brook to be swarming with hair-eels; therefore, he concludes that his hairs have become transformed into hair-eels. But the old maxim, 'post hoc non propter hoc,' must be borne in mind. It does not follow as a matter either of logic or common-sense, that because hair-eels are found in a brook where horse-hairs were placed three weeks or so previously, that the transformation of the hairs into living worms is proved. Could any experimenter for instance be prepared to state that he had found in the brook just as many hair-eels as there were horse-hairs? The brooks literally swarm with hair-eels in summer, and as already remarked, the upholders of the 'horse-hair theory' will have not merely to account for the transformation of hairs into hair-eels, but also for the marvellous multiplication of the former.

Then also, we must not lose sight of the simple and natural explanation that hair-eels occur after experimentation, simply because they appear naturally in the brook at their own breeding-season. Why are hair-eels not obtained in winter from horse-hairs? The answer is clear. Because in winter these animals are encysted, or exist as do many other co-tenants of the brooks, in a torpid state, and because the breeding-season is past and over. Best of all, it must be remembered that against the precise information of the naturalist, there is no evidence forthcoming of the steps of this marvellous transformation. The idea that horse-hairs contain potentially in themselves generations of living beings, simply exemplifies a use of the imagination, the reverse of scientific, and offers a fresh proof that the superstitious habit of preferring an unnatural to a natural explanation of common phenomena, is not yet extinct in this advanced and enlightened age. The exponents of the 'horse-hair' theory in truth hardly realise the exact nature of their belief—that a dead structure should give origin to a living animal—otherwise they would be chary of assert-

ing that every country boy is able to perform a veritable miracle and act of creation—the mere idea of which, as an act of human power, has never entered into the mind of any scientist, save in the dark ages of myth and superstition. We must not be deemed uncharitable, if we venture to regard the hair-eel myth as a survival of a by-gone age, when the fabulous in zoology represented the exact science of to-day.

THE TELEPHONE ANTICIPATED.

REFERRING to the above subject as already noticed in this *Journal*, it seems that even Dr Dioscorides himself was anticipated in the matter of the 'telephone' by a friend of the Vicomte T. du Moncel, a French writer on electricity. A perusal of the annexed translation of an extract from his *Exposé des Applications de l'Electricité* (Paris, 1857) will suffice to prove this statement. It is termed the *Electric Transmission of Speech*, and runs thus:

'I have intentionally refrained from mentioning in a chapter on Electric Telegraphs the fantastic idea of a Mr Charles B—, who believes that we may come to transmit speech by electricity, as I might be brought to task for classing amongst so many remarkable inventions an idea which, as presented by its originator, is nothing more than a dream. As, however, I must be faithful to the part which I have undertaken—to mention all the applications of electricity with which I might be acquainted, I will here reproduce what little information the author has published on the subject up to the present.

'After the marvellous telegraphs reproducing at a distance the writing of any particular individual, and even drawings more or less complicated, it would seem impossible, says Mr B—, to go further in the regions of the marvellous. Let us, however, make the attempt. I have, for instance, asked myself if speech itself might not be transmitted by electricity; in short if one might not be able to speak at Vienna and be heard at Paris. The idea is feasible, and for this reason. Sounds, we know, are produced by vibrations, and brought to the ear by these same vibrations reproduced by the intermediary media. But the intensity of these vibrations diminishes very rapidly with distance; so that even in availing one's self of speaking-trumpets, tubes, and acoustic horns, there are tolerably restricted limits which one cannot pass. Imagine a person speaking near a movable plate (metal), sufficiently flexible to prevent its losing any of the vibrations produced by his voice, and that this (metal) plate makes and breaks successively a connection with a battery. You can have at a distance a similar plate which will repeat the same vibrations at the same time. The intensity of the sounds produced would, it is true, be variable at the point of departure, where the vibrations of the plate would be caused by the voice, and constant at the point of arrival, where the vibrations would be caused by electricity. It is, however, proved that this cannot alter the sounds.

'It is at once evident that the sounds would be reproduced in the same tone (in the gamut). The present state of acoustic science does not allow it to be said *a priori* if this would be entirely the case with regard to syllables articulated by the human voice. Sufficient attention has not yet

been bestowed on the manner in which these syllables are produced. It has been remarked, it is true, that some are pronounced with the teeth, others with the lips, &c., but that is all. However this may be, it may well be imagined that the syllables are only exact reproductions of the vibrations of the intermediary media; reproduce these vibrations exactly, and you will reproduce the syllables also exactly. In any case, it is impossible in the present state of science to prove that the electric transmission of sounds is impossible. On the contrary, all the probabilities are in favour of its being done.

'When the application of electro-magnetism to the transmission of despatches was first mooted, a man of high scientific rank scouted the idea as sublimely Utopian, and yet at the present time there is direct communication between London and Vienna by means of a simple metallic wire. It was not possible, they said, and it is accomplished.'

After mentioning some of the advantages of this new means of communication over the electric telegraph, the writer concludes as follows: 'It is certain, however, that in a more or less distant future, speech will be transmitted to a distance by electricity. I have begun experiments on the subject; they are delicate, and require time and patience; but the results obtained point to a successful issue.' Thus was the telephone foreshadowed more than twenty years ago!

FOUR GLIMPSES.

BY GAMMA.

I CAUGHT one glimpse of a child
With sunny golden hair,
At a game of romps with her kitten—and I
Ne'er saw such a merry pair.
The sun beamed in through the lattice,
And danced on the cottage wall,
As if to show his approval
Of child, and kitten, and all.

One glimpse of a youthful maiden
Beneath the old oak-tree,
Plighting her troth to a lover,
Ever true to be.
And I knew that youthful maiden
I saw with her lover that day,
Was she I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

One glimpse of a bright young wife,
Peeping out from the window pane,
Watching and waiting there
For her husband home again.
And I knew that bright young wife
Looking so happy and gay,
Was she I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

One glimpse of a still white form
With her babe upon her breast—
Both in that darkened chamber,
For ever and ever at rest.
Ah me! for too well I knew
That life had passed away
From her I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

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SIR TITUS SALT.

In the career of this remarkable man there was so much that may serve as an example to the young and persevering, and so much of general interest, that we propose to give a sketch of his life and of what he achieved. This we are enabled to do from the perusal of a work entitled *Sir Titus Salt, his Life and its Lessons*. By the Rev. R. Balgarnie. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

Titus Salt was born at Morley, near Leeds, and not very far from Bradford, in Yorkshire, on the 20th September 1803. His father was a quaint, tall, and energetic Yorkshireman, first drysalter, then farmer. The son inherited the *physique* of his father along with the shy and delicate nervous temperament of his mother. Both parents were worthy people, of sterling character, and devoutly religious. After a good share of schooling, and renouncing the medical profession, to which he had at one time aspired, Titus was sent to Wakefield to learn wool-stapling. When he was nineteen, the family removed to Bradford. Owing to no fault of his own, his father had not prospered in farming, and now determined to commence wool-stapling at Bradford in partnership with his son. If the times were unfavourable for farming, it was a splendid opportunity for making a new start in the manufacturing world. The application of steam to factory machinery, and afterwards to railway communication, by the energetic population of the north of England, was destined to open an era of marvellous industrial prosperity; and unexampled facilities for the acquisition of wealth and influence were offered to men who could work hard, and especially if they possessed some share of the inventive faculty. The rise of Bradford is a striking illustration of the new era, and of the great revolution in industry which introduced it. While other towns adhered to the antiquated system of domestic spinning, Bradford began to erect mills and warehouses. In its proximity to rich fields of coal, iron, and stone, it had ample scope for enterprise; while, later on, the intro-

duction of the railway system gave fresh impulse to its commercial life. The population had increased from five thousand in 1802 to ten thousand in 1821; now it is about one hundred and seventy thousand.

The first period of Mr Titus Salt's Bradford life was spent in vigorously prosecuting his business of wool-stapling, and with such effect, that every year saw him farther on the road towards a well-established prosperity, with an accumulating capital, an enlarged trade, and a wider experience of men and things. As most young men would gladly emulate his success, we shall communicate the secret of it, and in a few words. First of all, he took care to understand his own trade in all its details and departments, not only as to the buying and sorting of wool, but all the processes by which the raw material is converted into cloth. Further, we find that he was never a minute behind in keeping an engagement; that he set about his work with his whole heart; and that he used to do a great deal of it while other people were asleep. It was a common saying in Bradford that Titus Salt made a thousand pounds before other people were out of bed. It is pleasant to learn too that he never condescended to puff his own goods, but made it a rule all his life long to let them speak for themselves. The consequence was that people learned to have implicit confidence in him as a man of stainless honour and as eminently skilled in his own line of business. The young wool-stapler, with his burly form, his honest, solid, and sagacious ways, soon became welcome wherever he went, his name or word being a sufficient guarantee for the quality of his goods. If any of our readers are disappointed to find that Mr Salt can shew them no royal road to success, nor suggest any brilliant stratagems for advancing their business, we can only express our sorrow for them. The only road to lasting and secure prosperity is the old one—through energy, enterprise, business capacity, punctuality, and scrupulous good faith. A little anecdote from this period of his life will illustrate the

spirit in which his early enterprises were conducted. Young men who begin business in a lofty and fashionable way, usually consider a gold watch, with jewellery to match, an indispensable part of their outfit. Mr Salt resolved that the purchase of such a watch should be the reward of hard and successful work, and bargained with himself that he would not get one till his accumulated savings amounted to a thousand pounds. In due time he reached that first milestone on his way, and bought a gold watch of substantial quality, like himself, which continued to be a cherished friend and companion to the latest years of his life.

His first great achievement was the utilising of the Donskoi wool. This was a coarse and tangled wool from the banks of the Don in Russia, which the manufacturers believed could not be turned to any good account. Mr Salt thought otherwise, and bought a great quantity of it; but being unable to convince the manufacturers of its good qualities, found it lie heavy on his hands. In this dilemma, he resolved to manufacture it himself; took a mill for the purpose; and was eminently successful. Thus encouraged, from a wool-stapler he turned manufacturer, and was soon recognised as a prosperous man on a large scale.

This accession of prosperity was the more welcome as it enabled him to fulfil a desire of his heart much more important than the purchase of a gold watch. Manor House, near Grimshy, in the wool-growing county of Lincolnshire, was a favourite place of pilgrimage among the wool-staplers of Bradford, for the farmer who dwelt there was wealthy not only in flocks and herds, but in a large family, including some very comely daughters. Attracted by their fame, Mr Salt also made a journey thither, and was immediately captivated. He wedded Carolina Whitlam in 1830; he being twenty-seven years old, the bride only eighteen. The home they made together was a happy one, and was soon brightened by the presence of a rising family.

Already Mr Titus Salt was a well-established man, the head of a happy family, with a rapidly extending trade, and the prospect of an influential position as a public man. Yet he was hardly begun; at least the two great achievements of his life still lay before him. These were the discovery for practical purposes of alpaca and its utilisation as a manufacturing material; and the founding of the town of Saltaire.

In the course of a business visit to Liverpool he found lying in one of the warehouses a huge pile of bales of no very attractive or promising appearance. Through certain rents in the packing protruded handfuls of wool of a remarkably long and strong fibre, which drew the experienced eye of Mr Salt. It was a consignment of alpaca, which had been sent from Peru in the hope that some English manufacturer might turn it to good account. But no purchaser had been found,

and the agents were thinking of returning it as a nuisance, when Mr Salt appeared. He took out a handful and quietly examined it. He said nothing at the time; but on his next visit to Liverpool brought some of it away in a handkerchief. Once home, he submitted it to a rigorous examination, scouring, combing, and testing it alone in his own room and with his own hands, finally deciding that it was a promising material for manufacture. At this stage he communicated his discovery to his father and to a friend, who pronounced a most adverse verdict. But he had satisfied himself after a most careful examination, and proceeded to Liverpool to purchase the whole consignment at eightpence a pound. It seemed an adventurous step, hardly in keeping with the usual judicious policy of Mr Titus Salt, especially as it was useless offering it to any of the Bradford manufacturers, and not less so to think of manufacturing it with the machinery in current use. In short he had to wait till suitable machinery could be made before he could set to work. After many anxious months, the process of manufacturing was begun, and the result was gratifying in the highest degree. The unpromising wool was converted into a beautiful cloth. A new department was added to British industry, of which the products are known and prized in every region of the globe. It may be mentioned that the manufacture of alpaca had been common ages before in Peru, and that even in England one or two slight and unsuccessful attempts had been made to introduce it; but Mr Salt knew nothing of these attempts; he discovered its excellent properties without help or suggestion from any one, introduced it, and made it universally known, and deserves therefore to be regarded as the discoverer of it.

At one period it had been the ambition of Mr Salt to wind up his manufacturing business, and investing his money in land, to spend the rest of his life as a country gentleman. But as the time approached for carrying this plan into effect, he found himself in a very different mind. He had a large family, including five sons, for whom it was necessary to provide a fitting career. If he retired to the life of a country gentleman, he would by a single act forfeit all the influence which he had laboriously gained as an industrial chief, he would be out of his proper sphere, and would have no outlet for the unspent energy of a vigorous middle age. For these reasons, he resolved to consolidate his business instead of retiring from it; a determination which resulted in the founding of Saltaire.

His factories had grown up without any preconceived plan, just as occasion required, and were scattered over various parts of Bradford. Moreover, the city had grown rapidly, with all the inevitable consequences of over-crowding, defective sanitary arrangements, bad air, filth, and the other attendant evils physical and moral. Feeling that he could no longer participate in such a demoralising state of things, he began to look about for a situation in which he could concentrate all his factories, and secure for his people the advantages of a healthy life. Such a place he found on the Aire, near Shipley, three miles from Bradford.

Here was a pleasant valley, with a superabundance of light, fresh air, and water for manufacturing purposes, with ready canal and railway communication, by which, without the expense of cartage, coal, and the raw material could be brought to his very door. On this site then, which received the unqualified commendation of an engineer like Sir William Fairbairn, he proceeded to build. The twentieth day of September 1853, the fiftieth birthday of the founder, saw the new factory opened with a great feast, of which three thousand persons partook. The immense establishment was distinguished not only for the excellence of its machinery, the very best that could be procured, and for the perfection of its sanitary arrangements, but even for its grace and neatness as a work of architecture. Near the factory Mr Salt erected a little town for his work-people, which contained about a thousand houses. They were of the most approved character, roomy, well ventilated, and furnished with every appliance of comfort and cleanliness. He built also a handsome church, a well-equipped mechanics' institute, schools, almshouses, and wash-houses. The story of the erection of the wash-houses is a striking proof of his thoughtful philanthropy. 'In passing along the streets of Salfaire his eye was sometimes offended by the lines of clothes which, on washing-days, were hung out of doors. In visiting the dwellings he had ocular proof of the inconvenience connected with a domestic laundry. He therefore resolved to erect public wash-houses for the people and to furnish them with all the newest appliances. These appliances were so effective that clothes carried to the wash-houses in a soiled condition could be in the course of an hour washed, dried, mangled, and folded.'

Mr Salt had always taken a keen interest in the local affairs of Bradford and in the wider politics of the country. When only twenty-three, he had helped to appease a riot among the working-men of Bradford, and afterwards did a good deal for the incorporation of the town of Bradford; he was remarkably active and benevolent as mayor in 1848, and took a leading part in providing the town with the Peel Park; last of all, he was returned as one of its members of parliament in 1859. But it is acknowledged that he was out of his element in the House of Commons. His constitutional shyness made him averse to all kinds of speaking. But what suited least of all one who had always been an early riser and accustomed to a quiet regular life, were the long hours, the stifling atmosphere, and the wordy excitement of parliamentary life. He lost his health, and was very glad to return to his habitual mode of life. Still, his later years did not pass without distinction. Not thinking it right that works of benevolence should be made the subject of competition, he declined to be a candidate for the prize offered at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, for the best model factory, though he furnished the Commissioners with all requisite information as to what he had done. In view of this, the Emperor conferred upon him the cross of the Legion of Honour. In 1869, he was created a Baronet by the government of Mr Gladstone. It was a tribute to worth, enterprise, and commercial distinction.

Sir Titus had always been well known for his hearty benevolence. 'There are persons living who remember that in driving between Crow Nest

(his residence) and Bradford, he would not unfrequently give a "lift" to a poor woman with a child in her arms, or stop to take up a dusty pedestrian who seemed fatigued with travel; and this was done with a kindness of look and tone that made the recipients of the favour feel that it came from one not above them, but on a level with themselves.' This benevolent habit grew as he advanced in years. He was ready to assist in every enterprise that seemed likely to do good—asylums, schools, and hospitals. He was an attached friend of the Congregational Church, but was glad to help other churches, and schemes of moral improvement connected with no church. The church he built at Salfaire cost fifteen thousand pounds; the mechanics' institute cost twenty-five thousand pounds. His gifts were dispensed only after the most careful deliberation, and were equally generous and judicious. Whether the enterprises he started or helped forward have in every case done all the good intended, is uncertain; we can only say that Sir Titus Salt seems to have done his utmost in the way of advice and supervision to make them effective. The distinguishing feature of his philanthropy was that he did not toss his money into schemes which lay beyond his own superintendence or into posthumous charities. The beneficence he exercised was for the most part in his own sphere, under his very eyes, for the improvement physical, intellectual, and moral of the working-men of Bradford and Salfaire, whom Providence had placed under his care, and for whom he was in a measure responsible.

Sir Titus Salt died in December 1876, deeply lamented by all who knew him, while the leading newspapers did him due honour as one of the greatest of our industrial chiefs.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XL.—CONFESSION.

'This is the full and true confession of me, Richard Hold, made without hope of reward, for what could all the gold you could give me profit me now, as I lie here, a dying man? I owe you no grudge, Inspector Drew, not I,' continued Hold, stirring uneasily on his pillow. 'I meant to give you a Kentucky pill, I did, in the way of business, and you knocked up the pistol in the way of business too, spry enough. I always did say, in spite of the talk about hemp and halters and ropes reeved at the yard-arm, that I shouldn't come to die in my boots, all said and done.'

The notion of having cheated the gallows seemed to yield an odd sort of comfort to Richard Hold, rustier-mariner, as he lay in his bed at *The Traveller's Rest* with blanched face and shrunken veins, and felt his sands of life slide away into the lower half of Time's grin hour-glass. Those present were, first the doctor, who had been hurriedly summoned to do his best for a wounded man, and who could do nothing, the case being one of that inward bleeding to death from a gunshot hurt against which science is powerless; secondly, the superintendent of county police; and thirdly, Inspector Drew.

Hold had been well cared for since the moment when he was picked up, mortally wounded by the second shot he had himself fired with design to

rid himself of his foe. His foe had become his nurse, and had got him to bed, and given him sips of cordial at judicious intervals, and stanching the blood that trickled from the ugly little blue spot where the ball had entered, until the surgeon came. The surgeon, who had been summoned as a healer, remained as a witness to the confession which Hold, *in extremis*, professed his willingness to dictate, and which Inspector Drew, who was a ready penman, took down as his parched lips uttered it.

'A wild lad always,' resumed Hold, 'and getting but harsh usage at home, I ran away and went to sea. And finding I was knocked about on board the colliers and coasting-craft that first I shipped in, I signed articles for a long voyage, deserted, was tempted to go before the mast in an American ship, was beaten to a jelly, and again deserted, by jumping overboard in the middle watch, and swimming two miles or more, in a rough sea, off the Dardanelles. The British consul sent me home as a distressed British subject; and there I was, footing it on the dusty London road from Southampton, with one-and-threepence in my pocket, all told.

'Then somewhere and somehow, I heard from tramps like myself of races to be run, not so many miles away—horse-races I mean—and I thought I'd pick up a trifle there, where so many rich fools with money burning in their pockets were gathered together, by fair means or foul. I'm no thief, mark me, not I; but for nobbling a race-horse or backing a thimble-rigger or fisting it against some gipsy youngster in a scratch prize-fight, for anything like that I was ready. Well! my one-and-threepence had melted itself into bread and cheese and ale before I got to the course, on the grand day, and I had no chance of a meal, without I could work or beg or steal the pewter to pay for it. With some reluctance I made up my mind, for the first time in all my life, to beg.

'The person I chose to beg from was a grand-looking gentleman, on a good horse, riding all alone, with a thoughtful look, in a lane on the edge of the downs where the race was to be run. He was kind enough, first words I said, after a look at my hungry young face, to toss me a shilling. Then just as he had ridden nearly out of sight, he wheels his horse sharp round, and rides back again. "My lad," says he, "you're not, unless I'm much mistaken, one of the regular hangers-on at races. A sailor ashore, I should say?"

'Then I up and told the gentleman as much of my history as I cared to tell. I told him, true enough, that I'd slipped overboard from the *Empire State's* bow-port, opposite the Turkish fort they call the Castle of Europe, and swum against wave and current, till I dropped dead spent on the white pebbles, amongst the fishing-nets on the beach. I shewed him—you may see it yet—the triangular scar I got from the chief-mate's brass knuckleduster the day before I deserted. And he believed my tale, seeing me to be a lean, sunburnt, big-boned stripling, as I was then.

'The gentleman spoke me fair, very kind and generous he spoke, giving me a trifle of money, with promise of help to reach London; and more than that, if I'd keep sober and out of mischief and queer company, and meet him at a roadside public not far distant, after the race. He didn't

tell me his name, but he did say that he felt some interest in me, and would be willing to employ me profitably if I cared to earn a pound or two honestly.

'Well! I stayed sober, kept clear of the low gambling booths and prick-the-garter tables—the proprietors of more than one of which, seeing me a resolute-looking lad and strongly put together, would have taken me on as a "bonnet" at seven-and-six and my liquor, in case of a row—and saw the race run as gravely as if I had been one of the stewards. Then I kept my appointment at the road-side public. So did my gentleman on the horse. He was—though he didn't, you may be sure, tell me so—Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet, a deal younger then, of course, than he is now-adays. He had a job, he said, for me.

'The job was to steal a child. He wouldn't tell me why he wanted it done, nor whose it was, nor what was to become of it, but only that I was to convey the child carefully to a place of his choosing, and there to receive the stipulated recompense. He bid very fairly, handsomely I may say, for my services, and told me to remark that though the deed seemed to be a risky one, all the risk was over when once I had got clear off from immediate pursuit and discovery. A roving sailor like myself, here to-day and gone to-morrow, stood little chance of being called to account for such an act later on.

'I make no doubt that Sir Sykes chose me because he thought me certain to go ranging off again to the other side of the world and where not, and be lost sight of, and perhaps die thousands of miles away from England, by a dry death or a wet one, as might be. I agreed to his terms. There were few things I would not have agreed to just then, to put money in my pocket. To go home to Tunbridge Wells and shew myself ragged, famished, and shoeless, and be crowed over and browbeaten, and have relief given to me as a bone is flung to a starving dog, that was what I couldn't bear the idea of being driven to. I had boasted more than once in my letters home that I could keep myself now, and did not care, by my present miserable plight, to give myself the lie.

'Now, when the gentleman first set forth, which he did in a roundabout way, the nature of the work for which I was wanted, I wasn't shocked, not I, by the wickedness of the deed. If he had asked me to make away with the child, I'd not have closed with his terms, shipmate, believe me in that. I never could (as some men do, to save trouble) do a hurt to little creatures like that, black or tawny, let alone white. I was fiend up and desperate, and I agreed. Then came a journey and a fresh meeting with my gentleman on the banks of the Thames, high up in a pretty part of the river, where anglers and sketchers were often to be seen.

'By this time I was rigged out anew in decent clothes as a sort of fresh-water sailor, like some of the blue-jackets I saw managing the punts, and taking out fishing-parties along with 'em in their flat-bottomed craft, and giving themselves airs, bless us, like commodores! Often I wished it would blow a capful, to test the metal these horse-marine fellows were made of; but that's neither here nor there. A boat was hired, and in it I was from dawn to dark poking about, till I got

to know every reach and creek and weir along the river almost as well as if I'd been born upon its banks.

'There was a house all over jessamine and climbing noisette roses, such as we have in Kent, a gentlefolks' cottage as it's called, with a garden and a grass terrace skirting the stream, and this house I watched as a cat watches outside a mouse-hole, by my employer's orders. Of course I wasn't so green as to let it be seen what I was about; a spied spy is of no more good than a cartridge that's been fired. Always I pretended to be busy snigglng for eels or trolling for jack, or ground-baiting some barbel-pitch or roach-swim for the benefit of the anglers that never came, or spooning up the glittering minnows that darted about like live silver on the pebbly shoal.

'Of course too I wasn't long in learning whose home it was about which I was prowling, as I've known, in Cuba and Mexico, the mountain-cat to prowl for the chance of fowl or lamb or defenceless thing of any sort straying beyond the hedge of prickly-pear. Clare, Lady Harrogate, a young widow, in her own right a peeress of England, that was what they called her. Poor young thing! A beautiful creature she was; and more than once my heart, which wasn't quite a stone, smote me, as I saw her moving about in the garden, always so lovingly, with the child I was to steal.

'I did my cruel work and earned my hire. In the afternoon of the fourth day it was when from the stern-sheets of my boat I saw the Lady Clare, who had been on the grass terrace overlooking the river, turn and go in, after a servant had come out of the house and spoken to her, leaving the child alone. Then I never hesitated. Here was the chance I'd waited and wished for, and as luck would have it, the river was as clear as I've seen the Straits of Magellan to be—not so much as a Cockney hauling up a gudgeon.

'I snatched the sculls and rowed in, and one spring brought me to the top of the bank. In an instant I had the child in my arms, and before you could say Jack Robinson I was pulling away for the dear life, with the little creature stowed away under my monkey jacket atween thwarts, until I ran the boat into the big reed-bed not far down stream, poled and pushed through it, and got into a creek, screened from the opposite bank of the river, where I could land unseen. Not far off, as I knew, was what they called the Old Mill, a ruinous place—in Chancery, I believe—that was never lived in since the last miller did away with himself there.

'She had called out loud enough, the little frightened creature, when first I pounced upon her; but somehow with the hurry and scrambling and my rough ways, she seemed too much alarmed to scream again, only sobbed. I carried her in my arms up to the black ruined mill, kicked open the crazy door with one thrust of my foot, and set the child down on the lee-side of a pile of rotting fagots, almost hidden by the grass and nettles that grew rankly there. Then I reclosed the door, went back to my boat, and rowing as leisurely as you please, took the bit of hollow timber into the main river, and left it in the boathouse of the chap it belonged to. Then I paid my score at the *Angler's Joy* where I had lodged, made up my bundle, and set off to tramp, as all believed, to

London. After two miles of it, I left the road, and, across fields, made my way to the Old Mill again, where I had left the child.

'I never shall forget how I felt as I drew near to that Old Mill. By that time, mind ye, the search was hot, and I could hear shouting voices all along the river-bank, where men were busy, some dragging the river, some seeking in every corner and weed-bed and drift-heap for the chance of the dead child having been washed there by the down-set of the current. Of course 'twas drowning they all had in mind, and so far so good. But somebody might by accident have chanced upon the mill, or the child might have strayed out of it, and?—Here Hold's voice failed him, and his pallor increased, while his hands began to twitch nervously at the bed-clothes. The vigilant inspector, mindful of the probable import of these signs, made haste to adjust the pillow more conveniently beneath the head of the wounded man, and to administer brandy-and-water, while the doctor rose from his chair to feel the sufferer's pulse.

'It is scarcely perceptible,' said the surgeon, as he went back to his seat; but low as was his tone, the anxious ear of the patient caught the sense of his words.

'Running aground, eh, doctor?' said Hold, with a ghastly smile. 'Well, you're right. Give me a sup more of the comforter, mate, will ye, and I'll try to finish the yarn before turning in. It's short now.'

CHAPTER LII.—IN WHICH RICHARD HOLD'S HISTORY IS COMPLETED.

'To my surprise, I found the little lass lying there asleep, with her pretty head pillowed on one tiny arm, and the tear-marks fresh on her sweet little face. She had sobbed herself to sleep, most-like; and as I looked down upon her, I felt myself a precious villain for the job I was engaged in. But no play, no pay! So I hardened my heart, and took her up, and wrapped her in a dark common sort of shawl I had provided, and strode off out of the Old Mill, carrying her in my arms and hushing her as best I might, when she awoke and cried out, as she did, to "Mamma, mamma!" for help, since my strange sunburnt face frightened her.

'By field-paths and by-lanes, any way that seemed unfrequented, I managed to get along and strike the Birmingham road, seven miles away; and there I got a lift of four miles for a shilling, in a carrier's cart. By this time the child was stupefied with terror and weariness, and only sobbed a little, and I said she was my little sister; and folks believed me, or if they didn't, thought it was no concern of theirs, so long as I paid my way.

'Before night I got to a railway station, and in the afternoon I reached Sandston, a sea-side place on the east coast where I had appointed to meet my gentleman, and where I did meet him and gave over the stolen child into his hands. He had written in pencil the name of the place on a card he took out of his pocket, and tore in two when we parted on the towing-path beside the Thames; and sure enough he met me, received the child from me, and paid me the promised reward.

"The sooner," says he, "you get afloat again, my lad, the better!"

That he took the child with him to the *Dolphin*, the chief hotel in the town, I know. But I did not linger in Sandston, nor could I have done so without coming to loggerheads with my employer, who never was easy till he had seen me off by the train, booked for London. From London I went home to Tunbridge Wells, and arriving there in respectable clothes and good case, got a more kindly greeting than often falls to the lot of the returned prodigal. Some of my gentleman's cash was still jingling in my pockets, and while it lasted, I paid for my board with the old folks and kept on at home.

'Well I mind me of the day when at Tunbridge Wells itself—the Wells, as we Kentishmen call them—I saw my gentleman again, sooner nor he expected. There was a grand funeral, with white scarfs and white ostrich feathers and all sorts of undertaker's frippery, for the burial of a poor little morsel of a child, the infant daughter—so the newspapers said—of Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet. Mere curiosity, as I loafed about in shore-going clothes, made me mix with the crowd, and some one whom I knew pointed him out to me as the dead child's father, speaking also of his grandeur and riches, and how he rented one of the biggest villas at Calverley, and found it too tight a fit for his many servants.

'Sir Sykes never rested his eyes on me for a moment; while I for my part shipping afresh, for China next time, and staying seven or eight years at a stretch away from England, came very nigh to forgetting him. It was not until I'd been smartly wounded on the Guinea coast by a marine's bayonet, as we fought to keep the man-of-war meddlers from grabbing our cargo of living ebony, that I came to think much of the Baronet. It became a sort of habit with me after a time, when I returned from a voyage, to go down to Sandston, and have a peep at the child that Sir Sykes had left at nurse there, providing for her maintenance and giving her the name of Ruth Gray. I did not find it hard to screw out of the servants at the *Dolphin* as much information as let me know how Miss Gray lived first with Mrs Linklater in a lodging-house; then with one Mrs Keating, the wife of the parson of the parish; and at last took a berth as school-mistress at High Tor here.

'I had a sister, so much younger than me she might have passed for my daughter a'most, Ruth Hold—a quick, shrewd, young girl, wonderfully quick to learn; a scholar, and with the manners of a lady. Somehow—I think the Christian name being the same as that which Sir Sykes had chosen for the stolen child first put it into my head—somehow the notion sprang up in my mind that it would be a smart bit of business to palm off Sister Ruth as the lost heiress, and trust to Sir Sykes's fears to back my assertion.

'My sister came into my plans easy enough. She was restless and ambitious, and took fire at the notion of becoming one of the grand folk, whose fine carriages and fine clothes and liveries and jewels and white-handed way of life she had learned to envy ever since she was a lisping little tot scarce able to spell out a sentence in one of the old novels that were plenty on our shelves, and one or other of which was seldom out of her

hand when she got older. I told her as much of the business as it concerned her to know, and let her guess the rest.

'Now faces do change after years and years of being knocked about the world, and yet it seems to me as if I never could forget the figurehead of anybody I'd as good a reason to remember as Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet, had to remember mine. For all that, 'tis a truth that when next we met and spoke together for the first time since our parting in Sandston railway station, Sir Sykes didn't know me. He didn't recognise in the middle-aged seaman the brown, lathy, gipsy-looking sailor-boy that he had bribed to be his cat's-paw and tool. But I had his secret; and a pretty life I led him.

'When, to please me—me, Dick Hold, once a cabin-boy—Sir Sykes took my sister into his grand house, calling her Miss Willis, his ward, and the orphan daughter of a brother-officer, he fully thought he was receiving the stolen child, in her own right Lady Harrogate. Under that belief too, he bullied—always to please me, ship-mate—his son Captain Jasper into agreeing for to marry Ruth. Then I turned the screw too tight. I would, no matter what my sister said to hold me back, have her married as Helena, Lady Harrogate. And that reminds—Give me another sip of grog, mate. I'm sinking fast.'

Hold uttered the last words hastily, yet with a business-like coolness that did credit to his strength of nerve. The draught of brandy-and-water seemed to rally his forces but feebly. 'I would ask,' he said in an altered voice when he spoke again, 'that some gentleness be shewn in dealing with my poor young sister. Let the sin lie heavy, if you will, on my grave; but don't let her have to suffer overly much for her share in the job. One word more, that may serve, as a dying man's deposition, to do some good, as to the true daughter of that young Lady Clare that I robbed of her only comfort.

'That Miss Gray from Sandston, late school-mistress of High Tor village school, is the real'—He never spoke more. His strong jaw dropped, and there was a groan and a heaving sob of the deep chest, and almost without a struggle, Richard Hold, master-mariner, had gone to his account.

CONCLUSION.

Sir Sykes Denzil, who for some eighteen months miserably vegetated in a condition of bodily helplessness and mental imbecility, yet lived long enough to be the survivor of his son and the last baronet of his race. The name of Sir Jasper was never destined to figure under the heading of 'Denzil, Bart.' in gilt-edged books of reference. The ex-captain of Lancers, receiving from Pounce and Pontifex, on whom now devolved the virtual management of the Carbery estate, what those steady-going family lawyers regarded as a handsome allowance, retired to the congenial clime of Monaco, there to await the final snapping of the slender thread which bound his father to life.

Captain Denzil's heart beat high as he swaggered for the first time into those sumptuous salons presided over by M. Blanc, and flung his first handful of gold pieces upon the green cloth, and won and won again day after day and night after night, having one of those runs of luck which are

as oases in the desert of a gambler's life. The captain was flushed with hope, in spite of the stinginess with which Pounce and Pontifex—into whose prudent hands the reins of government over the property had fallen since the retirement of Mr Wilkins—had thought fit to treat the heir-apparent. He had, to use his own turf phrase, 'scratched' his marriage. He was away from the melancholy old jail in Devonshire. It could but be a question of a few weeks or months, for Sir Sykes's state was hopeless; and then Sir Jasper, unfettered master of Carbery, would be received, though at a high figure, into dual and noble partnership in those Amalgamated Stables of which envious or prematurely knowing men upon the turf began to whisper evil forebodings.

But Captain Denizil's cup of joy was dashed from his lips before he could drain its sparkling contents. A Russian Prince, equally celebrated for his skill at cards and with the pistol, quarrelled with him over a disputed case of 'turning up the king' at *écarté*, struck him, before twenty witnesses, at the Cercle Massena at Nice, across the face with a kid glove; and so, according to the ethics of the society in which both moved, forced on a duel. At the first fire, Jasper was shot through the lungs, and dropped mortally wounded.

By the death of Sir Sykes, an event which happened shortly afterwards, Carbery Chase became the property of the baronet's two daughters. These two great heiresses, however, seem but little likely to marry, having already attained the reputation of confirmed old maids amongst their acquaintance, and expending most of their ample income in good works. It is whispered that it was on account of her forgotten attachment to Lord Harrogate that Miss Blanche Denizil, who was known to have refused two or three good offers, was Miss. Blanche Denizil still. It is whispered also that there is every probability that Carbery Chase will lapse to its original owners the De Verses, since Pounce and Pontifex are understood to have in safe keeping the wills by which the co-heiresses have bequeathed the property to the eldest son of him whom we will yet designate as Lord Harrogate.

The body of Ruth Willis, *alias* Hold, was discovered in a peat-moss adjoining the great morass of Bitternley Swamp, and was laid quietly to rest beside that of her brother, in High Tor churchyard. Betty Mudge is the notable wife of a small farmer, whose cowhouse and sheepfold were replenished through the dowry which the moorland maiden received from the bounty of her friend and patroness. And for the Lees Gladys, Maud, and Alice De Vere, are not their marriages chronicled by Dod and Dehrett?

It only remains to speak of the present Earl and Countess of Wolverhampton, the happiest, brightest, best—so general fame avers—of all the married couples within a summer day's journey from High Tor. Their quiet wedding took place within a few months of the discovery of Helena's real birth; and it was not until the following summer that the House of Lords formally registered the right of the young peeress to her hereditary honours. Even to this day, the young Earl often calls his beautiful Countess 'Ethel,' the name by which he had learned to love her; while Betty Mudge has an incorrigible habit of addressing 'My Lady' as Miss

Gray. The High Tor schools have long since been rebuilt, and an excellent mistress watches over the budding intelligence of the village children; but perhaps there never will be known in that sequestered nook a teacher so beloved as had been Helena, Lady Harrogate.

THE END.

DROLLERIES IN ADVERTISING.

The following droll advertisements, culled from a variety of sources, may amuse our readers.

'A lady going abroad would give a medical man a hundred pounds a year to look after a favourite spaniel dog during her absence.' If this emanated from an elderly unmarried lady, can we doubt that an old bachelor composed the following advertisement? 'A Cook-housemaid or Housemaid-cook is wanted, for the service of a single gentleman, where only one other—a man-servant—is kept. The woman wanted must be equally excellent in the two capacities of cook and housemaid. Her character must be unexceptionable for sobriety, honesty, and cleanliness. The sobriety, however, which consists in drinking up without staggering will not do; nor will the honesty suffice which would make up for the possible absence of pilfering, by waste. Neither will the cleanliness answer which is content with bustling only before the employer's eyes—a sure symptom of a slattern. As it is probable that not a drab out of place who reads this advertisement but will be for imposing herself, though, perhaps, incapable of cooking a sprat, and about as nice as a Hottentot, all such are warned not to give themselves useless trouble. On the other hand, a steady, clean woman, really answering the above description, will, by applying as below, hear of a place not easily equalled in comfort; where the wages are good and constantly increasing; and where servants are treated as fellow-creatures, and with a kindness which, to the discredit of their class, is seldom merited. Personal application to be made to Mr Danvers, Perfumer, No. 16 Craven Street, Strand. December 4, 1811.

What householder who can get no recompense for improvements from a grasping landlord, will not sympathise with the writer of this? 'Wanted immediately, to enable me to leave the house which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it, 500 LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of five pounds sterling; and as I cannot leave the farm attached thereto in the same order in which I got it without at least Five Millions of Dockens, I do hereby promise the same sum for said number of Dockens.—N.B. The Rats must be full grown and no cripples.'

The two following advertisements, though they were probably intended to satirise the manners and customs of the period (1833), actually appeared, the first in the *Morning Herald*, the second in the *Monthly Mirror*. 'Wanted, for the ensuing London campaign, a Chaperon, who will undertake the charge of two young ladies, now making their entrée into fashionable life. She must possess a constitution impervious to fatigue and heat, and be perfectly independent of sleep; *au fait* at the mysteries of whist and casino, and always ready to undertake a round game, with a supper appetite of the most moderate description. Any personal

charges which might interfere with her acting as a foil to her charges, will be deemed inadmissible; and she must be totally divested of matrimonial pretensions on her own account, having sufficient experience in the *beau monde* to decide with promptitude on the eligibility of invitations, with an instinctive discrimination of Almack men and eldest sons. Address to Louisa, Twopenny Post Office, Great Mary-le-Bone Street.—N.B. No widow from Bath or Cheltenham will be treated with.' The second is as follows: 'Wanted, for a newly erected Chapel, near Grosvenor Square, a gentleman of elegant manners and insinuating address, to conduct the theological department of a refined audience. It is not necessary that he believe in the Thirty-nine Articles; but it is expected that he should possess a white hand and a diamond ring; he will be expected to leave out vulgar ideas, and denunciations against polite vice which he may meet with in the Bible. One who lisps, is near-sighted, and who has a due regard for amiable weaknesses, will be preferred. If he is of pleasing and *accommodating* manners, he will have a chance of being introduced to the first company. Letters must be addressed to James Speculate, Esq., Surveyor's Office, New Square, Mary-le-Bone.'

The Americans seem to be as smart in advertising as in everything else. On the fence of a graveyard a Pennsylvanian grocer inscribed in large white letters, 'Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here.' A firm in the 'statutory line' state that 'those who buy tombstones of us look with pride and satisfaction upon the graves of their friends.' What English schoolmaster would announce the termination of vacation thus: 'Flushing Institute. Dear Boys—Trouble begins Sept. 15?' The following is the advertisement of an accomplished editor. 'Sensational, distressing details of revolting murders and shocking suicides respectfully solicited. Bible-class presentations and ministerial donation parties will be "done" with promptness and despatch. Reports of Sunday-school anniversaries guaranteed. The local editor will cheerfully walk seventeen miles after Sunday-school to report a prize-fight. Funerals and all other melancholy occasions written up in a manner to challenge admiration. Horse-races reported in the highest style of the reportorial art. Domestic broils and conjugal felicities sought out with untiring avidity. Police-court proceedings and sermons reported in a manner well calculated to astonish the prisoner, magistrate, and preacher.' The 'sharpness' of some of these Yankee advertisements is very amusing. Many of our readers must have heard of the New York merchant who left his space blank with the exception of this note, in very small type, at the bottom: 'This space was sold to A. E. Brennan & Co., but as their business is sufficiently brisk already, they decline to use it.'—A correspondent wants to know what kind of a broom the young lady in the novel used when she swept back the ringlets from her classic brow. We don't know, and shouldn't answer if we did. We only undertake to answer queries of a practical and useful character. If our correspondent, who we presume is a gentleman, had asked who was the best and most popular hatter in the city, we would have promptly and unhesitatingly answered, James H. Chard of Broad-walk.'

During the civil war, hundreds of advertisements appeared like the following in the *Tribune*, February 1861. The attention is first riveted by the two lines:

'Important from Charlestown!
Major Anderson taken!'

Then proceeds the detailed explanation. 'On the 8th instant, about twelve hours before midnight, under cover of a bright sun, Colonel George S. Cooke, of the Charlestown Photographic Light Artillery, with a strong force made his way to Fort Sumter. On being discovered by the vigilant sentry, he ran up a flag of truce. The gate of the fortress being open, Colonel Cooke immediately and heroically penetrated to the presence of Major Anderson, and levelling a double-barrelled camera, demanded his unconditional surrender in the name of E. Anthony and the Photographic Community. Seeing that resistance would be in vain, the Major at once surrendered, and was borne in triumph to Charlestown, forwarded to New York, and is now on sale in the shape of exquisite card photographs at twenty-eight cents per copy, by E. Anthony, &c.'

'Manners make the man,' was evidently the motto of the boarding-house proprietor who thus advertised: 'Wanted, two or three boarders, such as go to bed without a pipe or cigar in their mouth. I wish them to rise in time to wash their faces and comb their heads before breakfast. When they put on their boots, to draw down their pants over them, and not have them rumpled about their knees, which is a sure sign of a rowdy. When they sit down by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantel-piece nor spit in the bread-tray. And to pay their board weekly, monthly, or quarterly, with a smile upon their faces, and they will find me as pleasant as an opossum up a persimmon tree.'

A good instance of the difference between precept and practice must be our last American specimen. It is from *Harper's Weekly*: 'Some of our contemporaries seem to think that the triumph of their cause depended, like the fate of Jericho, upon the amount of noise made. In these days of refinement and luxury, an article of real intrinsic merit is soon appreciated, hence the unbounded and unparalleled success of—Plantation Bitters.'

We must now say something of the matrimonial advertisements that appear from time to time in certain classes of publications. A few may be thus catalogued, for the benefit of those whose shyness has always prevented them investing in a specimen copy of the *Matrimonial News*. First in the list is Sincere Polly, who describes herself as dark, high-spirited, and handsome. Next is Evelina, eighteen, handsome, and accomplished, who will have three hundred a year when of age. Fanny declares herself to be a sweet-tempered and pretty girl, just seventeen. Annie Everard endeavours to attract by her modesty, in saying that she is eighteen, and not beautiful, only pretty. And Viola offers inducement in describing herself as seventeen, and Irish, merry, lively, and inclined to be stout. The following may well represent the gentlemen's interest in matrimonial advertisements: 'Wanted, by a young Gentleman just beginning Housekeeping, a Lady between eighteen and twenty-five Years of Age, with a good Educa-

tion, and a fortune not less than five thousand pounds; sound Wind and Limb, Five Feet Four Inches without her Shoes; not fat, nor yet too lean; good set of teeth; no Pride nor Affectation; not very talkative, nor one that is deemed a Scold; but of a Spirit to resent an Affront; of a charitable Disposition; not over-fond of Dress, though always decent and clean; that will entertain her Husband's Friends with Affability and Cheerfulness, and prefer his Company to public Diversions and gadding about; one who can keep his secrets, that he may open his Heart to her without reserve on all Occasions; that can extend domestic Expenses with Economy, as Prosperity advances, without Ostentation; and retrench them with cheerfulness, if occasion should require. Any Lady disposed to Matrimony, answering this Description, is desired to direct for Y. Z., at the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, Aldermanbury.—*N.B.* The Gentleman can make adequate Return, and is, in every Respect, deserving a Lady with the above Qualifications. So he says!

If we were all really sympathetic, the sight of a page of advertisements would excite in us thoughts akin to pity. How much, for instance, must those poor people whose advertisements appear under 'Situations Wanted' have thought over their simple plans of life before writing them down in these advertisements! How eagerly will they look out for answers; and when hope deferred maketh their hearts sick, many will fancy that there is no business for them in the world! Here is a record of those who have too much and of those who have not enough. In the same page is advertised a Gaiety Theatre and a Mourning Establishment; Toys for the Young and Funeral Requisites for the Old; joys and sorrows, laughter and tears—a picture of the checkered life of man. But it is in the 'Agony Column' of the leading journal that pathos culminates. Listen to the cry there uttered of some woman distressed by the infidelity of one whom she had loved not wisely perhaps but too well: 'The one-winged Dove must die unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies.' The next is more strong-minded, though evidently penned under a sense of deep grievance: 'It is enough; one man alone upon earth have I found noble. Away from me for ever! Cold heart and mean spirit, you have lost what millions—empires—could not have bought, but which a single word truthfully and nobly spoken might have made your own to all eternity. Yet you are forgiven; depart in peace.' No doubt it was a relenting parent, whose sternness has been subdued by the continued absence of his prodigal, who thus advertises: 'If H. R. will return, I will forgive him.—E. R.' Responses to imperative conscience like the following are surely very touching: 'Should this meet the eye of Two Sisters, at school many years ago at Prospect Place, Peckham-rye, the advertiser, with deep regret, acknowledges the doing of some acts attributed to them.'

The advertisements of swindlers and quacks have upon more than one occasion been noticed in these pages. Announcements of people who profess to have the secret of 'making two pounds per week by the outlay of ten shillings,' who for two-and-sixpence worth of stamps will 'tell something to our advantage,' or obtain 'an employment not unsuited to a lady or gentleman'—these traps

for governesses and gentlefolk of slender means are to be read in certain newspapers. Curious too are the answers received from time to time by persons with sufficient faith to make application to these advertisers. One reply received in return for half-a-crown's worth of stamps, which were to have purchased much wisdom in the way of money-saving, was this: 'Never pay a boy to look after your shadow while you climb a tree to see into the middle of next week.'

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.

'WHILE at Hastings one day, the post brought me an ill-spelt blotted letter, stating that the writer knew my husband well; that she also knew me by sight, and had been one of the witnesses of our marriage in the church; that she had some facts to impart to me; and that I might call myself a lawfully wedded wife, but in reality was not so, although the service had been performed by a clergyman in due form. Naturally, I felt utterly indignant, and inclined to tear up the letter at once; but I did not, putting it away carefully, in order some day to show it to my husband. The circumstance, I own, disturbed me not a little; and when, a few days later, came a second letter, inclosing a copy of a marriage certificate between my husband and another woman, my consternation could not be concealed. I answered the writer, at her request, telling her that I would grant the interview she asked for at Miss Wright's rooms; and leaving my baby in Kitty's care, I went off to London to tell my friend all. She was shocked at what I had heard, but was disposed to treat it as an attempt to extort money from me. We waited in terrible suspense; the person came, and I heard her story myself. She said that fifteen years before, my husband, who had been rather a wild gay young man at college, had met and married her friend, who was an actress at some provincial theatre; that he had thought her very pretty, as she was, and fallen in love with her; but that her habits were so notoriously profligate, and her love of drink became so strong, that they could not live together, and they separated, he allowing her a small independent income so long as she never troubled him. This went on for years; the interest of the money was still drawn regularly, and therefore her friend must still be alive. She seemed to feel for me and my condition; said she had gone to the church for the purpose of declaring that the marriage could not be; but her heart failed her, and she let the ceremony go on. She now felt that it would be wrong to let matters go further, and ended by declaring that make what inquiries I pleased, I should find the story true.

'I felt my heart sink. If this woman were his wife, what was I? And my darling baby, my son of whom I was so proud, who and what was he? The thought became too fearful. Miss Wright undertook to make all inquiries. I was too ill to do it myself. About a month after, she came to me. She said: "Be brave, my darling; it is all true." I turned to stone. I could not believe it. Gradually I learned from her what she had done. She had carefully examined the register

in the church, finding it exactly corroborated the woman's statement. She then went to the bank, and found that for fourteen years the same person had come to draw the same sum of money—one hundred pounds every quarter—with the utmost regularity. The clerk shewed her the receipt with the same signature so late as that April. What could I think? I felt ready to sink into the ground for very shame. I was crushed with this fearful blow; and worse than all, my idol was shattered, my trust in all that was good destroyed, my heart broken! One idea beset me, that I must hide myself at once. Whether I was wrong or right, God only knows. I could not reproach him—my darling, whom I still loved so fondly! I felt if he asked me still to return to him, I must; and yet, I thought it best to resist all temptation. I wrote to the agents, and countermanded my cabin which I had bespoken. I packed my clothes and the jewels which he had given me, and left them with Miss Wright. I bought a small outfit of under-linen and plain dresses, marked my things simply with my initials, M. B., which chanced to be the same as before my marriage, and after some delay, succeeded in obtaining my present situation as governess with Mrs Nixon. The place seemed a very desirable one—quiet and retired, as Mr Nixon, with whom I made all the arrangements, told me that his wife would live very quietly during his absence in India. I came, leaving my precious boy with Miss Wright and Kitty; but I could not live without him, my heart yearned after him so eagerly. I wrote to Miss Wright, and asked her to send him with my faithful Kitty down to see me, saying that I would find some suitable lodging when they came. To avoid remark, they were to pass this station, go on to the next, sleep there, and come over when I let them know that I could see them. I see you guess the rest, Dr Summers.

'Yes; it was my own child I called you to help me to rescue on that terrible night. I could not rest; and made an excuse to Mrs Nixon that I wanted to take some wine down to poor old Jackson. I hoped to catch one glimpse of my treasure as the train passed through the station. I was late, and only arrived in time to see the accident. Poor Kitty's life was forfeited; and you can scarcely wonder now at my almost frantic state of mind. Since then, I have lived as well as I could, paid good Mrs Coulson for her care of the child, to whom I yearn with all a mother's deepest love, and whom I dare not own; and but for this affair of my ring, which I cannot help treasuring, and the absence of Miss Wright abroad, causing me to risk addressing Mrs Coulson's letters myself, this mystery would have remained unravelled. When I have left Mrs Nixon, I will write and tell her all my story. How often I have longed to confide in your darling Hilda, no one knows; but I did not dare to do so until now.'

She did not tell her tale as I have told it, but with many interruptions, sobs, and choking tears, especially when she spoke of her husband, and of their mutual love, and of the cruel deception of which she believed him as well as herself to be the victim. 'He did not knowingly commit this sin,' she cried. 'I am convinced he thought his wretched wife was dead; yet I dare not write to him to ask him. If he said the one word: "Come," I must go.'

Hilda's eyes were wet with tears; but never had she to my eyes looked so charming as now, when she sat holding that poor weary head against her bosom. At last she looked up.

'Now Harry,' she began, 'what can you do to help her?' she said.

'I fear but little,' I replied, 'Indeed I can do nothing except go over again the ground Miss Wright has already traversed; but to do this I must know still further particulars—the names of persons and places, and the precise dates of the various events as nearly as possible.'

'I cannot tell you more just now, Dr Summers,' said Miss Brown. 'I am very tired; but I will make a full written statement of all that has occurred, which you will please consider as intrusted to you and Hilda alone.'

'Of course,' I answered, 'any confidence you may repose in us is sacred. I dare not raise false hopes in your heart, Miss Brown; but from what you tell me of the character of your husband, I cannot believe he is guilty of any intentional deceit towards you.'

'God bless you for these words!' she said earnestly, 'and thank you for all your kindness. You and Hilda may believe me when I say that although my visit here this evening has been a very painful one, the sympathy you have given me has gone far to lighten my load of suffering. I feel that you believe me, and look upon me as an unhappy but yet innocent woman; and somehow—why, I know not—you have given me a spark of hope.'

'Well,' said I, 'we will hope the spark may kindle into a bright flame before long. At all events, I will do my best, when you give me all the promised information.'

She pressed my hand warmly, drew down her veil, and took leave of us; and when Hilda and I were alone, we talked the matter over.

'I believe I know a great deal more about it than any one else,' I said; 'but you really must not ask me to-night, my darling, for I have a great deal to think about, and when I have arranged my ideas, you shall know all.'

'You are a horrid tantalising wretch,' said Hilda; 'but if you *won't* tell, you *won't*, I suppose. Is there any use teasing you?'

'None whatever,' I cried, laughing; 'spare yourself the trouble; only a few hours more and you shall know all I can discover.'

'Good-bye, then,' said she; 'I will have nothing more to say to you to-night.'

'Good-bye,' said I, and went.

CHAPTER IV.

Next day having been summoned to see a patient some twenty miles from home, I took the rail; and on my return journey homewards two gentlemen were my fellow-travellers, whose only peculiarity seemed to be their large number of rugs, hat-boxes, bags, and other travelling equipments, with which the centre seats of the compartment were filled. After a while, I ventured a remark about the weather and the war-news, and was answered by the gentleman opposite me, who said: 'My friend and I feel it very cold, as we only arrived yesterday from India, and have been travelling all night.'

'Indeed,' said I, 'I fear you will find England

very trying after India, and especially up here, for it is considered cold and bleak.'

'I know the country,' answered he; 'at least I have been in it and have stayed some little time. Do you know Creston, sir?'

'I live there,' I replied. 'And, pardon me, I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Nixon. I saw the name on your hat-box there.'

Mr. Nixon smiled. 'You could not well help doing so,' he said, 'as it is precisely opposite to you in very legible letters. But if you know Creston, perhaps you can give me news of my wife and children.'

'They are all well,' I answered, 'and daily expecting the telegram which was to announce your arrival in England.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Nixon, 'I hope my wife will not be too much startled; but I could not resist the pleasure of giving her a surprise. But may I have the honour of knowing to whom I am speaking?'

I handed him my card, and also one to his companion, who up to this period had scarcely spoken a word. He took my card now, read it and bowed, then drawing one from his pocket-book, handed it to me. On it was printed, 'Lieutenant-colonel Beauchamp, 140th Regiment.' I started. Here was the man whom I had determined to find—the man of whom my brother had written—the man who had deceived Miss Brown—the father of the child. I scanned his face attentively—a handsome sensible face—one with deep lines of care and anxiety on the wide forehead and about the mouth; a bright keen blue eye, which one could imagine flashing with anger at injustice or wrong; yet withal, one that could be gentle and loving as a woman's; one that could be no trifier with a woman's heart and fame.

I mused thus for some minutes, and at last said: 'If I mistake not, Colonel Beauchamp, my brother, Tom Summers, is in your regiment.'

'Is he your brother?' said the colonel, as his face lit up with pleasure. 'There is not a better fellow living.' This is indeed a singular *rencontre*. I am very glad to have met you; and he cordially held out his hand.

I took it; and we talked on for a while, Mr. Nixon observing: 'You see, I was quite right, Beauchamp, to insist on your coming down to the Poplars with me. Here is one pleasant result already.'

'Yes,' said the colonel, a weary shade of pain and anxiety coming over his face. 'But I must not stay long with you, Nixon; you know my business is urgent.'

'A day or two's rest in the country won't hurt you at all events,' said his friend; 'and I believe we are just at Creston.—Is it not so, Dr. Summers?'

'Yes,' said I; 'here we are.' And we all three alighted, sent on the impedimenta by a conveyance, and walked up the village together. The air was cold; but it was a sunny day, very seasonable and pleasant, and we enjoyed the brisk walk. As we approached Mrs. Coulson's cottage, baby was trying to peep over the board placed across the threshold to prevent his tumbling down the door-step; and when he caught sight of me, he stretched out his little arms for his accustomed toss.

'Hollo, Master Baby! what are you doing there

sir?' said I, as I stooped down and lifted him in my arms.—'This is our show-baby,' said I to Colonel Beauchamp. 'Is he not a fine specimen?' The little one crowded and laughed, and Mrs. Coulson came running out to see what was the matter.

'We are admiring your little son,' said Mr. Nixon. 'I never saw a finer child.'

'He is not mine, sir,' said she, countering; 'only to take care of. We don't know who his father and mother are—bless him! But he'll never want for some one to see to him, he's such a pet in the village. I made him smart to-day sir, because Miss Morton wanted him at the Rectory for a bit this afternoon; and I was just cleaning myself ready to take him.'

All this time Colonel Beauchamp had watched the baby with the most intense interest; his gaze seemed riveted upon the child; at last he said, in a low hoarse voice: 'Did you say that child has neither father nor mother? Who is it? Where did it come from?'

'It is a long story,' said I—'too long to tell you now. But if you care to hear it, and have time to listen, I will tell it to you some day.'

Those eyes are hers, her own; she speaks to me again in them! he murmured to himself, in so low a voice that I scarcely heard him. Then aloud: 'I am very fond of children, Dr. Summers. Do you think Baby would come to me?'

'I am sure he would,' I replied, as I placed the little one in those great strong arms. How tenderly he took it, how eagerly he looked into its little face! At length his eyes fell upon the child's frock, of some bright blue material, with a strip of delicate embroidery round it. 'Why, I drew this pattern myself!' he cried.—'Mr. Summers, you may think me very strange, but I must know the story of this child. My whole happiness, my bliss or my misery for ever, may depend upon it! When may I come to you?'

'I shall be at home and ready for you at five o'clock this afternoon,' I said, 'and will tell you faithfully all I know.'

He pressed my hand. 'I will surely come,' he said; and then hastened after Mr. Nixon, who, naturally anxious to reach his home, was wondering at his friend's delay.

I hurried to the Rectory, and sat long with Hilda, telling her all my thoughts and notions about Miss Brown and her story, and shewing her my brother's letter. She was in the wildest excitement, and could scarcely control herself.

'To think, Harry, that you have got it all right already!' she cried, dancing about the room. 'Oh, how delicious!'

'You forget, darling, that though Miss Brown may be the lady Colonel Beauchamp married, it is not yet proved that she is his wife,' said I.

'Oh, I don't know,' cried Hilda. 'I know it is all right; and it must, and it shall, and it will be right! I am quite sure about it! So don't you go and be disagreeable, and croak so.'

At last we arranged that Hilda was to persuade Miss Brown to spend the evening with her; and that if all went well, I was to bring Colonel Beauchamp to the Rectory about six o'clock. If things did not turn out rightly, I was to send Hilda a note. I own I was so excited myself, that the afternoon wore away very, very slowly; but as five o'clock

struck, Colonel Beauchamp entered my little study; and drawing a chair to the cosy fire, I bade him be seated.

'You must think me a strange being,' he began, 'to crave an interview with you on this subject so soon; but I must tell you my story, if you will let me, and then you will see how my happiness or misery may depend on the tale you have to relate.'

I assured him, as before, that I was ready to tell him all I knew; and he proceeded, relating what had occurred, exactly as my brother had told it to me, up to the time of his marriage and departure for India. He dwelt long on his unbounded love for his wife, on her apparently boundless love for him. Conjecture was hopeless; he could not suggest any motive for her abandonment of him. He then told me of the wonderful and startling likeness in our mysterious baby to his lost wife, and of the strange similitude of the pattern of the embroidery on the infant's dress to one he had himself designed for his wife of her favourite flowers, the *Marguerites*.

When he paused, I asked abruptly: 'Did you see Miss Brown at the Poplars?'

'Who is she?' he asked. 'I know no Miss Brown.'

'She is governess there,' I returned. 'You are sure you did not see her?'

'Excuse me, Dr Summers; you are not listening to me,' he said coldly. 'I have taxed your attention too long and too selfishly. I know no one of that name, nor do I care to. Why should I look at the governess? What is she to me? I tell you a story that deeply affects me and my life's happiness, and you begin to talk about some Miss Brown, who, if I remember right, I heard is about to leave under rather disgraceful'—

'Hold!' I cried starting up. 'If I mistake not, Miss Brown is the mother of that child you saw; Miss Brown once believed herself your wife.'

'Once believed! What do you mean?' cried the colonel. 'Speak quickly. Do not keep me in suspense. Tell me the worst, and may God help me to bear it!'

I made him sit down, while I told him as rapidly and as clearly as I could all Miss Brown's story. His face lit up as he heard of the love she bore him, her grief at parting from him, her joy in the thought of reunion. But when I came to the dreadful letter she had received, and its contents, he started up, exclaiming: 'It is a falsehood! She is my own true wife, and nothing else!' I went on, heedless of the interruption, and told how Miss Wright had, or thought she had, proved the facts.

He pondered long, hiding his face between his hands; when he raised it, it was very pale. He said with a deep sigh: 'My poor darling, how she has suffered. All I can do from this time will be to devote myself to making her happy; and so I will, God helping me! I will explain everything to you now, Dr Summers, as I ought to have done long ago to my wife; but the tale of sin and shame was, I thought, unfit for her pure ears to hear. That woman who wrote to my wife was right. I had been married before. When a boy at college, I was fascinated by a woman who was a singer at one of the music halls, fancied myself in love, and was induced by her to marry

her. Her name was Julia West; and we were legally married in the church and by the clergyman named in that unhappy letter to my wife, which I take it was written by my first wife's companion and friend, who was present at our marriage. I was scarcely of age myself; and had no sooner been entrapped into the business, than I found it became a curse to both of us. We lived a wretched life for about a year; when my wife, chafing at the restraint and decorum I insisted upon, left me to pursue her former calling. She rapidly went downwards deeper and deeper, and for some time I heard nothing of her. At last I was appealed to. Her health was broken; her voice, her only means of support, was gone; and exacting from her a promise to live quietly and respectfully with her mother and crippled brother, who were really honest people, I, as in duty bound, made her an allowance, to be regularly drawn, by a solicitor in the town in which she lived, every quarter-day. Four years ago, she died, leaving me a letter containing an earnest appeal on behalf of her aged mother and invalid brother, who, she represented, would be deprived now of the comfortable home she had been able to give them. I heard that her life in latter years had been a reformed one, and found, on inquiry, that her statements respecting her relations were true. I therefore desired the lawyer to continue drawing the same allowance as before for the family; and hence this dreadful mistake has arisen. Had Miss Wright gone a little further, and insisted on seeing the person who signed the receipts, she would have found out all; but she must have jumped very hastily, I fear, at a conclusion.—My poor darling!' he added, springing up and seizing his hat; 'I must go and find her at once.'

'Stay,' said I, 'one moment. Mrs Beauchamp is at the Rectory now; but remember she does not know, she is unprepared; she— Would it not be better if some one'—

'No, Dr Summers!' he said firmly. 'My wife shall hear the story from no one but myself, and I must do it at once. It will not take long to convince her,' he added smiling; 'nor, I think, to gain her forgiveness. Let me go.'

I assented silently. He pressed my hand very warmly. 'I little dreamt of finding such a friend, an hour ago,' he said. 'God bless you!'

'Nay,' said I, 'I have done nothing except keep my eyes and ears open.'

'To some purpose, at all events,' he added, as he linked his arm within mine, and with long rapid strides walked on.

Five minutes later we were at the Rectory. I walked in unannounced; and opening the library door a very little, we looked in. The room was lit up with the warm glow of a bright wood-fire. Hilda sat in her own little chair beside it; and at her feet sat Miss Brown, or rather Mrs Beauchamp. Her face was very sad, and the traces of tears were in her eyes and on her cheeks. I closed the door quickly, gave three loud sharp knocks upon it, and we entered. Hilda started up. 'All is well, my darling,' I whispered. I saw a slight figure dart forward, then pause suddenly, and holding by the table, lift a face as white as ashes to the intruder. I saw Colonel Beauchamp dash forward and strain her to his heart, murmuring loving words: 'My wife, my darling wife!' And then

I whispered to Hilda: 'Come away; let us leave them now.'

Hilda was quite overcome, and I carried her off, shedding tears of joy. In a few moments she fled away, and running to the drawing-room, seized the baby, who was sitting on Mrs Morton's lap. She carried him to the door of the library, which she gently opened, and having deposited the little one just within the floor, she ran back to me, saying: 'Now they're all right. Begin and tell me the whole story, Harry. I told Margaret everything would come right when you took it in hand.'

'No,' said I; 'I think the baby did it. Let us go and tell the story to the elders now, or they will think us quite demented.' And so we did; and the universal verdict was: 'The baby did it.'

And surely no happier people were in the world that night than we people of Creston. How proud little Mrs Beauchamp looked of her tall soldierly husband; how she laughed and cried, and nearly devoured the baby! And with what loving eyes her gallant soldier looked down at her, as if he never could believe in his recovered happiness. Mr and Mrs Nixon came down in the evening, very happy likewise; and as for Hilda and me, no need to say much on that score.

Next Sunday, the church witnessed within its walls the baptism of the baby at last—Arthur Henry Beauchamp, after its father and its godfather, my unworthy self; and Hilda stood as godmother. Every one was glad, every one was happy, except poor little Mrs Coulson, who, though well cared for, lamented her severe trial—the parting with Baby.

And in the beauteous summer-time, amid the cheering of the people and the ringing of the bells and the blessings of all around us, I carried off my wife; and among our dearest and most valued friends are Colonel Beauchamp and Margaret; and the tale of The Village Mystery is often asked for, and often told to eager listeners.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DR CROLL, F.R.S., in a discussion on the Origin of Nebulae, assumes that the inquiry would be facilitated by first endeavouring to explain the origin of our sun. He does not mean the matter of which the sun is made; but in what way the sun came to be a sun, and what was the source of its light and heat? Difficult as the question is, it seems simple when we know that the sun must have derived its energy (light and heat) either from *gravitation* or from *motion in Space*. If it is not one nor the other, it is not worth while to pursue the inquiry. But, in the words of Dr Croll, 'the important difference between the two is that the store of energy derivable from gravitation could not possibly have exceeded twenty to thirty million years' supply of heat at the present rate of radiation, whereas the store derivable from motion in space, depending on the rate of that motion, may conceivably have amounted to any assignable quantity. Thus a mass equal to that of the sun, moving with a velocity of four hundred and seventy-six miles per second, possesses in virtue of that motion energy sufficient, if converted into

heat, to cover the present rate of the sun's radiation for fifty million years. Twice that velocity would give two hundred million years', four times that velocity would give eight hundred million years' heat, and so on without limit.' From these statements some notion may be formed as to the character of the discussion. Readers who desire to study the whole of the argument will find it in the *Philosophical Magazine* for July.

Last year an astronomer at Cologne, while examining the Mare Vaporum, a central portion of the moon's surface, discovered a crater which, after comparison of lunar maps and correspondence with other observers, was pronounced to be new. In the spring of the present year the discovery was made public, and the crater has been seen by astronomers in England and other parts of Europe. It is described as 'about three miles in diameter, deep and full of shadow,' situated among a number of small craters. The fact, therefore, seems to be well established, and it opens an interesting field of inquiry. A newly formed crater implies an active volcano; and with a volcano in activity the moon cannot be the lifeless mass so often described by astronomers and physicists. Gases in large quantities must be present; chemical action must be going on accompanied by alternations of temperature; and after all, there is perhaps not such a deprivation of atmosphere as is commonly supposed. These are questions to which investigators may betake themselves with ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity and it may be, advantage to physical science.

Professor Bayer (Liebig's successor at Munich) has after years of patient investigation succeeded in producing indigo blue by chemical means in his laboratory. Organic chemistry has thereby made a most important step in advance; for although the process is far too costly for practical use, it is a great thing to know that a substance can thus be built up and produced by synthetical research; and we may fairly assume that, as with so many other abstruse discoveries, a practical application of it will some day be brought to light.

It appears that physicists expect to find good employment for the telephones as a measurer, or rather detector of vibrations, which because of their rapidity cannot be detected by any other means.

The vibrations of the metallic disk will produce electric currents in a conductor therewith connected, and these, as Mr W. H. Preece stated while discoursing on the subject to the Physical Society, are so minute that he has 'failed hitherto to make even an approximate measurement of their minuteness. We have no known standard to compare them with: we can only trust to the ear, and that is not only deceptive but variable. They are certainly less than one millionth of an ordinary working current.'

'However small,' continues Mr Preece, 'and however sudden the currents may be, the telephone records them with great accuracy; no known form of galvanometer or galvanoscope will do so.' Thus it is an admirable appliance for testing magneto-electric coils and spirals and other apparatus, and especially for discovering leaks in insulators and supports. Its delicacy has detected the presence of currents in wires contiguous to wires conveying currents, which have always been suspected, but have been evident only on

wires running side by side for, say, two hundred miles. In fact, the most delicate apparatus has hitherto failed to detect the presence of these currents by induction in short underground wires; but the telephone responds to these currents when the wires run parallel for a few feet only. Thus, between one floor and another floor, at the General Post-office, it has been impossible to converse by means of the telephone through a wire, owing to the presence of these currents of induction from the innumerable working wires contiguous to it; and through some of the underground pipes of the streets of London sounds are inaudible when the wires are working.'

These facts, alike curious and interesting, bear out statements we made some time ago while explaining the working of the telephone, and make it clear that in that apparatus physicists have an instrument of surprising capabilities, the applications of which it is not easy to predict. Mr Preece has spoken distinctly and easily with telephones that had no permanent magnet whatever, the core of the coil being of soft iron; and he has come to the conclusion that with the existing apparatus conversation might be held through a single wire-cable two hundred miles long. It is of no use, he says, to shout into a telephone, and much depends on the power and quality of the voice. Among the functionaries of the Post-office there is one whose voice is heard 'through resistances that have drowned all other voices.' The same remark applies to hearing; and trained ears will make out phrases which would be obscure to others. 'Singing always comes through with remarkable distinctness; and the sounds of a wind-instrument—cornet or bugle—are reproduced with startling force. A bugle sounded in London was heard distinctly over the large Corn Exchange of Basingstoke by a thousand people.'

Professor Blake, of Brown University, United States, has devised 'a method of recording articulate vibrations by means of photography.' He fastens to the vibrating disk in the mouth-piece of a telephone a small mirror, on which a beam of light from a heliostat is made to fall. This beam reflected downwards from the mirror passes through a lens and forms at the focus an intensely luminous disk which can be used for photography. A sensitised plate, lying on a small carriage, is made to travel under the disk, the actinic rays falling on the plate produce the usual effect, and the movements of the mirror when a voice speaks into the mouth-piece, are photographed in a series of complex and beautiful curves varying with the tone and manner of delivery. The velocity of the carriage can be varied at pleasure, from twelve to forty inches per second; but the greater the speed the longer must be the plate: up to twenty-four inches in some instances. This brief sketch will perhaps suffice to show that Professor Blake's method in the hands of skilful investigators opens a way for the study and analysis of the phenomena of articulate speech.

Among recent scientific news from America is an item stating that the microphone has been successfully used for speaking from a boat to a diver at work under water in Boston harbour.

As usual the Royal Agricultural Society's annual meeting shewed that the makers of implements for the farm and dairy are still active with

improvements. 'Harvesters' were exhibited which collect the cut corn, bind it into sheaves with wire or string, and by the action of a fork of suitable size toss the sheaf off the platform 'without knocking out ripe grain.' Much ingenuity appears in the contrivances for fastening the ends of the wire by a twist, or of the string by knots. One ties a double reef knot; another a clove knot, concerning which it is stated that 'the movement by which a hook is made to turn the string, pull it through the loop, and afterwards release it, is peculiar and remarkable.' Another twists the ends of the string, then twists a portion of the band over them, which has 'precisely the same effect as tucking the ends under.'

An improved sowing and spreading machine sows grain or artificial manure broadcast across a breadth of sixteen yards, and thus makes very quick work of sowing an acre.—A four-furrow seed-cover drawn by one horse is contrived to spread a thin layer of earth over seed sown broadcast, and arrange it in regular rows; and a farm-yard manure-cart will distribute the manure by a movement actuated by the cart-wheel.

A machine for cutting and trimming hedges is a novelty. It is drawn by two horses; from one side projects a movable lever carrying a cutter bar which, as the machine travels, trims one side of the hedge; then being turned completely over, it trims the farther side; and lastly, held in a horizontal position, it cuts the top of the hedge to a uniform height. Its capabilities are such that it will snip off branches an inch thick as well as twigs. In a general account of this machine, we are informed that 'the arrangements for adjusting the position of the cutter and the supporting arm, and for lengthening or shortening the arm without interference with the gear by which the movement of the knife is maintained, are of the simplest description.'

Recent improvements in ploughing-machinery shew ingenious adaptations of means to ends. A revolving drum is fitted to the engine itself. Two such engines, one at each side of the field, travel slowly along, and a rope stretched from drum to drum hauls the plough to and fro. Another method retains the use of the anchor; but the anchor moves itself along one headland while the engine moves along the other. Thus the length of rope is reduced to the absolute requirement, and two men and a boy suffice for the whole of the work. By yet another modification the weight of the engine is made to serve as anchorage, and the trouble of moving the separate pulleys, blocks, and anchors is obviated. Clearly the days of the 'slow' agriculturist are over.

To compress six trusses of hay into the compass of a single truss is an achievement worth notice. It has been done by a machine erected in the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, capable of exerting a pressure of two tons on the square inch under the operation of hydraulic power. If six, or even three cargoes of hay can thus be compressed into the space of one, the economy in transport will be important.

It is now known that a milk-can must be not only a big vessel into which milk may be poured, but something else. There must be some means of preventing shaking of the milk, and of ventilating it during a long railway journey; and a proper can must be easy to fill, easy to empty,

and easy to clean. Cans were shewn which fulfilled these conditions; and among the milk-coolers was one which will keep a large quantity of milk during not less than twelve hours at a temperature below forty degrees Fahrenheit.

To prevent the rising of cream, there was an automatic milk agitator, in which the water, flowing through the outer casing of the vat to keep the contents cool, falls upon a small water-wheel, which being unevenly balanced, gives an intermittent motion to a rake or stirrer in the upper portion of the milk in the vat. In this way milk for cheese-making can be kept for many hours without rising of the cream; whereas a continuous and regular motion of the rake would produce butter. Among the competing churns, the best was one brought from Holstein, a country in which all dairy-work is carried to high perfection.

From Finisterre, the Land's End of France, a reef of rocks of ill repute among mariners stretches out seven miles into the sea. Wrecks were so frequent, that the French government caused a survey to be made, with a view to build a light-house; and Ar-Men, one of the outermost rocks, about fifteen metres long and eight broad, was chosen as the site. But owing to violent currents and waters proverbially turbulent, it was as difficult and dangerous to land on as the Skerryvore. The work was begun in 1867, in which year landing could be effected seven times only, and in a total of eight hours work fifteen holes were pierced. In 1868 there were sixteen landings, eighteen hours of work, forty holes were pierced, and the rock was levelled for the first courses of masonry. In 1869 the placing of the stones was commenced, while an experienced fisherman watched the sea and gave warning when a great wave was rushing in; and it was found at the end of the season that twenty-five cubic metres of stone had been fixed. In 1877 the number of landings was greater than in any previous year, and the solid masonry was raised to more than twelve metres above the highest tides; and it is now expected that the tower, which will rise forty feet above high-water, will be completed by 1880.

Ere long another of these adventures enterprises will be going on nearer home; for the Trinity Board have determined to build a new lighthouse of grand dimensions on the Eddy-stone.

A correspondent informs us that the check-till—the patentees of which are Messrs Lincoln and Lofts of Cambridge—described in *The Month* for June last, was invented by a self-taught mechanic at Cambridge, who had previously constructed a bottle-washing machine which, worked by a man and a boy, will wash and clean from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dozen bottles in a day. A tank is filled with an alkaline solution; two dozen bottles secured in an iron basket are sunk at once into the bath, as it may be called, and the 'dirt' is immediately removed by the action of the solution. Each bottle is then brushed inside by a whirling brush, is effectually rinsed by a jet of water from a perpendicular pipe which fits the neck, and is immediately wheeled away to the drying-room. This, it will be seen, is a great improvement on the ordinary way of bottle-washing; hot water is not required; and it appears that the saving by diminution of breakage soon pays the cost of the machine.

Referring to the water-supply of Kidderminster, which until comparatively recent times has been obtained from wells of doubtful purity, we are glad to learn that these have been condemned, and that the town is now supplied from an artesian well which is capable of yielding a million gallons of wholesome water daily. 'The cost,' we are told, is being repaid to the inhabitants, 'not only in the improved health of the town, but in the revenue which the sale of water was turning in.'

THE MOUNTAIN TARN.

A HIGHLAND TRADITION.

In a lonely glen, surrounded by lofty mountains, and miles from any habitation, lies a small loch or tarn, around which tradition hath cast a legend of the olden time. Situated amid the Grampians, the scenery is wild and rugged; such a scene amidst which the wanderer may pause, and feel that the hand of man has never disturbed Nature in her solitude.

Years and years ago, when the turbulent state of Scotland rendered life and property insecure, a large amount of treasure was supposed to have been thrown into the loch, there to escape detection, and to await the return of peaceful times to enable it to be recovered. It had been thrown into its hiding-place in the night by those who possessed it, and the secret had been solemnly sworn to on the naked blade of a dirk—an old form of Highland cath, held to be binding and sacred. Time passed, and quiet times or necessity induced those who held the secret to attempt to recover the treasure. In those primitive days, appliances were limited, and the first attempt failed, from inability to reach the bottom. Months were spent in the manufacture of rope from hides, in hopes that the dark water would yet give up the coveted treasure it held within its inky depths. By different routes, in the lone hours of night, the holders of the secret assembled on the shores of this Highland tarn, and vainly tried to reach the bottom. Fathom after fathom went down, but to no avail. Again and again, with increased lengths of rope, did these midnight seekers after gold prosecute their task, but to end in disappointment. The loch yielded nothing save now the almost certain fact, that it was unfathomable.

Years rolled away, and no further attempts were made, since dispirited they agreed to abandon the hopeless toil to fathom Lochan Kin Dhoan, or the bottomless loch, as they then styled it; nor was it ever again attempted by those who first essayed it. Subsequent, however, to their failure, an incident occurred that, in that age of superstition, cast around the loch the weird belief that it was haunted.

In a baronial keep lived a chief in all the rude pomp of feudal pride. His lady had died, and left an only daughter, who, now grown up to womanhood, presided over the household. Her father's temper was haughty and imperious, and he ruled every one around him with stern sway. As was the custom in those days, he had long been at enmity with a neighbouring chief; but Love laughs at Highland pride as well as at locksmiths. His neighbour had a son, who became enamoured with the maiden. But how was the fatal gulf of

fendal strife to be bridged? Time went on. Stolen interviews, when by accident they met, or when her father was absent, were all that the young hearts could glean from the stern hate of both the parents; till, unable to bear the long weary weeks that occasionally prevented their meeting, the young chieftain determined to beard the lion in his den, and demand the hand of his daughter. Accompanied by an escort, he arrived before the drawbridge, and demanded an interview with the chief. The interview over, the young chieftain with a heavy heart recrossed that drawbridge, and doffed his bonnet to a fair form on the battlements.

It was some time before they again met. The chief had used harsh words and harsh measures to his daughter; but 'Love will find out the way,' and at the next meeting of the lovers they had arranged to elope. The strong power of woman's love nerved her for the deed; the cold heartless home she was about to leave seemed to palliate the act. The temporary absence of the old chief afforded opportunity. On a dark November evening about two hours after sunset, a horse bearing the young chieftain and his intended bride was wending its way with difficulty along the rugged mountain-path, amid the darkness, when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. To turn was to encounter foes behind (as well as in front) if foes they were, as doubtless the flight of the lady had been discovered at the castle; besides, the nature of the ground and darkness rendered flight hopeless. To move a little to the side, and quietly await the chance of being passed in the darkness, was all that now remained to the youthful lovers. The night had hitherto been dark but still. The wind was now sweeping over the dark moor, and hurrying the black clouds across the sky with increasing violence. The young chief felt the fair hand that held his girdle tighten as the sound of the horses' hoofs was heard; but no scream, no signs of fear. All had as yet gone well; when a gleam of moonlight lit up the scene and revealed a party of horsemen scarce thirty yards distant. There was no time for deliberation; the young chieftain dashed his spurs to his horse, and with a bound the noble animal was crossing the now moon-lit moor, at full speed, hotly pursued by the chief and his party. 'Capture, but don't fire,' was the brief command.

At first, the lovers outstripped their pursuers; but the double burden began to tell on the young chieftain's horse, and the distance between lessened. The chief was gaining on them at every stride, and the pale moon still shone on the scene. Suddenly, as if the earth had opened at their feet, over the precipice that overhangs the Lochan Kin Dhoan, leaped the horse and his riders. An exclamation of horror, a wild yell of agony from the chief as he beheld this fatal leap. A dull heavy splash in the deep dark water beneath was all that responded. From that hour it was shunned as a fatal spot.

The story of the treasure had been handed down from father to son, and a party of stout hearts again resolved to brave the dangers that surrounded the scene of the hidden gold. A night was fixed. But scarce had the task begun, ere an arm and hand, holding a naked dirk, is said to have risen from the water, and an unearthly voice to have ejaculated 'Forbear!'

Such is the story of the haunted loch as told long years after on his death-bed by an old and wrinkled man, the last of the band that met that night; and as an example of the kind of oral tales which are now happily dying out amongst the superstitious folks in the North, we offer it to our readers.

ODE TO THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the laboured fields,
Not for the good the yellow harvest yields,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year.
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine.
I hail thee, goddess of the scarlet flower,
That brilliant weed, that does so far exceed
The richest gifts fair Flora can bestow.
Heedless, I passed thee in Life's morning hour,
Thou comforter of woe,
Till Sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early day, when Fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove
Of laughing Spring's luxurious sweets,
To deck ungrateful Love.
The rose, the thorn, my numbers crowned,
As Venus smiled or Venus frowned;
But Love, and Joy, and all their train are flown;
E'en languid Hope no more is mine,
And I must sing of thee alone;
Unless, perchance, the attributes of grief,
The cypress bud and willow leaf,
Their pale, funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! Thou canst ease
The wretched victim of disease;
Canst close these weary eyes in gentle sleep,
Which never open but to weep.
Thine all-subduing charm
Can agonising Pain disarm,
Expel imperious Memory from her seat,
And bid the trembling heart to beat.
Soul-soothing plant, which can such blessings give,
By thee, the mourner bears to live;
By thee, the hopeless die.

Oh, ever friendly to Despair,
Might Sorrow's pallid vot'ry dare,
Guiltless, one final remedy implore,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more.
No more I'd sue that thou shouldst spread
Thy spells around my aching head;
But court thy soft, lethean power,
Inestimable flower!
To bid my spirit from this thralldom fly,
Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try.

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HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENTS.

We lately, for the first time, became acquainted with several of these establishments, and were amazed at their generally large dimensions. Possessing the character of private hotels or boarding-houses, their arrangements reminded us of some of the huge continental or American hotels—that, for example, at Saratoga. Hydropathic Establishments of this kind are among the remarkable novelties of the age. From small beginnings, they have increased in number and size, and are now on quite a comprehensive scale. As all, as far as we have heard, are flourishing, they must evidently meet some popular want; and what is it? Strictly speaking, they are health resorts. Situated in a pleasant rural locality, where the air is salubrious, and there happens to be abundance of pure water, they offer to the jaded health-seeker an agreeable means of restoration. They are, in fact, 'Maisons de Santé' of a superior description.

By the term Hydropathy is meant the cure of illness or disease through the agency of water instead of drugs, the possibility of such a cure having been introduced from Germany about forty years ago. Wonderful cures are reported by means of water, but we put but a limited faith in them. The value of pure water, as regards drinking and matters of personal cleanliness, is, of course, undeniable; and we all know what are the remarkable effects of certain mineral waters in rheumatism and various other ailments. Chalybeate and Sulphurous springs are acknowledged to be among the beneficent gifts of Providence. Two works have come under our notice eulogising hydropathy as superior in nearly all respects to ordinary medical practice. This is going too far, and as a doctrine will not receive general acceptance. Dogmatising on a subject involving so many delicate considerations, is, we think, very much to be regretted. Hydropathic Establishments should not rely for their success on an antagonism to the Pharmacopœia; and neither, in our opinion, do they. On water alone, applied externally or internally, does not rest the main attraction of

these institutions. Whatever they may have been at the outset, they are now simply resorts for a pleasant and healthful means of recreation, along with simplicity of diet, and the beneficial effects of pure air and unimpeded sunshine.

A person who feels himself injured by over-tasking mental occupation, and who is sleepless from impaired digestion and a polluted city atmosphere, seeks to restore the tone of body and mind by a summer excursion, by recreation at the 'sea-side,' or otherwise as suits his fancy. Now comes in the special advantage of a 'Hydropathic.' Without the trouble of searching for lodgings in a strange place, or being obliged to undergo the cost of a hotel, a home is readily offered, at which you can stay a day or two, or a week or months at pleasure. You are insured regular and excellent meals, quietude, and unbroken night repose. Instead of being expected, as at a hotel, to pay for liquors you perhaps do not want, stimulants are forbidden. Hot, cold, Turkish, and shower baths are at command, and included in the general charge. Gratuities to servants are neither expected nor allowed. There are indoor and outdoor amusements. Above all, you know to a penny what will be the daily or weekly bill. These are recommendations which may not suit everybody, but they suit a great many.

It has latterly been discovered, as a somewhat curious fact, that nowhere is there such good health as in some of the convict prisons—that at Perth notably so, as we have been assured by a distinguished medical visitor. Undoubtedly, the reasons for this phenomenon are the regularity of diet, the good discipline, the early hours, and the undisturbed quietude at night. In ordinary life, the system of dining late and lying down to rest with the stomach overloaded, by which there can be no refreshing sleep, accounts for much bad health, to say nothing of the profuse mixtures and stimulants indulged in. Convicts, who are forced to live by rule, and eat dinner about mid-day—the old Elizabethan practice—escape the mischiefs of over-feeding and drinking at late hours. They are lucky in being compelled to be healthy whether

they will or not. But this good luck, as it appears, can now be secured without losing character and unpleasantly figuring at any of the higher courts of justice. All that any candidate for good health has to do, is to board himself for a short time in a Hydropathic Establishment. There, in a very delightful sort of way, and if he pleases under medical guidance, he is set to rights; his dyspepsia and sleeplessness disappear, he revels in healthful exercise and amusements, his brain recovers its tone, and very much to his surprise and satisfaction, he goes home a new man.

Ben-Rhydding, a Hydropathic Establishment, situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the right bank of the river Wharf, sixteen miles north-west of Leeds, is one of the oldest institutions of this kind in England, and is celebrated for its bracing air and sumptuous internal arrangements. A gentleman of our acquaintance who had been an inmate, speaks of it in a style of grateful admiration. He had gone to it in a broken-down condition from anxious professional duties, and after a residence of a few weeks came away a much altered man, lively and able to endure bodily fatigue. We are informed that this large establishment has been so successful financially, that the late proprietor realised by it a fortune of about one hundred thousand pounds. At Ilkley, in the neighbourhood of Ben-Rhydding, and at Matlock Bank, Derbyshire, there are large and successful establishments. Others in different parts of England are well spoken of.

The Scotch, who are pretty cautious in their undertakings, have plunged in a surprising manner into enterprises connected with Hydropathic Establishments. Within a very few years, above a dozen of these health resorts have sprung up in various parts of Scotland, north and south. We cannot describe them methodically. They are all much alike as concerns management, but differ in size. The present tendency is to organise them by joint-stock companies on a large and costly scale, as if that was discovered to be the more likely means of success. A few of them may be noticed at random.

The Waverley Hydropathic Establishment, now seven years old, and set on foot by a company with a capital of twenty-four thousand pounds, is situated on a mount known as Skirmish Hill, at the distance of about a mile west from Melrose, and a mile and a half east from Abbotsford. All around is essentially the country of Walter Scott and scenes which he has commemorated. Near at hand on the north is the Tweed, and on the south the Eildon Hills, with their three towering summits—the Triontum of the Romans. Easy access is obtained by the railway known as the Waverley route to and from the south. Skirmish Hill is so named from having been the scene of a battle between the Earl of Angus and Walter Scott of Buccleuch, 1526; the subject of the strife being who should have possession of the youthful James V. Placed on this mount of historical

interest, and environed by pleasure-grounds, the establishment possesses a good look-out all round, with that amount of privacy which is indispensable. The structure is four stories in height, with accommodation for a hundred and fifty residents. A supplemental establishment, St Helens, close at hand, can accommodate sixty inmates. The Waverley establishment professes to have special reference to the requirements of 'Delicate Patients' in winter, supplying them as far as may be with a substitute for a continental residence. A summer temperature is maintained in all parts of the premises by means of a heating apparatus. Extensive provision has been made for indoor exercise and amusement in a large hall, billiard-room, spacious dining and drawing rooms, and long corridors well lighted and warmed.

A few items from the terms and arrangements will convey a better idea of an institution of this kind than any elaborate description. Board, lodgings, medical advice if required, and baths, L.2. 9s. for each person per week. A private parlour according to agreement, from L.1. 4s. 6d. Parties staying less than a week, at the rate of 7s. 6d. each per day. Breakfast is served at half-past Eight. Dinner at half-past One. Tea at Six. Supper at a quarter to Ten. Prayers morning and evening; but attendance is optional. Gas turned off from public rooms at half-past Ten, and at the meter at Eleven. It is indispensable that quiet be maintained during the night in all parts of the house. Excursions and picnic parties to places of interest in the neighbourhood. But it is expected that on all such occasions strict economy will be observed. No spirituous liquors are to be used at picnics, nor introduced without an order from the resident Doctor. No Smoking allowed in any part of the Establishment or grounds, except in the Smoking-room. No dogs allowed in the Establishment. Omnibuses for the Establishment await the arrival at Melrose of all the trains. Despatch and receipt of post-letters three times a day. So successful has been this Establishment, that the company to which it belongs pays, as we have heard, a dividend of ten per cent. per annum.

The Hydropathic Establishment at Moffat, Dumfriesshire, situated by train an hour from Carlisle, is on a large scale. Besides Billiard and Recreation rooms, it has accommodation for three hundred visitors. The pleasure-grounds extend to twenty-five acres. The bath arrangements are most complete, comprising Turkish, swimming, and every other description. Moffat Well, a popular spa, is in the vicinity. In this gigantic concern, the charge for board, lodgings, baths, &c. is from L.2. 12s. 6d. to three guineas each person per week. The Establishment was opened only a few months ago; and the average attendance of visitors, as we understand, has been two hundred persons daily. The outlay on the undertaking has been so far on a munificent scale, amounting to fifty-five thousand pounds. The entire cost will probably be seventy thousand pounds.

The Athole Hydropathic Establishment, opened only a short time since, is on a scale as large as that at Moffat, and it is understood to have cost seventy thousand pounds. It stands on an elevated plateau on the sunny side of the river Tummel, and commands an extensive view of some of the most exquisitely diversified and bril-

liant scenery in this country. The building accommodates about two hundred visitors; its public rooms are large, and richly and elegantly furnished; while its bedrooms are fitted up in the most approved scientific principles. There are suites of private apartments for ladies and families, together with billiard, reading, and smoking rooms. The baths are very spacious, and of the most complete and improved kind. The grounds, extending to thirty-five acres, present magnificent glen and burn scenery, and contain bowling, croquet, and lawn-tennis greens, curling-ponds, &c. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are numerous, and present great facilities for access to heathery hills and bracing mountain air. Omnibuses are run in connection with the railway station at Pitlochry, which is distant about three-quarters of a mile. The charges vary from three to four guineas per week, according to accommodation required.

Wemyss Bay Hydropathic Establishment, Ayrshire, possesses the peculiarity of being situated at the sea-side, with appliances for sea-water baths. The charge for board, lodgings, medical attendance, and baths, is three guineas for each person per week. For those who wish to indulge in sea-air, we know nothing better; though the Hydropathic Establishment, Rothesay, in the island of Bute, may be equally eligible, and where the terms are 8s. 6d. a day. The Bridge of Allan Establishment, in Stirlingshire, has been a number of years in good repute. It has been eminently successful; and so has the Southsea House, Chiff. There are several others, but we can hardly particularise them; for new ones are continually springing up. The latest projected is one at Peebles, in a beautiful situation, at the opening of the vale of Soonhope, with a southern exposure, overlooking the vale of Tweed, and within little more than an hour's run by railway from Edinburgh. It is to be on a medium scale, but very complete in its internal arrangements, and its pleasure-grounds. The cost is to be from thirty to forty thousand pounds. Whether already in operation or about to be set on foot, we reckon sixteen hydropathic establishments in Scotland, involving an aggregate outlay of five hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, an enormous sum to be expended on this class of undertakings. It is scarcely necessary to add, that but for the facilities of transit presented by railways all over the country, few or none of these Hydropathic establishments could have come into existence.

In all the Scotch establishments, as far as we can learn, the principle of abstinence from alcoholic liquors is enforced as a general rule. It does not, however, appear that this privation has a marked effect in lessening the number of visitors, which is not a little surprising when we bear in mind the ordinary habits of the people. The truth seems to be that these establishments are resorted to by a respectable middle class, who are indifferent to indulgence in wine or spirits, and are perhaps glad to be free from the ordinary drinking usages in hotels. One thing is very certain. By the enforced temperance, there is not only an exemption from vulgar revelries, but from companionship with persons whose language and manners might be disagreeable. That smoking, which is a species of intoxication, should be tolerated in rooms set apart for the purpose, seems

a little inconsistent. Further than this it would be useless to debate the point. The establishments we speak of are a remarkable outcome of modern tastes and necessities, facilitated, as is observed, by the railway system. They have almost unobservedly risen to notoriety. They supply a want in our growing community, and their influence is undoubtedly for good.

W. C.

THE HAMILTONS.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

BY HARRIET M. DAVIDSON.

CHAPTER I.—A WELCOME TO THE ANTPODES.

It was intensely lonely. Four hours had passed; since Jack Hamilton had left behind him the dreary little township of Winewa, which in those days consisted of about half-a-dozen houses, and has not materially increased since; and during those hours he had walked with his long steady stride along the dry-track, which was all the road there was to guide him. He had looked in vain for any sign of human habitation. Not a shepherd's hut had broken the solitude, not even a sheep had cheered his sight; and the silence would have become oppressive, save for the occasional clattering of wild-duck or teal, which disported themselves on the shores of the great inland sea now known as Lake Alexandrina. To his right hand, as he marched steadily on, stretched a wide expanse of grass-land, which undulated into low swelling hills, with here and there a gum-tree or a she-oak breaking their monotony. On his left were the waveless tideless waters of the lake, of a curious pale-brown colour, though the sky above was one arch of cloudless blue. Before him lay the track—two deep black rats cut in the soil by bullock-drays—which to his somewhat weary eyes seemed to stretch out to infinity.

'I wonder if it really leads to anywhere?' he said to himself as he trudged along; 'or if its loneliness and silence are the spell of enchantment, and I am predestined to walk on to all eternity? What a horrible idea!' And laughing aloud, he began singing the verses of Montrose's charming love-song in a strong full voice, which echoed strangely across those lonely hills and over the waters of the lake.

'I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.'

rolled out the rich voice; and then he stopped singing, and a curious smile passed over the handsome brown face and lingered in the bright black eyes. 'Come,' he said to himself again; 'suppose this weary traveller rests for a little under one of those unnatural-looking trees, and refreshes his body with a sandwich and his mind by another reading of Bob's letter.'

It was a goodly length of limb which he stretched on the grass beneath the she-oak, that strange leafless tree; a handsome head of dark curls which he unbarred when he tossed his wide-awake aside. His face was browned by the long sea-voyage; and the eighty miles he had walked since he landed, with only an occasional lift in the bullock-dray, had proved somewhat tugging work. His features were well marked and manly, if not regularly handsome; his large black eyes were full of fire and good-humour; and when he smiled, which

he did very often, he displayed a set of strong white even teeth. As for his dress, it was very fine for Australia and very ordinary for England, being a suit of rough gray tweed, the perfect fit of which told of Bond Street. His linen too was scrupulously fine, and fastened at the wrists by gold links. He was too new to the ways of the country to guess how plainly those dainty details spoke the 'new chum.' He unfastened the small knapsack which was all the 'swag' he carried, having left his heavier luggage to follow him in the bullock-dray, and from out of its recesses he disinterred a tin of sandwiches and a small flask, and proceeded to make a very moderate luncheon; and while thus pleasantly occupied, he took from an inner pocket a letter, whose worn folds shewed how often it had been read. He turned to one particular page of it, and again the curious smile passed over his face as he read.

'And so, my dear Jack, you are weary of the over-civilisation of English life, weary of the society which has dukes at one end and paupers at the other. You find too, you say, that having finished your university career with a moderate share of honour, every pathway that might lead to independence is filled to overflowing, and that a man with only average ability and small capital has a long and uphill struggle before him. Why not do then, my dear younger brother, what I did years ago, when you were but an undeveloped school-boy—leave the worn-out old world behind you, and seek a new world, where fortune waits for every man who has a brain to think and strong arms to work? You say you are six feet high, as strong as a horse, and have never had a day's illness in your life. It is such men we want out here; men who are not afraid of hardship, of rough fare, and the sky for a roof; above all, who are willing to work. No idle bones will do here; no sitting with your hands in your pockets while others work for you. It is every one for himself; and the servant of to-day will be master to-morrow unless the master can prove he is the better man, by doing the better day's work. Suppose you come and try it for a year or two; and if you do not like it, why, you can go back again to the old country, none the worse for having had some experience of a new one. I have a fine farm, all my own, and won by honest work every acre of it. I have a house which is considered splendid in this country, and there is a room in it which already goes by the name of "Jack's Room." I have a sweet wife, and a pretty boy who is the delight of our hearts. Need I say to you, my only brother, almost my only kin, that half of all I have is yours, always saying and excepting the wife and the boy! And as for that—are there any bright eyes that have won your heart at home yet? If not, I have a splendid wife waiting for you, Jack; but you must make haste if you want to win her. Girls are scarce hereabouts, and she has refused half the men in this part of the country already; and the other half we must contrive to keep at bay till you come. Shall I describe her to you? No; you must paint her for yourself; but I think you have only to see Phyllis Yester, my wife's sister, to love her.'

What a lovely dream, woven of mists and moon-beams, had been created by the young man's fancy out of those brief sentences! How the siren had lingered by him, the charming ethereal being, on

many a night in the tropics, when the stars shone in the deep sky, and the sea was hushed about the becalmed vessel! How she had beguiled the tedium of the long voyage with her winning ways, all conjured up out of a free heart and a vivid imagination; sitting by his side in the cabin, when waves were high and winds loud; pacing the slippery deck, supported by his strong arm; sheltered beneath his warm plaid, pressed close to his heart! Oh, very lovely, very unreal, was the ideal the young man had made for himself of the wife his brother was trying to keep for him—Phyllis Yester. And yet now that he knew, in spite of the apparent endlessness of the road, that he was within a few miles of his journey's end, he began to falter when he thought that not his dream-maiden but a real flesh-and-blood woman was at the end of it. And yet he knew not what the real Phyllis was like. Was she dark or fair, tall or short? Was she—dreadful thought!—married to some of those audacious men who had the ridiculous impertinence to want her?

Those were the questions which floated dreamily through Jack Hamilton's brain, as he lay with half-shut eyes under the oak tree, after his lunch of sherry and sandwiches was eaten, and his brother's letter returned to his pocket. Presently he was roused by a curious sound, the like of which he had never heard before, and which made him raise himself from his comfortable couch of grass and his head from the knapsack which he had taken for a pillow. He rose to his feet, and looked all round at the wild expanse of grassy undulations and the mud-coloured lake; but all was solitary as it had been when he lay down. Again came the sound, but louder and stronger; and this time, being fully awake, he had no difficulty in discovering its origin. A slight wind had risen, and blowing through the long hollow reeds which are all that the she-oak can boast of for leaves, caused them to rub against one another, and produced a sound which, though he heard it often enough afterwards, Jack never ceased to regard as the most weird, loneliness-suggesting rustle which it is possible to imagine.

The incident, slight as it was, served to rouse him from the dreamy half-slumbrons condition into which he had fallen, and buckling on his knapsack, he once more set out on the seemingly interminable road. It turned off to the right, shortly after he had left his tree behind; and for a couple of miles the ground rose between him and the lake and shut out from him the sight of its waters. He did not dare to leave the track; for he had been warned by the bullock-driver, that if he did so, he would inevitably be lost; and he quite realised the hopelessness of wandering over those monotonous pathless undulations, which seemed so exactly like one another to his untrained eyes. Suddenly the track curved to the left again and ascended a very gentle slope, at the top of which Jack paused to look about him with more satisfaction at the prospect than he had felt since he left Winewa in the morning. Before him lay the expanse of water, no longer unbroken; for at least half-a-dozen low green islands were now in sight; some mere islets, only large enough to hold half-a-dozen trees; some from a mile to two miles in circumference; and the largest of all, which lay to his right as he stood facing the lake,

was, as far as he could judge, fully six or eight miles in length. Between the islands, looking down the vistas of water, he could see yet other islets, blue in the distance. The nearer ones were intensely green; for it was early in September, and the grass was still fresh from the winter rains. Their edges were fringed by tea-trees, great olive-green shrubs growing sometimes to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, their branches hanging over into the lake. Bunches of tall reeds were dotted here and there in the shallower water, which was no longer mud-coloured, but flushed with a beautiful rosy light, the reflection of the reddening western sky. There was nothing grand or striking about the scene, and yet it pleased him better, Jack thought, than anything he had seen since he landed; and his heart leaped with gladness when he saw, built on the largest island and not a hundred yards from the water, a long low cottage, with out-buildings standing back from it, which he knew, from the bullock-drivers' directions, to be his brother's.

'I wonder how I am to get to it?' he thought in perplexity.

The water between was not more than a quarter of a mile across, and yet it formed a very effectual barrier to one who had no boat. Jack was seriously contemplating the idea of taking off his clothes, making them into a bundle which he could carry in his mouth, and swimming the distance, when he became aware that he was not alone in this seemingly solitary place. Just at the foot of the slope on which he stood, and hitherto unnoticed, was a rude jetty, constructed of rough unheewn timber, and only so far boarded over as to make it possible for men and cattle to get to the end of it. And at the end of it, fastened to one of the stakes by a carelessly twisted rope, there lay a rather flat-looking boat, brown from long service. In this boat was the stooping figure of a woman, whom our hero perceived, as he ran down the slope, to be baling out the boat with an old tin pail. Her back was towards him; and as he saw nothing but a shabby brown calico gown and an enormous sun-bonnet, the flap of which completely covered her neck, he at once concluded, new as he was to colonial ways, that she was one of the female servants belonging to his brother's farm.

'Hollo! my good woman,' he shouted unceremoniously as he stumbled along the rough flooring of the jetty. But as the figure raised itself from the stooping posture, and turned to confront him just as he arrived at the end, he saw that he had made a mistake. His cap was off in an instant.

'I beg your pardon; I didn't know,' he stammered, as he caught sight of a blushing face and met a pair of grave dark-blue eyes fixed on him.

'Do you wish to cross the ferry?' asked the girl quietly.

When he heard the tones of her voice, he was quite sure that she was a lady, though what a lady meant by wearing such a gown and bonnet, he could not conceive. 'I do, very much,' he answered; 'if that is Mr Hamilton's house on the other side?'

'It is Mr Hamilton's,' said the girl. 'Please get into the boat.—No!' she said very decisively, as he jumped down and offered to take the oars;

'I always row. Sit down there and keep quite quiet. The boat leaks rather.'

Jack did as he was bid, and watched his companion anxiously as she uncoiled the rope with her capable sunburnt hands, pushed the boat from the jetty, shipped the oars, and with the utmost ease sent the clumsy boat at a good pace through the water. How strange it all was to him—the rosy water, the low green islands, the foreign-looking trees, above all this girl, who was so different from any of the girls he had left behind him. It was easy to see, as she bent to an unusual degree. Tall, with little limbs, a supple waist, and the bust and neck of a young goddess. She seemed not only strong, but accustomed to use her strength in all sorts of ways; her hands grasped the oars, which were no playthings, as if they knew the work and liked it; and the splendid figure bent to the work with a grace that betokened perfect ease. He only saw her face now and then, the huge sun-bonnet shaded it so completely; but the few glimpses he had managed to obtain of it assured him that the figure by no means outtrilled the features. It was very grave for the face of so young a girl, with something of the gravity of those grand Egyptian faces that look down on us from the carved stone of untold ages. Her forehead was low and broad; her eyes of the darkest shade of blue; her nose straight, with delicately cut nostrils; her mouth perhaps rather large, but with well-moulded lips, which closed firmly on one another. The contour of the face was round rather than oval, and beneath it was a neck which carried the head nobly.

'Who can she be?' thought Jack, as he took all this in silently. 'Can this be—is it possible this can be—Phyllis?' The idea was almost overpowering. Was this the tender dream-maiden, the clinging creature whom he was to protect, this strong grandly-made woman, who coolly put him in the stern of her boat, and told him to keep still, as if he had been a boy of six?

His musings were, however, soon to be broken by the same quiet voice. 'I suppose you are Jack?' it said in a matter-of-fact tone. 'They will be very glad you have come. We have been expecting you ever since the *Australia* arrived.'

'And you are?'—He hesitated.

'I am Phyllis.' She turned her face full on him, and the charming lips parted in a smile.

'She is awfully handsome,' Jack thought. Then he heaved a sigh, and the dream-maiden vanished into thin air.

Presently the boat rustled through the reeds which bordered the island, and he saw they were nearing a rough jetty like the one they had left on the other side. Then the fair rower unshipped her oars, and standing up in the boat, threw her rope round a stake, and jumped on shore before Jack had time to offer her his hand. Indeed the idea of such small civilities did not seem to occur to her, as she walked off with long swift steps, leaving her companion to follow up the grassy slope in front to the cottage. It was certainly not a very pretentious building, Jack thought then; though he soon learned to look upon it as a palace, when compared with some other dwellings. It was built in common

Australian fashion, being four rooms wide and one room deep, so that the front of each room faced the lake. The apartment at each end projected beyond the two centre ones, so that space was left between the two bits of projecting wall for a covered veranda, up the pillars of which vines were trained to climb. Of the two larger rooms, one was the common sitting-room of the house where meals were served, and where every one sat when so inclined. The other large room was Mr and Mrs Hamilton's bedroom; and the two smaller rooms in the centre were also bedrooms, one being occupied by Phyllis, and the other reserved for Jack. Each room opened on to the veranda, which was the only passage of communication between them. In a cold climate, this would have been unbearable; but Australian winters are seldom cold enough to make the arrangement an undesirable one, and in summer the veranda is as good as another room, and is a delicious lounging-place for all.

With no show of ceremony Phyllis opened the door of the sitting-room and went straight up to a lady, who was half-sitting half-reclining on a sofa, with an opossum rug wrapped about her feet. 'Bessie, Jack has come!' she said; and with flushed cheeks and an exclamation of pleasure, Bessie put out both her hands to welcome her new brother. Feeling drawn at the very first to a gentle fair face, a sweet mouth, and a pair of honest blue eyes, Jack stooped and kissed her. She was like Phyllis, but much smaller; her hands were white and delicate; and she had by no means that look of strength which characterised the fair rover.

'Where is Bob?' were his first words, as he still held her hands in his.

'He is busy somewhere about the farm,' she answered. 'Robert is always busy, you know. He will be in soon now; the darkness comes on so quickly here after sunset. And oh, he will be so glad!—Here is little Bob,' she went on smiling, 'commonly called Bertie, to distinguish him from Big Bob, his papa.' And drawing down the opossum rug, she proudly exhibited a beautiful boy of about two years old who lay asleep at her feet. Jack stooped and kissed the child fondly; and his heart felt full at meeting with kinsfolk after his long journey across the great ocean.

Drawing a chair beside Bessie's sofa, he talked to her of his journey, of the beauty of the lake and the islands, and of his pleasure at being there at last. Her bright gentle questions and replies charmed him at once, for Jack Hamilton was one of those men who thoroughly appreciate domestic happiness, who are fond of and tender to all their female belongings, especially if those are of the delicate clinging kind. Thus he felt at home with his sister Bessie in half an hour; and when his little nephew woke up, he speedily enlisted the sympathies of the child by coaxing him to sit on his knee and hush out his pretty words to him.

Then there was a step in the veranda, and a tall sunburnt bearded man came in, whom Jack knew must be his brother. He put little Bertie gently down from his knee, and went forward to meet him with both hands outstretched. The brothers had not met for years; yet there was wonderfully little demonstration of affection now between them; only a firm grasp of the hands, a

glad look in the faces, and a moisture in the eyes, mutual exclamations of 'Jack!' 'Bob!' and the meeting they had both longed for was accomplished.

'You have made friends with my wife, I see,' said Robert Hamilton cheerily, as he went forward to kiss her and the child. While doing so, Jack looked eagerly at the brother from whom he had parted when he himself was a mere school-boy, and the remembrance of whom was dimmed by time.

He saw a man nearly ten years older than himself, and very much handsomer. Jack himself was a tall and well-made man; but he thought he had never seen before such wondrous symmetry and strength of limb, such depth of chest and breadth of shoulder, as was possessed by his brother Robert. Added to this, the Australian settler possessed a handsome face, and a beard which fell nearly to his waist. A pair of sparkling eyes shone in an honest face. Indeed gentler eyes never gladdened a woman's heart than those which were now resting on his wife's delicate face; and it needed but this to assure Jack that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, and that he had committed no imprudence in quitting Old England.

FLOWERS.

RESEARCH and intelligent thought have shewn us of late that every special colour, form, and character of a plant or animal has a purpose, a reason for its existence, which can be discovered and explained; and this reason is not the simple delectation and enjoyment of man, as the old lovers of nature were wont to aver. The love of colour is not confined to man in the scale of animal creation. The bright tints of the summer flower attract the bee and the butterfly, just as the rich tints of the luscious autumn fruit tempt the bird and the mammal. The beautiful colours of the external world, whether they be seen in fruit, flowers, or the plumage of gaudy birds, the brilliant tints of the insect, or the bright clothing of many animals, delight alike all sentient beings, and would seem to have had their common origin in the great principles of evolution and natural selection. They are amongst the many means taken by Nature to prevent the extinction of the race and secure its increase and perfection. Dr J. E. Taylor, in his interesting work on *Flowers, their Origin and Shapes, Perfumes and Colours* (London, Hardwicke and Bogue), has shewn us the results of modern botanical research in this direction; and in the chapters on the 'Old and New Philosophy of Flowers,' and the 'Relations between Flowers and their Physical Surroundings,' the whole matter is discussed and agreeably and intelligently explained.

We are led to trace the origin of flowers, and are taken back into remote geological periods, when vast forests of a flora unknown to present times covered the surface of our earth. In the great tropical swamps, the remains of whose vegetation now supply coal, there grew a thick herbage of ferns, mosses, and other green plants,

but probably not a single coloured flower. Green and green on every side! Had there been eyes to see it, the gaze would have rested on one unbroken field of verdure. No insect's hum disturbed the silence of these primeval forests; no bird's song cheered their gloom. The wind passed over them and carried the delicate pollen dust, as it became perfected in the cells of the plant to the embryonic seed, which must be quickened into life by contact with the pollen, so that new vegetation might continually spring up and multiply.

All the researches of naturalists in any field of inquiry result in the conviction that the one great object in all Nature's plans, designs, and contrivances is the continuance and perfection of the species, whether in plant or animal. It is for this that all the charm of a lovely flower exists; just as much as it is the bright coat of the bird or mammal that gives the well-favoured owner of brilliant feathers, or soft and rich fur, a preference amongst its kind in the struggle for existence. The love of beauty and colour does not seem to be confined to man. The eye of the insect is so constructed as to receive the impression very perfectly; and botanists are now convinced that the visits of insects to certain flowers are regulated in a great measure by their brilliancy.

It has long been known that flowers were necessary to insects; but it is only within the last few years that it has been discovered that insects are quite as necessary to flowers. There are, however, but two or three tribes of insects whose visits are serviceable to flowers in the way of fertilisation. The Lepidoptera or butterfly tribe are specially so; and the moths flying by night and visiting such flowers as are only open at that time, are furnished with a trunk or proboscis which sucks up honey in its fluid state, and in seeking it, the insect becomes covered with pollen, which it transfers from flower to flower. In this way a single insect will fertilise many flowers. Besides being attracted by the colour of flowers, insects seem capable of appreciating taste and smell, just as the higher animals do. What flowers are to insects, fruits are to birds and mammals. Both are coloured, scented, and sweet; but they have acquired their various allurements for the attraction of widely different creatures.

Dr Taylor explains to us in his book a new philosophy as applied to popular botany, and illustrates to us the connection between insects and plants by such facts as that in the atmosphere of some of our large manufacturing towns, surcharged as it is with chemical smoke and odours, insects are poisoned, and cannot live. Consequently, certain plants which were once included in the local flora, find it impossible to perpetuate themselves without the aid of their insect visitors, and so have disappeared from the districts where they formerly grew. With the disappearance of their natural fertilisers, the flowers themselves have disappeared. The adaptation of the shapes

of certain flowers to receive their insect friends is very interesting and curious; and a change in the fauna or animal life of a country is supposed to affect the distribution of the flora very considerably. Certain tropical plants will grow well enough in other countries, and even bear with equanimity a great change of climate; but being diserved from the insects and birds which are the natural agents in propagating the species, they do not produce seed, and leave no successors. The yucca, for instance, which has been introduced into this country and the United States, and grows and flowers abundantly, never produces fruit, because it is absolutely dependent on the presence of a little moth which cannot live in this country. Thus certain plants are as it were wedded to certain insects, and seeds cannot be produced unless both are indigenous to the district.

Darwin has shown that birds are active agents in the dissemination of aquatic plants by carrying their seeds attached to the feet or plumage. Some plants have seed or seed-vessels provided with hooks, so that they are torn off by passing animals, and are thus carried to great distances in their hair or fur. Mr Moseley, naturalist to the *Challenger* expedition, speaks of having seen humming-birds, which to many large flowers take the place of insects, with the base of their beaks clogged with masses of yellow pollen. Tahiti and Juan Fernandez both have the same conditions of climate and soil. In the former there is a remarkable absence of flowers, in the latter an abundance. This is accounted for by Mr Wallace by the general absence of both insects and flower-frequenting birds in Tahiti. Of the relations of insects to flowers we propose to treat shortly in another and special article, but the remarks already made on this interesting subject will serve to pave the way for the understanding of the topic, and in some degree we trust to excite an intelligent curiosity therein.

All such investigations as those recorded by Dr Taylor enable us to guess how flowers came first to be developed, and favour the theory that they were gradually and naturally evolved or produced. Plants favoured with flowers having forms which were easily accessible to the visits of insects, or having the beginnings of colour which contrasted with the perpetual green of the earliest forms of vegetation, would be sure to attract such insects as then existed. In such plants—the ovules being placed in a sticky receptacle which would be sure to retain any pollen grains which might fall upon it—there would be special advantages in the struggle for existence, which would enable them to live down their less fortunate neighbours, and become the ruling members of the vegetable kingdom. In proportion as the descendants of each favoured plant grew stronger and developed all their family peculiarities, so this charm of colour or scent would be enhanced and perpetuated; and so the colours and various tints of the world's flora may probably have originated. Nor is the attraction of insects to coloured and sweet-scented flowers the only side of the problem. Side by side with the development of colour in flowers must have grown the development of a colour-sense in insects. When once this power had begun to exist, the two must have continued to develop.

side by side. Sir John Lubbock tells us that a bee habitually fed from a piece of paper of a particular colour would at once select that colour from a considerable number of others—showing how the sense of colour can be cultivated even in an insect.

A clever writer on this subject of colour-love in insects traces the bright colours of the insects themselves to the agency of flowers. He further says that as insects are perpetually seeking their food amidst bright blossoms, it follows that their eyes must have become specially sensitive to the attraction of brilliant colour or light. We get the extreme case of such attraction in the infatuation which draws the moth irresistibly to the burning candle. We get it too in the nocturnal insects like the fire-flies which are furnished with lanterns to guide their mates to them.

In the pleasant book of which we write, we are told that the life of every plant is associated with the two necessary functions of vegetation and reproduction. The former is that by means of which the plant lives and grows, the latter that by which it perpetuates its own kind. Of the latter function we have said a little, and shewn how dependent the plant is on the animal for its continuance and propagation. The organs by which a plant lives and grows are known popularly as its leaves and roots; and it is an interesting study to trace the connection, first enunciated by Goethe, between the floral organs to true leaves, and the root to the stem; and indeed to observe the freaks and changes in the functions and positions of the parts of plants and flowers which are constantly effected by cultivation or degeneration.

Our old ideas of botany have been so greatly revolutionised by the discoveries of modern observers, that they begin to assume a more philosophic character than they possessed in our younger days. All that was then supposed to constitute a botanist was a correct knowledge of names and families of plants, and a general idea of their several virtues. There is now, however, a degree of interest attached to the study of botany which it never had before, and there is already mapped out botanical and entomological work which will occupy years to come, and a field of investigation thrown open in which the humblest observer has a chance of adding new facts to the fund of human knowledge. The shapes of flowers and their special adaptation to the visits of certain insects, is a study in itself. Observe, for instance, the long tube of the honeysuckle, rich in nectar, which can only be reached by insects possessing equally long month-organs, such as the sphinx-moth. The honeysuckle throws out its richest perfume in the evening, when the sphinx hawk-moth is flying; and its powerful scent, aided by the light yellow colour of the petals, never fails to attract these night-flying insects. Perhaps the most singular of these specialised flowers is the Madagascar orchid referred to by Dr Darwin, which has a nectary nearly a foot in length. This great observer inferred from the presence of such a great tubular store of sweets, that there would be found huge moths in Madagascar with sufficiently long probosces to reach the end of this long tube. No moth in the world was known at that time to possess such a length of proboscis; but since

then, Fritz Müller has found a species in South Brazil whose proboscis is nearly twelve inches in length, and which therefore amply answers the purpose.

The modifications of the parts of flowers so as to insure the conditions necessary for their continuance and survival, form an interesting field of study for the young botanist who enters upon it in the light of the new philosophy. Every shape, size, tint, streak, colour, and odour has to be accounted for; and one is under no necessity to inflict pain in the prosecution of such researches, for these bright denizens of the woods and fields seem ever tempting us to gather them. Fresh air, sunny skies, breezy heaths and moors, windy hill-sides or dark cool woods—such are the surroundings of our objects of floral study. The curious insect traps, odd pollen brushes, and deceptive appearances of many a wayside plant, are deeply interesting subjects of investigation to all who would pursue a charming study.

Of the perfumes of flowers there is much to be said, but space is wanting. We do not need to be reminded of their deep-laid associations in our memories. Chemists can imitate many of the most subtle of our vegetable scents, yet no laboratory is so perfect as that in which the sun's rays are the active agents. To trace and discover Nature's experiments in her own grand laboratory is a noble work, and we have in the book before us many results of such study put before us in an interesting manner. The further we investigate the origin and design, the why and the wherefore of natural things, the larger and grander will be our conception of the great Architect of the universe.

HOME FOR INCURABLE CHILDREN.

PASSING along a row of houses in that pretty London suburb, Maida Vale, my eye was caught by the above inscription on the door-plate of No. 33. It was such a pitifully suggestive name, that I could not resist the desire to make acquaintance with the inmates of such a Home.

The idea of the Home is to take in children certificated as incurable at any age, and keep them till they are sixteen, and so eligible for other institutions. A list is kept of candidates, who are admitted as vacancies occur. I am also told that the vacancy is not always caused by death, as might naturally be imagined, but that sometimes the little patients recover sufficiently to be able to go out. Only the week before, two boys had been thus happily dismissed, and their places were vacant for a short time—very short, without doubt. When the Home was first started, imbecile patients were admitted; but the effects were unhappy, especially on the other poor little sufferers; so now they take in any disease but idioey, and find it a far better plan.

Asking whether the children are patient, I am told that, as a rule, they are wonderfully good and submissive; of course sometimes the pain and weariness cause murmuring, but this is the exception supposed necessary to the proving of every rule. I am assured that there are many lessons of patient cheerfulness to be learned in watching the poor little ones, on whom the

troubles of life have come so early. One thing my informant admits; boys are much more trouble-some than girls, especially as regards being amiable to one another. A case they had a short time since of a boy paralysed up to the neck, and yet so anxious to be 'master' that he managed to make all the rest suffer if they did not let him take the lead! One wonders what the young gentleman would have been if he had had use of limbs as well as tongue.

Following the matron up a narrow staircase, we enter the boys' ward, or rather nursery, for nothing could be less like the ordinary ward of any hospital. They do well to call it *home*, and this room was as cosy as any mother could desire for her children. The cribs are not placed in rows, but so arranged as not to immediately attract attention. Yet they are pretty enough, and the red coverlets have a cheerful look. The walls are covered with pictures of all sorts. The chimney-piece has its share of ornaments. Two birds in cages seem to be having a good time, and in the corner stands a nice piano. So I think all would agree in saying that the nursery is pretty well furnished. Friends are kind in sending books, which those able to read, much enjoy. One of these, who had lately been an inmate, was described as voracious in his appetite for this amusement. Two of the elder boys are employed in mat-making. One, a quiet-looking lad of fourteen, is paralysed all but his left hand. He has lived most of his life in hospitals, and has undergone many terrible operations. All he can do towards the mats is to wind wool round the frames. His companion, who has the use of both hands, finishes off by tying and cutting. The younger one has a face so painfully like an old man, as to be quite startling, his ailment being a peculiar one, what nurses call 'glass-bones.' Nine times the poor little fellow has suffered from broken bones; but only once during the two years he has been at the Home. My companion speaks of him with special affection; but he is so highly delicate that it is most unlikely he will live to complete his sixteenth year.

At the same table sits a sturdy baby of four years. He certainly has no appearance of disease; but one poor hip is so affected that he cannot stand. He does not suffer pain, and amuses himself all day and every day by putting skittles in and out of their box. My guide says she fears they must lose him, but the doctors have come to the conclusion that he may be cured by a course of treatment, and so the little man will have to go to the hospital. On hearing this, the nurse, a comfortable motherly woman, puts her arm round the baby in a way that says plainly he should not go if she had anything to do with it. The fourth child is a boy of seven with a spinal affection which prevents his sitting still. When first admitted he had no power of speech, but now he says several words, and tries hard to improve, and was, we understand, about to quit the Home. Of course it is sad to think of children with such a life of suffering before them; but mercifully they live in the present, and are happy in so doing.

Before leaving, my attention was drawn to a bright pretty screen which was being covered with pictures, and so renovated. Many of the pictures are very gay, and the children get a penny a dozen

for cutting them carefully out—a combination of pleasure and profit. The boys seem pleased to see visitors, and the poor left-handed lad made me a most elaborate bow as I retired.

Down one set of stairs and up another, we come to the girls' room. As soon as the door is opened, 'baby' waddles across to examine the new-come. She is a dear child of four, and will soon have to leave, being almost cured. When admitted, she was so paralysed as to be unable to move herself in any way. She soon began to raise herself, and now she can get about fast enough, though her walk is rather peculiar. She is such a merry little thing, they will all miss her, especially as she is the only one who can move about much. Most of the others remain where they are placed, and have very limited powers of locomotion. On one side of the fire sits a quiet girl of thirteen, whom the others term the 'mother' of the ward. She is one of the scholars, and is engaged in trying to teach one of the younger children to read. On the other side the fireplace sits a girl of the same age, almost a woman in size, but a baby in mind; in great measure helpless and speechless. She is highly delighted with a child's squeaking toy, and makes inarticulate sounds to the nurse to show the rest her treasure. Amongst other little things I had brought, was a money-box; but when asked, they all informed me they were already supplied, except 'baby,' who volunteered the information, 'Me tarnt dot un;' so my box found a tiny owner. Those old enough to understand, are usually presented with a similar bank when they enter.

This room has two windows looking down on the road, where there is considerable traffic, and a good deal to amuse. In one window sits a bright-faced child terribly deformed, but very proud of being the oldest inhabitant. She is also pointed out as a capital stocking-mender, and the poor little face blushes with pleasure at the compliment. In the opposite cot is a shy child of seven. She has been in the Home more than two years, and nearly all the time has lain on her face, from painful and incurable ailments. Though as a rule she is shy, a black doll which I have brought quite unlooses her tongue, and makes her smiling and cheerful as the others. Like the boys, they have many things to amuse and interest; amongst others, a dolls' house, in which they take great pride and pleasure. A new doll to be the *queen*, draws forth expressions of satisfaction. They certainly seem loyal in their tendencies, 'queen' being used in both rooms as the highest stretch to which imagination can go.

The girls were waiting for a kind friend who comes every week to teach them to sew, and I am told there are some of them clever with their needle. They are neatly and brightly dressed, and their pinafores are as white as heart could wish. The plan of management is the law of kindness, and the most dreadful punishment inflicted is to be put to bed before the time; but this is only resorted to in extreme cases. In the summer-time, the children who are well enough to bear the fatigue are wheeled about in perambulators. One capacious vehicle takes three little inmates, and in it they enjoy famous rides in the Park near at hand. The girls quite share the feelings of the boys as regards visitors, and I was assured I should be recognised the next time I came.

As we went down-stairs I noticed some plants on a window-ledge which nurse was preparing for her children. Asking whether they are fond of flowers, the answer is, 'Passionately.' Flowers and music are their great delights. In the parlour we found a famous scrap-book had been brought for each ward, a gift which seemed to give variety to the lives of the poor sufferers.

Good would it be, if Homes similar to that of which we write could be so multiplied that each little incurable sufferer might be sure of a refuge, with all that care and kindness can do to alleviate the inevitable suffering. The Home is under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian, and is well worthy of a visit.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

In this paper we have brought together a number of curious epitaphs gathered from the quiet resting-places of the departed. It will be observed that several of our examples would furnish ample materials in the hands of skilful writers for expansion into three-volume novels. To make clear the allusions contained in the epitaphs and to add to the interest of the subject, we shall give occasional comments as we go.

On one of the buttresses on the south side of St Mary's Church, Beverley, is an oval tablet to commemorate the fate of two Danish soldiers, who during their voyage to Hull, to join the service of the Prince of Orange in 1689, quarrelled, and having been marched to Beverley, sought, during their short visit there, a private meeting to settle their difference by the sword. Their melancholy end is recorded in a doggerel epitaph as follows:

'Here two young Danish Souldiers lye,
The one in quarrell chanc'd to die;
The other's Head, by their own Law,
With Sword was sever'd at one Blow,
December the 23rd
1689.'

In the parish register, the following entries occur:

'1689, December 16: Daniel Stroker, a Danish trooper, buried.

1689, December 23: Johannes Frederick Bellow, a Danish trooper, beheaded for killing the other, buried.'

The story of a long and eventful life is recorded on a gravestone in Longnor Churchyard, Staffordshire, as follows:

'In Memory of WILLIAM BILLINGS, who was Born in a Corn Field at Fawfield head, in this Parish, in the year 1679. At the age of 23 years he enlisted into His Majesty's service under Sir George Rooke, and was at the taking of the Fortress of Gibraltar in 1704. He afterwards served under the Duke of Marlborough at the ever memorable Battle of Ramillies, fought on the 23rd of May, 1706, where he was wounded by a musket-shot in the thigh. Afterwards returned to his native country, and with manly courage defended his sovereign's rights at the Rebellion in 1715 and 1745. He died within the space of 150 yards of where he was born, and was

interred here the 30th January, 1791, aged 112 years.

Billeted by death I quartered here remain,
And when the trumpet sounds I'll rise and march again.'

On a tombstone erected in the churchyard of Spofforth, at the cost of Lord Dundas, the remarkable career of John Metcalf, better known as 'Blind Jack of Knaresborough,' is well told:

'Here lies John Metcalf, one whose infant sight
Felt the dark pressure of an endless night;
Yet such the fervour of his dauntless mind,
His limbs full strung, his spirits unconfined,
That, long ere yet life's bolder years began,
The sightless efforts marked th' aspiring man;
Nor marked in vain—high deeds his manhood
dared,
And commerce, travel, both his ardour shared.
'Twas his a guide's murmuring aid to lead—
O'er trackless wastes to bid new roads extend;
And, when rebellion reared her giant size,
'Twas his to burn with patriot enterprise;
For parting wife and babes, a pang to feel,
Then welcome danger for his country's weal.
Reader, like him, exert thy utmost talent given!
Reader, like him, adore the bounteous hand of
heaven.

He died on the 26th of April, 1801, in the 93rd year of his age.'

A few jottings respecting Metcalf will, we think, be read with interest. At the age of six years he lost his sight by an attack of small-pox. Three years later he joined the boys in their bird-nesting exploits, and climbed trees to share the plunder. When he had reached thirteen summers he was taught music, and soon became a proficient performer; he also learned to ride and swim, and was passionately fond of field-sports. At the age of manhood it is said his mind possessed a self-dependence rarely enjoyed by those who have the perfect use of their faculties; his body was well proportioned to his mind, for when twenty-one years of age he was six feet one and a half inches in height, strong and robust in proportion. At the age of twenty-five he was engaged as a musician at Harrogate. About this time he was frequently employed during the dark nights as a guide over the moors and wilds, then abundant in the neighbourhood of Knaresborough. He was a lover of horse-racing, and often rode his own animals. His horses he so tamed that when he called them by their respective names they came to him, so he was able to find his own amongst any number and without trouble. Particulars of the marriage of this individual read like a romance. A Miss Benson, daughter of an innkeeper, reciprocated the affections of our hero; however, the suitor did not please the parents of the 'fair lady,' and they selected a Mr Dickinson as her future husband. Metcalf hearing that the object of his affection was to be married the next day to the young man selected by her father, hastened to free her by inducing the damsel to elope with him. Next day they were made man and wife, to the great surprise of all who knew them, and to the disappointment of the intended son-in-law. To all it was a matter of wonder how a handsome woman as any in the country, the pride of the place, could link her future with 'Blind Jack,' and reject many good offers for

him. But the bride set the matter at rest by declaring: 'His actions are so singular, and his spirit so manly and enterprising, that I could not help it.'

It is worthy of note that he was the first to set up for the public accommodation of visitors to Harrogate a four-wheeled chaise and a one horse-chair; these he kept for two seasons. He next bought horses and went to the coast for fish, which he conveyed to Leeds and Manchester. In 1745, when the rebellion broke out in Scotland, he joined a regiment of volunteers raised by Colonel Thornton, a patriotic gentleman, for the defence of the house of Hanover. Metcalf shared with his comrades all the dangers of the campaign, defeated at Falkirk, victorious at Culloden. He was the first to set up (in 1754) a stage-wagon between York and Knaresborough, which he conducted himself twice a week in summer, and once a week in winter. This employment he followed until he commenced contracting for road-making. His first contract was for making three miles of road between Minskipp and Feirnsby. He afterwards erected bridges and houses, and made hundreds of miles of roads in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire. He was a dealer in timber and hay, of which he measured and calculated the solid contents by a peculiar method of his own. The hay he always measured with his arms, and having learned the height, he could tell the number of square yards in the stack. When he went out, he always carried with him a stout staff some inches taller than himself, which was of great service both in his travels and measurements. In 1778 he lost his wife, after thirty-nine years' conjugal felicity, in the sixty-first year of her age. She was interred at Stockport. Four years later he left Lancashire, and settled at the pleasant rural village of Spofforth, not far distant from the town of his nativity. With a daughter he resided on a small farm until he died in 1801. At the time of his decease, his descendants were four children, twenty grandchildren, and ninety great-grandchildren.

In the churchyard of North Wingfield, Derbyshire, a gravestone bears the following inscription:

'In Memory of THOMAS, son of JOHN and MARY CLAY, who departed this life December 16th 1724, in the 40th year of his age.

What though no mournful kindred stand

Around the solemn bier,

No parents wring the trembling hand,

Or drop the silent tear.

No costly oak adorned with art

My weary limbs inclose;

No friends impart a winding-sheet

To deck my last repose.'

The cause of the foregoing curious epitaph is thus explained. Thomas Clay was a man of intemperate habits, and at the time of his death was indebted to the village innkeeper, named Adlington, to the amount of twenty pounds. The publican resolved to seize the body; but the parents of the deceased carefully kept the door locked until the day appointed for the funeral. As soon as the door was opened, Adlington rushed into the house, seized the corpse, and placed it on a form in the open street in front of the residence of the parents of the departed. Clay's friends refused to discharge the publican's account. After the body

had been exposed for several days, Adlington committed it to the ground in a *bacon chest*.

Another instance of the strange custom of seizing and detaining a body for debt, occurs in the parish register of Sparsholt, Berkshire:

'Memorandum.—The corpse of JOHN MATHEWS of Fawler was stopt on the Churchway for debt, Aug. 27th 1889. And having lain there fewer days, was by Justices warrant buried in the place to prevent annoyances—but about six weeks after it was by an Order of Sessions taken up and buried in the Churchyard by the wife of the deceased.'

Let us turn to a more pleasing theme. Under the shadow of the ancient church of Bakewell, Derbyshire, is a stone containing a long inscription to the memory of John Dale, barber-surgeon, and his two wives, Elizabeth Poljame and Sarah Bloodworth. It ends thus:

'Know posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1757, the rambling remains of the above JOHN DALE were, in the 86th years of his primage, laid upon his two wives.

This thing in life might raise some jealousy,
Here all three lie together lovingly,
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes;
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;
A period's come to all their toylsome lives,
The good man's quiet; still are both his wives.'

Our next epitaph records the death of a fiddler, who appears to have been so much attached to his wife that upon the day of her death he too yielded to the grim tyrant. Of this pair, buried in Flixton Churchyard, it may be truly said: 'In life united, and in death not parted.' The inscription is as follows:

'To the Memory of JOHN BOOTH, of Flixton, who died 16th March, 1778, aged 43 years; on the same day and within a few hours of the death of his wife HANNAH, and was buried with him in the same grave, leaving seven children behind them.

Reader, have patience, for a Moment Stay,
Nor grudge the Tribute of a friendly tear,
For John, who once made all our Village gay,
Has taken up his Clay-cold Lodging here.

Suspended now his fiddle lies asleep

That once with Music us'd to charm the Ear,
Not for his Hannah long reserv'd to weep,
John yields to Fate with his companion dear.

So tenderly he loved his dearest part,

His Fondness could not bear a stay behind;
And Death through Kindness seem'd to throw the dart

To ease his sorrow, as he knew his mind.

In cheerful Labours all their Time they spent,
Their happy Lives in Length of Days acquir'd;
But Hand in Hand to Nature's God they went,
And just lay down to sleep when they were tir'd.

The Relicks of this faithful, honest Pair

One little Space of Mother Earth contains.
Let Earth protect them with a Mother's Care,
And Constant Verdure grace her for her pains.

The Pledges of their tender loves remain,
For seven fine Children bless'd their nuptial State.

Behold them, neighbours! nor behold in vain,
But heal their Sorrows and their lost Estate.'

In explanation of the following epitaph, which is on a stone in St Martin's Churchyard, Leicester, we learn that Fenton was shot by a Frenchman on the steps of a public-house in Gallowtree Gate, Leicester, where they had been playing together, Fenton having won rather largely. After a trial, in which it was thought the judge rather unfairly used his influence to secure the acquittal of the prisoner in the face of the clearest evidence of guilt, it is stated the accused was continually followed by the brother of the murdered man till opportunity of vengeance presented itself in France, and the supposed murderer was taken by him. The stone containing the following inscription was not permitted to be placed in the churchyard till several years after the trial, owing to the reflections it contains on the judge :

'Enquiring mortal whoe'r thou art, ponder here on an incident which highly concerns all the progeny of Adam. Near this spot lies the body of JOHN FENTON, who fell by violence, May 17th 1778, and leaves a sad example behind of the incompetency of juridical institutions to punish a murderer. He has left behind, to mourn his untimely fate, a mother, a widow, and two children. These, but not these alone, are greatly injured. Personal security received a mortal wound when vengeance was averted from his assassin by the sophistical refinements of natural justice.'

A gravestone in Pudsey Churchyard states that

'Beneath this stone lieth the remains of JOSEPH BLACKBURN, of Pudsey, who departed this life the 25th day of May, 1826, aged 31 years.

Sharp was the stroke that did appear
Which took my life away.
Oh! reader then for heaven prepare,
On earth you cannot stay.
The moon gave light, he took sight,
Through the top pane I lost my life.'

Relating to the foregoing doggerel is a sad history. The young man to whose memory the stone is erected went a-courting to a house near the church; and in order to speak one evening to his lady-love, who was in her chamber, he climbed up to the bed-room window and stood with his feet on the bottom of the window of the lower room. The father of the young lady hearing a noise, and seeing a man against the window, took a sword and plunged it through a pane into the body of the man, doubtless deeming him to be a robber. The young fellow died; hence the line

Through the top pane I lost my life.

We shall bring to a close our jottings by a sad record of loss of life. On the 19th of August 1830, six young persons, brothers and sisters, were drowned in the river Ouse. Their fate is commemorated in the churchyard of St Lawrence, York, by a tablet erected by public subscription. It bears the following inscription :

'Raised by friendship in memory of four sons and two daughters of JOHN and ANN RIGG, of this city, viz, ANN GUTHRIE RIGG, aged 19 years; ELIZA RIGG, aged 17; THOMAS GARWOOD RIGG, aged 18; JOHN RIGG, aged 16; JAMES SMITH RIGG, aged 7, and CHARLES RIGG, aged 6, who were drowned by their boat being run down on the river Ouse, near York, August 19th 1830.

Mark the brief story of a summer's day!
At noon, youth, health, and beauty launch'd away;
Ere eve, death wreck'd the bark, and quenched
their light;

Their parents' home was desolate that night;
Each pass'd alone that gulph no eye can see;
They met next moment in eternity.
Friend, kinsman, stranger, dost thou ask me where?
Seek God's right hand, and hope to find them
there.'

HEARTS OVERWORKED.

No organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine and his blood rushes through its reservoir faster than ever was intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these 'excitements' is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a 'sinking' or 'emptiness,' as it is called. The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from this central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member; but if it be made to fetch and carry incessantly—if it be 'put upon,' as the unselfish member of a family often is, it undergoes a disorganisation which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganisation begins too often now-a-days in the hearts of very young children. Parents know that if their sons are to succeed at any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high-pressure is employed. Hence, young persons are stimulated to overwork by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly a sad one. These precocious coached-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it. In a word, the intemperance of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts.

If in the school-room some young hearts are broken from mental strain, in the playground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. 'It is no object of mine,' says Dr Richardson, 'to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the dangers of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a great trainer, himself a champion rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart-disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and for rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the strength of muscle they attained, the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern fact of the results.'

The symptoms of failure of the heart from over-

work are unusual restlessness and irritability. Sleepless nights are followed by an inability to digest a proper amount of food; and meals, which have probably been taken at irregular intervals and in haste, become objectionable. Stimulants are now resorted to; but these nourish a working-man as little as a whip nourishes a horse. They give him an exciting fillip; but the best medical men tell us that in nine quarts of alcohol there is less nourishment than could be put on the blade of a table-knife. The patient—for he is a patient by this time—is conscious of a debility which he cannot shake off, and sleep now, even if it come, does not refresh. Occasionally, as the man is pursuing some common avocation, he is struck with the fact that thoughts are not at the moment as clear to him as they ought to be. He forgets names and events that are quite familiar; or he is seized for a moment with a sudden unconsciousness and tendency to fall. 'When we sit writing or reading or working by gas-light, and the gas suddenly goes down and flickers, we say "The pressure is off at the main."' Just so in a man who in declining health suddenly loses consciousness, when his mind flickers: then, in his organism, the pressure is off at the main; that is, the column of blood which should be persistently passing from his heart to his brain is for the moment not travelling with its due force, to vitalise and illuminate the intellectual chamber.'

But indeed it is not by overwork so much as by worry and anxiety that our hearts are disorganised. 'Laborious mental exercise is healthy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labour is best carried on by introducing into it some variety. New work gives time for repair better than attempt at complete rest, since the active mind finds it impossible to evade its particular work unless its activity be diverted into some new channel.' Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train-haste, which little attention to method would render unnecessary.

We speak now of the heart-breaking effect of passion; and first of anger. A man is said to be 'red' or 'white' with rage. In using these expressions we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. 'Red' rage means partial paralysis of minute blood-vessels; and 'white' rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances cannot often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example is given by Dr Richardson in the case of a member of his own profession. 'This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted, by want of due control, to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifle in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Sometimes his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves; and when the attack was over, there were hours of sorrow and regret in private, which were as exhausting as the previous rage. In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short severe madness, he suddenly felt, to use his own expression, as if his "heart were lost." He reeled

under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist, and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock; and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittency. "I am broken-hearted," he would say, "physically broken-hearted." And so he was; but the knowledge of the broken heart tempered marvellously his passion, and saved him many years of a really useful life. He died ultimately from an acute febrile disorder.'

Envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature, and particularly upon his heart, as they do upon his moral character. To say that sorrows 'grieve the heart' is more than a metaphor. Cromwell hears his son is dead, and 'It went clean to my heart, that did,' is his physiologically correct description of his experience. When Hamlet thinks of the 'wicked step' with which his mother married his father's murderer, indignation forces from him the words, 'But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.' Permanent intermittency of the heart is often induced by a single sudden terror. Whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the result is disease: the heart empties itself into the brain; the brain is stricken, and both are ruined.

Wine is commonly said to 'make glad the heart'; but such hilarity is short-lived; and it would seem from the latest discoveries of science, that the drunkard is even physically a heart-broken man. The heart is nothing more than a force-pump to keep up the circulation of the blood. The pulse indicates the beats or strokes of the pump. If the beats be more than seventy per minute in a middle-aged person, something is wrong; there has been some kind of over-stimulus. The use of alcohol increases the number of beats, just as a violent fire makes a kettle boil over. This over-action of the heart is a terrible enemy to good health. It is killing by inches. The fact, however, only breaks on people when the mischief is far advanced, and past remedy. Our counsel to habitual imbibers of alcohol is, 'Look to your pulse,' for on the proper working of the heart length of days in a great measure depends. The throbbing of the heart is a criterion and guide which all can understand.

These few illustrations shew us that if we would keep our hearts whole we must cultivate that self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control that 'alone lead life to sovereign power.' Did we know ourselves and our real capacities, we would not break our hearts working and worrying to attain objects which have been placed beyond our reach. Rather we would be wisely ambitious of serving our generation in that way and in that place to which our powers and circumstances point. The fretful stir—unprofitable that wears out life—generally arises from false ambition striving after impossibilities, which by reason of self-ignorance are not perceived to be such. And surely if a man will rightly value and reverence himself, he will be content to well use the one talent that has been intrusted to him, rather than make himself miserable and ruin his health in competing with those who have received five or ten talents. It is well to 'savour delights and live laborious

days; but the energy of which we in these islands are rightly proud is too much developed when competition breaks our hearts, and when for the sake of getting on we throw away life itself. Speaking of the Arabs, in his book *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*, Mr R. Bosworth Smith makes the following not unnatural reflection: 'It is surely a relief to turn, if only for a moment, to the supreme contentment of an Arab with his lot, to his carelessness of the future, to his ineffable dignity of repose from the feverish activity, the constant straining after an ideal which can never be satisfied, the "life at high-pressure," which is the characteristic of the more active but hardly the more highly gifted races of the West. It is not that the Arab lacks the intelligence or the power to change his condition—he does not wish, or rather he wishes not, to do so.' Knowing well that the 'pains and penalties of idleness' are even greater than those of overwork and anxiety, we warn the indolent not to lay the flattering unction contained in the foregoing words, to their souls. They are quoted for the sake of those whose danger lies in an opposite direction.

AMINA THE OLD AYAH.

HER original name was Sidhlingawa. She was a Hindu by birth; and her Canarose parents, natives of Kolhar in the Bejjapoor district, belonged to the sect known as Lingaits, who are worshippers exclusively of Shiva, the second person of the Hindu triad. Like all Hindus, she was married in childhood, but to a well-to-do farmer, somewhat advanced in years, the childless wife of whose youth was still alive. Her condition was not a happy one. She was an eyesore to her husband's first wife, who having the domestic management of the family under her control, subjected Sidhlingawa to every species of indignity. Although still little more than a child, with very little assistance, the grinding of corn (by means of a hand-mill) and supplying of water for household purposes, the sweeping and cleansing the rather extensive dwelling, the scouring of cooking utensils and preparation of food for the inmates, nearly all fell to her share. She was indeed compelled to be the household drudge. At the age of fourteen she became a mother; and that circumstance to a certain extent entitled her to some consideration from her husband, whose object in marrying her was simply to have a son who would perpetuate his memory. This consideration was shewn by him in providing her with superior articles of dress and additional jewellery; but these, as well as her child, who was a son, had the effect of making her more hateful in the eyes of the jealous mistress of the house.

During her girlhood she tamely submitted to this woman's overbearing treatment; but as she grew older, her spirit began to rebel, and the neighbours with whom she daily conversed on her way to and from the village stream, whither she had to go for water, were not slow to intensify her feelings of discontent. Suffice it to say, that at the age of seventeen, in consequence

of the repeated solicitations and misrepresentations of a wily old dame who was hired for the purpose, she was in a hasty moment, while smarting under some fresh act of tyranny, induced to leave her home and child and elope with a man who at the time was employed on the revenue collections of the district. She had never had any conversation with him, nor did she for certain know him by sight; but he had often waylaid her on her errands to the river, and struck by her superior looks, he determined by the allurements of wealth and ease, if possible to obtain possession of her.

After the elopement, her husband made diligent search for her in the surrounding villages; but care had been taken to convey her to such a distance as precluded the possibility of the whereabouts being traced. After a time he gave up the hopeless search, and concluded that she had been carried away by the current of the river; for the last time she was seen she was going thither, for the purpose of washing some clothes. To her horror the poor creature found, when she arrived at her destination, that she had not only been decoyed away to the dwelling of a flesh-eating Mohammedan (the Lingaits are vegetarians), a man of no caste, and not particularly well off; but had again to take up the very position she had so longed to escape from. The Mohammedan in short had also a first wife. But this was not all; as the wife of a Lingait, she had been free to leave the house and go wherever domestic business called her; but as the inmate of the household of a Mohammedan, she became as it were a prisoner. She must not cross the threshold of the door; she was in fact a *purdawali*, a screened woman; no stranger's eye must look upon her. Her chagrin can be imagined, but scarcely described. She wept tears of anguish; for days she refused food; and at times, when she thought of her baby which she had left behind, she would, had she possessed the means, have destroyed herself. Escape occurred to her; but whither was she to go? To retrace her steps was out of the question; her husband could not receive her back; and the consequence to her would have been serious; certain disgrace, possibly death. After a time she submitted to her fate, and became a Mohammedan. A ceremony of marriage was performed by the Kazee, and her name changed to Amina.

Twenty years have gone by, and after various wanderings in Marathi-speaking districts with the man for whom she had left home and friends, we found her with him and his first wife at a town called Indapoor, eighty miles to the east of Poona. Like most Indian women, she has become prematurely old; her attractions have faded, and the necessity for carrying out the strict rules of zenana life have in her case at least passed away. An Englishman, the only one, and his wife are residing at Indapoor, and they are in want of an *ayah* (a nurse) for their child.

Amina's husband hears of the place, and reduced in circumstances, proposes to her to apply for it. She is accepted, and takes up her abode in the Englishman's family. She found it strange at first; but in time prefers the change to anything she has previously experienced, and before long, freely acknowledges that she has at last found peace. Her antecedents did not transpire for some time; but nothing in either word or deed indicated that she had been the subject of such an untoward event as that which had occurred to her in early life. Her conduct invariably manifested that a gentle and subdued spirit ruled within.

Ten years more have rolled on, and the Englishman is encamped at Bagulcote, a large market-town not far from Kolhar, the people of which place visit it for the purposes of traffic. Old Amina is still nurse in his family; and her womanly affection for young folks has long since been brought into active play by attending to the number of children that have been born since she joined it. She once more hears her mother-tongue, and her youthful memories revive. She is curious to know if her son is living; and she makes inquiries among the visitors from Kolhar concerning her people, carefully concealing her identity with one of whom the elderly people of Kolhar still speak with bitterness, for her husband's theory of her disappearance was not accepted by them at the time she left her home and child. She ascertains that many of her youthful acquaintances are dead, and among them her husband and his first wife have passed away; but to the joy of her heart, she is told that the infant she deserted long ago has grown to be a man—that her son is alive and well; that he is in a prosperous condition, and holds a respectable standing in the village. With tearful eyes she reveals the fact to her mistress, and expresses her intense longing to see him. He is sent for, and the fact of his mother's existence disclosed to him. He also is intensely desirous of seeing her, and they are introduced to each other's presence. The resemblance between the two is very remarkable. They silently eye each other for a moment; and then, as if by natural instinct, the son, with true Hindu feeling (the Hindu's reverence for his mother is second only to that he pays the Deity. 'I can get all I want in the world; but a mother once gone can never be replaced,' is a well-known saying among them), throws himself at his mother's feet, embraces and lays his uncovered head upon them. The scene is most affecting. She raises him, and they sit opposite to each other speechless; their hearts too full for utterance.

He has learned from others, however, how his mother had been ill-treated; he himself had experienced much of the same treatment from the jealousy and overbearing nature of the woman who should have been a mother to him in his boyhood, and he is ready to make every allowance for his erring parent. He is not enlightened as to the caste of the man with whom she had eloped, nor of the way in which she has lived since, and he takes her home, cherishing the hope that some atonement being made, she will be readmitted to social rights and caste privileges. In vain. Although the Lingaits are on the whole more liberal than other Hindu castes, they will have nothing to do with the old woman. She

must remain an outcast for ever; no atonement can cleanse her. The only concession the caste will make is to allow her to live in a detached portion of her son's dwelling. She must not eat, drink, or have free intercourse with him, his wife, or children. They submit; and she remains on the premises of her son till the day of her death.

But now comes the sorest trial to the feelings of this dutiful son. The people of his caste refuse to perform her funeral rites; and if he even desired it, the Mohammedans of the village would object to inter her in their cemetery. His only alternative is to give her remains over to outcasts to be buried like a dog. The idea is revolting to him, and he is at his wits' end how to act. Besides, the climate demands instant decision. The sacred stream of the mighty Krishna is flowing close by, and it has been for ages the ambition of many to be borne down its waters after death. It leads to future bliss. His mind is made up. He wraps the dead body of his mother in a sheet, and unassisted, in the silence of the night, conveys it to the river. The watchman of the village is the only witness of what is transpiring; but he offers no obstacle; he rather approves the son's devotion. Arrived at the river, he wades with his sacred burden as far into the stream as he can safely go, and then consigns it to the current, which is flowing majestically along. The difficulty is solved. But in acting thus, he had transgressed the rules which forbid contact with the corpse of one of another caste, how much more with that of an outcast; and under ordinary circumstances, he would have been subjected to degrading and heavy penalties; but it was remembered that the outcast in question was his mother. The feelings of humanity triumphed over the dictates of superstition, and all that was demanded, by way of satisfying the sticklers for external purity, was a slight atonement and a feast to the priests.

Thus ended the career of poor old Amina, who may be looked upon as the victim of an unnatural state of society. The closing particulars of her melancholy story were communicated to her old master by her dutiful son.

USES OF THE HORSE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The following is an extract from the letter of a lady residing at Buenos Ayres.

'You see that we are now at Mercedes. On our way out we noticed, from the railway station, a great number of horses; not grazing, as they may be seen anywhere, nor trying to run mad with the train, as they may be seen any day, but an important business-like look about them. There were a few Guachos standing with them, who also appeared to have something to do, which is an unusual thing with the natives, who seem always as if they had never done anything and never intended to do anything. In reply to our inquiry, we were told that the horses had just been thrashing; that the sheaves of corn are put into an inclosed place like a pen, and the wildest come-at-able horses are driven in, and lashed to make them kick and jump—and so the wheat is thrashed.

"The horse," says Mavor's Spelling-book, "is a very useful animal;" but surely none but the

Guachos know its value. When the milkman comes in the morning and is asked for the butter, ordered, he will perhaps say that he has not made it yet. Back he clambers on his horse, where he sits surrounded by milk-cans, and on he trots. Presently he dismounts, opens his cans, skims the butter off the top of each, puts it into a cloth, mounts again, and trots about selling his milk as he goes along. After a few hours he returns and hands in the butter; and not bad butter either when it is salted and settled up.

This primitive mode of churning may remind some old Indians of that practised by the "bearers" in the now almost forgotten days of palanquin travelling. They would before starting fasten a large-mouthed bottle, three parts full of cream to the pole of the palanquin, the perpetual jolting of which through the night's journey sufficed to convert it into butter for the Sahib's breakfast.

LOST EILEEN.

I.

Soft lights may swathe the castle tower,
O'er purple hills the dawn may break;
Dark eyes may shadow Eileen's bower,
And night its dusky pinions shake;
The bell may beat what hour it will,
Or hang in silence hushed and still,
But by the sea, or by the shore,
The dark-browed maid is seen no more.

II.

When gloaming last engloomed the land,
And vapours gathering dimly swept
The ridges of the dark ribbed sand,
And where the latest sun-glow slept,
Ere yet the silver moon had shewn,
Or o'er the wave her light was thrown,
Beside the ocean bent and gray,
Sweet Eileen bled her lonely way.

III.

So still! The wind was all too weak
To lift the wimple from her breast,
Or toss the curl upon her cheek,
But died away in tones of rest.
So still! No other sound awoke,
Save when a quivering willow broke
About the cliff—or, faintly hailed—
Her solitude the curlew wailed.

IV.

So still! But list—for as a beam
Of silver moonlight slanteth through
Deep-foliated dells, a sudden stream
Of saddest sweetest music, new
With echoes of the sobbing blast,
Across the listening waters past,
Now fell away, now rose again
Like gushes of the summer rain.

V.

A shallop through the mist appeared,
Cleaving the dark in noiseless flight,
And on the prow, as still she neared,
There hung a soft and starry light;
A shallop swift—nor oar nor sail
Broke crystal wave or kissed the gale,
Nor lacked then, the path to win
Soul-moved by one who sat therein.

VI.

Now by that wild uncertain gleam,
Maid Eileen saw a vision bright,
With bated breath, as when a dream
Arises on the brain by night—
The spirit of the mystic bark
That carless cleft the odorons dark,
A youth with darkly floating hair,
And eyes that glowed with lustre rare.

VII.

Close to his heart a harp he held
Of chastely burnished Indian gold,
That, by his fingers moist compelled,
A weirdly woven music rolled,
A strain where lingered strangely blent
All notes of awe and wonderment,
Like those sweet subtle thoughts that start
At twilight through a poet's heart.

VIII.

'Soft-bosomed maiden, o'er the main
My palace halls are gleaming white;
Full many an emerald they contain,
And diamond and chrysolite.
And there are domes of milky pearl,
And thrones of sapphire, gates of beryl;
And to the portals, wrought of gold,
The tribute of the sea is rolled.

IX.

'Soft banners of the crimson even
Hang grandly in the hyaline,
White creamy waves to foam are driven
Round islands nestled in the brine.
Endusked by Moss's greenery,
These purple islets peaceful lie,
And scented breezes upward run
Like incense to the golden sun.

X.

'For thee, when gloaming mists were woft
Across the gray face of the sea,
The glory of those isles I left,
The glory of those isles for thee—
My heart was tingling all aume,
I could not rest me till I came,
And if with me thou wilt not go,
Alas! Thou workest bitter woe.'

XI.

Like netted sunbeams softly fleeing
To sleep upon the violet's breast,
Into the maiden's inmost being
The magic of those strains hath pressed.
A touch of hand, a breathless kiss,
The mortal maiden seals her lis;
A parting look, a flashing oar,
Sweet Eileen will be seen no more.

XII.

The purple-vestured dawn may break
Once more across the restless main,
Across the meadows she may shake
Soft falling dews in pearly rain.
The glowing hues of eve may burn,
And twilight lift its darkling urn,
But by the sea, or by the shore,
The dark-browed maid is seen no more.

Belfast.

GEO. L. MOORE.

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SELINA, COUNTESS OF WAXHAM:

MEANING Miss Selina Smith, post-mistress of Waxham.

You would understand our harmless banter in ennobling the name, if you could see its owner treading our uneven pavement on Sundays. 'Stately' is not too grand a word to express her step. It is a step which asserts superiority over all us girls, and men too for that part of it; and I will say that her straight back and sloping shoulders set off a shawl to great advantage. She walks to her seat under the pulpit, her dark eyes beneath their long lashes sweeping the floor of the middle aisle with something of the pride which apes humility, but with more of the dignified consciousness of a government functionary.

Mrs Fallstole the pew-opener calls her figure 'majestic.' But it is only on Sundays that the whole of it is vouchsafed to public gaze. On week-days no more is revealed to the vulgar than can be seen through the official pane of her parlour window. Even there she presents a passable Kit-cat portrait. Regular features; but brown: that waning shade of brunette which warns us of coming middle-age. Her dark hair is smoothed in such tight bands over her forehead that the roots seem ready to start out at the parting. Her manner and motions are deliberate so long as you do not tease her with foolish inquiries about missing letters, and when you give the right names of senders on presenting post-office orders for payment. Although Selina is accused of being tart and short, yet she is never in a hurry. Slow regularity is the rule of the Waxham post-office; and the rule of the Waxham post-office is the post-mistress's rule of life.

For, that important position in the service of the crown has been hereditary for generations. Selina's grandfather and father were her predecessors. Swathed therefore in red-tape bonds of officialism during infancy; brought up in the way a child and grandchild of public business should go, she has not departed from it in maturity. So that when the post-office bud flowered into the

full-blown post-mistress, the private sentiments and instincts of the Woman were sunk in the public responsibilities of the Administratrix. What she does out of office-hours: how she passes her limited leisure in the remaining niche of the patrimonial parlour not boxed off for the advantage of the nation, no Waxham imagination can picture. The oldest inhabitant cannot call to mind any neighbour being asked in to tea. Speculation is rife as to whether Selina ever sews. Can she do tatting or crochet? Does she in weak moments unbend her burdened mind over a book? Has she ever condescended to cribbage, or practised 'patience'? If the opinion of Waxham were polled upon these questions, the unanimous answers would certainly be 'Never!' As to the tender passion—well, really I cannot write the words in connection with Miss Smith without a sort of shock. It is pure nonsense in Miss Point who helps us in the Sunday-school, trying to spread the report that Mr Treadle our handsome organist keeps single for Selina's sake. Yet I must own that he is always lounging in High Street close to the post-office precincts; but nobody ever saw the Countess deign to deprive her sorting operations of a single glance to turn it aside through the window towards that philandering musician.

Flirtation is so utterly abhorrent to the rules of the Waxham post-office, that, once upon a time, an inflammable young post-office first-class clerk travelling as District Inspector, overcame by Selina's charms—then in their earlier bloom—dared, while she was ruling off her bill for the night despatch, to encircle her slender waist with his arm. The consequences were serious. The mail-coach passing through the village an hour later had to pick up that bruised Lotherio with his hand in a sling. Selina's office ruler had been applied so vigorously to the fingers pressing her side too affectionately over the region of her heart that, in spite of leeches and fomentations, the British public was deprived of the young gallant's services for several weeks. In complaining to headquarters of his indecent breach of

the Waxham post-office rules, upon wide-margined foolscap, the indignant virgin laid great stress upon the fact that it was perpetrated in office hours. Uncle Richard is one of the presidents of the Inland Branch in St Martin's-le-Grand, London, and saw the complaint.

No power on earth can turn Selina one hair's-breadth aside from the path of duty. But she is impartial. The Countess of Waxham administers one law alike to the rich and to the poor, after the manner of the Medes and Persians, and never alters. Our dear old Dowager Duchess of Limpenhaugh, whom everybody loves, is lame; and I forgot to mention that to reach the office window one has to cross the pavement and pass through a flowery forecourt. One afternoon the grand Limpenhaugh carriage dashed up to the curb. A footman alighted and tapped respectfully at the pane of communication. Would Miss Smith have the goodness to step out to the carriage and speak to the Duchess?

Selina. 'Certainly not! Against the rules of the office.'

Footman. 'But you surely don't expect the Duchess to get out of Her Grace's carriage to come to you?'

Selina. 'I do though. Dare not leave office unattended. If Duchess has any business to transact with me—official business—I must trouble Duchess to come to window.'

Footman (indignant). 'Really I couldn't—I could not—take back such a message.'

To which Selina merely ejaculated 'O!' and closed the dialogue by shutting the window.

Mr Treaddle, who was lounging over the front palings as usual, told Miss Point, who told me, that he quite felt for the poor young man when he returned to the carriage, stammering out Miss Smith's 'holders,' as he called them, and dusting the air out of his powdered head with agitation.

By the aid of her crutch-headed cane and her servant's arm, the dear old lady limped across to the post-office: not angry, as Mr Treaddle would have expected, but amused. She asked her sister-poorcess very meekly why the Limpenhaugh post-bag had not been delivered as usual that morning to the Limpenhaugh donkey-boy.

Selina. 'New boy. Stranger. Not known to office. Not certified by your Grace, nor by any confidential member of your household. Might have been a young thief.'

Duchess (trying not to laugh). 'But "the office" must have known the donkey—the old donkey that has brought successive messengers here any time these twenty years.'

Selina. 'Strange boy might have stolen a ride upon Limpenhaugh donkey to deceive office; might have purloined despatches and got office into serious difficulties with THE DEPARTMENT.'

I have had the word 'Department' printed in capital letters because Selina discharges it in the midst of her snappish sentences, whenever she can, with uncommon unction.

This is her even-handed way. There is hardly any one from the peer to the pauper who has not some grievance to groan out against her. Thin letters marked 'More to pay,' newspapers fastened up by the accidental intrusion of the stamp over the edge of the cover, delayed and delivered days old, with Selina's Roman hand-

writing in red ink, 'Closed against inspection.' Urgent missives hastily directed, returned to the writers with her rubrical legend, 'Insufficiently addressed.' (More of that presently.) The feeble old French usher at Mr Birch's Academy reduced to starvation for a whole week, because he pronounced the name of his brother, who had sent him a post-office order for a pound, in the French manner. 'R-r-r-reego, Mulmoiselle!' he screamed through the square hole day after day; but the sound not in the least corresponding with any spelling on her advice paper, she sent him each time sighing away. It was not until Saturday night that Mr Treaddle overheard the dispute. He suggested 'Rigault' to Selina; and the poor old gentleman got his sovereign.

It is most aggravating that whoever complains against her gets snubbed by 'the department;' while she always comes off with flying colours. The London authorities make her out to be always in the right. Uncle Dick takes great pleasure in enraging us when he comes down from Saturday till Monday by singing the Countess's praises: 'The best provincial officer in the service;' 'Never was known to make a mistake;' 'Marked down in the Secretary's list for speedy promotion.' But I am sure he says these things only to tease us. Her own subordinates can hardly live for her. She ruins our old post-runner in fines—he is afflicted with corns and a bed-ridden wife in mamma's visiting district—for keeping bad time. As to the person who takes the bags to the station and works the railway machine, he is so often changed, that papa, who is a justice of the peace, has a fresh statutory declaration to attest for a new man at least once a month.

But the Reverend Aloys Aspern: his story is the saddest of all. I really have not, like Miss Point, any vindictive sensations whatever against Miss Smith; although the best feelings of my own nature were cruelly sacrificed in that sad business.

Let me first make known the curious fact that, ever since I left school (with a Cambridge local exam: first-class certificate), our curates one after another have come to us either engaged men, or have left some unpleasant entanglement behind at their latest cures. Our dear kind old rector never negotiates with married curates, out of regard to us girls and the best feelings of our nature. Happily the Reverend Aloys Aspern had come into the parish, so far as we could ascertain after a few months' discreet inquiry, perfectly free. It is true that we learnt from Mrs Butterscotch at his lodgings that she was constantly taking in letters for him directed in a scratchy female hand all *ms* and *ns*; and we knew he has no sisters. He is an orphan; and, in a worldly point of view, independent. That makes him most interesting; to say nothing of his glossy apparel, which fits as close to his straight figure as the silken folds of his slender umbrella fit its stick. The slouch of his hat, too, is remarkably engaging. But he endears himself most to us junior members of his flock by his soft manners, by his pale complexion, his raven hair, lovely teeth, low classic forehead, meek countenance, absence of whisker, and pious eyes. His timidity is painful. When any young lady under thirty speaks to him he blushes to the ears; and to offer him a pair of slip-

pers of your own working, or a Scriptural bookmarker, or a pocket-case with his monogram embroidered in gold-thread, or anything of that kind, is to cover him with confusion. I must say he was, up to a certain point, very nice to me. He was especially sweet on the occasion of his bending down his fine head for me to invest him with the watch-guard I had woven for him. Indeed he visited at our house so often that it became quite marked. His principal pretext was to consult mamma about various parochial and other difficulties. One day he mentioned at dinner—and I was deeply impressed with his affectionate glance towards me—that ‘dear Mrs Pansey’ was quite like a mother to him. Things went so far that he and I got talked about. He let out that presents of slippers, &c. from other quarters quite fell off; and, only think! while teaching my class last Trinity Sunday morning, Miss Point had the impertinence to whisper in my ear: ‘When is it to be?’ What she might mean by it! I was too indignant to inquire.

The crisis came. Papa had started on his hunter for the meet, when Mr Aspern was announced. I really think he watched papa in his red coat away through the trees—for he was always frightened with father’s blunt jocular ways—and it was so very early for a morning visit: Monday too. Mamma was checking the house-books. I was doing Dorcas-work. Mr Aspern seemed unusually nervous, even for him. He sat crumpling his hat between his knees until the engaging clench got quite crushed out. He sighed a good deal, answered dear mother’s small-talk—of which she is an acknowledged mistress—in half-uttered monosyllables, and could not muster courage to steal even a side-glance at me. Blushing more scarlet than the red flannel I was herring-stitching, and repeating the first words of his opening sentence several times, he managed to make us understand that he had come to consult ‘dear Mrs Pansey’ on a matter that deeply concerned his future happiness. Mamma sent me out of the room with one of her speaking glances.

Imagine my sensations, while alone, during that interview! The suspense was so extremely painful that I cannot dwell upon it. It seemed to last for hours.

At length the breakfast-room bell rang for him to be let out, and I beheld Mr Aspern slowly crossing the lawn, squeezing his umbrella very tight; his symmetrical back bent, the very picture of dejection. Good gracious! Had mamma discouraged his advances?

When I returned to her, I never before saw her so angry. What did I think? Far from the wretched young man coming to open the negotiation we had hoped, he drew out a letter, all spiky *ms* and *us*; and, presuming upon mamma’s motherly interest in everything that related to him, owned that he had held tender correspondence with the writer ever since he had known us. He even begged mamma to accept a solemn confidence regarding himself and that young person, with a view to advising him how to act in a difficult and delicate conjuncture. ‘How outrageously impudent these modest men can be, my dear!’ mother continued. ‘He was sure I would approve his choice when I saw her likeness; and he actually drew from his false bosom the miniature of a

creature with flaxen hair, blue deceitful eyes, and a wax-doll complexion. Worse! The paltry bauble was suspended from the very chain—Don’t sob, my child, he is not worthy of you—by the very chain which you had placed round his unmanly neck!’

Indignation prevented me from fainting.

‘Be calm, dear Priscilla! You have nothing to regret. The girl appears to be the daughter of one Sir Saber Jackspur, K.C.B., Major-general on the Madras establishment; home on (pretended I am sure) sick-leave. A restless man, Mr Aspern informed me, who drags his only daughter about from pillar to post all over Europe; never stopping in one place more than a week, and never knowing where he will go next. The epistle in prickly penmanship was dated from the *Birnam Hotel*, Dunkeld, Scotland. There for shooting, no doubt. And just notice the girl’s artfulness;—she hints that her father’s junior staff-officer, Lord Tosh (also, no doubt, home on pretended sick-leave), follows them about everywhere. “Papa,” she proceeded, “likes him; and is really no protection to me whatever. If only Mr Aspern could join them for a little while”—pretty strong that, Priscilla—a clergyman is such a safeguard to a motherless girl left to the care of a fond but heedless papa.” There’s a daughter for any rational man to desire for a wife! “Dear Mr Aspern”—Yes, I’m sure it was “dear”—was to be sure and write or telegraph whether he would or would not come; for they were to move in a couple of days; “heaven only knows where.” Then, Prissy, came the wretched young man’s perplexity. Would dear Mrs Pansey say, speaking as a parent, whether it would be honourable in him to accept such an invitation from a daughter? Ought he not first to ask permission of the father? Should he not write to Sir Saber, and ask if joining them, say next Thursday, would be agreeable to *him*?—My patience gave way. “Ought I,” he went on, “to go straight off by to-night’s express mail? Or ought I to wait for the answer, and then go?”

“Go to the —” your dear father would have rudely exclaimed, had he been present; and I nervously hoped that Mr Aspern did not divine that very improper expression which suppressed rage had suggested to my mind. On the contrary, he kissed my hand respectfully, and left me; puzzled, perplexed, dejected.

Days passed, and we were assured by Mrs Butterscotch that no letter came from Scotland or elsewhere. After several returns of post Mr Aspern told mother distractedly, in the words of his favourite song (he has a lovely tenor voice), that ‘he could bear his fate no longer,’ and went away to Dunkeld. All my rivals concealed their spiteful glee at my discomfiture under, I will say, the most lady-like condolences. But our delight was unanimous when made to understand by letter to mother that Mr Aspern’s lady-bird had flown the day before his arrival, and that he had rushed off to the India Office in London to find her. Upon some vague surmise learned there, he made arrangements with his banker, and travelled to the Paris Exhibition. In Paris he halved his time between the show-wilderness and poring over the visiting list at Galignani’s. All to no purpose. Something struck him that the General and Miss Jackspur

must be in Brussels. There, at the *table-d'hôte* of the *Hôtel de Londres*, he met an obliging unpaid attaché on the way from Downing Street to the Conference. This pleasant young diplomatist knew all about the Jackspurs. The General had established himself at the *Kaiserhof* at Berlin in order to interview the British plenipotentiaries. Then he drew Mr Aspern into the bay of one of the windows, and confided to him in the strictest confidence a momentous state secret. The British government, to keep a strict eye upon Russia, to give full protection to the Turks in Asia as well as to patronise Greece, intended gradually to buy up the entire Grecian Archipelago. Sir Saber was in Berlin with his daughter to solicit the governorship of one of those desirable islands.

Mr Aspern you must know innocently wrote to mother by every post. Her next advices were from Berlin. Most distressing! The General had been so well received by the plenipotentiaries that he had left the *Kaiserhof* the day before with his wishy-washy daughter for Malta, to await eventualities, and to select that island in the Mediterranean which upon inspection he might find best suited to his taste. Most fortunately the delightful unpaid attaché was accredited to Malta from the Berlin Conference with a protocol. Mr Aspern accompanied him. At Malta they parted, the 'unpaid' straight back for London with secret despatches from the governor to our Deputy Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. A visiting card was inclosed by Mr Aspern in his letter from Malta to mother, inscribed: 'Mr Algernon de Leudre Flukes,' with a request that Uncle Richard would kindly call at the Foreign Office on Mr Flukes, from whom uncle was authorised to receive one hundred and fourteen pounds, which had accumulated in loans out of the Reverend A. A.'s purse during the travelling companionship.

It really is shocking to think how successfully designing persons may impose upon young clergymen left quite alone to travel by themselves. Aloys had been deceived from beginning to end: in reality the General when in London had been ordered suddenly off to Madras to embark fresh troops for Cyprus. No such name as Flukes appears in the Foreign Office list; nor, Uncle Dick ascertained, even amongst the occasional transcribers hired to copy secret despatches of vast importance at tenpence an hour.

I had almost forgiven and began to pity our Telemachus, as father called poor Mr Aspern, when the announcement came of his arrival (*vid Athens*) at Constantinople; and the best feelings of my nature returning in force, found vent in a flood of tears, when I read a paragraph in the newspaper, copied from the *Levant Herald*, to the effect that a promising young clergyman had drowned himself in the Bosphorus.

It was very appalling, for the painful catastrophe must be laid entirely to Selina Smith's (glass) door. She and she only was the cause of the unhappy young curate's wanderings from the first.

It came out that Sir Saber Jackspur had duly and truly despatched the desired letter by the desired return of post. Not having seen the name of our village properly spelt ['for of course,' mamma suggested, 'artful Miss Wax-doll never shewed him one of "her" Aloys's letters'], the

General left out the full address and spelt our village, in his scrawly way, simply WHACKSHAM. Although Selina knew the Rev. Aloys Aspern and where to find him thoroughly well, she sent the letter back to the Dead Letter Office in London, having indorsed the superscription, 'Insufficiently addressed!' Uncle Dick saw the dead letter which had been opened by 'the proper officer,' and remembered its contents:

BIRNAM HOTEL, *Tuesday*.

MY DEAR ASPERN—Come immediately. Delighted to see you. We start Friday.—Ever yours in haste, S. JACKSPUR, *Gl.*

Yet Uncle Dick could look us all in the face, applaud Miss Smith for her business accuracy, and repeat that she is the best post-mistress and telegraphist in the service; so accurately cut out to please the patronage authorities at the Treasury that—

Well, actually even as I write, Selina is promoted! Her appointment has just come down. She is now post-mistress of our county town. But oh, how mistaken we have been in her! The secrets of her leisure time have been discovered. The post-runner's wife and Mrs Micah the Bible-woman have let them out; yet she bound them to strict secrecy. Mr Shauve our village doctor (bless his bald head!) never could find out who it was that sat up with the poor old French teacher for nights in his last illness. Mamma used to wonder where the post-runner's wife got so many nice comforts from. Now we learn that Selina was the good Samaritan in these and many other instances. But whatever good she did she bound the recipients to secrecy. Her pride is so strong and hard, that she regards kindness of heart as weakness of character. I am sure she is sorry at heart for poor Mr Aspern, now that the marriage of Miss Milk-and-Water to Lord Tosh is announced in the newspapers—which I am pleased to state, misprinted 'promising young clergyman' for 'promising young midshipman.'

For Mr A. A. is on his way back. And the best feelings of my nature are also returning; seeing that in his letter from Dover, he tells mamma that he has torn deceitful Miss Jackspur out of his heart, and her image from my watchguard.

As to Selina, now that she is leaving us, I almost love her. Indeed every drop of village gall is turned to honey, and the best wishes of all will follow her. The testimonial which mamma has set on foot in the Countess' honour will be a handsome one. Papa heads the list with ten guineas.

THE SPEAKER.

THE position of the Speaker of the House of Commons, 'the first gentleman in England,' is more remarkable than that of the president of any legislative assembly on the continent. In no other is the president or chairman's decision so implicitly obeyed, his *fiat* so indisputable. Whatever may have been his party ties or predilections before his elevation to that lofty post, an English member of parliament ceases to belong to any party when he becomes Speaker; his pride it is to ignore party altogether, and, so far as practicable, to treat the six hundred and fifty gentlemen who are under his rule as if they also were free from party organisation.

The election of a Speaker is one of the ceremonies consequent on a general election and the assembling of a new parliament. The Clerk of the Crown hands to the Clerk of the Commons an alphabetical list of the members elected to serve, prepared from the returns received by the former official from the returning officers of the several constituencies. A member addresses the Clerk of the House (who is seated), and proposes some other member as a fit and proper person to fill this important and responsible office, moving that he 'do take the chair of this House as Speaker.' This motion is seconded by another member. If (as is the usual rule) no opposing candidate appears, the choice is at once concluded. The chosen candidate, standing in front of the chair, thanks the House for its gracious choice, and takes his seat. The mace now comes into use; it has hitherto lain concealed under the table, but is now placed conspicuously on it—where, throughout the session, it remains whenever 'Mr Speaker is in the chair.' (The mace concerning which Oliver Cromwell issued the contemptuous order, 'Take away that bauble!' was made in 1648, in the reign of Charles I.; the present mace dates from 1660, when Charles II. was restored.) The newly elected Speaker is congratulated by some leading member or members, and the house adjourns. On the following day the House meets again, and awaits a summons from the Usher of the Black Rod to attend the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. The Speaker announces that the Commons have elected him, and expresses a hope that their choice will meet with the Queen's approbation. The Lord Chancellor (as a matter of course) declares that such is happily the case, that her Majesty fully approves the excellent selection which her faithful Commons have made. The Speaker then claims for the House of Commons all the ancient rights and liberties pertaining to the legislative assembly of the people; which claim is at once assented to. And so the ceremonious interview ends.

The Speaker is elected not simply for one session, but for the whole duration of that parliament, the maximum being seven years. If he dies or resigns during the currency of that parliament, a new Speaker is elected by a slightly modified form of procedure.

We have now to see Mr Speaker entering on the duties of his fatiguing but well-paid office. (Five thousand a year, and a palatial residence elegantly furnished are certainly a tempting honorarium.) On the morrow after formally taking his seat, and when he and the other members present have taken the prescribed oath or oaths, prayers are read for the first time in the new parliament by the Speaker's chaplain. If the chaplain be accidentally absent at any sitting of the House, the Speaker himself reads prayers, which are never, excepting on extremely rare occasions, omitted.

Although an obstinate member may occasionally worry the House, the proceedings in the Commons are upon the whole conducted with a degree of order and regularity which foreign assemblies may well envy. One rule of debate is that every member shall address himself to the Speaker personally. This is found conducive to courtesy and good temper, as it necessitates the use of the third person instead of the

second in making allusions or bringing accusations often very bitter and irritating. A member must not *read* his speech, but may refresh his memory by referring to notes; extracts from documents may be read, provided his own remarks or observations are not read from a written paper. Many years ago a written speech was on one occasion delivered without any reproach from the Speaker; but extempore delivery is now an invariable rule, any infraction of which is checked by the warning cry of 'Order, order!' from the chair. At the same time the House indulgently consents, if appealed to, to permit a short written speech on the plea of indisposition. In most continental legislative chambers the delivery of written speeches, carefully prepared beforehand, is customary.

A member is permitted to speak from the Members' Gallery; but this is generally avoided, as he cannot well be heard there.

Etiquette permits of members wearing their hats, if they so choose; but when a member rises to address the House he stands uncovered, except by permission asked and obtained in case of illness or bodily infirmity. In some proceedings, however, partaking of a conversational character, the members usually speak sitting and covered.

A debate, to be conducted in due form, commences after the question has been 'proposed' but before it has been 'put' by the Speaker. Occasionally, through irresolution or forgetfulness, a member does not rise to speak until the question has been put; in which case he is not allowed to proceed.

A very important matter it is sometimes, in the estimation of members, when two or more of them rise to address the House at the same time. The rule is for the Speaker to say which of them 'caught his eye' first. This decision is generally accepted, but is not always a true test, because he cannot see all the members at once, and may not really know which rose first. If there be a general impression in the House to this effect, and a general naming of the member who is believed to have risen first, the Speaker waives his decision. Sometimes as many as twenty members have risen at once, when an exciting debate is going on; in all such cases it is found advantageous to adhere as closely as possible to the Speaker's decision. There is the battle occasionally when two members of opposite parties, both eminent, and both willingly listened to by the House, rise simultaneously; which is encouraged by his party not to give way; a contest of cries or shouts ensues, the result of which is a regular motion that the honourable member for so-and-so be now heard. In such a case the House decides the matter by vote.

In order to prevent interminable prolixity, no member is allowed to speak more than once on the same question. The rule is, however, subject to a few exceptions. For instance, a member may raise a second time to explain some part of his speech which has been misunderstood; or he may, in some cases, reply at the end of a debate which he himself commenced. In a Committee of the whole House, when the Speaker has risen and a 'chairman' has been appointed, any member may speak as often as he pleases; a liberty which is grasped at with such avidity as sometimes to prolong the proceedings to an inordinate degree.

'I rise to explain,' is the plea which a member generally uses when he speaks, or rises to speak, a second time on the same question. The House is usually indulgent in such cases; but the member must confine himself to such remarks as will remove any unfavourable impression concerning his language or conduct, without entering into general arguments beyond the fair bounds of explanation, or making too distinct a reference to former debates. But honourable members are sometimes found to be too much like ricketty schoolboys. The privilege of explanation is found to need much caution and restriction, lest it should degenerate into irregularity. A member who rises to explain does so usually at the conclusion of the speech which led him to the adoption of that course; if in the middle, it can only be done with the consent of the deliverer of that speech.

Mr Speaker has often to warn those over whom he presides that they must not refer to debates of the same session on the same question; nor speak against any rule of the House (save on a motion to rescind it); nor allude directly to debates in the House of Lords; nor use the Queen's name in a way to influence the debate, or in an irreverent manner; nor speak offensive words concerning either House or any member individually in the Commons; nor read from a printed book or newspaper any speech or portion of a speech delivered in the same session.

'Taking a division' is not the least remarkable of the duties that devolve upon Mr Speaker. When the debate on any particular subject is ended, the Speaker puts the question in the following manner. Taking in his hand a copy of the question, he rises and reads, beginning with the words: 'The question is, that' &c., and ending with 'As many as are of that opinion say Aye, and as many as are of the contrary opinion say No.' Endeavouring to judge from the quantity of voice (so to speak) which are the more numerous of the two, he does not express himself positively, but says: 'I think the Ayes have it' (or the Noes, as the case may be). If the House adopt his opinion, the matter is settled; but if the Speaker's opinion is disputed by any member, a division is ordered.

The mode of taking a division is really very remarkable, as described by the great authority on these subjects, Sir T. Erskine May (the present Clerk of the Commons). It is as follows: No member is permitted to vote in the division unless he was present when the question was put. To be in either of the two lobbies is not to be 'in the House.' The officers of the House clear the lobbies of all members; any members may retire to rooms beyond the lobbies, if they wish neither to quit the building nor to vote. The next step is to issue an order for strangers to withdraw. The rule is less stringent now than it was half a century ago; as it will suffice if strangers withdraw from behind the bar and from the front gallery. The clerk turns a two-minute sand-glass; and while the sand is running out the doorkeepers ring bells which communicate with every part of the House where members may happen to be at the moment; the division bell, as it is called, is heard in the library, refreshment-rooms, waiting-rooms, &c., and members who wish to take part in the division hasten into the

House before the two-minute glass has ceased running.

The division proper is a curiously managed ceremony—very roundabout in the estimation of many persons. After the Speaker has cried 'Order, order!' the sergeant-at-arms, with his doorkeepers and messengers, close and lock all the doors leading into the lobbies, corridors, passages, &c. No member outside can enter, nor can any within make their exit; the number within the chamber is thus strictly definite, and all *mus* vote. Until 1836 it was the custom for one party or section to go into a lobby, while the other remained in the House; but since that year the Ayes have been directed to pass into the lobby at the Speaker's right hand, while the Noes walk into the lobby at his left. The Speaker names members to act as tellers, selected impartially from among the supporters and opponents of the motion, two of each; and the members named are not allowed to shirk this duty. They place themselves at the lobby doors, two and two, each to check the counting of the other. Two clerks as well as two tellers are placed at each door, holding alphabetical lists of all the members of the House printed on large sheets of stiff pasteboard or cardboard. As the members return into the House from the lobbies, the clerks mark off the names; while at the same time the tellers count the total number without noting names. (If any one is disabled by infirmity from entering and quitting the lobbies, he is counted at his seat in the House.) When all have re-entered from the lobbies the four tellers approach the table; one of them, belonging to the majority on this particular question, announces the numbers; and when the Speaker has endorsed or sanctioned this announcement, the important but slowly managed ceremony ends—often amid loud cheers from those members who constitute the majority on that particular question. A member sometimes goes into the wrong lobby through inadvertence; there is then no escape for him; *volens volens* his vote is recorded according to the lobby in which he finds himself. During the past session, instances of such misadventure were not infrequent. Instances have been known in which even a cabinet minister's vote is recorded on the side which he really intended to oppose—much to his own mortification. A member thus awkwardly placed usually takes some mode of making the facts known to his constituents and the public; but the official record remains unalterable. It has occasionally happened that only one member approves of a particular question or motion; he is the only Aye; and as he is not allowed to count himself, the House at once decides that 'the Noes have it.' Many sessions ago a stranger was descried in one of the lobbies after the door had been closed, and was counted by two of the tellers; but the clerks found him out and reported the case to the Speaker, who duly admonished the intruder.

After a division, the sheets of pasteboard are examined by the division clerks, and sent off to the printer, who prints off the marked names in due alphabetical order. The printed division lists tell the tale to the world next morning.

If the members are equal on a division, the Speaker has a casting vote. Although a member

of one or other of the two great political parties before he became Speaker, he throws off (as we have already stated) party feeling altogether when raised to that dignified position. In giving his casting vote he generally manages to give it in such a way as not to close the subject; affording the House an opportunity of reconsidering the question.

One peculiarity of taking a division is that of *pairing*, a sort of negative proxy, enabling a member to vote although not actually in the House at the time. A member pairs with one of the opposite party, each agreeing not to vote, and each thus neutralising the vote of the other. It is an irregularity which is permitted because convenient to the members generally. The majority on a division is left just as it would have been if there were no pairing at all.

The position of the Speaker is certainly one of great honour, but also of great irksomeness. The long sittings to which he is doomed must often be very distressing, and in a greater degree must be preservation of temper when the House is tormented by something like a systematic obstruction of business. In this latter respect, we are sorry to think the House of Commons has been decidedly deteriorating. As an acknowledgment by the Crown of his great services, the Speaker, on finally retiring from office, is raised to the peerage, and consequently to a seat in the House of Lords.

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER II.—JACK'S NEW HOME.

ALL this time Phyllis was passing in and out of the room, covering the centre table with a fresh white cloth, and carrying in a tray laden with cups and saucers. Jack began to wonder where the servants were, and why the young lady of the house should be left to do all this by herself; from which you may guess that life in the bush was a thoroughly new experience to him. She had put off the objectionable sun-bonnet, and displayed a head round which thick plaits of beautiful light-brown hair were twisted. Try as Jack would, he could not help following with his eyes every movement of that tall lithe figure, and thought that if such service must be rendered by ladies, it could scarcely be done more gracefully. As far as he could see, she never even glanced towards him; but she had a very bright smile and a kiss for Robert, of whom she was evidently exceedingly fond.

'Will you come out and take a turn round the place, Jack?' said Mr Hamilton. 'There will be time before tea is ready, I think.'

The two brothers went out together, Robert carrying his boy on his shoulder, and strolled slowly round the house. There was no flower-garden; as Robert explained, he had always been too busy to make one, though 'the girls' had been begging him for a long time to inclose a certain plot of ground which sloped downwards from the parlour windows, in order that they might fill it with geraniums and roses.

'Perhaps I might be able to do that,' said Jack.

'Well, if you want to get taken into favour at once,' answered his brother, smiling, 'I don't know that you could begin better. But you will find that you have no time for anything except hard work. I am at it from morning till night; there has been no time for such luxuries as flowers. You see the place is too large for one man to manage. If you like the life—after a trial—I shall want you to take part of it off my hands. Then you can build a house and settle down, and we'll be quite a colony of Hamiltons. What do you say to that, Jack, my boy?'

'I can only say as yet, that you are behaving very generously to me, Bob. I can see that. But you know I have everything to learn; I shall not begin to be of use to you for some time.'

'Oh, you'll pick it up fast enough,' said the other laughing. 'Sheep-farming doesn't require any overpowering amount of brains. As for generosity, well you know I expect you will give quite as much as you get. If it were nothing else, the mere fact of having a civilised being to talk to will be an unpeakeable boon. Man can't live by bread alone, and we have been very lonely hitherto. As for the bread, there is plenty of that, thank heaven, and mutton too. But every one is the better for a little educated companionship sometimes.—There! How do you like this view?'

They had strolled up to the summit of a rising ground; and looking before him, Jack saw a new and exquisite view. The lake in front seemed to open out into a wide river, on each side of which, numerous green promontories, some island and some from the mainland, jutted out into the water. The vista was closed by a range of hills, that lay calm and blue in the distance. The short Australian twilight was fading; but a soft golden light still lingered in the west and glowed in the dim water, while a young crescent moon was climbing slowly into the heavens.

'Altogether very charming!' said Jack as he gazed about him. 'It seems to me, Bob, that a man might be well content to live and die in such a place as this, so beautiful, so peaceful!'

'This is where Bessie and I talked of your building your house by-and-by,' said Robert quietly. 'Of course you needn't think of it for a good while yet, and you can look round and see if there is a spot you like better. But we fancy that this is the prettiest view all about the place. And if it comes to parting the land, Jack, all that lies beyond this will be your share, and mine would reach just to this side of our house. So you see you would be near us, and yet each would be lord of his own domain.'

Jack laughed. 'I can't fancy myself a landed proprietor,' he said. 'As for the house, I suppose it is a thing to dream about. But it will be a very pleasant dream.'

'A dream that will become reality, as our best dreams always ought,' returned Robert. 'I shall

see the house and you in it, and a good wife and bonny bairns by-and-by, I hope."

They turned back and walked towards the house. "Come round by the stables, and I will shew you a horse I bought the other day, thinking he would do for you. I hope you have kept up your riding."

They inspected the gallant gray, who stood peacefully munching his hay; looked into a paddock where the milch cows were feeding, and into a cool half-underground dairy, where great yellow pans of milk were standing; and finally peeped into the kitchen, which was a detached building at the back of the dwelling-house, and where Jack saw what he thought a novel and very pretty sight. It was a rather large lofty room, for Robert had so constructed those rooms as to be commodious enough to suit a larger house when he should be able to add to the present one. The floor was flagged with red stone; there was no ceiling, but the large solid rafters were left exposed, and from them hung many a goodly side of bacon and strings of apples, which gave the whole place a sweet wholesome flavour. On one side stood a high-shelved dresser, made after Robert's recollections of an English farm-house one, and well garnished with bright-coloured ware. Near the window was a great white wooden table; and beside it, the centre light of all the homely picture, stood Phyllis, the sleeves of her cotton dress turned up above her dimpled elbows, shewing the round shapely arms. Her flour-covered hands were deftly rolling out scones, a batch of which were browning on the griddle, and her careful attention was directed at intervals to some mutton-chops which were frizzling in a very appetising manner. For be it known to all whom it may concern that Australia is not without her national dish. Scotland has her haggis, England her roast-beef, and Germany her sou-kraut; but Australia glories in a dish which is always ready for the hungry traveller, which can be cooked at the shortest notice and under the greatest difficulties, which is eaten alike at the well-appointed table of the well-to-do squatter and by the camp-fire of the evening bivouac, where it is doubly welcome after a long day's march. Always ready, always welcome! When aught else fails, the Australian creates a *pièce de résistance* out of his mutton-chop!

Robert and Jack stood for some minutes looking in at the open door before Phyllis noticed them. Their presence was betrayed to her by little Bertie, who stretched out his arms to her with the delicious sound, half-laugh, half-crow, which a two-year-old child makes when it is thoroughly content. She made a step or two towards him, holding up her floury hands and smiling. "I can't take my pet just now," she said. "Bertie must wait a little, till auntie makes such nice scones for his tea."

"Where are the servants?" asked Jack of his brother, as the two men turned towards the dwelling-house.

Robert laughed. "My dear boy, don't expose your ignorance! There are no servants. We have tried a succession of incapables, whose chief employment seemed to be to break, dirty, or tear everything they could lay their hands on. If by chance we got a woman who was worth the food

she ate, she immediately got married to some man about the place. Just now, we think ourselves very lucky because a woman who lives in the neighbourhood condescends to wash for us. There is a lad about who chops wood and cleans the knives, and he represents what in England you would call our "establishment."

"And do you mean to say," said Jack, opening his black eyes very wide, "that Phyllis does all the work?"

"Well, just now I'm afraid she does. Of course when Bessie is quite well she helps. There isn't a more useful little wife in the colony than my Bessie," added the husband with pride. "But just now she can't do much, and upon my word I don't know how we should get on if it were not for Phyllis. She is a glorious girl!"

They went round to the front of the house; and Robert opened the door of one of the small rooms that occupied the centre part of the building. It was a glass door, so that it also served as a window, and commanded a view of the lake and the mainland opposite. "This is your room," he said. "I hope you will find it comfortable. You know we don't go in for luxuries in the bush."

When Jack was alone, he sat down on one of the cane-bottomed chairs with which his room was furnished, and looked about him. Everything was plain, but exquisitely neat and clean. There was an iron stretcher covered with a snowy quilt; a dressing-table and small looking-glass neatly ornamented with white muslin and blue ribbon; and a little cedar chest of drawers, on which stood a vase holding a bouquet of wild-flowers. Somehow, as Jack looked round the room he seemed to realise that Phyllis's fingers had been everywhere, for there was a daintiness in all the simple arrangements which he thought no servant could have given. He stepped to the window and looked out on the waters of the lake, from which the evening flush had faded, and which now reflected a long trembling path of moon-lit silver. He tried very hard to think of all the new interests which had opened up to him during the last two hours, and to realise something of the new life that was before him; but his thoughts were in a whirl and refused to fix themselves in any definite manner. As he looked out at the strange new world before him, it seemed to him that once more the figure of the dream-maiden whom he had taught himself to love "took the vacant chair beside him, laid her gentle hand in his." He looked on the lovely vision, so vague, so poetic, gazed into the dreamy eyes and on the sweet lips, and then they faded, and he seemed to see Phyllis, so straight and strong and tall, going quietly about her household tasks, bringing dainty order wherever she moved.

"She is a glorious girl," he thought; "but"—

CHAPTER III.—FORESHADOWINGS OF CHARACTER.

It seems to me that if two young people are desired to fall in love with one another, the worst possible method of securing that they should do so is to tell them that the arrangement is a perfectly suitable one, that all their friends and relations will be delighted, and that there is no imaginable reason why they should not love and marry with all convenient speed. Tell them, on the contrary, that it is utterly impossible that

they should be allowed to marry; that all sorts of mysterious and insurmountable barriers are between them; that the young man will be cut off with a shilling, and the lady turned out of doors, if they presume even to think of one another—and within a month they will be sighing for the forbidden sweets, dreaming of each other by night, and exchanging stolen glances by day. If people so good and true as Bessie and Robert could make a mistake, the blunder they fell into was this. They made their plans for the happiness of the young people too manifest. Phyllis had a shrewd suspicion that the young man had been told he might make love to her, and with a toss of her beautiful head, she, as a matter of course, tacitly refused all such love-making. And Jack, while he felt it impossible to refuse admiration to the splendid figure and lovely face, yet lacked something in this strong independent girl, who was as self-reliant as any man he had ever met. You will perhaps say he was foolishly hard to satisfy; but I believe that what he really did miss in her was weakness. His ideal woman was a soft clinging being, whose shelter should be his breast, who would look for strength and guidance to his stronger nature. And Phyllis, he told himself, needed no shelter, and was perfectly capable of guiding herself. Besides this, he fancied she despised him because he was ignorant of many things which the men she had been used to were most familiar with. He had not only to learn the details of farm-work, but he had to become accustomed to manual labour; to learn to sit on horseback from morning till night without being weary; to ride over the roughest ground hunting for lost cattle; to split logs and mend fences; to plough and sow and reap; and be able to turn to any sort of work when hands were short, which they generally were. And as the ability to do all these things is more a matter of custom than of strength, Jack was often, during those first days of his apprenticeship, very weary—so weary, that when he came home at night he was scarcely able to drag himself to his room. He never complained; but he fancied that Phyllis saw his weariness and despised him for it; which was an utter mistake. Gradually, of course his muscles became accustomed to hard work, and then it became a pleasure to him. His face became browner, his shoulders broader, and his chest deeper; he abandoned civilised dress except on rare occasions, and usually wore, like his brother, the extremely simple costume of the Australian settler. As for such luxuries as gloves and gold sleeve-links, they were laid aside and became things of the past.

Phyllis on her side believed that Jack missed in her all the little refinements which he had been accustomed to in the ladies he had known in England. She was not without faults, and just at this time of her life she was too proud to correct them, because by so doing she told herself she would be making an attempt to appear unduly pleasant in James Hamilton's eyes. She was perhaps, too proud of her strength, and too apt to be obviously independent in her doings, preferring always to accomplish any work for herself, however hard it might be, and however ready either Robert or Jack might be to help her. Also she was more careless about her appearance than most women are; her hair was always neat, and her

person delicately clean; but there her cares for herself ended. No matter how faded or scrimp the gown she wore, no matter how ugly the bonnet; if they were clean and whole she was satisfied, and wore them steadfastly. Probably, after Jack came, there did rise in her bosom some longing for feminine adornment, for a bright ribbon or dainty ruffle; but she scorned to add to her attractions in his eyes by so much as an inch of sarsenet, and her sun-bonnets became more determinedly strong-minded and unbecomingly even.

'Why don't you put on some of your pretty dresses?' said Bessie to her one day, watching all this from her couch with an understanding half-veiled, half-amused.

'As if it mattered!' answered Phyllis contemptuously. 'Why should one wear nice clothes here, where there is so much work to do and no one to see?'

'I wish you had not so much to do, dear,' said Bessie gently. 'And as for people to see—I am always here, and Robert.'

A bright flush came into the girl's face. Jack's name was made too conspicuous by its absence. But she only replied: 'Nothing I can do for you is too much, Bessie;' and she kissed her sister before marching out of the room with her head up, and her sun-bonnet pushed rather further forward than usual.

As for her education, it was almost necessarily defective in some ways and more than usually good in others. She could neither sing nor play; and even if she had been able to do so, there was no piano at Hamilton to give her a chance of practising. She had never learned to draw, though I think that as she had a keen eye for natural beauty, she would have done so easily. But she had read more than most girls of her age, and being beyond the reach of circulating libraries, her reading had been of a useful and solid kind. Robert's library was a small one, but it contained a few first-class novels, several books of history and travel, and some standard poetry; and Phyllis had read nearly every book on the shelves—some of them two or three times over. She could read French easily, though her pronunciation was deficient; and she had read a little Latin with Robert in the winter evenings. Moreover she could do all sorts of household work deftly, as only a lady can do such work, with daintiness and swiftness of touch. As for her physical education, it was simply perfect. She could row a heavy boat and ride a half-broken horse and walk long distances without fatigue. Altogether, both her faults and virtues were perhaps more masculine than feminine. She had none of the small jealousies and petty meannesses common to women; she was generous and brave and proud; and her very pride made her careless of some things about which most girls are apt to be over-careful.

It was not possible that James Hamilton should at once fully understand such a character as this. With him she was exceedingly quiet, shewing him very little of her acquirements, such as they were. He knew she could 'bake and brew' like the lady in the song; but it was almost a shock to him when one evening he came upon Robert and her with their heads bent over an old *Cæsar* in the lamp-light. As for her bravery, I fear he rather disliked it; and he did not know how superficial a thing it

was after all, serving to make her do daring things and then forsaking her when the reaction came, as it does to most women. An instance of this happened one bright November afternoon, nearly two months after Jack had arrived at Hamilton Farm.

It was one of the first hot days of the season, and Jack, though becoming rapidly accustomed to hard work, had felt the heat almost too much for him. It seemed to him that the sun poured down its rays with a fierceness that was almost capable of burning the very life out of every living thing exposed to its power. All day the cicadas had chirped sleepily in the gum-trees, the grasshoppers had swarmed in the grass, and towards evening the mosquitoes had risen from the lake in clouds, and he declared to his brother that they were the last straw on the camel's back, and would certainly drive him mad. He and Robert were walking slowly homewards, coming down from the hill at the back of the house, where they had been superintending the shearers at their work, and were passing the kitchen in order to go round to their rooms. As they passed the open door, Phyllis called to them, not loudly or with any alarm in her tone, but rather softly, as if she did not wish her voice to reach the house.

'Robert, come here for a minute,' was all she said; and Jack was surprised to see his brother become suddenly pale, and rush forward the instant he put his head in at the door.

'Why, what is the matter?' he asked. Then he saw that Phyllis was standing in the middle of the kitchen floor holding down with all her strength a long deal board, under which was struggling a black snake, fully five feet long, and nearly as thick as a woman's wrist.

'Hush! don't make a noise,' she said quietly. 'I was so afraid Bessie would hear something, before I could make you understand. She hates snakes, and it would have frightened her so.'

Robert seized the kitchen poker and Jack a thick stick, and between them they despatched the ugly visitor.

That was a wise idea that gave to the Essence of all Evil the serpent form. Of all others it is the most utterly repugnant to humanity; and though it has been estimated that of all the species known, not more than a sixth are venomous, there is no man who, on seeing a snake, does not feel a horror of it and the instinct to kill strong within him, and this quite irrespective of the harm it may do him.

'You brave child!' said Robert. 'How long have you been standing there holding down that thing?'

'Oh, a good while,' she answered, smiling. 'Nearly an hour, I fancy. It was here when I came in, going to eat out of the pail where I throw things for the pigs. I was so afraid of its getting to Bessie somehow, that I dared not leave it.'

Jack saw the smile and heard the brave words, and then he walked out of the kitchen. But he did not see that whenever he was gone the girl grew pale and faint with the suppressed excitement.

'I daresay it was not so very long,' she whispered with a little shudder, 'but it seemed a long time to me till you came.'

'My dear brave girl,' exclaimed her brother, caressing her.

'Don't tell Bessie,' was all she said; and then she retired for a while to her own room.

When Jack saw her again at tea, she was as composed as usual. He had seen the strength, which he told himself was masculine; he had not seen the feminine weakness that followed.

WILD-CATS.

Of the few beasts of prey that the spread of agriculture and the deadly gun of the gamekeeper have left in this country, undoubtedly the most ferocious and destructive is the wild-cat.

Though at one time common enough all over the kingdom, the rapacity of this animal and his insatiable thirst for blood, early turned every man's hand against him; everywhere a price was set on his head; till now he is quite extinct in England, and is only to be found at rare intervals even in the remoter fastnesses of the Highlands, where the nature of the ground still gives him a chance against the pursuit of his implacable foe the gamekeeper. How rare the true mountain-cat is we may see from a return recently published in *Land and Water* of the so-called 'vermin' killed during the last five years by the Duke of Sutherland's gamekeepers in the north. While polecats, stoats, weasels, hawks, &c. were indiscriminately and as we think foolishly shot in hundreds, only five wild-cats were bagged. That veteran sportsman, too, the author of *The Moor and the Loch*, tells us that he has only seen five or six genuine wild-cats in the whole of his long sporting career. No doubt there are animals, only too common on all shootings, in one sense entitled to be called wild-cats; but these are either domestic pussies who have taken to a wild life in the woods, or their offspring, kittenized in freedom. The descendants of these semi-wild cats gradually assume a uniform colouring of fur not unlike that of the genuine mountain-cat, yet there are points both of appearance and habits in which the two species always differ.

The true wild-cat or mountain-cat, as for the sake of clearness we shall call it, may be distinguished from the domestic tabby, and in a lesser degree from the wild-cat, by his greater size, his incomparably greater strength, and by his colour, which never varies, but is always a dusky gray, marked with brown on the belly and flanks. His fur is much longer and rougher; his head very broad, whiskers abundant, ears short, teeth extremely large. In size the mountain-cat is sometimes equalled by the wild-cat; and frequently, as we have said, that wise provision of Nature, which adapts the colouring of an animal to the shades of the locality it inhabits, makes the coat of the wild-cat very like that of the other. Yet there is one conspicuous point peculiar to the genuine animal which never reappears in the most remote posterity of the once tame cat—the long bushy tail, of uniform thickness throughout, annulated and tipped with black, which the mountain-cat has instead of the tapering tail of the other. In the male of the true breed this appendage is shorter than in the female, but much bushier, being almost as thick as a fox's brush.

In proportion to its size, the strength of the mountain-cat is prodigious, and though he is not a fast animal, his agility in climbing and 'dodging' is astonishing. Nocturnal in his habits, and possessing in an eminent degree all the 'stalking'

qualities of his kind, the amount of destruction he causes to the game on a well-stocked shooting is enormous. Nothing that he can get comes amiss to him in the shape of prey; but while he pounces with avidity on any grouse, hares, and rabbits he may fall upon, luckily he has a decided preference for the smaller rodents. When pressed by hunger, he has been known to drop on to the shoulders of a well-grown lamb or a young deer, and cling there, tearing at the animal's neck till it drops from exhaustion and loss of blood. His habits are essentially solitary. Except at breeding-time, it is very rare that two are seen together, while at all times he shuns the neighbourhood of man; and it is only in the depths of very severe winters, when he is forced by hunger, that he leaves his lone retreat and comes down to ravage the farmyard, the fold, or the home-preserves.

In conflicts with men or dogs, the mountain-cat is never the aggressor, except, perhaps, when a female with young. When assailed, the cat's first instinct is to fly; but when brought to bay—up a tree or in the cleft of a rock—as he usually very soon is by a speedy terrier, he soon shows how high is his courage, for he at once in his turn becomes a dangerous and determined assailant. 'I never saw an animal fight so desperately, or one which was so difficult to kill,' says Mr Charles St John.

The female usually rears her young—of which she seldom has more than three at a litter—in the cleft of an inaccessible rock as she can find. At this time she is perfectly fearless, and will attack men or dogs who have approached her lair, though with no intention of molesting her. Many stories are told in the north about such attacks that have had very serious, and in some cases fatal endings; but as there undoubtedly exists among shepherds a disposition to make a 'bogey' of the mountain-cat, we shall rather give this well-authenticated instance from the Kielder district, that wild part of Northumberland where the cat had his last home in England. The story was told by James Telfer of Saughtree, in Liddesdale, in a letter to Robert White, the editor of *Leyden's works*.

'Kielder, you may have been told, is indeed,' he writes, 'a blank, wild, out-of-the-way place as any to be found on the Middle Marches. Till within the memory of man, the lower parts of the district were overgrown with natural wood, which afforded a refuge for a breed of wild-cats, the last, I believe, that were known on the Border. My grandfather was a shepherd; and it so chanced that being one day either herding or hunting in Kielder, he was attacked by a wild-cat. The creature, without the least provocation, sprang upon him before he was aware, making right for his throat, and although he was then a very athletic man, it required all his strength and agility to baffle it in its purpose. He made several attempts to strangle it or to fling it from him; but these proving ineffectual, he contrived in the end to pin it to the ground under one of his knees, and then he and his dog together managed to despatch it. His dog, you must understand, chanced not to be within sight of him when the creature made its attack; and it was always his opinion that if the dog had been out of hearing and not come to his call, he would in the end have fought a losing battle. After

his assailant was fairly dead, my grandfather stretched it out at its length upon the grass, and found that from the nose to the tip of the tail it outmeasured the dog; and a collie dog, you know, from the nose to the tail is not a very short animal. As may be supposed, from the nature of the contest, my grandfather got his hands severely bit and lacerated. Among other injuries he got the nail of one of his thumbs split by a stroke of the creature's claw, and his thumb was disfigured ever afterwards. I can yet remember it. This adventure of my grandfather's might occur a little after the middle of last century, or about a hundred years ago.'

Whether the animal be the aggressor or not, a combat with a mountain-cat is at all times a sufficiently dangerous and exciting event in a sportsman's life. Nowadays, so rare are the animals and so well armed their assailants, that few accidents occur; but many stories are still told of long and bloody combats in the times when shepherds or peasants attacked the fierce animals with no better weapon than a knife or a thick stick. Some years ago, in Sutherlandshire, a shepherd's collie put up a cat which took refuge in a cleft of a rock behind a large stone. The shepherd, supposing the cat had escaped, and growing impatient at what he thought his dog's barking at nothing, went down to make sure the cat was away, when the animal sprang out on him, and with his claws tore open an artery in his throat, so that he bled to death.

There are few places where these fierce animals once lived that have not still some lingering tradition of them; like the story Mr Hamerton tells of Bamforth in Yorkshire, where a man and a wild-cat fought together in a wood, the combat going on till they got to the church porch, where both died of their wounds.

In many parts of the continent the genuine wild-cat is still pretty common, though there too his evil reputation draws down on him the bitter hostility of gamekeeper and farmer, which is slowly but surely leading to his ultimate extinction there, as in England.

Some time ago it was stated in a German newspaper that a Herr Heurt had trained a wild-cat to take care of a tame sparrow. The animal did his duty so conscientiously, it was said, that when another cat attacked his charge, he defended it most vigorously. The German trainer, according to this, has succeeded in proving that the mountain-cat *can* be tamed; though, as far as we know, the unanimous opinion of all authorities in this country is that this cat, even when captured as a kitten, is hopelessly untamable. Gamekeepers who have tried the experiment on kittens have told us that as they grow up their native fierceness invariably shows itself, and soon they have to be condemned to the strong cage that one now and then finds in the outhouses of the keepers' cottages, tenanted by the wild, fierce-eyed mountain-cat. If captured alive when some months old, as they sometimes are in traps, they never become in the least tamed by confinement. Kind treatment has not the slightest effect on their ferocity; and even when feeding the captives, great care has to be taken, otherwise they will at once tear the hand that feeds them. In the Earl of Seafield's farmyard at Balmacraan, near Loch Ness, there used to be, and probably still is, a fine collection of wild-cats captured on the estate.

Though many of them were taken when very young, they appeared to the spectator much wilder than their larger relations the lions and tigers caged in zoological collections, as they growlingly shewed their huge fangs, and glared rage and hatred alike on keeper and visitor.

An infinitely greater nuisance to game preservers than even the mountain-cat is grimalkin that has become wild—the semi-wild cat. Almost the equal of the mountain-cat in ferocity and destructiveness, these wild cats are enormously more numerous. It is amazing the number of domestic cats that, by cruel neglect on the part of their owners, or other causes, annually revert to their natural state, and take up their quarters in the woods, to live as wild animals. During the five years in which the Duke of Sutherland's gamekeepers bagged only five mountain-cats, they shot two hundred and thirty-five of the other kind; and when we come southwards, into the preserves near large towns, the numbers grow enormously. 'In the preserves say from ten to twenty miles round London,' says a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'the cats thus killed must be counted by thousands. Families change their houses; the cat is driven away by the new-comer, and takes to the fields. In one little copse not more than two acres in extent, and about twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner, fifteen cats were shot in six weeks. When two or three wild or homeless animals take up their abode in a wood, they speedily attract half-a-dozen hitherto tame ones; and if they are not destroyed, it would be impossible to keep either game or rabbits.'

We have on more than one occasion protested against the heartless cruelty of turning cats out of doors to starve, when shutting up houses for the season. As is seen, the poor creatures are often driven wild with hunger and exposure, and liable to be killed as a measure of general police. We again denounce this odious misusage of the faithful and domestic cat, as a scandal to humanity. Those who cannot permanently provide for cats ought not to attempt to keep them.

IRISH TRAITS.

OLD JUDY—A TURF TICKET—THE WIDOW'S SON.

We read of

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

But in our dealings with the Irish poor we find tongues and books and sermons as eloquent and instructive as are to be met in any inanimate objects. 'God is good!' is the saying on their lips in every emergency; and their patience and implicit trust in Providence in all their difficulties are wonderful.

A striking example of this firm faith was an old woman well remembered in the parish, where she had come as a stranger, and lived for years without any fixed home or apparent means of subsistence. Old Judy had contrived to secure the good-will and respect of all, rich and poor. There was a decency of manner and appearance about her that spoke of better days; she was scrupulously clean in her person; and her clothes, though ever so worn and threadbare, were patched and made the best of. The neighbours gave her 'the place of

her bed,' sometimes in one cabin, sometimes in another; and her little figure trotting along with a stick in her hand, came to be a familiar and well-known object. The magnates of the place patronised her; and whenever blankets were given out or there was a distribution of food or clothing, old Judy's name was sure to be down in some one's list. Every stray shilling or sixpence bestowed on her was forthwith invested in gingerbread and sugar-sticks. An occasional gift of a basket of apples was a welcome addition to her store; and with this stock in trade she took up her post at the school-house gate and beguiled the scholars of their halfpence by her tempting array of good things.

When not thus employed, Judy's usual seat was a long stone bench at the gable-end of a thatched cottage by the roadside. Here she used to sit basking in the sunshine, her trembling hands resting on a staff—a picture for an artist; with the wrinkled fresh-coloured face like a frost-bitten apple peeping out from the frill of her clean white cap, over which was tied the scarlet kerchief that forms so picturesque a feature of Irish headgear; her tidy little gray cloak, turned-up stuff gown, blue petticoat, well-blackened brogues, and gray stockings. And as she sat on her favourite bench, with generally two or three village children playing about her, her figure harmonised well with the lovely view around.

As fair and pleasant a view it was as could be seen anywhere, and one on which no eye could rest without delight. To the left, Kilkeedy church with its 'ivy-mantled tower,' the tall spire rising from a clustering mass of glossy verdure; and beyond, the trees and sunny fields of the Rectory, to which a Gothic gateway led through a cloistered walk of overarching evergreens, holly and yew, laurel and arbutus. On the right, crowning the green upland, surrounded by a belt of trees, with background of purple mountain, Carrig o' Gunniel Castle, that beautiful old ruin, the eyenore of Clare and Limerick, that looks down so proudly over the broad Shannon. Across the road opposite the cottage was a large field—

The richest land in all the glen—

bordered on one side by a hawthorn hedge, and on the other by a row of lofty elms; a broad expanse of verdure, with its single fine tree in the centre, a noble beech, underneath whose spreading branches the cattle loved to gather for shade from the sun or shelter from the breeze. No where did the grass seem to grow so luxuriantly or wear so bright and rich a green. And in summer, when the sun was setting and the crimson glory of its rays were flung across this pleasant field, brightening with mellow light the cheerful landscape, and touching with silvery sheen the windings of the far-off river Maigue—fair indeed was the scene. Pleasant then was the mossy walk along the hedge, or the path beneath the trees. The glowing sunshine, the gorgeous western sky, the quiet church, the clover-scented velvet turf, all so glad and beautiful!

Alas for the changes brought by the revolving years! The old familiar church is gone. Ruthless hands have cut down the lordly beech; and the eyes that gloried in the silvan beauties of the place, the master mind that planned and tended all with loving care, are closed for ever.

There were times when Judy, like many others whose means of subsistence were less precarious, was very low in the world; and then she might be seen on a Sunday seated outside the door of the chapel when the country-people were going to mass, with a white plate on her knees to receive the halfpence of the charitable. This was generally an extreme measure, and one which, being rather ashamed of, she felt needed an apology.

"An' what can I do, avourneen! Sure if the good Christians don't give it to me, I must die entirely." An' look at my old cloak, honey, with the daylight coming through it in spite of me; an' 'tis flying 'twill be before winter, in rags an' tatters. I don't know what I'll do; but God is good."

"Well, Judy, we must get up a subscription to buy you another. It would be a pity to see you "flying."

And accordingly a petition was drawn up and some names entered; and away started Judy to 'gather little or much among the quality.' And a proud little woman she was when in due time she came trotting home with a smart gray cloak she had bought in Limerick with the fruits of her collection, 'for less than half-price, and it better than new. An' now wouldn't she be warm night an' day; with the fine blanket already, an' the elegant cloak forby."

Judy's comforts were soon needed, for her health failed, and she was unable to do anything to help herself, or to sit out in the open air selling apples and lollipops. This was a great loss to her; for 'sure,' said the poor old woman, 'the pence I got from the scholars were what I put my dependance in to buy the bit of soap an' the sod of turf, an' maybe a grain of snuff of an odd time. It's enough for me to be trusting to the neighbours an' the gentlefolks for lodging an' clothes, an' for the potatoes an' the cup of tay, without going to trouble them for small little things of that sort. But God is good, acushla, God is good!"

Her trust in the divine goodness was justified. One of her patrons put her on his list of weekly pensioners, and placed her as a permanent inmate of the thatched cottage outside of which was her favourite bench. There at times she sat, attended as before by her escort of young urchins; for Judy was most popular among the juvenile population. And when she grew quite feeble and unable to go about, there was not a boy or girl in the parish who was not at all times ready and willing to run with her tin can for broth or to fetch sirup for her hacking cough, or perform any little service she required.

When at last the stone bench was unoccupied, and poor Judy's vacant place knew her no more, her constant exclamation 'God is good!' seemed to have brought a blessing with it. Like the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, she had neither storehouse nor barn, could neither toil nor spin, and yet her Heavenly Father had not allowed her simple wants to go unheeded.

This Irish trait also manifested itself strongly in a bright cheerful-looking woman, who appeared among a host of applicants at the door of an office where turf tickets were being distributed.

"Here's your ticket, good woman," said the clerk. "You'll have to pay one-and-sixpence for

it, and they will give you three shillings-worth of turf at the turf-yard."

"Och, then, sir, I may as well leave it with you so," replied the woman. "Where would I get one-and-sixpence? The never a farthin' in the world-wide have I to pay for turf; an' how would I, with six children to provide for, an' no father over them since Christmas last?"

"Here's a sixpence for you," said a by-stander. "But how are you to make up the rest of the money?"

"God will give it to me, never fear!" said the woman, as thanking the donor profusely, she walked briskly off with a beaming face.

The next morning she made her appearance again at the office.

"I'm come for the turf ticket, sir!" she cried; 'an' here's the price of it;' holding up in great glee her one-and-sixpence. "Didn't I tell you God would give it to me? So he did; glory be To his holy name! He never disappointed me yet."

A neighbour inquiring how it had come about, drew forth her little story.

"Why, you see," she said, "when I left this yesterday, I hadn't a spark of fire to boil the handful of potatoes the neighbours—long life to them—gave me for the children's suppers. So I went to the copse behind the village to try would I pick up any sticks or brambles that would serve me till such time as 'twas pleasing to the Lord to send me the price of the turf. Well sir, I had gathered a small bundle, when I looked up an' saw a gentleman on horseback coming across the field over forement me. There was a gate at the end of the field, an' he stopped when he came to it an' tried to open it. The horse was very contrary, an' wouldn't stand for him all he could do, an' the gate was stiff moreover; so when I see that, I threw down the sticks an' ran to open it. 'Twas lucky I did, for the horse by this time was gettin' quite cross entirely."

"Where do you live, my good woman?" sez the gentleman, riding slow, an' I keepin' up with him.

"Don't you see my little cabin, sir?" sez I; "that's it by the roadside yonder."

"Is it that hut covered with the potato-stalks?" sez he, turning round on his saddle; "without window or chimney in it, an' the smoke coming out through the top? Why, woman alive, that isn't fit for a pig, let alone a Christian, to live in!"

"A pig is it sir? Why then, I wish I could shew your honour the six beautiful children, God bless 'em! that I'm rearing in that cabin; every whole one of them with skins as white as snow, an' as fat as if three cows were milking morning an' night for them. I buried their father, rest his soul! the time of the cholera; an' I must strive now and do for them with the help of God, till they're big. Here's the road now sir; and there isn't another gate, so good morrow kindly;" for I was afraid of my life some one might make away with my little bundle of sticks; an' I set off running back again towards the wood. The gentleman called out after me to ax what I was in such a hurry for.

"Stop a minute," sez he; "an' here's something to help the six children."

"With that he pulled out his purse an' threw a

shilling down to me. The moment I saw it, I knew 'twas God sent it for the turf. I put it along with my sixpence, an' I'm come now for the ticket. We'll all be fine an' warm this many a day with such a sight of firing.'

Another instance of the like simple piety is the case of a poor widow's son, taken down in her own words after the young man's death.

'I know,' she said, 'that 'tis a sin and a shame to misdoubt the great God. I often did misdoubt Him; but my poor Tom never did, for he said He was the true friend that would give him all he'd ask for. One day just a week before he went to the hospital, he was sitting forenent the fire; and very weak and bad he was the same time, and the sleep hadn't closed his eyes for two nights. And "O mother, ashore [dearest]," sez he, "I'm destroyed with the thirst that's burning me up like a fire; and what will I do at all?" Well, I had nothing to give my poor child but the cold water, and that was not fit for him; and it was breaking my heart to look at him perishing for want of a drink, and his two cheeks like red coals with the fever that scorched him. I didn't answer him a word, for what could I say? and he got up from his chair and began walking to and fro in the cabin quite restless in his mind. Presently he went back to his place; and when I looked over at him, there he was sitting as patient as a lamb, and looking down at the fire contented and quiet.

"'Tis a poor case, Tom," sez I, "that your mother must see you in want of a drink, and not have a sup to give you to wet your lips, agra."

"Oh, I'm easy now, mother," sez he, and a smile like an angel's come over his face, for all 'twas so thin and so flushed: "I'm easy now, for I've asked God to send me the drink, and I know He will soon."

'The word was hardly apast his lips when, as I was standing at the door, who should I see coming down the hill towards the cabin but the ladies from the great house! and "O Tom," I cried, "here's the darlin' ladies coming to see you, and maybe they'll ask are you thirsty, and will send you a dhrop." Well, they come in, and sure enough, spoke very tender to him; and inquired how he was, and about the pains, and if he slept better at night, and whether he'd finished the book they'd lent him, and they'd send him another when that was done. But not one word all this time about the thirst! not one, though we were watching an' watching in hopes they'd say something consarnin' it. The poor boy was shy of speaking about it; and so was myself—timorous for fear we'd be too troublesome.

'At last they turned to go away, and wished us a good-evening. The heart within me followed after them as they went out of the door, for the longing I had to ax for a drain of something I'd give my poor son. I hadn't the courage still to speak; so I went after the ladies, hoping it might yet come across their minds, and walked up the hill along with them a good piece of the road. It was a beautiful evenin'. The sun was setting behind the Shannon over; and I went as far as the old hawthorn tree, themselves talking to me all the way till we parted.

It was with a sore heart I faced my poor boy again without any good news for him. "Never

fear, mother," sez he; "God is good! I'll never let go my hold on Him." He didn't speak a word more after that; for indeed he wasn't able, his mouth being parched with the drouth. I didn't like to be looking at him sitting there so patient and still, so I turned away and pertended to be dusting the things on the dresser; and just then, when my back was to it, what should darken my door but the ladies' shadows! I thought the heart would jump clean out o' me when I heard them tell Tom about a big jar o' cooling drink they had above at the great house; and how they had come back to ax him would he like any, and that I was to go up for it!

'The minute they were gone, my poor Tom went down on his two knees and gave up his thanks to th' almighty God. "For, mother dear," sez he, "it was He sent the ladies back. Didn't I tell you when I asked Him for it He'd surely give me the drink?"

'Ever after, when I was oneasy in myself or troubled, my poor fellow would bring up to me that evening. And now that he's cold in the clay, his words come across me often. And when black thoughts and misdoubting come into my mind, I think that I see his mild face and hear him saying: "God is good, mother! I'll never let go my hold on Him."

A WORD FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

LONELY and grim in the wild waters of the Western Atlantic, lies the island of Newfoundland. At present it is a much undervalued and undeveloped country, on account of its chilly climate and unpromising appearance. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the prodigious importance of the Newfoundland fisheries, and the treasures of mineral wealth recently opened up, make the natives well content with their country. The abundance of whales has latterly decreased; bonito and turbot give an occasional treat; lobsters exist in immense numbers on many parts of the coast, but are being rapidly destroyed by over-fishing in the few places where, to use an American term, they are 'manufactured'; but cod and herring still abound, if not in incredible quantity, still in numbers sufficient to furnish the mainstay of a country of one hundred and sixty-two thousand inhabitants.

Of this population, seventy-two thousand (including twenty-seven thousand able-bodied seamen) are engaged in catelching and curing fish. Cod are annually exported, literally in millions; and of herring, two hundred thousand barrels; and of salmon, fifty thousand hundredweight. The annual catch of seals ranges from three to five hundred thousand. The total value of exports in fish, oil, and seal-skins amounted last year to nearly two millions sterling.

In a country where so large a proportion of the population is engaged in the fisheries, agricultural and other industries as may be imagined, do not flourish to any great extent. Indeed, mechanics and handicraftsmen, farmers and merchants, here number only a few thousands; and of these the greater number reside in Avalon, a small penin-

sula forming the extreme south-eastern portion of the island. Though in area only about one-tenth of the whole island, it is in point of fact its only important section, owing to the fine position it occupies as regards the line of ocean-travel, and as a rendezvous for vessels engaged in the bank-fishery and in sealing. In short this portion of the island enjoys all the advantages of civilisation and refinement, except railways. Churches abound, schools flourish, the spirit of progress is abroad, and new industries are waking the country to more active life.

Let us now leave Avalon and take a peep at the resources of the main body of the island. Newfoundland is about two-thirds the size of England, having an area of thirty-seven thousand square miles. Its coast is extremely bleak. On the east and south, shelving grassy shores are seldom seen; but the sea-wall rises frowning and precipitous, sometimes to a height of three and four hundred feet, jagged, broken, terrible! At a little distance it seems almost impossible to find safe haven among these perilous rocks; but a near approach shows sudden glimpses of lovely land-locked harbours. Nine great bays, varying in reach from forty to one hundred miles, offer fine feeding-grounds for fish, which frequent them in immense numbers.

Strangers passing by are apt to imagine the character of the whole island to correspond with that of its coast, which certainly is bleak, barren, and uniniviting. But it would be just as wise to judge of a garden by its wall. These high shores lift into a clear and bracing atmosphere lands as lovely as any that are the boast of England. Great ranges of hills protect the inhabitable country from stormy winds, and call down abundance of rain to bless the lovely valleys at their feet. Broad stretches of fertile lowland are varied by rolling uplands, covered with forests of pine, fir, spruce, larch, and birch, waiting to bow to the woodman's axe. Numerous lakes, ranging in length from ten to sixty miles, offer to bear on their placid bosoms the woody treasures to fine rivers that run in every direction to the sea. Only about two hundred small (very small) farmers cultivate any portion of this fine country, of which at least five thousand square miles, lying in the main body of the island, are pronounced by competent judges to be as well adapted for agriculture as any in Europe. Of the saw-mills that utilise the riches of the forests, the generality employ one or two 'hands'; two only, in Trinity Bay, employ from ten to eighty men. Many of these mills, under inexperienced management, destroy more timber than they save. For the rest, the forests are left unworked, or to lawless cutting and burning.

Minerals of the finest quality abound in Newfoundland. The geological formation of the island is largely of granite, serpentine, and limestone. The coal strata of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, after dipping under the sea, reappear in St George's Bay on the western coast. The seams are thick and of excellent quality, but none are worked nor probably will be until the railway—the line of which has already been surveyed—runs directly through them. Silver and iron exist in small quantities, and copper in abundance. Two fine copper mines—namely Tilt Cove and Bett's Cove—are now in operation, both in Notre Dame

Bay, on the north-eastern shore of the island, and quite near each other, and are being worked for fairly remunerative returns. In Fortune Bay, on the southern shore, there exists another mine, said to be the richest yet discovered, but not yet worked. In White Bay, to the north of Bett's and Tilt Coves, the mineral deposits are so fine, the agricultural prospects so encouraging, and the climate so agreeable, that great hopes are entertained of its future prosperity. It is the opinion of the present governor that 'in three or four years the exports from this bay will amount to one million pounds sterling, or nearly one-third of the whole amount of the exports of Newfoundland and Labrador.' This indeed should be, but never will be here, nor in other parts of the island, until government and public-spirited men open up the country by roads and railways, and foster those industries on which Newfoundland must ultimately depend.

The interior of the island is at present almost wholly uninhabited. Traces of deer-fences, thirty and forty miles long, only remain to tell of the sports and labours of the Beothicks, the aboriginal Red Indian tribe, long ago exterminated or driven away. The short-sighted policy of the whites in killing the goose that lays the golden egg, led to the destruction of the unfortunate Beothicks, for the sake of the valuable furs of fox, otter, &c. which they alone could procure. With them, of course died out the fur-trade. After they had been wantonly persecuted for over two hundred years, the local government, in the beginning of the present century, woke up to the idea of protecting a tribe that no longer existed! As a step towards showing good-will, an Indian woman was forcibly taken from her home, brought to St John's, kindly treated, loaded with presents, and returned to her tribe. The incidents attending the abduction of this woman and the death of her only child, so suddenly deprived of its mother's care, roused the ire of the Beothicks, who at once resolved to kill any of their number who should afterwards be captured and returned. The result of this was that three more women, who were similarly taken in 1823, and similarly treated, refused to return to their homes. Two soon died. The third, a fine handsome woman, named Shamandis, lived two years with her white captors and became quite civilised. After learning to speak English, she explained the reason of her refusal to return to her companions, saying she would surely have been killed. Since her death in 1825, not an Indian has been seen. The skeleton of 'Mary March,' who returned to her tribe in 1819, has since been found, dressed in white muslin and adorned with trinkets, known to have been hers.

But though the Indian has been exterminated, the white man has not taken his place; the country lying desolate. Over regions that should yield rich harvests to the farmer's hand, now flaunt the golden lily and the purple iris; tangled vines of cranberry, partridge-berry, and delicate capillaire carpet the ground with darkest green, flashing with fruit of scarlet and white; and thickets of blueberry, raspberry, and bake-apple in their season clothe in blue and crimson and amber the wasting plains. Great forests declare that beneath them lies a rich subsoil that should furnish food for thousands; and no man is found to

till this great lone land, which is the secure home of wolves, deer, black bears, hares, foxes, and all manner of vermin. Osprey and owl, raven, crow, and blue-jay, woodpecker and robin, martin, wren, thrush, titmouse, blackcap, fly-catcher, grosbeak, snowbird, and sparrow, all abound in the woods; plover, bittern, snipe, whimbrel, and sandpiper haunt the wilds and marshes. Partridges abound everywhere. Water-fowl of many species are found in the lakes and ponds; while gulls, cormorants, eider-ducks, gosanders, loons, and puffins abound on the sea-coast, and are to be had for the shooting. Penguins were once plentiful, but have been almost exterminated; and almost within the memory of man that now extinct bird the great-auk found a breeding-place on the adjacent islands. Trout and salmon abound in the rivers and ponds, but though well protected by law, are wantonly destroyed in districts where law is practically without effect, from the want of an efficient staff of water-bailiffs.

Concerning the climate of Newfoundland, great mistakes have been made, first as to fog, second as to cold. Fog is not prevalent. On the southern and eastern coasts it is sometimes seen, but is soon driven off by the north-westerly winds that prevail during summer. On the western coast fog rarely appears. As to cold, the mistake is still greater. On the sea-shore, chilly winds certainly prevail all the year round, as is the case in every country, and only the shores of Newfoundland are inhabited. There indeed, the summer is short, though often hot, and spring is late; but autumn is a long and lovely season. The winter too is long and steady, but not extremely cold. While in Nova Scotia the thermometer frequently falls to thirty degrees below zero, in Avalon it seldom reaches *minus* twenty degrees; and on the southern coast, and in the interior, the cold is still less. In Avalon, small garden fruits grow well; but orchard fruits seldom attain great excellence. In the great southern bays, however, they attain perfection. Everywhere, vegetables are remarkably fine, not in size but in flavour, the short hot season forcing the plants to a rapid and tender growth.

The climate is certainly salubrious, as the healthfulness and longevity of the people prove. Zymotic diseases rarely occur, and never in great violence. Consumption is rapidly disappearing. In spite of the free use of salt-provisions by the working population, scrofula seldom appears, thanks to spruce-beer, a pleasant beverage made from the black spruce, and a most powerful anti-scorbutic. Most of the Newfoundlanders live to a good old age. In the census for 1874, one thousand six hundred and sixty men and one thousand four hundred and thirty-five women—making together a fifty-second part of the whole population—are returned as being over seventy years of age. The numerical predominance of men over women at this age is accounted for by the excessively hard life led by the Newfoundland fisherman's wife, her toils being much more constant and exhausting than those of her husband.

We have alluded to the project of a railway to intersect the island with a view to developing its vast mineral and other resources. It would be gratifying to hear that this railway was proceeded with by means of native wealth and enterprise; for considering the way that English capitalists

have been victimised by the deceptive promises of transatlantic projectors, we fear that there would be little chance of raising the requisite capital for the undertaking in Great Britain.

A FAR-TRAVELLED TELEGRAM.

A remarkable instance of the value of the telegraph in abridging time and space and enabling many nations to join in being useful to each other, has been brought under notice in America. A resident in Auburn, N. Y., wished to communicate with a person in Sydney, New South Wales, and sent him a telegram, on which sixty-five dollars were charged. Let the reader take a globe or map and trace the following route. To reach its destination, it had to traverse the Atlantic, Europe, Asia, and the Eastern Archipelago; passing over about two hundred and fifty degrees of longitude, and about ninety degrees of latitude. It passed through the United States, Newfoundland, Ireland, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), reaching Wladivostok, in what is termed the 'third region' of Siberia. Passing thence, the message next traversed the Yellow Sea to Shanghai, passing through Nagasaki in Japan *en route*, and subsequently by the submarine cables touching at various points; finally starting from Bangowanjie, the terminal point in Java, for Port Darwin in Australia, and so to its destination. The journey would exceed twenty thousand miles; being nearly equal to the earth's circumference, and almost double the direct distance between the points, had a westward route been open.

BALLAD.

My love he took me to the fields,
And through the woods, and o'er the sea;
He said the charms which Nature yields
Were such as those he found in me.

I looked upon the streaming light,
That fell around us everywhere;
He said the sun would not be bright
But that it wished to match my hair.

I stooped to cull a simple flower,
And in its scent he found a sign;
He told me Flora gave that dower
To those whose breath was pure as mine.

I listened to the roving breeze,
That wafted leaves from every tree;
And fondly he declared that these
Were like the vows he sighed to me.

I paused to hear the happy birds,
That sang their trusting mates to rest;
He said such songs, too sweet for words,
He sang to me within his breast.

And when the dew came down, he said
A sadder symbol these impart;
For these are tears that angels shed
To see that we again must part.

Thus daily did he me rejoice.
But never now these charms I see;
For I have lost the gentle voice
That made them all so dear to me.

J. E. W.

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HAPS AND MISHAPS OF SUBMARINE CABLES.

THOUGH in former articles we have described the process of manufacturing submarine cables, we may briefly remind our readers that the substances used are several in number. First there is the copper wire or wires which are insulated in a covering of gutta-percha; and second there is a sheathing, composed of hemp, which, like gutta-percha, is a non-conducting substance; and lastly, the strong twisted wires which envelop and strengthen the whole.

Sir William Thomson, one of the greatest living authorities on the subject, has said that the very safest place for a submarine cable is the sea, sea-water being the very best preservative for gutta-percha. It was therefore thought in the early days of cables that they would be of a practically infinite durability when once submerged; but experience has told a different tale. It shews that the average life of a cable is only about twelve or fourteen years. Were sea-water the only thing a cable had to encounter in the 'slimy bottom of the deep,' there would be good reason to expect a long life for cables; but there are many sources of mishap and trouble to them, some of which could hardly be conjectured beforehand.

It was foreseen that near the land, where storm-waves move the whole depth of water, the cable would be rasped on the rocks and worn through or pulled forcibly asunder; a common accident on the old Orkney cables. But in the depths of the ocean, where all is still, it was thought no harm could come unless, by rare coincidence, a sinking ship settled down upon it. No such instance has yet appeared; but the cable has encountered a far worse enemy in the teeth of a tiny sea-creature, the *Limnoria terebrans*. In 1865, Dr W. H. Russell, as *Times* correspondent with the Atlantic Cable expedition of 1865 wrote: 'But as a mite would in all probability never have been seen but for the invention of cheese, so it may be that there is some undeveloped creation waiting *perdu* for

the first piece of gutta-percha which comes down to arouse his faculty and fulfil his functions of life—a gutta-percha boring and eating *teredo* who has been waiting for his meal since the beginning of the world.' While the doctor wrote these words his prophecy was being actually fulfilled. The borer was at work! The Levant Cable, laid in 1858, and taken up next summer, was found to be beset by 'millions of small shell-fish or snails,' accompanied by small worms, which had completely destroyed the hemp of the outer sheathing, and eaten circular holes in the gutta-percha core. Professor Huxley on examining these shells wrote: 'The specimens you sent me remove all doubt as to the nature of the mischief-maker in the cable. It is a bivalve shell, the xylophaga, closely allied to the shipworm (*teredo*), but distinguished from it, among other peculiarities, by not lining its burrow with shelly matter. The xylophaga turns beautifully cylindrical burrows, always against the grain, in wood; and I have no doubt it perforated the hempen coating of the cable in the same way. On meeting the gutta-percha it seemed not to have liked it, and to have turned aside; thus giving rise to the elongated grooves which we see.'

In 1860 several pieces of cable were picked up off Minorca in the Mediterranean having the hemp between the steel wires eaten into holes with the regularity and spacing of a cribbage-board. The gutta-percha was also penetrated to various depths, and it did not seem from these that the *teredo*, as the borer was now called, had any dislike to this nutriment. Subsequently, the borer was found off the Norway coast and in the English and Irish Channels, where it did and still does great harm to the Irish cables. A part of the Dublin and Holyhead Cable was taken up, pierced in many places right through the core, directly inwards to the copper-wire, and the worms were found in the holes. Dr Carpenter examined these, and identified them as the *Limnoria lignorum* of Rathké, better known to British naturalists as the *Limnoria terebrans*. 'This,' says Dr Carpenter in his Report, 'is a most destructive creature, whose

ravages have long been a source of great injury to the woodwork of piers, bridges, harbour-works, &c.; often erroneously attributed to the borings of the "teredo." The *L. teredrans* is about a quarter-inch long, in body like a truncated maggot, with seven pair of small legs and a round head. From its small size it can readily wriggle its way between the iron guard-wires of a cable where they do not close up well. They have since been found in such widely distant seas as the Florida and Persian Gulfs, and it is believed that they are to be met with over the greater part of the world. It is startling to think what a destructive power this little worm possesses. A single unconscious meal of his might so affect a cable as to render it absolutely useless for the time being.

The repairing of submarine cables and the results of deep-sea soundings prior to laying, began to throw new light on the depths of the sea, and to suggest that life in a variety of forms might inhabit them. Further experiences strengthened this view, and naturalists bestirred themselves for new explorations. The expeditions of the *Porcupine* paved the way for the famous voyage of the *Challenger*.

The amount of submarine life that comes up on a cable which is taken up for repairs after being immersed for a year or two, is surprising. Three years ago, the writer was with a repairing expedition on the Pará to Cayenne section of the Western and Brazilian Company's Cables. We were chiefly at work off the island of Marajo, in the estuary of the Amazon. The cable had only been submerged about a month; yet it came on board the ship at places literally covered with barnacles; at others overgrown with submarine vegetation, crabs, and curious shells, often of singular delicacy and beauty. The sea-weeds were in great variety clinging to the cable, sometimes in thick groves of red and yellow algae; slender, transparent, feathery grasses; red slimy fucoids, and tufts of amethyst moss. We found branching coralline plants upwards of a foot in height growing to the cable, the soft skeleton being covered with a fleshy skin, generally of a deep orange colour. Sometimes a sponge was found attached to the roots of these corals, and delicate calcareous structures of varied tints incrusting the stems of all these plants, and served to ornament as well as to strengthen them. Parasitic life seems to be as rife under these soft tepid waters as it is on the neighbouring tropical shores. Many star-fishes, zoophytes, and curious crabs and crustaceans were likewise fished up on the cable. The crabs were often themselves completely overgrown with the indigenous vegetation of the bottom, and so were scarcely distinguishable from it. Others, although not so covered, were found to have the same tints as the vegetation they inhabited, and even in structure somewhat resembled the latter. Others again were perfectly or partially transparent; and one most beautiful hyaline crab, new to science, united in its person several of the prevailing colours of the bottom. Its slender limbs, like jointed filaments of glass, were stained here and there of a deep topaz brown. Its snout, pointed like a needle, was of a deep scarlet; its triangular body was of a deep yellow; its eyes were green; and its tiny limbs of an amethyst blue.

Within a day after this cable had been laid, a

mysterious fault had occurred; and this we were in pursuit of. To our surprise, we found it to have been caused by the bites of some voracious fish. About thirty miles north of the Pará mouth of the Amazon we found the cable bitten in many places, and in some so severely that the iron guard-wires had been forcibly crushed aside, the cable penetrated to the conductor, and pieces of the animal's teeth left sticking in the core. Instances of cables having been damaged by the saw-fish were known before, both by us and doubtless by our readers. The saw-fish grubbing with its snout in the mud is supposed by Frank Buckland to encounter the cable; and becoming enraged at it, to deal it a sharp downward stroke with its saw, thereby piercing the cable from above, and in certain cases leaving its broken teeth jammed between the wires. But the bites we cut out were evidently due to another fish; for they shewed signs of having been made by a direct bite between a pair of powerful jaws. Pieces of teeth were found both on the upper and under side of a bitten place, shewing that both jaws had been at work. Of what the fish really is which tries its teeth on such expensive prey, nothing is certainly known. Naturalists have not yet explored these virgin waters. The cable has been bitten again and again since it was submerged. It lies over the surface of the coral reef which fringes that coast, and where it spans the jagged projections of the coral rock, will offer a tempting bait to the big and strange fishes which are known to haunt the caverns of a reef.

Fish are not the only large animals who have tried to make a meal or a plaything out of a cable. Underground cables have been found eaten by both rats and mice. In Bristol, a year or two ago, a company of rats made their way into the street pipes, and devoured the gutta-percha coating of the street cables. Not long since at Dawlish a mouse built her nest and reared her progeny in one of these pipes, and apparently supported both herself and her household on the gutta-percha of the wires. No doubt as the current passed at times while she was gnawing, the little creature felt a tickling sensation of the palate, which fairly puzzled its tiny understanding and possibly disturbed its innocent feast.

A curious submarine accident occurred a few years ago in the Persian Gulf Cable. The cable suddenly broke down faulty. The position of the fault was localised by shore-tests, and a ship despatched to raise the cable and repair it. It was duly grappled; and after a great deal of labour, caused by the extraordinary weight of the cable in hauling up, they succeeded in raising it to the surface, when they found, much to their amusement as well as surprise, that they had 'caught a whale.' The body of a dead whale was found entangled in the coils of the cable, where the animal had netted and strangled itself.

The great majority of breakages result from the fouling of ships' anchors. Nor do the skippers of these defaulting ships in every case furnish reports of what they have accidentally done, although it would be of great service to the Company which owns the cable. Every one in the telegraph world has heard the story of Mr Hockin's feat in this way. Mr Hockin, one of the most eminent electricians of the day, was on

his way home from Pernambuco after the laying of the cable from Europe to Brazil. The mail-steamer he was aboard of accidentally hooked the cable on her anchor outside of Lisbon. The captain, eager to get home, would simply have dropped the injured cable and passed on; but Mr Hockin represented to him the importance of the case, and prevailed upon him to delay a few hours. Then Mr Hockin extemporised a rude battery and signalling key out of some scrap metal on board, and succeeded in signalling along the broken cable to the shore. The shore replied. Receiving the signals on his tongue by the taste which the current made when it passed, he instructed the shore exactly where to find the breakage; whereby much delay and expense were saved the Company, who presented him with a handsome acknowledgment. Such is the story as we have heard it. Whether true in detail or not, the moral obviously is, that ships committing damages to cables should invariably report upon them.

High words passed between two rival Atlantic Companies on the subject of the mysterious breakages which occurred in 1875 and 1876 on the Direct United States Cable newly laid. These breakages were imputed by some to the machinations of the Anglo-American Company. They occurred off the American coast, one in seventy, the other in one hundred and twenty fathoms. Sir William Thomson and Mr Bramwell, C.E. reported on them as follows: "The seeping down of the ends of the wire, characteristic of good ductile metal in act of breaking, combined with the general appearance of the broken cable, could admit of only one conclusion being drawn, and that the breakage was not due to any decayed or imperfect condition of cable, and also that it was not due to chafing of the cable against a rock, or to any influence of an abrading or of a crushing character; but that the breakage had occurred on a perfect cable and through thoroughly sound metal, and was caused by the whole having been torn asunder under a violent tensile strain." This strain they thought to have been caused by the arm of a grapple or the fluke of an anchor, by which the cable had been for a distance underrun, till the frayed hemp stopped it, when the final strain broke the cable. Mr Gaines, Superintendent of the Anglo-American Company, subsequently wrote, explaining that every year, with one exception, since it was laid in 1869, the Duxbury and St Pierre Cable of that Company had been broken through at least once by the anchors of fishing-smacks. These breaks, with one exception, were all within fifty miles of each other. Sometimes the skippers of the smacks reported on the breakages, but sometimes not. The exceptional year was 1874, the first year of the submersion of the Direct United States Cable, during which it also was untouched. A fishing-boat, it was argued, hooks the cable with its anchor, and while hauling in, the heavy ground-swell heaves up her bows, snapping the cable.

Besides these fisher-folk, there have been other human depredators of cables, especially in the benighted East. Coolies have been known to steal a river cable, cut it in pieces, and plant the bits, to grow more; and for a long time the Chinese proved very troublesome to the early

cables laid to China. Not only did they persistently cut it in two, because they believed it to be an evil demon or false joss; but after they had learned to fear it less, they appropriated the shore-ends, in order to make tea-nails out of the iron wires, while out of the copper of the core they manufactured ornaments for the person.

Ice sometimes ruptures cables, as, for instance, in the White Sea. These ice-breakers were for a time as mysterious as any other kind when they first appeared. Thus one gentleman, an officer in one of Her Majesty's scientific corps, wrote to the papers to explain that the ruptures in the White Sea Cables were due to the fact, which he claimed to have discovered, that the world was growing bigger, stretching itself, so to speak, and bursting its bounds. This suggestion is on a par with that of the lady who, after the failure to lay the 1858 Atlantic Cable, wrote to *The Times* suggesting that cables instead of being under-sea should be over-sea, and proposing Gibraltar Rock, the Peak of Tenerife, and the Andes as convenient points of suspension!

Besides these mechanical foes to submarine cables, we may say in conclusion a few words about some more subtle disturbances which, if not exactly foes, are at least pests. We allude to magnetic storms and lightning.

It is well known that a display of the aurora borealis is always associated with disturbances of the earth's magnetic condition, so that delicate compass needles, and especially the magnetic needles of telegraph receiving instruments, are set in irregular motion. The 'magnetic storm' precedes, accompanies, and follows the aurora, so that with a suitably suspended magnet or magnetometer, an aurora can be predicted. Beyond the connection of the two, almost nothing is yet known about magnetic storms. The aurora is almost certainly caused by electric discharges in the higher atmosphere, like the beautiful display of colour made at lectures on electricity, by passing a current through tubes of highly rarefied gases. The abrupt erratic movements of the needles in magnetic storms, of course disturb the true indications of the mirror galvanometer used in working the telegraph, and cause false signals. But 'electric storms' or lightning are far more troublesome, and are even dangerous. The effects of lightning, or disturbances of the atmospheric electricity, are chiefly felt on land-lines. The lightning is attracted to the land-lines, raised as they are above the earth; and by those land-lines connected to cables, the subtle fluid would rush into the cable, committing incalculable damage, were it not that lightning protectors are inserted between the land-lines and the cable. These protectors take the form of a series of fine points inserted in the ground, or to use the technical phrase 'connected to earth,' across which the lightning leaps rather than enter the cable; or of fine wires inserted between the land-line and cable, which are fused by the lightning, and the connection of cable and land-line thereby broken.

These lightning-currents in telegraph lines, although they are thus ingeniously kept out of cables, often seriously interfere with overland messages. Instruments are sometimes completely destroyed by the violence of the 'earth-current,' as it is called, and in America more than one operator has been accidentally killed while on duty.

During thunder-storms, these earth-currents are naturally most violent. It is even possible on some lines to predict thunder-storms in the neighbourhood. While testing the Santa Cruz to St Thomas Cable, West Indies, we remember being able to tell when there was a thunder-storm and rain in the neighbouring islands, by the earth-currents in the cable disturbing our tests. When they were more violent than usual, we would generally learn subsequently that there had been heavy rain and thunder at St Thomas on the same day. Except for the telegraph, we should not have known of the existence of these 'earth-currents.' Their cause is yet a mystery, just as the connection between auroras and 'magnetic storms,' and these again with 'sun-spots,' is a mystery; but through the telegraph itself, we hope in time to learn more about them, so that our physicists may be enabled to unveil another great cosmical secret.

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER IV.—SHE IS MY SISTER—ALMOST.

THE sitting-room at the farm had, as is usual with colonial rooms, two doors, one opening as I have described to the front veranda, the other leading out to the back-court, through which meals were carried from the kitchen. Just inside this back-door, Jack was seated one Saturday forenoon, reading a four months' old English newspaper with as keen a relish as home people have for their morning's *Times*. It was an oppressively hot day, and Robert had insisted on sending him indoors earlier than usual out of the mid-day sun.

'You must take a little care this first summer,' he had said, 'or we shall be having you laid up with sunstroke before you have become acclimatised.'

So he sat by the open door trying to catch the ghost of a cool breeze and reading his newspaper. Bessie was in her own room, and Bertie was taking his siesta, while Phyllis was in the kitchen preparing the dinner. Jack was entertained during the hour he sat there by the nondescript character of the levee she held at her kitchen-door. First came Sam, the general factotum of the household, a big slouching lad of thirteen, who wore such an old jacket that it was a marvel how it hung together, and a wide-awake hat without any brim to it.

'Please miss, master wants some chopped eggs, cos there's two broods of young turkeys comed out up at the hill-paddock, and master has a-drivin' of 'em into the shed.'

'That's good news Sam,' said Phyllis cheerily. 'Sit down here in the cool while I boil the eggs. Will you have a drink of tea?'

'Ess miss,' said Sam with a bashful grin, plucking off the brimless hat, as Phyllis had taught him to do in her presence.

In Australian kitchens, by the way, as in many of the humbler dwellings in Scotland, the teapot is absolutely never off the stove, and tea is being consumed all day by farm-servants. They seem to have an unlimited capacity for it, and at shearing-time and harvest it is sent out to the men by the bucketful.

The eggs were boiled and chopped, and Sam departed to provide for the wants of the interesting brood. Phyllis was seen by Jack from time to

time as she crossed the gloom within the kitchen-door, while out in the yard the sun poured down his fierce uninterrupted rays. The next arrival on the scene was July Maloney, a native of Erin, who drove up in a cart drawn by a very old white horse, which seemed delighted to be allowed to stand still, holding down its head, and only shaking its ears slightly by way of a gentle remonstrance to the flies. Judy lived about two miles off, and came weekly for the family washing. She had placed a chair in the cart, on which she sat in solitary state; and as she was attired in a grass-green gown, a straw bonnet trimmed with yellow ribbon, of which the design seemed to be to have as many streamers as possible, and a scarlet handkerchief round her neck, the effect of the whole was brilliant in the extreme.

'Sure, Miss Phyllis,' she said in a rather high-pitched voice, as that damsel came to the door, 'an' its meself is glad to see you lookin' so well this blessed day, an' the very marrow like to be melted in me bones.'

'It is very hot, Mrs Maloney. I have the clothes ready for you. Will you come in and have a cup of tea?'

'Well then, I would need to come down out of the cart, me dear, an' it is easier to sit still where I am. But if you will just give me the tea, I faith I will be glad to drink it, for I'm as dry as an old leather brogue.'

The tea was poured out of Phyllis's inexhaustible teapot and brought out, accompanied by a large slice of currant-cake.

'I was baking this morning, Mrs Maloney, and I thought I would make a little cake for you. I know Pat likes a bit of cake.'

'Well, indeed he does, poor man; an' it's but seldom he gets it,' said Judy. 'For what with the washin' an' the cleanin' an' the makin' an' the mendin', I have but little time for cakes an' the like of that. Ah! it was like your sweet self, me dear, to think of poor old Judy; the saints bless you for it, darlin'.'

'I hope they will,' said the girl, laughing.

'And how are all down your way doing, Mrs Maloney?'

'An' wasn't I up all last night with Mrs Murphy, that has two as beautiful twins as ever your eyes looked on?'

'Twins! poor woman!' said Phyllis commiseratingly. 'That makes six altogether. What a handful for her!'

'Well then, my dear, an' the ways of Providence is puzzling sometimes. I says to her this morning: "Mrs Murphy," says I, "as the Lord has denied the affliction of children to me an' Pat, just give me one of them two beauties, an' it's meself will be a mother to it, an' likewise Pat a father, or I'll know the reason why." For, Miss Phyllis darlin', you know I have two as fine cows as ever was calved on this island; an' the child would niver have wanted bit nor sup as long as I could give it. But what does Mrs Murphy do but fall a-crying and a-kissing of 'em both, an' says she, "Misthress Maloney," she says, "here is thanks to you for your kind offer; but to part with one of them blessed babbies I never could." Here Judy heaved a deep sigh, and emptying her cup, handed it back to Phyllis.

'Well, perhaps she was right,' said the girl. 'They say that when God sends a mouth He gives

something to feed it. I'll walk over to see her to-morrow, Mrs Maloney, and bring her some strong soup. Tell her so, please; and tell her I wish her good-luck of her children. Here are the clothes, and here is the cake wrapped up in paper.

'I thank you kindly, ma'oumreen,' said Judy, turning her cart. 'An' a sight of your purty face will do the poor dear good. An' may the Blessed Virgin see your own dear missus safe through her trouble; an' any hour by day or night it's Judy Maloney will come when she is called.' With which adieu Mrs Maloney drove off, and as the rumble of the cart-wheels died in the distance, silence again settled down over the farm.

About a quarter of an hour passed quietly, and then the sound of a trotting horse was heard approaching, and presently a powerful bay, ridden by a stalwart young man, came into the yard.

'How do you do, Mr Campbell?' said Phyllis, coming to the door again.

The young man dismounted, and slipped his horse's bridle over a post which was erected in the yard for the purpose. He was a young Scotch farmer, quite a near neighbour of the Hamiltons, his farm being only twelve miles off. His face was at present of a deep crimson, partly from the heat, and partly from the excitement of seeing Phyllis, whom he admired greatly, though as yet he had 'never told his love.'

'Did you get your horse across the water easily?' she asked as they shook hands.

'O yes,' he answered; 'the float was on the other side, and I poled him over. He knows the way now, I think, Miss Phyllis, though it is so long since I have been here.'

'I suppose you have been busy, as we have. Our shearers only left this week, and we were all glad to see the last of them. We have had, as you are doubtless aware, an arrival since you were last here, Mr Hamilton's brother James. Will you come into the parlour and see him?'

Crossing the yard to where Jack was sitting, Phyllis introduced the two men to one another, and then disappeared to finish her cooking, leaving them to get on as they best might in each other's society. Jack thought the young man plain and sensible, and by no means difficult to talk to, as they discussed the shearing just finished and the harvest about to commence, and all the numberless details interesting to farmers. Only he noticed that whenever Phyllis came into the room, which she did presently to lay the cloth for dinner, the young Scotchman's manner became somewhat awkward and uneasy, while her slightest movements seemed to be fraught with an irresistible fascination. Jack noticed also that on these occasions he caught himself hating the Scotchman in quite an unreasonable manner; for what object, he asked himself, could he possibly have for feeling indisposed towards this good yeoman, with the smooth fair hair and brilliant complexion?

When Robert had come in and they were all seated at table, Mr Campbell unfolded his mission, bashfully and with many blushes. There was to be a dance at Glen Assynt, only five-and-twenty miles off; it was to be given by the bachelors of the neighbourhood—said neighbourhood meaning a circuit of forty miles—and they would one and

all consider any such festivity incomplete without the presence of Miss Phyllis. (These were early days; and where now the flourishing township of Glen Assynt stands, there were only a few scattered cottages; but the first store had just been built, and the ball was to be given in the large ware-room before the goods were moved into it.) Mr Campbell took from his pocket three elaborately written cards of invitation, which had been composed with care by the best penman among the bachelors; and one he delivered to Phyllis, one to Jack, and one to Bessie and her husband. The eyes of the first named sparkled and her cheeks flushed with pleasure, but she glanced dubiously at her sister.

'You can't go, Bessie,' she said hesitatingly; 'and I don't see how I can leave you.'

'Nonsense, child,' answered Bessie briskly. 'Do you think I am going to stand in the way of your pleasure? You have so few chances, Phyllis, you must go. Robert will stay and take care of me, and Jack will go and take care of you. So that is settled.'

Jack had been looking down rather superciliously at his card; a dance in a store with a lot of country lads and lasses was not particularly to his taste. And besides he was not at all sure that he wanted Phyllis for himself; yet he experienced a vague uneasiness at the idea of bringing her into the midst of all the bachelors of the neighbourhood to be doubtless the belle of their ball.

'Five-and-twenty miles seem a long way to go for one evening's amusement,' he said in a lukewarm tone, 'and we are so busy; I don't know that Mr Hamilton can spare me.'

'Spare you!' laughed Robert; 'of course I can. Why, we think nothing here of riding twenty or thirty miles to see our friends; if we did, we should soon forget what human faces were like. Of course you must go, and I'll stop at home and take care of my old lady.'

It was therefore settled that Jack and Phyllis were to ride on to the farm of Mr Campbell on the morning of the ball, and were to leave their horses there, and be driven on to Glen Assynt in his light wagon. Phyllis's dress was to be sent on before in one of the drays to Campbellton, where she could change her riding-habit for ball-costume. This arrangement made the young Scotchman's face glow more deeply than ever with pleasure; while Jack, who now disliked the whole thing excessively, for reasons best known to himself, looked positively sulky. He went out to his work after dinner without saying a word to any one, and when he came back in the evening young Campbell was gone.

He was sitting in the front veranda after tea, smoking and looking at the lake, in which one or two stars were beginning to be reflected, when Phyllis came out and stood beside him for a minute or two. 'I am afraid,' she said gently, 'that you think the going to this dance will be a great deal of trouble, and that you will not care for it much after you are there. Please do not mind going just for me. I would rather give it up than that you should be bothered.'

Jack felt thoroughly ashamed of himself in a moment. It flashed into his mind how hard the girl worked, how little amusement she had, such as other young girls he had known were used to,

and he took himself to task severely for his selfishness. And besides, as he looked up into her face, he thought it looked wondrously fair in the twilight, and that a shadow of trouble or regret lay in the sweet and gentle eyes.

'Why Phyllis,' he said, rising and taking her hand, 'what a selfish sort of fellow you must think me! Do you think I can't see how much you do for us all every day, and could I refuse to do such a little thing for you? Of course I will go with you. Who should go to take care of you, if your brother did not?'

It was the first time it had occurred to him that such a relationship might really be said to exist between them, and by a sort of intuition he guessed that by making use of it he might establish a more satisfactory state of things, and draw aside the veil of coldness and reserve which seemed to separate them. For lately he had taken to thinking that Phyllis was more reserved than ever with him. With Robert and Bessie she was frankly affectionate. To little Bertie she was a sort of second mother. To every living thing about the place, from Sam the lad-of-all-work, to the dogs that came to lie by her kitchen fire, and the chickens that ran about her feet in the yard, she was kind and friendly. Only Jack felt that somehow he was left out in the cold; and though he often told himself that he was by no means in love with her, he nevertheless longed to share in this universal friendliness. Her face brightened at once, though she drew away her hand gently.

'You are very good,' she said, 'and of course I shall be glad to have you with me, if you will be so kind.' Then she tripped back into the house, and Jack went on with his pipe and his meditations.

'She is very gentle and beautiful and good, and she is my sister—almost. Why should we not be friendly and fond of one another in that way? Any man might be proud of such a sister. I will be kind to her, and try to make her like me a little better. And if she chooses to like some one else better still, even if it were that idiot who was here to-day'—

Why did he break off his musings so abruptly at this point, and get up from his lounging-chair, and walk off at rather a quick pace towards the shore of the lake, where he paced up and down for half an hour? And why had he called John Campbell, who was a remarkably sensible young fellow, an 'idiot'? Probably he did not exactly know; but at the end of the half-hour, he went back to the house and called 'Phyllis!'

When she came out, surprised and inquiring, he said: 'Come and shew me where you want your garden to be; I'm going to make it for you.'

'Oh, that would indeed be charming!' she exclaimed delightedly. Then her face falling a little: 'But you are so busy, and so tired when you come back from your work.'

'A little extra tiredness won't hurt me,' he said, laughing. 'Besides, I'm getting used to it now; you needn't despise me any more on that score.'

'Despise you!' she said, looking hurt. 'Why, I never thought of such a thing! Outdoor work tires every one who is not used to it, just at first. Only, I was sorry for you sometimes.'

'Come then,' he said, 'and let us measure out the garden.' And the two spent a pleasant hour under the silver light of the moon measuring and

debating; while Robert and Bessie sat in the veranda and looked on well pleased.

CHAPTER V.—THE GLAMOUR AWAKES.

The next day was Sunday; and a long quiet dreamy day Sunday usually is in those far regions which, like Hamilton Farm, are beyond the sound of church-bells. Everything rests: the horses in their wide paddocks; the sheep-dogs by the kitchen hearth; the men, glad to repose after the week's labour, stretched out on grassy knoll, with pipe and book for companions, and thoughts that often stray into dreamland or travel back to scenes which have been left far behind on life's journey, and faces that may be seen no more on earth.

This especial Sunday rose fair and bright, and though the sun was hot, his rays were tempered by a cool breeze which blew from off the waters of the lake. Australia's climate is certainly changeable, alternating between fierce blinding heat and dust-storm and rain and cold, all succeeding one another with extraordinary rapidity. Yet she gives very often such perfect days as are to be found in few other countries in like abundance; days when merely to be alive is a delight, the air one breathes is so delicious, so balmy, so invigorating, full as it were of the very essence of life; when never a cloud flecks the deep arch of blue overhead, but the sun rises in the pure golden morning to set in an evening as golden and as pure. And oh! the beauty of those nights when, after the brief gloaming, star after star gleams out, and pays homage to the Southern Cross; and the moon rises above the hills and mounts up into the sky, large, glorious, silvery, casting white lights and black shadows over all the sleeping world! How often on such nights have we lingered out-of-doors in that enchanting atmosphere of balmy air and silver moonlight; of orange-blossom and roses; deeming it almost a sin to retire to the sleep and darkness of indoors, to lose so many hours of Paradise!

The early dinner was cleared away, and Phyllis made her appearance in the veranda, neatly dressed in a fresh muslin gown, and with a pretty little straw hat on her head, in place of the everlasting sun-bonnet which was so obnoxious to Jack.

'Where are you going, Phyll?' asked Robert, who was extended at full length on a lounging-chair, with a book on his knees which he pretended to read.

'To see Mrs Murphy and her twins,' answered Phyllis, holding up the basket she carried in her hand, 'and to take them some soup.'

'Tell her, with my kind regards, to call the twins Castor and Pollux,' said Robert, lazily closing his eyes.

'I think they are girls,' answered Phyllis, laughing; 'but I daresay she would think the names did just as well.'

'May I come?' asked Jack, suddenly appearing at the door of his room, dressed in the original gray tweed suit in which we first saw him.

'O yes,' said Phyllis, 'if you care.'

'And if you don't mind standing god-father to Castor and Pollux,' added Robert, opening his eyes.

'As if Mrs Murphy would have a heretic for any such important relationship!' said Phyllis

laughing, as the two young people walked off together, Jack having taken possession of the basket.

Keeping his eyes open sufficiently long to watch them to the top of the nearest rising ground, the settler marked the pair with an approving look. How well, thought he, they look together—both so straight and tall; for tall woman as Phyllis was, Jack's dark head towered considerably above hers.

'It's a pity they don't seem to see it,' he mused, just as he was sinking off into a comfortable daze. 'To-day it has been better; but up till last night, really they always seemed on the verge of a quarrel. Perhaps it's a good way to begin—perhaps.' But here all future possibilities were lost in dreamland.

Jack had not walked very far when he began to reflect that this was the first time he had ever been positively alone with Phyllis. Hitherto their intercourse had been limited to such matter-of-course words as must pass between dwellers in the same household, or to some brief question and answer connected with farm interests. But now they were away together on the grassy uplands of the island, with the lake at their feet, the blue hills in the distance, a bright sun overhead, and a southern wind blowing in their faces. He wondered very much what they would talk of during the hour or two they were to be together. What used he to talk to girls about at home in England? The weather, boat-races, theatres, the opera, Tennyson's last poem, the last month's magazines, the new exhibition of the Royal Academy. But none of those subjects seemed suitable, or indeed possible just at present, and he stole a glance at his companion, as if he would guess her thoughts. Not guessing them, he set about thinking for himself. His first thought was that she looked very pretty in her fresh muslin and little hat; and his next was that he might as well tell her so.

'How nice you look in that dress, Phyllis,' he said. 'And do you know, that hat is an immense improvement on the one I saw you first in?'

She coloured, but only slightly, and her eyes met his with a bright smile. 'When you took me for an aboriginal,' she said, laughing.

'Not quite so bad as that. Why, the moment I saw your face and heard you speak, I knew you were a lady.'

'I am glad that,' she said, blushing rather more deeply than before. 'I have often wondered!'

'Wondered?' he asked, seeing that she paused. 'How curiously everything must have struck you, when you first arrived. And whether you are not growing very tired of this kind of life, and do not long to get back to England and civilisation again.'

'I have asked myself that question sometimes,' answered Jack thoughtfully, 'and as far as I can tell, the answer is No! I like this life. I like its freedom, its thorough independence, and above all its fullness of work. It is good to feel that every day one has earned the food he eats and the sleep he enjoys, by sheer hard labour, and labour that really produces something.'

'But could you not have done that at home,' Phyllis asked, 'and have had the pleasures of civilisation too?'

'Not so well. You have no idea how crowded everything is there, how every inch of ground, every profession is occupied by men pushing and struggling for a bare existence. I declare,' he exclaimed, drawing a long breath, 'the very remembrance brings a suffocating feeling, and makes me thankful for this wide free country, where one can throw out one's arms and breathe and grow.'

'I am glad you like it,' she said. 'I thought that you were feeling it dull, and missing a good many things.'

He glanced at her rather sharply. Had she been watching him, he wondered, and noticing when he looked tired and cast down, all this time, while he had thought she heeded him less than the commonest labourer about the place?

How little we understand even of the people we live with, with whom we sit at the same table and hold familiar converse! What a sealed book their hearts are to us, how we misinterpret their thoughts, misjudge their actions! And how well for us it would be if we could only forbear our judgments until motives and causes were fully revealed to us. Something of this was passing through the mind of James Hamilton as he walked on silently by Phyllis's side in the sunshine, and dreamily watched the faint breeze stir the waters of the lake and bend the tall reeds. When he next spoke his tone had gained something; a new feeling had taken possession of him in that brief silence, and he could never again feel to Phyllis exactly as he had felt before.

'Of course there are things one misses here,' he said. 'Books and pictures and intercourse with thinking men, and much of what goes by the name of civilisation.' The question is, do we not have things here that are worth all that, and more? Is it not a nobler thing to work with all one's might at the building up of a civilisation in this new world, than to sit down tamely at home, and enjoy the blessings of the old civilisation, which after all is very much overdone?'

'I think so,' replied Phyllis, smiling with her blue eyes into his dark ones, which were flashing just then with hope and spirit. 'But then you see I am different from you. I came to this so young that I have never really known anything better. This is my home, and I love it, and think it the best country on the face of the earth. But with you it is different.'

'Well, after all,' he answered, smiling back to her, 'the best country is where home is; and one can make a home here or anywhere, if one is with the friends whom one loves.'

'Yes,' she said sedately; 'this would have been very different for you, if Robert and Bessie had not been here.'

'It would be different if you were not here,' rose to his thoughts, and almost to his lips, but he checked the utterance. 'I have no right to say such things to her,' he thought, 'and never may have the right. I will not disturb this new peace that has come between us, by being hasty.' So he began to talk to her of home-life and of his student days, from thence diverging into a discussion of books they had both read, and some which he promised to get out from England for her. The way to Mrs Murphy's hut, built in true colonial style of 'wattle and dab,' seemed marvellously short; and when Phyllis went inside to sit with the mother of many children, he lay

down at full length on the turf of a grassy knoll just within call of the cabin door. A solitary gum-tree reared its majestic height on the slope of this knoll and sheltered him from the sun; the glimmering water stretched away from the shore, the tall reeds on the bank nodded and whispered to one another. A great stillness brooded over everything, and in this stillness perhaps the young man began to realise something of what was going on in his heart, and to understand that there was dawning in him for Phyllis something more than a brother's love.

His meditations were interrupted by little shy footsteps, which stole very slowly towards him over the grass. He lay perfectly still; but glancing through his eyelashes perceived two little figures drawing near, pausing now and then in a breathless silence to see if he would move. Jack felt irresistibly reminded of Gulliver as he lay asleep, and the Lilliputians who pinioned him to the ground with their tiny cords. However, he kept still; and the two small figures, encouraged by his seeming harmlessness, advanced cautiously and sat down near his feet, where they began to talk in whispers.

'Sure an' it's the grand gentleman he is, Patsy! Did ye iver see the loike afore!'

'Sich beautiful boots, Jan! Moy, don't they just shine!'

'An' the little gowld buttons to his shirt, Patsy! Ah! he had more money than he know'd what to do wid, when he hammered it into them things!'

Here Jack's lips twitched and betrayed him; so he put out his hand and clutched Patsy before the queer little Antipodean-Irishman had time to run away. Jan stood by his brother valiantly, though he glanced at the cabin behind him, and thought of the bit of open country he would have to cross to get to it.

'Now tell me,' said Jack, 'what your names are, and what you are doing here?'

Patsy put his finger in his mouth and hung down his head; but Jan answered boldly: 'I'm Jan, an' he's Patsy; an' we're here because the Virgin Mary wint in to see mother.'

'Who?' said Jack, opening his eyes.

Patsy, who was more matter of fact than his brother, whispered: 'It's Miss Phyllis from the big house, sir.'

But mother says,' persisted Jan, 'that the Holy Virgin is a beautiful lady with a blue gown and yellow hair. An' isn't Miss Phyllis that same? I always think of Miss Phyllis when I says my prayers sir.'

'You might think of a worse thing,' said Jack, laughing to himself that the heretic maiden with her golden-brown hair and grave and gentle eyes had become the ideal of these lonely Catholic children, who had never been inside a chapel, never seen even a picture of the Maiden Mother to whom they were taught to pray.

'Natural enough, though,' he thought, 'that the only beautiful face they have ever seen should become to them the type of her whom they have been taught to regard as the essence of all that is divine in womanhood.'

Chatting familiarly to the two funny wise little men, he dispelled the lingering remains of their shyness. Then they told him of their baby sisters, who had come mysteriously one night, and been

discovered next morning fast asleep in the cradle. Then in return he told them that ever fresh ever beautiful story of a Babe who came one night to a poorer house even than theirs. When Phyllis came out of the cabin she found Patsy nestled close to one side of Jack and Jan to the other, while their pure child-eyes were fixed on his face. Nor did he leave without just one kiss offered to and accepted by the two humble grandchildren of old Ireland. And glad was he afterwards that he had touched those two little faces with his lips; for a curious feeling of affection came over him for those little lonely boys, who prayed to the most beautiful and gracious being they had ever known—his sister Phyllis.

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES.

It has lately been stated as a fact beyond all dispute, that after the close of a great war there is always an increase of crime in the countries which have been engaged in it; owing firstly to the suspension of all the nobler faculties which the arts of peace develop in the minds and souls of men; and secondly to the number of unemployed soldiers, who failing the ability or means to obtain an occupation, become highwaymen, tramps, and idlers.

This was the state of things which existed to some extent after the Crimean war, when—to our discredit be it said—it was no unusual sight to see men with missing limbs, and with medals on their breasts, actually engaged in *sweeping the crossings* of our London streets; one man in particular, who wore on his breast, beside the Crimean, French, and Turkish war-medals, the Victoria Cross, and who had lost a leg in the service of his country, was engaged for many years as a crossing-sweeper opposite the principal entrance to Buckingham Palace in St James's Park! This was the sort of thing which moved the generous heart of Captain Edward Walter, a retired army veteran, to form the now celebrated corps of Commissionaires, whose organisation and public utility have thoroughly deserved the full measure of success which has attended it.

It was in the year 1859—about the time the Volunteer movement began—that this benevolent officer collected a few discharged soldiers of good character, drew up a set of rules for their guidance, and set them to work to endeavour to get honest employment as public servants in any capacity, their chief duties at first being as messengers for City houses or at the mansions of private gentlemen.

Such was the usefulness of the new institution, and the public appreciation of the smart, neat, and soldierly appearance of the men as they moved about the streets in the faithful and zealous performance of their tasks, that their numbers had increased to about four hundred by the year 1862. This was the period of the second great Exhibition; and many of the men were engaged in the building in all capacities, from money and ticket takers down to messengers and 'care-takers.' Kindness, care, and an ordinary degree of comfort, combined with a strict application to a system of self-discipline and thrift, by which the corps has been made self-supporting—these are the grand secrets of Captain Walter's success with his famous regiment of Commis-

sionaires; secrets which might be applied with considerable advantage to many an institution and many a class of men in this country.

The Commissionaires now form a goodly regiment, and are employed by nearly if not all the public departments, where they are engaged as door-keepers, night-watchmen, messengers, &c.; their engagements being as permanent and as lucrative as such places generally are, and the pay being as follows: sergeants (first-class), twenty-five shillings per week; sergeants (second-class), one guinea; corporals, one pound; first-class Commissionaires, eighteen shillings. And for temporary employment, the tariff is as follows, though this is liable to alteration: sergeants, four shillings per day or three shillings the half-day; corporals and first-class Commissionaires, three shillings and sixpence per day and two shillings and sixpence the half-day; but if sent away from their district, sergeants get four shillings and sixpence per day or twenty-five shillings per week; and corporals, &c., twenty-two shillings per week. Lately, however, such has been the demand for these men, that the committee, which consists of officers and others of social influence, have not been able to meet it, although salaries to the extent of two pounds and more per week have been offered. The Prince of Wales, who has always taken great interest in the corps, constantly employs some of its members; and there is not a fashionable club or place of resort in the metropolis which is without its regular Commissionaire.

The following are some of the rules or regulations upon which the corps is founded: Every candidate for the post of Commissionaire must have served either in the army, navy, militia, or police, and be in the receipt of a pension. Those who have been severely wounded having the preference for admission to the corps; no pensioner, however, being permitted to join it whose character cannot bear the strictest investigation.

'In the case of soldiers of impaired health whose temporary pensions have expired, a deposit of twenty-five pounds must be made in the savings-bank of the corps, which sum will be liable to forfeiture in any instance of dishonesty proved in a court of justice; but will be returned to the Commissionaire on his resignation, subject, however, to deduction for any debts due to the corps.

'On entering the corps, every man must sign, in presence of a witness, a formal document binding himself strictly to conform to all the rules and regulations made by the commandant for the maintenance of discipline and order, and understand that he has no claim for payment of any kind, that he is dependent solely on his own exertions, and that, if offered charitable aid from any source, he must not take it without leave.'

A copy of these rules is furnished to every member, who deposits the sum of one pound as a guarantee of good conduct; and each man pays to the corps out of his earnings, eight shillings and sevenpence per month, or five pounds three shillings per annum. This includes six shillings and sixpence per month for the use of clothing (which belongs to the corps), and two shillings and one penny subscription to the general and sick funds. Besides this, if a man obtains a permanent situation, he contributes ten shillings to the general fund. This fund pays for the working

expenses of the corps—namely, wages for the staff-sergeants, clerks, stationery, barrack-rent, clothing, &c. The sick fund entitles the man, in the event of illness, to an allowance of seven shillings per week for four months, and half that amount for the next two months, after which all payments cease.

The corps is divided into first and second class men, each class wearing a distinguishing badge; the men who have been non-commissioned officers in the army wearing the *chevrons* appertaining to their rank. Every man must belong to some religious denomination, and attend church or chapel, absence from church parade being punished with a fine of one shilling. Absence from muster parade results in a fine of two shillings; from an ordinary parade, sixpence; late for parade, one penny; five minutes late, twopence; being improperly dressed or untidy in appearance, threepence. Refusing to obey an order meets with the punishment of dismissal; while promotion is earned by good conduct and ability. Thus it will be seen that the military spirit pervades the whole system on which this excellent corps is founded. The committee guarantee the safety of all property intrusted to the men for delivery, to the value of ten pounds with the privates, and twenty pounds with the non-commissioned officers. The public, however, must beware of sham Commissionaires; and as a preventive to fraud, each veritable Commissionaire is provided with a ticket, which he must produce if demanded.

The corps has also a good band, which is formed of musicians who have been in the army or navy, and its services are in frequent request at private entertainments throughout the country. During the first few years of the corps' existence the band used to play for two or three hours every evening in St James's Park, to the delight of thousands of people; but for some reason or other, this harmless performance was prohibited by the 'powers that be.' As an instance of the popularity of the band, we may mention that its receipts have amounted to several hundred pounds per annum, and that this money is divided amongst the musicians according to their proficiency.

The barrack of the Commissionaires is situated in Exchange Court Strand, a place which is totally inadequate to the extended operations and utility of the corps, which, should another war unfortunately break out, must attain to considerable proportions.

Many of the men are decorated with medals for service in the field, and some are conspicuous by the loss of an arm or an eye, or by ugly scars on their heads; shewing that they have at some time or another gained, by suffering, a title to the gratitude and good-will of their countrymen. There are heroes too in the corps, many of whom have had almost a lifetime of warfare, as in the case of one man who was present in not less than twenty-eight actions during his twenty-one years' service.

The affairs of the corps are administered by an executive board or committee, which as we have already stated, consists of men of social influence and exalted station; and the whole matter is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Field-marshal commanding-in-chief. In addition to the committee, there are 'governors' (among whom is the Prince of Wales), who qualify by the payment of twenty-five pounds; while a regiment or battalion pay-

ing the same amount also obtains a perpetual governorship. Such an institution as this, relying as it does on faithful and useful industry, is in our opinion deserving of public approbation.

GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

In former times, ghost-stories constituted much of the fireside talk; the weird tale was told of how a spectre clothed in appropriate white was seen to appear, and in due course to vanish; and the hearers, duly impressed with the apparent truth of a tale, for which no natural reason was vouchsafed, became themselves in a measure forced to believe. Science and common-sense are, however, now robbing these absurd stories of much of their glamour, by explaining in a simple straightforward way what by many has hitherto been held to be supernatural and therefore unaccountable. With these remarks we proceed to offer a few instances of explained ghost-stories kindly supplied to us by a contributor. He says :

What I am going to do is simply to give some instances in which what might have made a capital ghost-story, proved to be nothing of the kind, and to draw from thence the inference that all such stories could, if only we were acquainted with *all* the facts, be accounted for by natural causes.

I have myself been sorely puzzled to account for what I have seen. On one occasion I was passing by a cemetery on my way to a distant part of my parish. The night was dark and foggy; and as I walked along the road close to the iron fence, I perceived within the inclosure, apparently but a few yards off, a body of dim light that seemed to come up from the ground. Now my impressions were all in favour of ghosts, and if my judgment also had been equally in favour, I should have had a ghost-story to tell about that place. But I was determined to seek an explanation of the phenomenon; so I went up to the railings and looked hard at the light, but could make nothing of it. At the same time I became conscious of a dull sound proceeding from the ground where it stood. I could not understand it; and there I stood peering in until my ears suddenly gave me a clue to the mystery, for I fancied I detected the thud of a mattock. And such it was. The sexton was working against time to dig for a large vault, and the mysterious light was nothing more or less than that of his lantern, some feet below the surface, which threw up into the foggy air a volume of strange misty brightness. But really it made a very creditable ghost.

Another adventure I had was more laughable, but not less perplexing at the time. The night was very dark indeed; and as I took a sudden turn in the road, I saw a feebly illuminated figure moving slowly some distance in advance and in the same direction with myself. My first impression was that some one was going to try to frighten me; so I grasped my stick, intending, as boys say, to 'whack in' to the culprit. But as I drew nearer, the figure stopped; and in a moment or two the illumination became somewhat brighter. I got close up to it, prepared to strike, but for the life of me could not tell what it was. I passed it close, and looked round into it, and found it was an old woman going home from a day's washing.

She had on, poor soul, a very attenuated cloak, through which the light of the lantern she was carrying feebly penetrated, and when she had stopped to snuff the candle with her fingers, the light of course burned brighter. She was very deaf, and had not heard my footsteps; so that when I spoke I frightened her, I fear, more than she had frightened me.

Talking of not hearing footsteps in the dark. I remember once alarming a neighbour most unintentionally; and had he not discovered the true cause, he might to this day have had a tale of mystery to unfold upon the subject. I was walking briskly home one night with a map—mounted with rings for hanging it to a wall—under my arm and goloshes on my feet. The rings kept up a sort of clicking noise as I went, while the goloshes caused me to glide along the damp lane with the noiselessness of a cat. But I never thought of either circumstance till afterwards. Hearing footsteps in front, I fancied it might be my neighbour, it being about his time for coming home, so I pushed on. But the quicker I went the farther off he seemed. I went faster still, but still I came not up with him; until, determined to overtake him, I set off running at a brisk pace and only reached him as he was passing into his gate, having, beyond the possibility of doubt, made a run for it himself. Whether he took the clicking of the rings, unaccompanied by the sound of footsteps, for the clicking of a pistol or the mysterious rattle of a fancied ghost, I cannot say; but this is certain, that if he had only stopped or even not run away, he would have found out the cause of what was undoubtedly a curious accompaniment on a dark night.

A gentleman living in a country-house which I had once inhabited, wrote to ask me whether during my residence there I had ever heard any reports of its being 'haunted.' He did not believe in such things himself, he said, but he always liked when he heard of anything of the kind, to investigate the matter as far as possible. It was a very sensible thing to do; and I was able to give him a satisfactory explanation. It was news to me that the house had this evil reputation; but when I heard of it, it immediately occurred to my mind how it was to be accounted for. It so happened that a certain mischievous female member of my family had, towards the latter part of my stay in that house, been guilty of the cruelty of terrifying the servants almost out of their wits. She appeared one night in their room covered over with a sheet, which sheet was raised high over her head by means of a stick, to the end of which was fastened a bull's-eye lantern—a ghost of commanding stature and terrific gaze. It is very wrong to play such tricks, as the consequences might be serious to some weak minds. In this case, however, no harm was done, except that the servants were unalterably settled in the persuasion that they had seen a ghost, and that they had, as a matter of course, inoculated the village with their own firm belief that the house was haunted.

Little things are apt to be magnified, and the simplest things frequently become mysterious, in the stillness and darkness of the night. When living in London, I was one night aroused by my sister coming into my room to tell me that some one was trying to break into the house by

the front-door. I looked out of the window, but could see no one, though a low jarring noise could be heard. The statutory procession was formed. First came I, holding a poker warily, and looking anxiously for a human head; then came a servant, who had first given the alarm, lifting aloft a candle to aid me in the search; and last of all came my sister, bold as a lion, though pale as death. As we slowly descended the stairs in battle-array, I could distinctly hear the fiffal jarring sound from the region of the street-door; but I declare I could not in the least make out the cause of it until I had got quite up to the door, and then the mystery was solved. One of the family had come home late, fastened the door as he thought, put up the chain, and gone to bed. But the door had not been fastened; the bolts though shot, had not been sent home, and so the door kept swinging backwards and forwards in the gentle night-breeze as far as the chain would let it. Had the house been reputed 'haunted,' it would have suggested a ghost, just as anything strange will suggest one where the mind is suitably impressed with the idea of the thing. Thus a relative of mine used to relate how frightened he had been when a boy in coming down the stairs of an old tower of ghostly fame, at the top of which he and other boys had been amusing themselves until the shades of evening surprised them. It was his fate to bring up the rear, and he no doubt felt in consequence his exposure to the enemy in black, and sure enough he heard a hollow step behind him, keeping step exactly after him; when he hurried, that hurried; when he paused at some difficulty in the descent, that paused also; but when at length he emerged from the darkness with a final rush, no ghost came out after him. But he recollected that he had got a bag of ginger-bread nuts in the hinder pocket of his long great-coat; and the flapping of that in the stairs was the mysterious sound that had so alarmed him.

It may be said that instances like these, in which what seemed at first mysterious and ghost-like was perfectly accounted for by natural causes, can never, how many soever they be, disprove the reality of far more remarkable appearances which are vouched for on the most respectable testimony, and which have never been accounted for on any theory, apparently explainable. Still, their reality as mysteries depends on the credibility of the testimony in their favour, and a complete knowledge of all the circumstances. All I maintain is, that the frequent and, in my own experience, the invariable explanation of things of this sort (that at first looked unaccountable) by natural causes, sets us in the right direction for inquiry, and affords presumptive evidence that all such things might, if only we knew all the facts, be similarly explained. It must be remembered, moreover, that while it is true that far more marvellous ghost-stories than those I have related have been solemnly placed on record, it is equally true on the other hand that the operation of purely natural causes can furnish explanations far more subtle and complete than those which sufficed to dissipate all my ghosts. The phenomena of Nature in all their varieties of combination can never be fully known; while as regards the credibility of witnesses, we want to know not only that their veracity is un-

impeachable, but also that their judgment is sound, and their health, both bodily and mental, not abnormal. I remember a friend telling me with the most evident sincerity that he felt sure he should succeed in some enterprise he had begun because he had just seen seven ducks waddling one after the other. He was an excitable man, just then in highly nervous condition; and if he had said he had seen seven ghosts instead of seven ducks, I should have believed him, but set the ghosts down to mental aberration.

What condition the witnesses were in who saw the following 'well-accredited' feat of a ghost, I will not venture to determine. The story is related by an enthusiastic believer in and even admirer of ghosts of every sort and kind, and the ghost and witnesses are all phlegmatic Germans. 'One night as Kezer lay in his bed, and the servant was standing near the glass door in conversation with him, to his utter amazement he saw a jug of beer which stood on a table in a room at some distance from him, slowly lifted to a height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass that was standing there also, until the latter was half full. The jug was then gently replaced, and the glass lifted and emptied, as by some one drinking; whilst the servant exclaimed in terrified surprise: "Look, it swallows!" The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor.'

No doubt there was not; and let us hope the ghost was all the better for having taken only the half-glass. But what scrutinising of the witnesses we should require before believing such nonsense as this! What, we repeat, must have been their condition!

Even without anything abnormal or diseased, there unquestionably are mysteries of our nature which we cannot fathom, and which perhaps we had better not try to comprehend, but which when brought to notice by accident or design, might seem preternatural. Thus the power of what is called 'second-sight,' of which remarkable instances have been given by persons not likely to be deceived, is not really, as some have supposed, a preternatural gift, but may be accounted for simply as an extraordinary faculty possessed by some, under certain conditions, of reading what is in the mind of another when brought in contact voluntarily and for that very purpose with the person who has the gift. There are, in like manner, many remarkable faculties naturally possessed by people as part of their peculiar constitution which, if only we were aware of the fact, would explain many a circumstance that bears on the face of it the stamp of mystery. I have a friend who cannot sleep unless his head is turned towards the north. The first time he slept in my house his bed was against a south wall, but he was not aware of it. In the morning he told me he could not sleep until he had placed the bolster and pillow where his feet had been; and so the clothes were found arranged, to the great amusement of the housemaid.

The inference I draw then is: that the true explanation of all ghost-stories, however marvellous, is to be found in natural causes, in a knowledge of *all* the facts and circumstances of each particular case. These explanations will sometimes, as in the instances I have given, lie on the surface; sometimes they will lie more deeply

within the mysteries of our complex nature and the surroundings, and have to be studied and searched out; and sometimes they may be so deep down as to be quite beyond the reach of either our powers or opportunities of investigation, though doubtless still perfectly natural. But when we consider how credulous human nature is in regard to mysteries that have no higher authority than that of men, and that are only morbid and unwholesome in their tendencies; and when, moreover, we take into account how almost unlimited are the resources in nature for the explanation of what at first seemed supernatural, it appears to me to be decidedly better, safer, manlier, more rational, and at the same time more respectful towards what is truly supernatural, to relegate all ghost-stories without exception and without hesitation to the domain of wonders that have a purely earthly origin.

THE OPEN VERDICT.

It is a very pleasant feeling that of liberty from all business care of whatsoever kind, if only for a few weeks, when one's avocations for the remainder of the year confine one to a busy brain-devouring city like this mighty London of ours; and therefore it was with no slight degree of anticipated enjoyment that some year or two ago I accepted an oft-repeated invitation to visit an old school-chum, Dr Henry Gladden, at the village of Claystone, in one of our northern counties.

I arrived, however, at an unfortunate period, and found that what I had pictured to myself as being a happy jolly country-house, was at that time a house of mourning: Gladden's uncle and predecessor, old Mr. Williams, had died only a few hours before my arrival. I would willingly have gone on my way; but this my friend with his wife would not hear of, and everything was done to render my visit as cheerful as circumstances would permit. I attended the funeral; and as we turned to leave the churchyard, was much struck by an expression of Gladden's, which appeared to be uttered without any knowledge of it on his part. It was: 'The grave has closed over the last! I felt greatly tempted to ask for an explanation, but for obvious reasons checked my curiosity.'

A few mornings afterwards, while accompanying my friend on his round of visits, we came before an old large red-brick house that stood close beside the road, being separated from it merely by a hedge and small lawn.

'Why, what's this?' exclaimed Gladden, as we saw a number of workmen engaged in erecting scaffolding, digging up the lawn, and otherwise demolishing the place. 'What are all these men about?—Hi!' (calling to one of the people) 'What is it you are doing here?'

'Pulling down t' house for railway,' was the laconic response.

'Then the final link is being broken,' mused my companion as we drove on.

My curiosity was again aroused, and this time I resolved to satisfy it, so I came to the point at once by thus addressing my friend: 'Hal, you are not generally given to ambiguous or unsatisfactory sentences, and therefore—if I am not presuming too much—would you mind telling me

to what you alluded in your last remark, and the equally strange one uttered at your uncle's funeral?'

'Well, Dick,' he replied, 'it is a strange story, and one perhaps that does not reflect much credit upon my poor uncle; but as the actors in this little drama have passed away, and even the very scene of action will in a few days be ploughed up, I may and will set your mind at rest on the subject. You remember that after I had walked the hospitals in town, I came down here partly on a visit to, and partly to study under my late uncle. But I found a greater attraction than any I had anticipated, in the person of my cousin Lucy, with whom I soon fell over head and ears in love. Her father was not averse to it, and things were shortly in good train for our marriage. I was to be taken into partnership by my uncle when that event took place; and the day before the deeds were signed, the old gentleman called me into his room, and narrated the following story, which will explain my late expressions, and which I will tell in his own words.

'Harry,' said my uncle, 'as you are now to be my son-in-law and partner, I think it but right you should become acquainted with an adventure which befell me in my younger days, and for my share in which—justifiable as it then appeared to me—I have never ceased to reproach myself. At the time I am speaking of, I was studying medicine at Manchester, but while on a visit to a distant relative, a Dr Seyton, who occupied this very house'—('You see, Dick, this is quite a family practice,' parenthesised Gladden)—'I was one night awakened by a shake of the shoulder, and looking up saw, by the light of the moon, which streamed in at my window, Dr Seyton standing by my bedside. 'Come, get up,' said he. 'I have been sent for; and as Poor' (his assistant) 'was out last night, I'll get you to accompany me now.' While he descended to the surgery and stables, I speedily donned my habiliments; and by the time I reached the front gate, the doctor was seated in his gig waiting for me. It was a most magnificent moonlight night.

'Along the clear white road, as fast as horse could draw us, on we went; past cottage, farm, and mansion; past pond and park and stream; beneath long avenues of trees that bordered the roadside and drooped over us, now veiling all in shadow, now shewing some stray moonbeam that danced upon the quivering boughs to the soft cadence of the night-breeze. Sharp and crisp rose the echo of our horse's tread; and as we came within sight of our destination we heard the gallop of another horse; and as we sped past a turning, saw a horseman riding up—as we imagined, the messenger who had been despatched for the doctor, and who had said he must return by way of Meriton. We stopped before Mazonborough House, the residence of the Honourable Frederick Wellesley, presumptive heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Cankdale. There was great commotion in the house; for its owner, who had been ailing for some time past, had that night been taken seriously ill; and while the doctor ascended to the sick-chamber and our horse and trap were put up, I lit a cigar and stood under the veranda, looking out upon the night and musing. Presently, one of the domestics emerged from the house and passed out into the road, walking briskly on; and just as

my cigar was out, I heard Dr Seyton's voice inquiring for me.

'Take this,' said he, handing me a paper, 'and ride home as fast as you can. Get Poor to make it up; and come back with all speed: it is life or death. Here is one of Mr Wellester's horses for you.' I then perceived a groom standing with one ready saddled at the gate, on which I mounted and galloped off.

'For upwards of a mile the road lay open and clear enough; but beyond that it was darkly shaded by copses and plantations, through which the moon's rays found little space to shine. I had barely penetrated a dozen yards into this dark and lonely spot before I received a summons to 'stand and deliver.' My horse being very fresh, quite entered into his rider's feelings, and had not the least intention of checking his speed, but continued his journey; while behind came he who bade me 'stand,' threatening to put a bullet in me if I did not draw rein. This only made me urge my animal to greater speed; but my pursuer did his best to keep his word, for he fired, and the bullet just grazed my left arm; and at the same instant a hand was laid upon my horse's bridle so suddenly as to throw him on his hanches and cause me a speedy and ignominious dismount. But he that as it may, it served me a good turn, as I was enabled, not being at all hurt, to slip away in the darkness and conceal myself in the plantation.

'Where is he?' inquired the horseman, riding up.

'Stunned, I s'pose, close by,' was the reply.

'He fend take him for a plaguy horse-dealer,' rejoined the first speaker, as I fancy they searched for me. At last the same voice said: 'Here, Stevens; I can't see him. Take this note to Walters of Garforth, and bring me back an answer sharp. Take my horse; that other brute might get you recognised.'

'Besides,' said the other, 'the animal has trotted off;' which was true, and much to my regret.

'I will wait for you at the corner of Deadman's Lane,' said the first speaker, as his companion mounted and rode on; and he continued his search for me, little thinking I was creeping away from him through the plantation, out of which at length I emerged, and crossing some fields, regained the road, and had the unspeakable gratification of seeing the horse I had ridden fastened to a gate. This, I suppose, had been done by Stevens when he overtook him. I was soon once more in the saddle, and away we went as fast as horse could go. About three miles from here the road to Garforth branches off to the right; and as I came down the hill towards the turning, I perceived Stevens riding along it. Quick as thought, I threw myself flat on the horse's back, thinking it just possible he might hear the galloping, turn round, and try his hand as a marksman; fortunately he did not; and I arrived at my destination without further adventure. To call up the assistant, have the prescription made up, and attend to the horse, were things speedily done; and ere long I was again in the saddle.

'Now I looked before, beside, and behind me; but all was peaceful. I neared the plantation where I had been stopped; but no one barred my progress; so on I rode, not quite reassured though, for I had not forgotten my pursuer was to wait at

the corner of Deadman's Lane, and I did not know where that was. And now the open road, shining in the clear moonlight, lay bright and unobscured before me. I could distinguish Maseborough House; and nearer, the lane up which, when coming with Dr Seyton, we had seen a horseman riding. Then it struck me that as that horseman was not the messenger who had been despatched for the doctor, that functionary having arrived before us, it might have been the one who had stopped me, and that that was Deadman's Lane. There was no help for it; I must pass the spot; so feeling for the pistol I had taken the precaution to bring with me this time, I pressed the horse's sides and urged him on. I was not four or five yards from the lane when a man started into the roadway and stood directly in front of me; his figure was slight and his face concealed by a mask; but when he spoke, I recognised the voice that bade me 'stand and deliver.'

'Not quite so fast, young sir,' said he, 'as he perceived my intention to draw on one side.' 'We don't part quite so easily this time. I must have the medicine.'

'What medicine?' I asked.

'Oh! none of that stuff for me. I want that phialic you have been sent for; and not bottle! I must and will have. So take your choice: that bottle and life; or, producing a pistol, 'this barrel and death!'

'It was a serious moment; but my plan was at once decided on; so putting my hand in my breast, as if for the bottle, I reined close up beside him, and as he eagerly stretched forth his hand for the expected prize, I drew my pistol and fired. I saw him stagger, and in a few moments after, as it seemed, I was at the gate of Maseborough House.

'Once inside and safe, I had no sooner delivered the medicine to the servant, to be taken up-stairs to Dr Seyton, than the state of tension to which my nerves (not of the strongest) had been strung, gave way, and but for some stimulant from the steward I should have fainted away. However, I soon recovered sufficiently to narrate my adventure to him; but he only laughed at my attributing a literal meaning to the robber's demand for the bottle, and suggested it might be slang for plunder; so I held my peace on that head, feeling the force of the lines:

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

The conversation with the steward soon changed to the family, and I learned from him that the Honourable Frederick Wellester had a half-brother Ernest, a very wild dissipated person, who had been the favourite of the Earl until his character was found out. This Ernest used to live at Cauldaldale Place, one of the Earl's seats, some fifteen or sixteen miles off; but owing to heavy gambling debts, he was compelled to break up his establishment, and only retained one servant, whom after a time he also discharged. This servant Mr Frederick had engaged, 'and,' continued the steward, 'a very decent servant Stevens was.'

'Stevens!' I ejaculated, very loudly I daresay, for a man looked into the apartment and inquired: 'Did you call, sir?' I was struck dumb; a thousand ideas rushed through my brain. 'No; it was nothing,' replied the steward; and the man disappeared, but not before I had recognised in him one of the men concerned in my late adventure.

Just at this moment there was a great disturbance in the house; and going out to inquire the cause, I found Dr Seyton standing on the staircase interrogating Stevens, the other domestics being grouped round.

'How is this?' exclaimed the doctor. 'How came you to bring me this? It contains a slow poison.'

'The gentleman brought it sir, and of course I gave it to you.'

'But surely Poor could never have made this up.—Look at it, Frank; what do you say?' and Dr Seyton held out the bottle; but before I could reach it Stevens had taken it, and at the same moment his foot slipped, and the phial was dashed to pieces on the ground. The doctor looked annoyed at what appeared to him as an accident; but to me there was design in it; so as he reascended the stairs I called to Stevens, who followed me and the steward into the latter's apartment; when shutting the door and placing my back against it, I thus addressed him: 'How did you become possessed of that bottle you let fall just this minute?' (for I could see it was not the one I brought), 'and for what motive did you stop my horse a few hours since, and who was your companion?' These queries poured out rapidly, not giving time for any distinct reply; but when I paused for a moment he answered with a look of the utmost astonishment: 'Sir, I really do not understand you. The bottle you brought I gave the doctor; and as to stopping your horse and about a companion, I am quite at a loss to know what you allude to.'

'But I need not enumerate the answers by which he fenced off my inquiries; suffice it to say he denied all knowledge whatever of my adventure, and stoutly affirmed he had not left the house since the previous day. What annoyed me still more was the conduct of the steward, who appeared to regard my statements as proceeding either from a weak intellect or a too free use of the means supplied for my recovery.'

'There was nothing to be gleaned from Stevens, so of course he went his way, and I remained with the steward. Soon after daybreak, Dr Seyton rejoined us; the invalid was sleeping, and all immediate danger was over, so orders were given for our horse to be put to. In a few seconds news was brought in of some of the farm-labourers having discovered the lifeless body of a man lying in the road; the remains had been removed to one of the outhouses, whither we proceeded. It was a dreadful spectacle; the features were quite unrecognisable, and presented the appearance of having had some firearm discharged close to them. The steward and Dr Seyton minutely examined the body; and after holding a whispered conversation together, the doctor drew me on one side and advised me not to mention any of the circumstances connected with my late adventure, but to wait until the inquest; then, as medical aid was perfectly useless, we took our departure and drove home.

'Two days afterwards a letter was received desiring our presence at Mazeborough House; and immediately on our arrival I was ushered into Mr Wellester's private room. Our interview was a lengthened one; we then descended to where the inquest was being held. The best report of the proceedings was given in a local paper published a day or two afterwards, which, if I remember rightly, ran

thus: 'As some farm-labourers in the employ of the Honourable Frederick Wellester of Mazeborough were proceeding to their work early on Tuesday morning, they discovered the dead body of a man on the highway. The remains were at once removed to one of the farm-buildings, where they remained till Thursday last, when an inquest was held upon them. No satisfactory evidence was produced tending to throw any light upon either who the unfortunate person was or by what means he met his death, although it is conjectured, owing to the frightful spectacle the face and head presented, that some pistol or gun must have been discharged close to him; but whether by himself or by some one unknown, no clue could be obtained. A pistol ready loaded and capped was found in one of the deceased's pockets, but no papers or other means of identification. A strange fact in connection with this case is the disappearance on the same morning the body was found of one of the domestics, named Stevens, formerly in the service of the Honourable Ernest Wellester (half-brother to the proprietor of Mazeborough House), a gentleman who for some years past has resided on the continent. This occurrence has only tended to throw greater obscurity upon this mysterious affair. In consequence of the utter want of all evidence, the jury returned an open verdict—Found Dead.'

'Such,' continued Gladden, 'was my uncle's story. You have followed him to the grave, and seen the preparations for raising to the ground Mazeborough House; the Canildale title has become extinct; the Honourable Frederick Wellester, who succeeded to it, died a few months afterwards, without issue; and although diligent search was made for the next of kin (his half-brother Ernest), no tidings could possibly be obtained of him.'

'But,' said I, 'surely your uncle—'

'Lived at a time when wealth and interest could influence everything and almost everybody.'

'I see,' I rejoined; 'it was what is called "hushed up." But I suppose the body that was found was that of the half-brother Ernest?'

'Precisely.'

A TRIP TO ELEPHANTA.

WHILE my husband and I were waiting for a passage home in one of the troop-ships, we took a bungalow at Colaba Point, and thence made excursions to the various points of interest around Bombay. As we kept a boat, our trips were generally made by water; and the sail back in the cool evening was always refreshing and pleasant.

Just before we started for home, we arranged a small picnic at Elephanta, to see its far-famed caves; and started early, as we wished to spend the day sketching and exploring. The season was early in November, by far the pleasantest time of the year in India, when even to be out in the hottest portion of the day is attended with no danger; and to the cool caves we knew we could, if we found the heat too oppressive, retire, and remain sheltered while the sun was at its height.

We fixed an early hour for our start from Colaba Point; and having superintended the packing of

the tiffin basket, and seen it and the basket of drinkables borne off on the shoulders of coolies—with our own 'khitmutgar' in charge—to be carried down to the ghât before us, we, and the old bearer laden with wraps and sketching materials, followed more leisurely.

In India the weather is not the source of anxiety it so often is at home when any amusement is planned. At this time of the year you are sure of fine weather and a clear unclouded sky overhead; no misgivings need trouble you of a shower occurring in the midst of your enjoyment to spoil it all; neither need you fear waking up to find it a hopelessly wet day; an uncompromising downpour, with an evident intention of continuing persistently the whole day through. Choosing the proper time of the year in India, you can be sure of an enjoyable outing.

On reaching our boat, one of the roomy, short-masted, dark-stained, lateen-rigged, ordinary fishing craft, we stowed ourselves comfortably away on the various cushions and wraps, counted our belongings, and were off, running down with an agreeably fresh breeze to the Apollo Bunder, where we were to pick up our friends. This place is one of the pleasantest afternoon and evening lounges in Bombay, and a very fashionable resort; here all the would-be fashionables come down to 'eat the wind,' as the natives call taking the air; the ladies loll in their smart carriages in their last new costumes fresh out from home; the gentlemen lounge on the carriage-doors, discussing the last bit of 'gossip' (gossip) and relating the freshest scandal out from England. And then there are the pretty little refreshment and luncheon rooms, which look on to the harbour, where you can order the newest and last invented American drink, unless you prefer such old favourites as 'sherry-cobblers' and 'mint-juleps.' There is generally a cool breeze blowing in from the sea, and the look-out across the harbour is always pretty and interesting; so no wonder the place is a favourite with Bombay people. Besides it is the correct thing to do—to go there and lounge about, talk scandal, and carry on mild flirtations; and people in India martyrise themselves to fashion quite as much as they do at home. Pardon the digression.

Picking up our friends, we set sail again for Elephanta; and passed through the shipping of all nations lying at anchor, from the big white troopship just arrived which was to carry us home, to the fleet of Indian fishing-boats, rigged like our own, with their dark-brown sails idly flapping in the breeze, which unhappily for us was fast dying away. We had to take to our oars, or rather the boatmen had, before we reached Elephanta. This island is called by the natives Eharapuri, and is said to owe its European name to the fact of the figure of an elephant standing near the entrance of the temple. This may be only hearsay, for no vestige of any such figure remains. Elephanta is about four or five miles from the mainland, and lies to the east of Bombay. As you approach, it

has a very pretty appearance, being clothed with trees, chiefly palms, quite down to the water's edge. There is no regular landing-place, and the boatmen had to carry us through the mud to the foot of the steps, which ascend directly up to the temple itself. These steps are excavated from the solid rock, and are very steep, so much so indeed, that I was compelled to halt a good many times before I reached the top, and look back to admire the scenery. It is well worth a pause in the ascent. In the far distance stretch a line of mountains, looking hazy in the glare of the noonday heat; they are the Ghats to which the Europeans rush when the heat in Bombay is too overpowering. Beneath our feet the water rippled off into a wide expanse, broken beyond by the dark neck of Colaba Point running out into it, with the lighthouse at the extremity. Then there were the islands of Salsette, Trombay, and Butcher's Island; and then our eyes rested on the great Bombay city, like a large bright jewel resting in a setting of turquoise blue, with between it and us the harbour with its perfect forest of masts. It was a glorious sight, but almost too dazzling at that hour of the day; and even though I was protected by a large 'solar topee,' with a 'pugree' wound round it, and a big white-covered umbrella, I was forced to beat a retreat up the remainder of the steps into the comparative shelter of the cave.

The caves of Elephanta are three in number, and are said to be sacred to the members of the Hindu trinity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The largest cave is the centre one, measuring about one hundred and thirty feet in length, the same in breadth, and from fifteen to eighteen feet in height; at the end there is a three-headed figure supposed to be the *Trimurti*, representing the three Hindu deities before-named. The entrance to the great cave was evidently cut out of the solid rock, and two large pillars are left in the original stone as supports. Very likely between them was a gateway; but if so, there are now no remains to be seen. These caves do not give one the idea of natural hollow formations, but appear to be due to art, and seem as though hewn out of the concretion. Such labour must have been a work of time and patience to the excavators. The pillars or columns were doubtless included in the design, roughly hewn out during the excavation, and ornamented afterwards; there are now only about eighteen left.

On each side of the great cave is a lesser one; and these are covered with sculptured remains, representing passages in the life of Siva the destroyer. These rude designs are mystical and weird-looking, and seen in the dim light of the cave, give rather a terrible than picturesque appearance to the interiors of the temples.

Even here, the British tourist has been unable to resist his mischievously disfiguring propensities, duly evidenced by names and initials that are plentifully scrawled over the hands, arms, and even faces of these relics of antiquity. It is not a

matter of especially interesting information to after-comers to know that the proverbial Smith of London has visited this temple in his travels; or that Jones, Brown, Robinson, and others of that ilk think so much of their spirit of adventurous enterprise in arriving at such a place, that they are obliged then and there to inscribe their homely names in the most ill-chosen spots. One cannot help feeling a species of contempt for one's countrymen when their spirit of assertive snobbishness is rendered so unpleasantly apparent. Amid the calm barbaric grandeur of such a scene, it is hardly possible to look with any feelings except those of anger and disgust at the ruthless and useless disfigurement of those sculptured remains, which should from their very antiquity have insured respect. When one thinks of the ages on ages they have stood there, calmly regarding the myriads of human worshippers at their feet, who bent before them only to pass away from kith and kin, and have their places filled by thousands of more devotees, it is impossible not to regard them with some feelings of awe, almost approaching to reverence, as the mind strives to form an idea of time; and with such thoughts as these flitting through the brain, the incongruity of the tourists' hackings and carvings is irritably felt as a desecration.

We had our tiffin in the shade of the rocks near the caves, where it was cool and shady, and from the place we chose we had a splendid prospect of the far-spreading ocean. After tiffin, for which our rambles and exertions had fully prepared us, we went our several different ways, some to sketch, some to explore. I have now before me a sketch which brings the spot vividly to my mind's eye. The afternoon was drawing in as I finished it—the sketch—and a cool breeze was ruffling the water below with gentle ripples; the dipping sun casting its golden gleams across the water, here and there catching the foliage of the different trees, and heightening the varied tints with unwonted splendour; the blue and purple shadows on the distant line of Ghauts softened down the almost too brilliant colouring, while harmonising and giving a tone to the whole scene. I gazed far down below me over the heads of the palm and peepul trees, until my eyes rested on the cool water with its varied changing lines as the sun caught the tips of the dancing ripples; and then my looks wandered again out over the expanse of water, and rested on the purple-shadowed mountains, which even as I looked were caught here and there with touches of gold; and as Sol dipped lower and lower, he bathed one side of the mountain shadow in warm rosy light. It is not in words to describe—at least not in mine—such a fairy scene. But as all pleasant things come to an end, so did that day at Elephantia, and we had to set sail on our return voyage.

There is no twilight in India; the sun sets and it is night. Gloaming is unknown. The sail back with a favourable breeze was refreshingly cool;

and as we neared the harbour, the bright lights from the various anchored ships shone out in the semi-darkness, casting their reflections over the darkened water. After setting down our friends, we made the best of our way back. The breeze freshened more and more, until we were sailing rapidly along; the noise made by the water splashing before our boat's bows mingling harmoniously with sounds of distant music, borne by the cool evening breeze down from one of the vessels lying at anchor in the harbour behind us. Fit ending to an enjoyable day was the stillness of that evening hour, broken only by these soft musical sounds; and as we sailed nearer the landing-place, we could just discern the spire of the Colaba church standing darkly out against the sky; and knew that we were close to our bungalow, had ended another day, and had visited another beautiful Indian scene that was destined to be photographed on our memories.

WITH A PRESENT.

The Index to a book is small
Compared with wimt the book contains;
The Head, though but a little ball,
Incloses ardent, thoughtful brains.

And drops of rain are little things
That point to oceans in the sky;
And bridegrooms deal in little rings
As symbols of the strongest tie.

And little blades of grass, though small,
All point to life within the earth—
That life, that in this great round ball
Gives Spring its sweetest, freshest birth.

A woman's eye is but a bead
Set clear and fair 'neath snowy brow,
And yet it shews the fairest creed
Before which men on earth may bow.

And words are little weakling notes
That vanish like a passing sigh,
And yet they tell our sweetest thoughts,
And have told thoughts that will not die.

So this I send is but a mark
Of grateful thoughts and warm esteem—
Is but a little wav'ring spark
Dropped down from friendship's glowing beam!

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2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

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4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.

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READING AT OXFORD.

SUMMER term is the play-time of Oxford life, and to visitors at such a time it seems all gaiety and sunshine. But when the cricket-grounds are lying desolate and cold under the mist which wraps Oxford in autumn; when the lawn-tennis nets are reposing snugly in their boxes, and all have deserted the river save one or two enthusiasts who make rowing the business of life, reading becomes the real pursuit of our lives; and some scraps of my experience in this line I will, if permitted, retail to outsiders.

I must begin with the statement that we do read; more than this, that many of us read hard. In summer, amusement with most ranks first, and study, though still kept up, is but a secondary occupation; but though we occasionally play at rackets and football in the winter terms, it is only that we may read the more efficiently. Reading we call it, using the term as a general one. To speak more exactly, we have various names for it, 'sapping' or 'grinding;' while 'cramming' has its own particular meaning, which is not much in favour among the heads of the 'varsity.' These usages I have no doubt might be classified, referring each to some great school of those which act as feeders to the university; as for instance 'sapping,' a word of classical derivation, is in favour at one or two of the old classical schools. Be that as it may, ancient or modern, classical or mathematical, we all call it 'reading,' and I daresay pride ourselves on no longer 'working' as in the old school-days. Before saying anything more about this, it would not be out of place to give some idea, as far as I can, of the examinations which it is necessary to pass in order to take a degree.

Every one must matriculate, and once matriculated, or entered among the numerous foster-sons of Alma Mater, he has to pass three distinct examinations: the first commonly called 'small's,' the second 'moderations,' or more shortly 'mods;' the third 'greats,' or final examination. The three should be passed within three years if only a *pass*

be sought; within four years or a little more if *honours* be aimed at. They increase in difficulty, as the bears in the fairy tale; the small bear leading the way, then the middle one joins in, and the great bear, a very ugly customer, comes last. But this examination may be divided into separate parts, and overcome in detail. Every college has its own rule as to the time allowed for each examination, and if this should be overpassed, the unlucky man, unless he have some good excuse, is begged to remove his name from the college books. This however, does not imply expulsion from the 'varsity; for he may renew his efforts either as an unattached student, or in the kindly refuge of those small halls which receive all comers and ask few questions. Most men are apt to consider smalls mere child's play, which however is not the case, seeing that compensation is not allowed; that is, each paper must come up to a certain standard, super-excellence in one failing to make up for poorness in another. Thus an even mediocrity comes safely through, where great but partial talent goes to grief.

The non-compensation rule holds in all pass-examinations. In smalls there are no honours to be gained. Moderations, by those who seek honours, are generally passed at the end of two years, by others a little earlier; the several subjects being classics and mathematics, with a little divinity. 'Greats' or final 'schools' offer more variety; pass-men have to go through, if I remember rightly, four schools or departments, of which divinity is one; and *honour-men* must also take a pass in that, before seeking, or after winning their laurels in some subject of which they pretend to an advanced knowledge, such as classics, mathematics, law, history, natural science, and others, each affording a chance of distinction as well as a testamur. That gained, the candidate is competent for a degree. If my description be not very lucid, I must plead in excuse the singular ignorance of these things which exists in Oxford; for it is an undoubted fact that a man seldom understands his own line of business—that is, his own exams—until he has passed

them; still more seldom is he capable of enlightening his neighbour! An honour-man knows little or nothing of the rules of pass-examinations; and a pass-man has probably even less idea of the duties of his more ambitious friend.

Certain phases of Oxford life are still a mystery even to four-year-old men; and curious are the tales of the economical management of university and college which find credence, affording immense scope for the versatile imagination of the undergraduate. Of the university chests, the university registers, the press, the vice-chancellor, the duties of the bedells, or who these latter are in private life, whether old M.A.s or supernumerated scouts, he knows not enough even to form the basis of a tale. It is believed that the volume of Latin statutes which is presented to every man at matriculation contains some hints on such matters; but who ever reads the *Statuta Universitatis*, except at that page which forbids the undergraduate to appear in any save 'subfusc' raiment, a rule which it is to be hoped he invariably observes.

Besides the university examinations, alone necessary for a degree, all colleges impose private trials, terminally or yearly, which are called 'collections.' And now let us see how the undergraduate prepares himself for these terrible examinations, for which 'reading' is a *sine quâ non*. Sometimes he reads hard, and comes out well, with his honours thick upon him. Sometimes he gets the honours without over-much reading, or the reading without the honours; and very often he doesn't read and fails, or to use the all but invariable expression, he is ploughed. Examinations try a man in so peculiar and mysterious a manner, finding out some weak place never visible at other times, that it is impossible to pick out beforehand the man certain to do well, even if you have trained him yourself. I have known men apparently talented, witty, ready at repartee, fairly steady readers, who with all these qualifications, were sure to be floored at every examination. I don't pretend to know why, but such is the case. Of two men seemingly equal in knowledge, one will pass with ease, the other will be hopelessly ploughed. The uncertainty is proverbial, though the general explanation is that even clever men will lose their heads in the excitement. On the other side, some quiet, dull-looking men seem to surmount these periodical trials with little difficulty.

Reading is chiefly done in the morning before one o'clock p.m. Early rising is not our forte as a rule, but if four hours' work is done in the morning, we think we have got considerably before the world, and may employ the day after luncheon pretty much as we will. During the hours devoted to work, even the laziest man pretends to do a little, or at least does not interrupt his friends without some apology; and if you walk the streets of Oxford on any morning in the winter terms, very few loungers will meet your gaze, numerous though they may be in the afternoon. A large number of men think this morning work sufficient, and consider the day and a great part of the night also to be at their disposal.

Next to the morning, the favourite time for

reading is the hour or so before dinner, often called the 'reading-man's hour.' Some colleges dine at seven, which favours reading, since a man coming in at five will be able to utilise the intervening time, or at least gain one extra hour; whereas had he dined at six he probably might never have done that hour afterwards.

Five hours a day ordinarily, and seven when an examination is imminent, are usually considered a very good allowance for a reading-man, and if kept to regularly should insure success. Many do a little more; but to work more than eight hours even in an emergency, is really but to waste energy and brain-power. All my experience goes to convince me that in reading for an examination there is nothing like regularity; sticking to it, I mean, so many hours every day, and not a double quantity three days in the week and none at all the other three; and yet being more convenient, more independent and pleasant, men often adopt that plan, even if they do not defend it. Some have a peculiar knack of doing a good deal of reading without seeming to do any, while others make a great parade of their industry and do nothing. In the latter case, I have noticed that the results are mostly unfortunate. It is curious that while the idle man, with some perception of his real interest, would fain be thought to follow it, the reading-man as a rule tries to conceal his assiduity, influenced by that old school contempt of a 'sap.'

I remember a scout telling me one of those tales in which scouts delight, of a fast man in a fashionable set who used to conceal himself in one of his voluminous window-curtains, and there read at his ease, while his friends fancying the room empty, believed he was 'racketing' elsewhere. He kept his books under the window-seat, and not a sign of reading was visible in his rooms. One would think that at the best such reading must be too exciting to do much good; but on the scout's authority the man got a 'first.' There seems to be a preference of wit to industry. At the 'varsity, the man who can get a good class without apparent exertion earns far more *kudos* (Anglic, fame) than the hard reader who wins even a higher distinction. The latter's good fortune is constantly marred—in his own eyes—by the good wishes of his perhaps envious friends. 'Very glad to hear of it, old fellow; you've worked like bricks, and ought to have it,' congratulates his college friend; and the successful one shrinks in his shoes. 'I am so very delighted, George, you are so persevering, and I am sure you deserve it,' says his maiden aunt; a sentiment which causes George to feel like a convicted 'smug.' Of course such a feeling is wrong; and it is true enough that no final success worth winning can be attained save by hard reading; but it cannot be denied that the feeling prevalent at Oxford is, a preference of intellect to industry. Though the steady worker may really possess the former, envy will attribute his success to the latter. Hence the idea of being thought industrious, chafes him!

As in other things, so in our reading we are fond of comfort. We have a liking for roomy library chairs, cushioned if practicable; for many-drawered writing-tables and handsomely bound books, and elegant paper-knives and inkstands and pencil-cases. We delight in reading-desks and

book-rests, and have much to say on the relative advantages of a standing and sitting posture. I have heard men say that they would read history for their final schools, because no dictionaries would be needed, and they could do their work in cosy arm-chairs by the fire. But they wouldn't get firsts if they did. Some men who find solitary work tiresome, try reading in parties in one another's rooms. I don't believe in this, after some experience. Undergraduate spirits are high; and if there be one inclined to fun or idleness, he prevents the others doing any work, and the attempt is soon given up for a gossip or a 'hay-making.' Yet it seems to succeed in some sets; and I must say that an evening party of this kind is pleasant enough at times, if the men are at work on different subjects, and strict silence is kept save at the regular intervals of rest and tea. Pleasant indeed, to the average undergraduate are those intervals, say ten minutes at the end of every hour, when time is called, the shades on the reading-lamps are raised, and every tongue is loosed in chaff and gibe; when the host wields the kettle manfully and dispenses the soothing cup, while the more restless give their cramped limbs a little exercise over the sofas and chairs. How many an old Oxford man, no longer able to clear a chair or vault a sofa, must look back to such a scene, when he possessed all the energy of a schoolboy!

There is another way in which the idle man avoids pursuing his insupportable task alone, and that is by having a man to read to him—that is, to read a translation while he runs his eye over the original. I believe that those who perform this monotonous task at the remunerative price of a shilling or eightpence an hour, with unlimited liquor of some sort, are generally old choristers, or the ambitious offspring of well-to-do scouts, who have adopted this as the nearest thing to a learned profession, though I suppose they have some other employment. As may be imagined, the words they often meet with in translations of Aristophanes and the like are too much for their pronunciation; and most amusing are the tales of their adaptations of these words to their ideas of what should be, and of the consequent grief to which too trusting employers have come. Some of these English readers are, however, said to be well up in their work, and capable of giving pass-men a hint or two now and then as to the historical personages mentioned in the course of their reading.

To touch upon the drinks indulged in at the universities is perhaps to touch upon a somewhat delicate subject. The matter depends very much upon taste, and the society into which the reading-man is thrown. Wine parties do and will flourish, and will continue to be an institution so long as Oxford and Cambridge exist. Some men pin their faith to beer; but though I have often enough seen the undergraduate moistening his dry labours with a frothing pewter, I have never observed the same man at the head of his 'collection list,' or astounding the examiners by any display of Bursleigh-like sagacity. Rather the reverse, in fact. So I put my faith in tea; and when I do come in to get a little reading done before dinner, I delude my appetite with that wakeful drink. It is a favourite with reading-men, and I don't think it ever did our nerves much harm.

It is more conducive to reading to be in lodgings than to have rooms in college. Your movements are more independent; interruptions are less frequent; it is more quiet; and you are less open to the temptation of taking a few minutes' chat with Jones or Brown or Robinson. It is at any rate well as a rule that men get into lodgings a term or two before their greys; as by so doing, many a plough is avoided.

So we read, by rule or as the fit takes us, in cheerful company, or in consumption of the midnight oil, with a coach or unaided, until the day comes when we find ourselves in the schools, and must give proof of our labours and of what stuff is in us: the dreaded moment when isolated each at his little table in the long Divinity schools, or the room over the Ashmolean, we write ahead in nervous haste or despondently suck our quills, or anon, with hands deep in trousers-pockets, chairs tilted back, and eyes fixed on the ceiling, grope feebly in the cobwebs of our memories. All too surely comes that later day when we are face to face with the arbiters of our destiny, and strive while *viva-voce'd*, to wrest their every look and gesture into an indication of favour, certain in any case—so depressing is the ordeal—to retire in a very slough of despond. Last of all, that *mauvais* quarter of an hour when we listen for the steps of him that cometh with tidings of the Class List, or with the precious *tam-tam*, which has cost us or our people some hundreds of pounds. If it comes, then well. If not, with many the first question is: 'What will the governor say?' Sometimes, the governor's patience exhausted, they leave the old 'varsity to seek for better luck, sheep-farming in Australia or clearing in the backwoods of Canada. Fraught with destiny is that slip of paper; a man's life is often decided by it, and it is given or withheld according as he has—read.

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER VI.—THE BALL.

A BRIGHT January morning! The sky of the clearest blue overhead, the lake like a silver mirror in the sunlight, the reeds swaying to and fro in a fresh breeze, flocks of wild-fowl rising here and there from the water, and a merry group of people standing on the end of the rude jetty where Jack had first landed on the island, now about five months ago. What a curious five months they had been, and how the old life in England had faded away into a dim dreamy memory, and his island home and his friends there become the only realities in the world to him.

Two horses had been led on to the raft which was to carry them to the mainland; one, Jack's gray, which had become a familiar friend to him; the other a handsome bay mare, which was supposed to be Phyllis's peculiar property, though Robert often rode it, 'just to keep it in condition,' he said. Jack stood at the horses' heads, while Phyllis sat on a sack stuffed with straw, while one of the farm-men who had to bring the raft back to the island, ferried them across. Robert and Bessie and little Bertie stood on the end of the jetty, the first two waving their adieus to the travellers and their wishes for a pleasant ride and

a merry party; the latter rather inclined to cry because Aunt Phyllis and Uncle Jack were going away without him.

The mainland reached, the horses are safely landed; for a moment Jack holds a shapely foot in his hand as Phyllis springs to her saddle, and then they are off, cantering gaily along the track by hill and lake, which Jack had thought so endless when he first traversed it. Perhaps Phyllis never looked so really beautiful as she did when on horseback. She seemed literally to become part of her horse, her supple figure swaying with every motion of the animal as easily and gracefully as the reeds by the water's edge swayed in the wind. She loved the exercise dearly, and the carmine of her cheeks deepened and her eyes had a brighter sparkle as she felt her steed bound under her, and the fresh wind blow in her face.

'Oh, this is nice!' she said to Jack, who kept close by her side, his powerful gray taking stride for stride with her slender and fleet bay. As she spoke she laughed aloud, a soft rippling peal, such as Jack had seldom heard before, a laugh born of the pure gladness in the girl's heart, which rejoiced in the swift motion, in the free wind, and in the beauty of hill and lake, which sped so swiftly past them as they rode. Keeping to that steady pace, they covered many a mile without ever drawing rein; and when at last Phyllis brought her horse to a walk, she turned to Jack with a thoroughly contented look on her bright face.

'There!' she said. 'That has done me ever so much good! It is such a long time since I have had a thoroughly good stretch like this. How well our horses kept together, and how beautiful everything is to-day!'

'It is charming,' said Jack. 'And I never before felt the real pleasure of having a holiday. I suppose because I never before worked hard enough to earn one.'

'This is the road you walked along by yourself when you first came to us,' she said presently. 'Does it not seem a long time ago?'

'Yes. And I kept wondering all the way what you were like.'

'Really? But how did you know that such a person existed?'

'Do you suppose that Robert could have written to me without telling me of you?'

'No; of course not,' she answered, smiling. 'I was silly to ask. But I wonder!—'

'What he said of you. Little Vanity! You know what he must have said of you, if he spoke the truth; that you were!—'

'No, no!' she exclaimed. 'I don't want to know. I didn't mean to ask.'—And before he could speak again, she put her horse into a canter; and once more the shining water and the brown sunburnt hills were fast receding as they rode swiftly on. When next they drew rein, Phyllis spoke in quite a different tone.

'What is your idea of heaven?' she asked seriously, turning her blue eyes gravely on her companion's face.

'My idea of heaven? What a very odd question!'

'Well, what do you suppose it to be like? You think there is such a place, don't you? and you must have some ideas about it.'

'I don't know that I ever did think definitely

about it,' said Jack meditatively. 'I suppose I have a vague notion of harps and crowns and the flutter of angels' wings.'

'Now I never could bear,' said Phyllis earnestly, 'to imagine a heaven where one had to sit still all the time. In my ideal of happiness there must always be swift motion. The likeliest thing I know to it on earth is riding a fast horse along a road beside some water. Only, instead of a lake, I always fancy it ought to be the sea, with soft little waves all over it, and that there should be moonlight shining.'

'What a strange fancy!' said Jack. 'What made you think of it?'

'I can't tell,' the girl answered, shaking her head; 'but ever since I was quite a little child I have sometimes woke up at night in the dark, thinking of it.' Then, as if ashamed of having revealed so much of her hidden thoughts to him, she became silent again; while, as he kept by her side, he marvelled what stores of fancy and imagination, what beauties of thought and feeling might lie behind the calm grave exterior of the girl, whose quiet practical way of life had sometimes rather chilled the dawning affection in him.

After they had ridden for some miles, the road turned to the left, away from the waters of the great lake, and in an opposite direction from Wineva. This part of their ride was new to Jack, and he could not help admiring the picturesqueness of the scenery, though somehow he wished he were going anywhere except to Campbellton. The narrow bridle-path led up a valley or gorge, on each side of which sloped grassy hills, whose sides were clothed by scattered groups of gum and she-oak, while here and there waved tracts of fern. Sometimes their road lay across the bed of a creek, which though dry after the long summer drought, was deep and strong enough, Phyllis told him, to carry away a wagon, horses and driver included. Indeed such a catastrophe had happened only the previous winter.

'There is the house,' she said, pointing with her whip. 'Is it not pretty? I always think that Campbellton is one of the most beautifully situated places in our neighbourhood.'

Jack could not help acknowledging that it really was pretty 'for a colonial place'; a grudging admission which he regretted the moment after, as Phyllis's eyes turned reproachfully on him. The house stood just at the head of the gorge; on each side the uplands curved away from it, leaving space enough for a large and pleasant garden. Mr Campbell's father had been one of the very earliest colonists, and had built the house whenever he found things beginning to prosper with him, so that the trees and shrubs about the place had had time to grow large and luxuriant; and surely in no other land do fruit-trees and flowering shrubs grow more luxuriantly beautiful than in our sunny Australia. In the Campbellton garden, almost every English fruit-tree grew to perfection, and those mingled delightfully with the products of more southern climates—oranges loaded with their golden balls; lemons, paler in colour and giving out a delicious perfume; while down by the creek, where their roots could find almost constant moisture, bananas reared their graceful heads. Just in front of the house were beds filled with scented verbenas and

glowing scarlet geraniums; and in the broad front veranda stood Mr Campbell, watching anxiously for his expected guests.

I am afraid Jack scowled at him when he saw him lift Phyllis from her horse with as much care as if she had been made of china. Nor did the sulky expression on his face soften, as he followed the two into the house, in spite of the hospitable welcome he had received, but which he could not help feeling was given more for Phyllis's sake than his own.

The arrangements of the house and table were all that could be desired. Mr Campbell's mother, a clean tidy old Scotchwoman, took care that her son was comfortably looked after. The internal arrangements of the house were as perfect as snow-white table-linen and admirable cookery could make them. After doing justice to the dinner which the worthy dame set before her guests, Mr Campbell took them round the garden, showing them his favourite fruit-trees; his long vine trellises, loaded with fast-ripening grapes; his paddocks, where fine Ayrshire cows were grazing; his cool dairy, with its wealth of yellow cream—all of which however, Jack felt, or believed he felt, was being shewn to Phyllis for her approval, and that she had only to say the word in order to be mistress of Campbellton with all that pertained thereto. He could not help remembering too, that supposing he had wished to appropriate her, he had neither home nor land to offer her as yet, little more indeed than a strong right arm and a heart willing to work for her.

'For she is a woman worth working for,' mused Jack. 'Not that she would ever think of waiting for me, or that I could think of asking her—but'—Whereupon he sought the veranda and smoked in silence, while Phyllis and Mr Campbell wandered up and down under those arching vine trellises, through which the light shone so deliciously green and cool. About five o'clock Phyllis disappeared to dress; for they had still an hour's drive before them, and in that part of the world people kept early hours. When she came to the door again, the light-covered wagon, drawn by a pair of strong handsome horses, stood ready for them.

'A bull would need to be worth something,' said Jack as they drove along; 'for we have to take a considerable journey to get to it.'

'It is worth something,' said Phyllis, smiling. 'It is worth a great deal to unsophisticated people like us. And you are to enjoy it, please, and not be in your severely critical frame of mind.'

'Am I ever severely critical?' he asked.

'Yes, very often; particularly if anything puts you out. And Jack'—She leaned forward so that her flushed cheek almost touched his shoulder, and her sweet eyes looked beseechingly into his.

'Well?' he questioned, smiling down at her. His cynical fits were never proof against those gentle looks of Phyllis's.

'You really mustn't criticise the whole thing too severely. Remember, we are in the wilds of Australia, and things aren't here just as they are at home. And Jack—you'll be pleasant to the girls, won't you, and dance with them, and make yourself generally agreeable?'

'I didn't know I was in the habit of making a bear of myself,' he answered, rather piqued.

Phyllis flushed still deeper; and he fancied that her lips trembled. 'O no!' she said; 'I didn't mean that. Only you know you are different somehow from the people one meets here; and I thought perhaps you might shew that you didn't care for our little pleasures.'

He was silent for a minute—half-annoyed, half-pleased, till she added pleadingly: 'Don't be vexed, Jack.'

'Vexed! No. But I am thinking that I must have often made myself much more disagreeable than I was at all aware of. I will try to be pleasant to-night at all events, to every one. There! it is a promise.' And he held out his hand, to be grasped by hers for an instant. Phyllis's hand-clasp was rather a curious thing, by the way. It was so firm, so steady, so like that of a calm and gentle man, so unlike the feeble fluttering pressure that most women give.

Mr Campbell was driving; and when they reached the township of Glen Assynt, he had to unharness and attend to his horses, so that Jack and Phyllis entered the ball-room by themselves. They created quite a sensation; and indeed they looked a rarely handsome couple as they walked up the long room together—he so tall and well proportioned, with bronzed face, bright dark eyes, and curly black locks; she with her fair and stately head just reaching his shoulder, her sunny hair set off with blue ribbons, her beautiful neck and shoulders and full white arms bare—all else was soft white muslin, with here and there a knot of blue ribbon. 'She says there is a difference between me and the others,' repeated Jack to himself; 'I wonder if she is conscious what a wide difference there is between every other woman here, and herself?'

As I have said, the dance was held in the large ware-room of a newly erected store, the first of any consequence which had been built at Glen Assynt. The walls were of coarse rough plaster, and the great rafters stretched unceilinged overhead. But much taste and care had been expended to hide the deficiencies; the walls were festooned with pink and white, caught up by wreaths of flowers; flags and garlands were twisted about the rafters; and really, when lighted up, the effect of the whole was exceedingly pretty. The band had been sent for to Adelaide, and was the best obtainable; for when the 'Bachelors' entertained their fair neighbours, they were determined to do the thing well.

Phyllis was immensely popular; and if Jack had not made such strong resolutions to be pleasant, he would have felt inclined to grumble at the way she was carried off from him, first by a bevy of laughing girls, all flounces and ribbons and ringlets, and then by a succession of partners. But he determined to keep the promise he had made in the wagon, and got Mr Campbell to introduce him to one young lady after another, with whom he danced and talked so pleasantly, that instead of being pronounced proud or unsociable, he bid fair to become as popular as Phyllis herself. Nice bright girls they were too, he thought, those daughters of Australian farmers. Wanting perhaps in the refined softness of English girls, but making up for it in their outspoken frankness, their ready wit, and their stock of good common-sense. Girls who were used to work hard, and who were contented to do it; who had not the

empty lives, the idle objectless days which so many women at home murmur about, to complain of. Their lives were full to the brim of healthy work, and they were all the more capable in consequence of enjoying simple and healthy pleasures.

The evening was more than half over when Jack stood behind the chair where Phyllis was resting after a galop.

'Have I worked hard enough?' he said, bending down and speaking softly in her ear. 'Do you think I deserve to be rewarded?'

'Yes, indeed,' she answered. 'I have been watching you, and thinking how well you were keeping your promise.'

'Then give me the next waltz, won't you?'

She rose at once; the band was playing a capital old waltz—out of fashion now, but which sounded deliciously fresh then—and away they went in that delightful swinging step which but comparatively few people seem ever to acquire. 'How well you waltz,' said Phyllis, looking up at him with sparkling eyes when they had been once round the long room.

'Do I?' he asked, laughing.

'Oh, I never felt anything like it,' she answered.

'I suppose I mustn't ask you too often,' he said, when they had finished. 'But, remember Phyllis, you must keep one more waltz for me.'

There was a broad veranda running down one side of the ware room, and this had for the occasion been inclosed by canvas curtains, which were lined with flags, and lighted by candles set amid wreaths of evergreens, so that it formed quite a pretty promenade for the dancers. Into this veranda Phyllis was led, a little later in the evening, by Mr Campbell, with whom she had just been dancing. She had noticed that for some time he had been particularly silent and *distracted*, hardly answering her when she spoke to him, and seeming to have some difficulty in remembering even the figure of their quadrille. The veranda was empty when they entered it. Two or three times they walked up and down in silence.

'How cool it is here,' said Phyllis at last, speaking more to break the silence than for the sake of saying anything. 'And those flags and wreaths how pretty they are; are they not?'

'Are they? O yes—very!' said her companion absently. Then abruptly: 'I beg your pardon; but indeed I was thinking of something else, and scarcely knew what you said.'

'You have been thinking of something else for the last half-hour, I believe,' said Phyllis, laughing good-naturedly. He was silent; and when she looked up in his face, its usual ruddy colour had flown; he was very pale, with a look in his eyes which her womanly instinct told her meant something she had been dreading for some time past.

'Oh, I trust he may not!' she said to herself, looking round her for a way of escape, and almost praying that some one would come out of the ball-room. But no one appeared, and his words were spoken in a voice which told of strong emotion.

'Miss Phyllis—you must have seen—you must know already what I am going to say. I have never cared for any one but you; can you care for me enough to—to marry me?'

The pale face was looking down at her, the strong young man standing before her was posi-

tively trembling with strong feeling. Phyllis felt terribly guilty, with something of the contrition that a careless child has who has let fall a costly vase, and then cries to see it broken. Before James Hamilton came to Hamilton Farm, she had been very good friends with this young man; there had even been a time when, if he had spoken, her answer might have been different from the one she felt she must make now. But that time was now past; her views of life and ideas of happiness were completely changed, she scarcely knew why.

'I am very very sorry,' she managed to falter out; 'but it cannot be.'

He put up his hands to his face and stood silent, while she stood before him like a guilty child, trembling and longing to get away. When he looked up again, the naturally good-humoured expression of his face was changed to one of anger; the colour had come back in a dark hot flush. 'You did not always think so,' he said in a low voice. 'A while ago you seemed to like me well enough. If I had spoken this time last year, you would have answered differently. Oh what a fool I was not to speak!' he exclaimed, clenching his hands tightly; 'and now it is too late. But I know who has done this—who has robbed me of you!'

'Hush! please,' exclaimed Phyllis in a terrified whisper. 'Oh, you are quite mistaken—there is no one else.'

He put out his hand and grasped her wrist tightly. 'Will you swear that to me?' he said. 'Will you swear that this isn't James Hamilton's doing? But indeed I know it is. He comes among us with his fine-gentleman ways, and a plain farmer like me has no chance. Miss Yester, I am much mistaken if he means as fairly by you as I do. It is plausible gentlemen like him who win girls' hearts, and then leave them to break, while they go off and take their pleasure elsewhere. You'll be better with me at Campbellton, my lass, than pining for him.'

Phyllis had stopped trembling, and had drawn herself up to her full height. Now she looked her angry lover full in the eyes, her proud lips full of scorn. 'Let go my hand, Mr Campbell,' she said quietly. 'I was sorry for you, because I thought you were vexed, and that perhaps I had once given you cause to think what no longer exists. But you have no right to insult me, as certainly no gentleman would. And I have certainly given no one any right to couple my name with—with Mr Hamilton's. I am quite sure now that I would never have been happy at Campbellton.'

Campbell had changed colour several times during this speech; and when she was silent, he turned away with a look of hopeless pain which it grieved her to see. He did not say another word, but walked towards the other end of the veranda, where he lifted the canvas and quietly stepped out into the darkness. Phyllis continued standing till he disappeared, then, when she found herself alone, she dropped her head on her hands, and gave way to a flood of bitter tears. It was not for young Campbell's disappointment that she wept, nor for the remembrance that she had treated him badly; perhaps it was because his angry words had revealed to her another feeling, of which she had been unconscious till then, a feeling which with torturing shame she could not but confess was true.

'What a fool I am,' she said to herself, 'what a weak fool, to betray myself so!'

Just at this moment the last person in the world she wished to see came into the veranda in search of her. 'Why, here you are Phyllis!' said Jack. 'This is our waltz—' He came up to her, and though she was trying hard to choke back her tears, he instantly saw that something was the matter. 'Tell me what it is?' he whispered gently. 'Has any one been annoying my sweet sister? Just tell me who it was; he had better look out, whoever it was!' He would have put his arm round her to draw her towards him; but she drew back, flushing excitedly.

'It was nothing—nothing that I need have minded,' she said, speaking very coldly. 'I am sorry you had the trouble of looking for me. I am quite ready now.'

She walked towards the dancing-room, and he followed her, piqued and wounded by her change of tone. Lately she had been so bright and good with him, and now, what had he done that she should speak to him so, and refuse comfort from him when she was in trouble? Their waltz was danced in silence, and after a few turns she said she was tired, and begged to be allowed to sit down. After that they did not speak to one another till the bell was nearly over, and then she came to him looking more worried, he thought, than he had ever seen her before, and asked him if he would look for Mr Campbell and the wagon.

'I suppose we must go to Campbellton,' she said wearily, 'as our horses are there. Shall you be too tired to ride home directly afterwards?'

'If you are not,' he answered, 'it is not likely that I should be. But had you not better rest there for an hour or two?'

'O no. I will go home at once, please,' and she went to get her wraps, while he went outside to find the wagon and its driver. The wagon was standing among a number of others, and Mr Campbell wrapped in a greatcoat, stood at the horse's head, with his face almost concealed by a muffler.

'I am afraid you have been waiting,' said Jack politely; but receiving no answer, he turned to help Phyllis into the wagon. It was rather a dreary ride that in the gray morning light, which was now stealing over the country; for scarce one of the party spoke a syllable till they reached the door of Campbellton Farm. Then their host remembered his hospitality so far as to ask them to rest for a few hours.

'I would rather go home at once. Pray, let us have the horses,' pleaded Phyllis as she went up-stairs to put on her habit. When she came down again, a service of hot coffee was waiting for them, and as they sat down to it Jack could not help thinking he had never partaken of a more thoroughly uncomfortable meal.

Just as they were mounting their horses, Mr Campbell came to her side. 'I want to ask your pardon,' he said, 'for the words I spoke—when I was angry.'

Phyllis turned her head away from him and was silent for a minute. Jack, who by this time had guessed how matters stood, took care to have something to do to his saddle which forced him to turn his back to them. At last she stooped down from her horse and held out her hand to Mr Campbell. 'I think we have both something to

forgive,' she said sweetly. 'And there is no reason why we should not be friends.'

After watching the two ride off together in the lovely light of early morning, the disappointed wooer went round his farm and gazed at his possessions—possessions which had now lost their beauty in his eyes. He cared no longer that his cows were fat and his horses sleek, his barns full and his garden productive. The one thing he wanted above all others was not to be his, and for the time all life looked dark to him. What a blessing it is that such wounds do heal in process of time, though they may leave scars behind! Nothing would have made the young man believe then that things would begin to look brighter by-and-by; yet life was not over for him because one woman refused his love. Some other would be beautiful in his sight in time to come, and a fair mistress would reign over Campbellton, and children's tiny feet make music in its rooms.

Meanwhile Jack and Phyllis rode homewards up the gorge and along by the waters of the lake. Phyllis rode fast and silently till she was forced to breathe her horse up a long ascent. Then Jack came and put his hand on her horse's mane and looked into her face.

'What have I done, Phyllis, that you should be cross to me?' he asked, smiling.

The cloud passed from the troubled face, and she smiled in return. 'I have been cross; but something vexed me, and I beg your pardon.'

'Granted!' he answered gaily, and they rode on, friends again.

Nevertheless, when Hamilton was reached, and Bessie had insisted on the tired girl going to lie down for an hour or two, Phyllis's pillow was wet with tears, for she had sobbed herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES.

IN all countries and all large towns there is a certain section of the population to which the old saying applies—namely that one half the world does not know how the other half lives—a saying, by the way, that touches a great many more people than the world suspects. In these days, when everybody must be or fancies he or she must be 'in society,' the struggle to make ends meet involves many shifts in the home circle, which are only known to the members of that circle, and the secrets of which they keep with Spartan firmness. Outside are show, expense, and glitter; inside are anxiety, shabbiness, pinching, and gnashing of teeth; and if, Asmodeus-like, we could peep into all the fashionable houses and note the interior *ménage*, we should be more than a little surprised, and probably very much startled.

But it is not with these decorous griefs and difficulties that this article will deal, but with a much lower stratum of population—indeed the very lowest. There is not a capital in Europe or America in which hundreds of people do not rise up in the morning uncertain as to where they shall get their meals for the day, or indeed if they shall get any; and the hidden life of these dinnerless and supperless ones must be as extraordinary as often it must be grievous. In London

and New York there is probably a more monotonously sad existence for thousands of their inhabitants than in any other cities; for the masses of people are so great and the race for existence so keen, that numbers must get shouldered aside and forced to depend on charity, or to do worse. In Paris too there is a vast amount of distress and crime, but there are at the same time probably more outlets for employment amidst the restless and varied life of the Parisian world. Some few of these industries we are about to relate; for with their extraordinary queerness, they read us many a lesson of perseverance and the value of little things.

In no towns in the world perhaps, except those of China, is the value of little things better understood than in Paris, and particularly in that essentially Parisian branch of industry which caters for the hungry man. Even in the lowest quarters of Paris, people must dine, just as they must in the Boulevards and the Palais-Royal; but the modes of dining are so different, that they might belong to two different worlds. The expensive dinner has often been described, and in these days of quick travelling, when Paris is only eight hours from London, dining there is as familiar as dining in London; but few people have ever penetrated into these nooks and corners, where the customers measure their appetites by centimes, and very frequently can only gratify them in an unpleasantly intermittent manner. In these Barmecide establishments, a plate of meat can be had for two sous (a penny), and one of vegetables for a halfpenny, while some of the meals combine with the chance of getting something good to eat, the thrilling possibility of getting nothing. This is playfully called *Phasari de la fourchette* (the chance of the fork), and consists in the player taking one shot for his money with a broad two-pronged fork into a seething caldron, and bringing up whatever he is able to stick the fork into. An old hand often succeeds in landing a succulent fragment of something unknown, but a novice finds the coveted morsel evade the prong, and leave him despondent and dinnerless.

Another branch of the purveying business, and one too in which fortunes have been made, is that of selling 'harlequins,' which consist of an olla podrida of scraps of every kind, and sold for a halfpenny a plate. The idea of calling this collection of eatable patches by the name of harlequins, from the dress of divers pieces and colours which decorates that stage professional, is Parisian to the backbone, and suggests the cynical grin with which the mess is regarded by its purchasers. The harlequin purveyor is on terms of business with all the cooks at the restaurants of the neighbourhood, from whom he or she buys the broken scraps collected by the end of the day, at the rate of three to three and a half francs the basketful. Indeed this is the most lucrative portion of the cook's trade; for though he earns probably a pound or thirty shillings a month for his salary, he will

make twice or three times as much by the perquisites which he sells to the harlequin merchant. A fine basketful it is, from bread-crumbs to beef-steak and truffled turkey—bones, fat, pickings, parings—all is fish that comes into this net. But valuable as the assortment is for nutritious purposes, some portions of it fetch a still higher price, such as the fat, which is carefully sorted and sold to merchants to be converted into lamp-oil. The bones too, at least those which are bare of meat or skin, are picked out and sold back again under the name of *réjouissance* to the restaurants, to make their commoner soups; and having done duty in this department, they pass to the very lowest cook-shops or *gargotiers*, who again use them in a mess of broth flavoured with carrots or burnt onions. One would surely think that a bone had now done its duty sufficiently, and that it might be allowed to rest in peace. But no. There is still money to be made out of it; for if big enough, it is sold to the bone button makers; and if it has been too much reduced by repeated cracking and maceration for this small purpose, it is at all events fit to be made into animal charcoal, and probably does duty in a box of charcoal tooth-powder lying in a place of honour in the window of a fashionable perfumer.

Thus it will be seen that nothing is too small for a Parisian speculator, and that there are depths in each station of society which even our philosophy dreams not of. Just as the eating material descends a step at a time to fulfil its various uses, there is a corresponding grade of professional industry connected with it; for the harlequin purveyor, like the flea which has smaller fleas to bite it, employs a number of hands, chiefly women, to sort out the savoury messes and apportion the elements so as to suit the cooking department, the lamp-oil maker, the button-maker, and the preparer of animal charcoal. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that even in little restaurants and cook-shops which carry their occupation and class of customers on their face, there is often a most appetising display of meats, vegetables, and poultry hanging up at the window or near the door, giving the visitor the idea that there is good fare within, notwithstanding the humble exterior. But these succulent joints, plump fowls, and tasty vegetables are a delusion and a snare. They are real, it is true, but they do not belong to the establishment, and are in point of fact let out for show from day to day for a small sum; just as a beggar-woman hires a baby for her stock in trade to appeal to the sympathies of the charitable. So then, there is a regular industry of provision renters, the eatables being returned as wanted, after having done their duty in practically advertising the excellent resources of the cook-shop!

Touching this cheap soup, there is one fact connected with it which is worth mentioning, as it shews another branch of industrial cooking as ingenious as it is nasty. It must be admitted by even the most unprejudiced that soup made of three or four times used bones, and flavoured with a burnt onion, cannot be very strong, neither can it look strong, which is perhaps more to the purpose; so with a view of rectifying the latter defect, an appearance of fat at all events must be given. But as all the fat in the harlequin's cellars has been sold more profitably to the oil-merchant, he makes good the defect in another way.

The soup-concocter takes into his mouth as much fish-oil as he can hold, and at the critical moment, blows it out again in a sort of well-regulated fog into the pot, where it settles on the top of the soup, and gives it the appearance of actually boiling over with richness, like the milk-and-water so graphically emphasised by Mr Squerers. This ingenious process is called 'putting the eyes into the soup.' No wonder that money is made in a trade of so many resources; or that a few years ago a celebrated harlequin-purveyor, a Madame Maillard, retired with a large fortune, having already settled her four daughters in establishments of their own.

DROLL BLUNDERS.

AN amusing book has been recently published entitled *A Book of Blunders*. It is a republication of a series of papers and letters sent to the *Glasgow Herald*, and well repays perusal. We give a few extracts from it.

As specimens of typographical errors, there are amongst others the following: By the insertion of one letter in place of another, a newspaper, not long since, reporting the danger that an express train had run, in consequence of a cow getting upon the line, said: 'As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into calves!'—A Scotch newspaper, reporting the speeches at a Scott centenary meeting, made one of the orators exclaim with more truth than accuracy:

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
We'll-nurse for a poetic child.

Never, perhaps was the word 'anstere' more misconstrued than in the instance of a clergyman in Lancashire who got a wholesome warning in regard to pulpit articulation, by discovering in one house which he visited the day after preaching from Luke xix. 21, that (the servant had gone home with the impression that his text had been, 'I feared thee, because thou art an oyster-man!') A Hampshire incumbent recently reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some of the blunders he had heard made in the marriage service, by that class of persons who have to pick up the words as best they can, from hearing them repeated by others. He said that in his own parish, it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman: 'With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods, I thee and thou.' He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride startled him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the Prayer-book, to take her husband: 'To 'ave and to 'old from this day forth!' fo better horse, for richerer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries, and to bay.' What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to her own mind, the incumbent said it baffled him to conjecture.

The stories told of the blunders made by Oxford

and Cambridge undergraduates in the Scripture examination, are almost incredible. One of these, when asked who was the first king of Israel, was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of 'Saul.' He saw that he had hit the mark, and wishing to shew the examiners how intimate his knowledge of the Scriptures was, added confidentially: 'Saul, also called Paul.' Another was asked to give the parable of the good Samaritan. He did so with tolerable accuracy till he came to the place where the Samaritan says to the inn-keeper: 'When I come again I will repay thee.' Here the unlucky examinee added: 'This he said, knowing that he should see his face no more!'

A ludicrous story is told of a bailie, whose studies in natural history seem to have been rather limited. The following case came before him one day: 'A man who kept a ferret, having to go into the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbour till he should return. The neighbour incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The owner was very angry, and brought a claim against his neighbour for damages. The following was the decision of the learned bailie: 'Nae doot,' he said to the man who had been left in charge, 'ye was wrang to open the cage door; but,' he added, turning to the other: 'Ye was wrang too. For why did ye no clip the brute's wings?'

It is also told of a certain Glasgow bailie that, when visiting Paris as one of a deputation from Glasgow to Louis-Philippe, the king said, when shewing the party through his library, where he had many of the English classics: 'You will know Milton very well?' 'O bless you, yes; bless you, yes,' said the bailie cheerfully, delighted that something had been mentioned that he *did* know. 'Yes, your majesty, I know Milton very well' (Milton is a 'little place in the neighbourhood of Glasgow); 'we're just building slaughter-houses there.'

By the bad arrangement of clauses in composition, ludicrous blunders are sometimes made. A Wisconsin paper announced that the Board of Education had 'resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high.' In an English paper an advertisement appeared, under the heading of 'To Let,' of 'A house for a family in good repair.' *Punch* noted this, and conjectured that 'a family in good repair' must mean one in which none of the members were cracked.—'The brooches would have been sent before but have been unwell,' was a note of apology sent to Dean Alford by his jeweller; and 'Two sisters want washing' was an advertisement which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*.

An amusing style of blunder is the 'bull,' for which the Irish get most credit. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of his country: 'Her cap of misery has been overflowing, and is not yet full!'—It was an

Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that 'he left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time.'—Irish also was the cornet who, when writing home from India praising the much abused climate as really one of the best under the sun, added: 'But a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they eat and they drink, and they die; and then they write home to their friends, saying it was the climate that did it!'

Though not so numerous as those of the Emerald Isle, Scotland is not without its specimens of this kind of blunder. Two operatives in one of the Border towns were heard disputing about a new cemetery, beside the elegant railing of which they were standing. One of them, evidently disliking the continental fashion in which it was being laid out, said in disgust:

'I'd rather dee than be buried in sic a place.'

'Weel, it's the verra reverse wi' me,' said the other; 'for I'll be buried naewhere else, if I'm spared.'—A story of Dean Ramsay's is given of a half-cracked man in the parish kirk of 'Auld Ayr,' who got his head in between the iron rails in front of a seat, and startled the congregation by crying out in the middle of the sermon: 'Murder, murder! my head 'll hae to be cutt' aff. Holy minister! O my head man be cutt' aff. It's a judgment for leaving my godly Mr Peebles (his former minister) at the Newton.' When he had been extricated and quieted, and was asked why he put his head there, he said: 'It was juist to look on wi' another woman.'

Amongst the instances of blunders from absence of mind are the following: A clergyman walking one day in the country, fell into thought. He was so accustomed to ride that, when he found himself at a toll, he stopped and shouted to the man: 'Here! what's to pay?'

'Pay for what?' asked the man.

'For my horse,' said the clergyman.

'What horse? There's no horse, sir!'

'Bless me!' exclaimed the clergyman, looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback!'—Sydney Smith was not in general absent-minded; but he says that once, when calling on a friend in London, and being asked by the servant: 'Who shall I say has called?' he could not for the life of him recollect his own name, and stared in blank confusion at the man for some time, before it came back to him.

The first Lord Lytton was very absent. It is declared of him that when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat at Haggerly, 'he sank twice before he recollected that he could swim.'—A New York paper gives the following story in illustration of the absent-mindedness of the great Jonathan Edwards. When out riding one day, a little boy very respectfully bowed and opened a gate for him. 'Whose boy are you, my little man?' he asked. 'Noah Clark's boy sir,' was the answer. On the return of Edwards, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him. He thanked the little fellow, and again asked: 'Whose boy are you?' 'Noah Clark's sir; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir.'

Some blunders arise from misapprehension. A bishop of Oxford sent word to the churchwardens

in his diocese a circular of inquiries, including the question: 'Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?' The churchwarden of Wallingford replied: 'He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage.'

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for, to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his obfuscated condition would permit. He counted: 'One, two, three; then he got confused, and began again: 'One, two, three, four.' Still confused, he began again: 'One, two.' No; he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering: 'Topsy, I declare—tipsy!' Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed and take some hot lemonade, to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked 'Private':

'DEAR DOCTOR.—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful for the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit' (a ten-pound note), 'and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me.'

The lady, in fact, had herself been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition!

The Rev. Mr M'Dougall of Paisley used to tell the following story: One day he was taking a simple friend from the country to see Gartnavel; but passing the Exchange on their way to the Asylum, he took him to the door to look in. The man, who thought they had got to their destination, stood behind Mr M'Dougall, and staring eagerly over his shoulder at the merchants stepping up and down, and gathering in eager groups, exclaimed with surprise not unmingled with awe: 'Is't safe, man!—they're a' loose!'

There are some good stories about mistakes as to person, and with two specimens of this class of blunders, we will close our paper. It is said that William IV. was once kept waiting outside a certain part of Windsor Castle, owing to a private entrance being that evening in charge of a substitute who did not know the king in his plain clothes. 'You can't pass, old 'un,' said the man cheerfully. 'No one is allowed to pass here after dark, except the king and the lamplighter.'

A mutual mistake was once made by Lord Guildford and a lady of quality in the house of Lord Melville. There was a dinner party, at which Lord Seaforth was to be present. As Seaforth was deaf and dumb, Lady Melville, before the company arrived, sent a lady friend who was familiar with the dumb alphabet into the drawing-room, to be ready against his lordship's arrival. It happened, however, that Lord Guildford was the first to make his appearance; and the lady taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to sign to him nimbly with her fingers. His lordship happening to be an adept in the deaf and dumb alphabet

replied in the same way; and so they went on talking in this noiseless manner on their fingers till Lady Melville entered, when her friend said aloud: 'Well, I have been talking my best to this dumb man!'. 'Dumb!' cried Lord Guildford in unfeigned surprise; 'why, my good lady, I thought *you* were dumb!'

THE SCOTCH GARDENER.

THE following amusing piece of bargain-making between a Scotch gardener and a gentleman in Australia; together with the touching sequel, reaches us from a correspondent in Victoria.

An advertisement for head-gardener by a gentleman occupying a handsome villa residence at St Kilda in Victoria, brought a response of not less than one hundred and ninety-seven applicants for the situation, most of whom represented every profession and calling but that advertised for. But while this interviewing was going on, a strange man made his appearance, and without further ado set to work in the garden, reducing to something like order some oleanders that previous neglect had suffered to run wild. The owner of the premises and a friend kept an eye on the intruder for some time, admiring his dexterous handling of the pruning-knife, and the excellent effects speedily produced by it; and when they reached the border, the former addressed him thus: 'And who may you be, my friend, that's slashing away among my trees as if they were your own?'

The man thus addressed, and who turned out to be an excellent specimen of a race now rapidly dying out, very leisurely finished the oleander limb he had then in hand, and replied: 'Weel, I'm come to tak the place o' head-gairdner that ye has advertised.'

'Cool that,' said the employer; 'you have not applied for it yet.'

'No matter,' remarked the stranger indifferently, while he examined critically the tree before him. 'There wasna a gairdner amang a' the folk that was applyin', as ye ca' it, an' I wadna meddle atween you an' them.'

'But I may have engaged one of them all the same,' said his interrogator, 'and then you would have been out of the place.'

'Nae doot,' replied Sandy reflectively, tapping the lid of his snuff-box, 'ye might; there's nae leemit to human folly; but I didna like to speak before, because I'd be unwillin' to let on that I thoct ye a fool!'

Good-naturedly entering into the 'pawky' humour of the Caledonian, whose straightforward hits might have been less favourably received by many another employer, the master of the Mount there and then engaged Sandy; but there were a few formalities to be gone through, for appearance's sake.

'I think I'll try ye for a month,' said Sandy; 'for I suppose you're the master himsel'? But mind, I'll stand no interference. I know my business, and must guide a' thing my own way. And I'm very partee'lar about the Sabbath-day, an' couldna think of biding wi' ye unless there's an earnest gospel minister near-hand. None o' your fusionless good-works men or preachers o' could morality, but a speerit-rousing preacher

that'll hold the Deil under the noses o' his congregation, an' mak' their flesh creep.'

'But,' said the master, vainly endeavouring to keep the control of the business in his own hand, and though quite willing to engage Sandy, reluctant to let his friend see that Sandy was engaging him, 'what references have you, or certificates of character and efficiency?'

'My character's in my face,' he answered; 'an' my competence is in my head an' at the ends o' my ten fingers! If that disna satisfy ye, ye maun find a gairdner whar ye can. Besides,' he went on, 'I have been brought up to gless, an' surely that's enough qualification for a paltry bit place like yours. When I gaed gairdner to the Earl o' Stair at Culhorn, he never demeaned himsel' to ask for certificates, as ye ca' them.'

And in this strange *rencontre* an engagement was completed which extended itself over many years, with much advantage to both parties, and as will be shewn in the sequel, to the employer's family. 'Brought up to gless' settled the question, though what the phrase meant was a mystery to the family, who understood it somehow to have a jest mysteriously underlying it; unless it indicated that Sandy had been familiar with greenhouse work, and was therefore entitled to aristocratic rank in the gardening profession.

Sandy proved most efficient in his new situation, and the effects of his wise and vigorous management were soon apparent in the improved appearance of the grounds and gardens, which became the most beautiful and productive of any in the district; and to any comment on the superiority of the fruit, Sandy's invariable reply was: 'Weel, they should be guid, or where's the use o' havin' a gairdner "brought up to gless"?'

Never very ready to grant propositions, as age increased, Sandy's idiosyncrasy grew upon him to such an extent, that at length he would admit nothing. Late one autumn, when the neighbouring gardens could not shew a single bloom, he had a splendid display of antrirrhinums; and to a visitor's complimenting him on his success, he replied with his native brusquerie: 'Weel, the floors is guid o' their kin', nae doot; but ye dinna ken whether they are guid or no.'

Sandy was a very religious man after a sort. It was not apparent, however, that in one respect his strongly held religious views kept him in the straight path, for at times he indulged overmuch in strong waters; nor was he always behind-hand in using strong language when excited. His religion was kept for higher uses than the common and prosaic one of regulating his life—namely, for the purposes of contention and argumentative strife. He had a rich vocabulary of Scripture phrases, which he employed with great effect in all such cases.

Sandy's graver studies generally came on the back of a protracted spree, when it was an amusing sight to see him seated in his sanctum, midst seed packets, labels, and dried bulbs, pouring over Boston's *Fourfold State*, *The Hind let Loose*, or *One Word with the Unregenerate*, in seven octavo volumes. One of his master's favourite amusements was to involve some unsuspecting visitor in a theological argument with Sandy, and particularly a certain young parson who was inclined to modern ideas, and suspected of being rather weak on future punishments. The abilities and

principles of this opponent were held in the greatest contempt by Sandy, as being those of a 'weak-kneed' Christian at the best, fit only to nourish babes in grace; whereas he, Sandy, required the strong meats of the Word for his spiritual sustenance. In a discussion upon the extent of the atonement, the reverend gentleman rashly quoted 'St John' to his antagonist, who astounded him by the remark: 'But there me and the apostle differs.' One of his modes of aggravation was to cavil at words; thus when arguing with the same clergyman at another time, when the word 'sin' was used, Sandy immediately came down upon him with the question: 'When you speak of *sin*, sir, do you refer to legal accountability or moral blameworthiness?' Next to drinking whisky, Sandy's great pleasure was to offer up a word in season at weddings and other similar festivities, when the services of a regular celebrant were not available; and this he did well, his main defect in devotional exercises being that he prayed at his congregation, or any one he deemed in need of a little wholesome advice from one in every way qualified to give it. He would sometimes attack even his employer in this manner, and depict his character in a way that was the reverse of flattering; indeed the odd things that entered into the head of this strange old man to do, were a source of amusement to his master and friends, who found it impossible to trace his pranks to any comprehensible reason. For instance, on a terrace walk in Mount Ophir garden were two ornamental tool-houses, one at each end. On opening one of these, the owner found one of his sons inside, doing penal servitude. On inquiry, he found the boy had been guilty of stealing unripe fruit, and unless the punishment were carried out in its integrity Sandy would wash his hands of the whole concern. Soon after, Mr M—— found another prisoner in the other tool-house.

'What! has he been stealing unripe fruit too?' demanded the master.

'No,' replied Sandy; 'but I put him in there for the sake o' uniformity.'

An amusing instance of Sandy's unwillingness to admit propositions occurred on the return of the mistress and family from a visit of some weeks to Queenscliff, during which time their own residence had been re-painted and otherwise renovated. On the morning of the day of their expected return, the master and head-gardener were making a tour of inspection through house and grounds. Everything was in perfect order, and the owner rubbed his hands in satisfaction, and in anticipation of the happy re-union then imminent. But Sandy was perfectly unsympathetic. No muscle of his sour pragmatical countenance relaxed—nothing but the most rigorous taciturnity; and when remonstrated with by his master on his silence, he so far relaxed as to remark that: 'The grounds looket weel enough; but added that 'he was no judge o' painters' wark, an' could say nothing about the house.'

'And what's amiss with the house?' demanded his master impatiently. 'You doited old fellow, nothing pleases you.'

'Fairly taken to task, Sandy replied: 'Weel, the house is fast chock fu' mice.'

When chaffed by his friends about Sandy and his assumed airs of intellectual superiority, Mr M—— would laughingly explain that he kept his

head-gardener for the good of his health; for his aggravating ways acted upon his liver, and stimulated the secretion of bile, and saved him expense in doctor's and chemist's bills—being a perpetual tonic and blister, so that at any time if his circulation became languid, he had only to have a rouse with Sandy, and the current soon ran fast enough. Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's factotum in the happy old Abbotsford days, could never be got to make any further concession to his employer's will than to say he would 'tak his honour's advice for *this time*.' Sandy never got so far; he would take no man's advice, and least of all his master's. It was one of that master's jokes to say that his servitor never did condescend to obey orders—he only gave a kind of 'pragmatic sanction.'

Yet there was a mysterious bond of union between master and man, and each had a regard for the other, strenuously as they strove to conceal it. Were the master absent for a few days, the gardener was more uneasy and querulous than usual; and after the greeting of wife and bairns, the first business of the master was to have a flare-up with Sandy. An efficient manager, it was against Sandy's principle to perform *hard* work with his own hands. Grafting, budding, and pruning he would do, for that was high skilled labour; but to walk between the shafts of a manure-laden barrow, he regarded as degrading to a 'knowledgeable man—a man that had been brought up to glass,' and added: 'He had no time to work except with his head.' To induce him to put a little more of his own labour on the ground under his care, his master would take up the hoe and operate vigorously among some French beans, remarking to Sandy, that work gave an added zest to food and rest, &c. Sandy looked gravely on for a time, and then, tapping reflectively the lid of his snuff-box, a sure sign that something remarkable was coming, observed: 'Weel, some sma' exercise will do ye nae harm. Ye lead but an idle life, and ye eat far owre much, and ruin yer digestion wi' that sour trash o' Rhine wine, as ye ca't. But I'm no sae clear that it's safe to lippen (trust) my beans to ye. If you'd gae oot to the roadside an' knock doon a wheen thistles, ye would be workin' to some effect.'

His lapses in the direction of overmuch use of mountain-dew were only occasional, and did not interfere much with the duties of his office; *without* this, he would have occupied such an exalted platform, intellectually and morally, that he would have been altogether too much for ordinary mortals. The whisky-bottle was the one agency by which he was retained in the ranks of fallible beings; besides which Sandy, habitually sober, would not have been, by any means, so amusing a character as he really was. The tenor of his way would have been too prosaically even.

The reverend gentleman once took Sandy in hand, and graphically described for his benefit the evil effects of over-indulgence, adding: 'Think of what physical pain a man suffers after a boose—the aching brow, the parched throat, the trembling nerves.' Whereupon Sandy interrupted him with: 'Gie's yer han', doctor, man; ye describe the sensations so weel, that I ettle (think) it's no' the first time ye've been fou yersel'.

A change however came o'er the scene. Mr

M—'s affairs were not looking bright. The family was numerous and costly, and no particular care had been taken to keep down expenses. But it is not necessary to trace the career of a free-handed man from comparative wealth to ruin. A friend of the family dropped in upon Sandy, and commiserating the position of his master:

'Hoo could it be otherwise?' Sandy asked. 'A parcel of lazy servants robbin' the puir man richt an' left, and fine friends to sorn on him. Grand friends he'll find them noo, I see warrant.'

But the other replied: 'You have made a good deal of the money yourself; you have been as wasteful yourself as any one about the house.'

'Ay,' he admitted, 'I tak some blame myself on that head; but if the siller has gone on the ground, there's guid value to shew for it.'

There was nothing saved out of the estate but Mount Ophir, which had fortunately been settled on Mrs M—; and the master himself did not long survive his losses, dying in a few weeks of a broken heart. And now Sandy putting aside his oddities, shewed himself in his true colours. The few hundred pounds he possessed he proposed to use for the benefit of the family. He induced his mistress to keep on the house with the furniture, letting a portion of it as opportunity offered, and remained himself in his situation at greatly reduced wages, managing the garden and orchard solely with a view to profit, and selling the produce. His suggestions were acted upon, and thus the family was pulled through its difficulties, Sandy himself working in good earnest. And when at length the Mount Ophir estate was sold, to start the boys in business with the proceeds, its present owner did not scruple to give a handsome price for it. So after all, Sandy, with all his eccentricities, was the humble means of rescuing from penury the descendants of his kindly employer. He has long since been gathered to his fathers. 'Peace be to his ashes!'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

In cases of difficulty of breathing, the by-standers commonly raise the sufferer to a sitting position and allow the head to bend forward, and by so doing they increase the difficulty. Dr B. Howard, in a communication to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, points out that there is 'an anatomical remedy against respiratory obstruction.' This remedy is very simple, and may be described in one word—position: raise the chest, and let the head hang back as far as may be. The effect of this position on the respiratory apparatus is described in anatomical detail by Dr Howard; but under all the words rests the simple fact, 'that complete extension backward of the head and neck should be the first and instant measure in threatened or actual apnoea, both as a remedy and as the first step towards success in artificial respiration.'

'An Analysis of seventy-five cases of Writer's Cramp, and Impaired Writing Power,' is published in the *Proceedings* of the same Society. The author, Dr Vivian Poore, remarks that the integrity of the ulnar nerve is more necessary than that of any other nerve of the hand, for all delicate manipulation, especially writing; that loss

of writing power is often the first and most prominent symptom of degenerative change occurring in the spinal chord or brain. He regards writer's cramp as a fatigue disease, and takes the word fatigue as a convenient expression for an 'easily recognisable and familiar condition, of the pathology of which we are uncertain.' He thinks that 'occasionally fatigue is the expression of hyperemia or mild inflammation of a motor nerve, and that the same condition may be produced either by overwork or by accidental causes such as cold, strain, rheumatism, or injury.'

Dr Poore says further: 'Fatigue especially attacks those muscles which are subjected to prolonged strain, and it is probable that the relative frequency of writer's cramp, as compared with other professional ailments, is due to the fact that prolonged strain of certain muscles (those which hold and steady the pen) is inseparable from the act of writing.'

A dentist at Munich states that in certain cases where teeth required filling, he has taken them out, cleaned and filled them, and has then put them back into the patient's jaw with satisfactory results. And Professor Kolbe of Leipzig, a foreign member of the Royal Society, demonstrates from personal experience that one gramme of salicylic acid taken daily in beer, wine, or water, is a protection from the distressing effects of indigestion, including pustules in the month, which often made speech difficult. 'My state of health,' he remarks, 'is excellent: I feel myself better and stronger than ever . . . and the prescribed visit to Carlsbad has become unnecessary.'

That certain drugs act upon the liver and stimulate the flow of bile, has long been known. Professor Rutherford, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, shews that the number of those drugs may be largely increased. His statements are based on experiments made with forty-six different substances, which leave no room to doubt his conclusions, one of which is, that 'if a purgative agent has no direct stimulating power on the liver, it diminishes the secretion of bile.' Among the additions to the list of drugs are phyto-laccin, physostigma, ipecacuan, sodium salicylate, and the benzozates; and, provided with these, the physiologist and clinical observer will now have to make their experiments. 'The clinical experimentalist,' says Professor Rutherford, 'has a far more difficult task to discharge than the physiological investigator, and he urgently requires all the assistance which physiological methods can render him; and the more so because it is now admitted by all competent thinkers, that the actions of medicinal agents in diseased conditions cannot be rightly understood unless we also know their effects in a healthy condition of the bodily system.' And further: 'Although therapeutics can never be brought within the sphere of exact science, it is nevertheless very urgently our present business not to fold our hands in a despairing nihilism, but to search for every fact that can throw light on the function of every bodily organ, the nature of its diseased conditions, and the manner in which it is influenced by medicinal agents in its normal and abnormal states.'

Dr Gaillard Thomas of New York finds that injection of milk into a vein will revive patients likely to die after an operation, or in collapse from cholera, and other critical conditions. The

quantity injected may be as much as eight ounces; but it must be milk which on the instant has been drawn from the cow. Blood is preferable to milk for transfusion, but fails of success should a touch of air or a particle of lymph pass in during the operation. Hence Dr Thomas remarks: 'If milk answers not as good, but nearly as good a purpose as blood under these circumstances, its use will create a new era in this most interesting department of medicine;' and he predicts for 'intra-venous lacteal injection, a brilliant and useful future.'

By much study of the subject, Mr Javal of Paris is led to the conclusion that shortness of sight is occasioned or aggravated by the forms of the letters of the alphabet as printed in books and newspapers. Similarities of form strain the eye by the effort to distinguish one from the other, and especially is this the case with Gothic or 'black letter' characters. Short-sight prevails largely and increases in Germany, owing, as Mr Javal believes, to the general use in that country of Gothic printing-types. It would be worth studying whether other alphabets are open to the same objection. The recently invented writing-machines which write in capital letters, impose a new trial, for many readers find that whole pages of capitals fatigue and irritate the eyes in a very peculiar manner. In like manner a page of close-printed matter of any kind of type, is more wearisome to the eye than a page broken up into paragraphs. The eye delights in a resting-place.

Dr Campbell Morfit has discovered by long-continued experiment that flesh, fish, and fruits, and other substances can be preserved for a long time by thoroughly impregnating them with gelatine. There is apparently no mystery about his process, all that is required being to take care that the gelatine is completely diffused through the article intended for preservation. Thus, lean beef, after stewing in its own juice, is dried, and reduced to a smooth pulp, and then triturated with gelatine, in the proportions of one pound of the jelly to fifteen of the meat. Fruits in like manner are reduced to pulp, and are then gelatinised. Milk may be condensed without the use of sugar, and thereby rendered more acceptable as an article of diet than the condensed milk at present in use. One pound of gelatine dissolved in a gallon of fresh milk converts the whole to jelly. This is dried, then dissolved in another gallon, and so on until eight gallons of milk have been taken up by the original pound of gelatine. In a similar way the juice of meat may be consolidated, and lime-juice, and other liquid substances, and the jelly thus produced may be dried in flakes or incorporated with biscuits. This preservative action of gelatine will perhaps be a surprise to many persons. The results of Dr Morfit's experiments are so far satisfactory, for articles preserved more than a year ago retain their freshness unaltered, notwithstanding that they have been kept in an ordinary store-room, exposed to the air and to changes of temperature.

Mr Recordon of Paris has constructed instruments for enabling blind persons to read and write in a way to be understood among themselves, as well as by those who can see; to reckon arithmetically, to write music, and print books. The reading and writing instrument he calls a diplo-

graph, from its twofold character; the blind alphabet being placed letter for letter above the seeing alphabet, as we may call it, on the working disk.

The relief-printing press, which is small, and of moderate cost, is composed of perforated sheets of brass, a number of metal pins or pegs all of the same size and shape, a wooden frame, and an india-rubber roller. The metal pegs answer the purpose of type; the blind compositor places them in the perforations of the sheet of brass, which when full is inclosed by the wooden frame, a sheet of paper is laid on the pegs, the india-rubber roller is passed over it, and a page in relief is produced filled with blind characters all formed by the pegs. There is no difficulty in the distribution, for as the pegs are all alike, they can be returned to the box from which they were taken by simply reversing the brass sheet. In this way blind persons can compose and distribute without difficulty, and with a little practice can print what they have composed. A special advantage of this press is that it costs not more than ninety francs, and weighs not more than four kilogrammes. In a similar way arithmetical calculations may be carried on, and music may be composed and printed when a way shall have been found to employ the pegs in musical notation. Particulars of these useful inventions are given in the June report of the meeting of the *Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale*.

There is running on a railway in the neighbourhood of Paris a locomotive without fire, similar to the locomotives employed on the tramways of New Orleans, U.S. It is provided with a cylindrical reservoir of great strength, which being filled from a fixed boiler with steam until the pressure reaches fifteen atmospheres, then distributes it under proper regulation to the working machinery, and the fireless engine begins its journey. The pressure can be varied according to the exigencies of the route, the ordinary speed being about eight miles an hour. The filling of the reservoir takes fifteen minutes, and must be repeated, if required, every time the engine returns to the boiler station; but experience has proved that for short distances this locomotive has advantages over all others. It will turn a short curve, and travel up-hill, with a load of ten tons; makes but little noise, wastes a whiff of steam only, and is in no danger of explosion from overheating.

It was found some time ago that sewage could be purified by pouring into it a small quantity of muriatic acid: the animalcules were all killed, and lay in a darkened mass at the bottom of the vessel, while 'the supernatant water was cleared from a deep-green colour to be perfectly clear.' Mr Watson, in a communication to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society, attributes the comparative absence of foulness in the Tyne to the effect of the weak hydrochloric acid which flows into the stream from the factories on the banks. It is also worth remark that 'the Tyne fisheries have been increasing in value at an amazing rate,' and that the salmon bred in the upper reaches of the river, go back thither in the breeding season. These are facts which will have to be further verified; but that they have an important bearing on the subjects of pollution of rivers and utilisation of sewage cannot be doubted. The Tyne is not the only river in the kingdom which could be improved by a dose of the acid. Perhaps Mr

Frank Buckland could tell us something of this.

Frequent telegrams concerning winds and storms compel us to pay attention to the meteorology of the United States. Professor Loomis of Yale College, whose meteorological reports we have often quoted, states, in a recent discussion, that barometric waves travel at the rate of about forty miles an hour from the Pacific coast across the Rocky Mountains, and reach the Mississippi Valley with but little modification. And he remarks: 'Thus we see that an unbroken mountain-range of six thousand feet in height cannot stop the progress of atmospheric waves; neither do ranges of more than ten thousand feet in height present any insuperable obstacle. A great barometric depression requires either a wind blowing with a hurricane velocity, or else a system of converging winds extending over a vast area. The depression of the barometer at the centre of a great storm is mainly due to the geographical extent of the system of winds set in motion; and after a storm-centre has reached the Mississippi River, there are no mountain barriers to prevent the formation of a system of circulating winds over an area two thousand miles in diameter.'

In addition to the geographical and geological surveys carried on by the United States government, reports are in preparation on the ethnography of the Rocky Mountain region, which will present many points of interest, for vocabularies of Indian dialects, and observations on the habits and customs of the natives are included. Dictionaries and grammars, a tentative classification of the linguistic families of the Indians, and monographs on their mythology and funeral rites are in preparation. We are informed that in pursuing these investigations, pains have been taken to produce results that may be of practical value in the administration of Indian affairs; statistics have been specially attended to, with a view to discover the causes and remedies for the inevitable conflict that arises from the spread of civilisation over a region inhabited by savages. Talk about the 'inevitable conflict' seems to us little better than nonsense. The way to civilise the Indians would be to treat them on principles of justice and honesty; and this, through the baseness of the agents employed, has never been done. In their treatment of the Indian races, the United States are chargeable before the world as guilty of a great and very shameful crime.

'In the art of tanning, great improvements have been made in every state in Europe, whilst we still pursue the method practised by our forefathers a thousand years ago.' These remarks were published more than one hundred years ago by the Dublin Society, but they are virtually true of to-day. Lime is still generally used as a depliator, though it has been condemned by common-sense, by men of science, and every writer who has studied the subject; practice also most strongly proves its injurious effects, for it is well authenticated that those American tanners who do not use it can gain in weight from twenty-six to forty-three per cent. over those who do. Another most injurious effect caused by the lime is, that the hide being saturated by this alkali, is not in a fit state to receive the tannic acid; neither can it do so until the alkali is neutralised to some extent by gallic acid, which then

allows the tannic to follow. This is simply the reason why tanning has been heretofore such a long process, many tanners even yet taking twelve months to complete the process. We are now informed that all this can be changed by a process perfected and patented by Mr John Palmer of Liverpool. This process obviates the use of lime, and by saving the corrosion and destruction which it causes, enables the tanner to gain in weight from forty to sixty-five per cent. over what he now obtains; at the same time, there being no alkali in the hide to prevent the absorption of the tan, the hide can be tanned in a very few weeks. If we assume that the present manufacture of leather is two hundred million pounds, and that the gelatine lost was at the average of fifty per cent., and that this pure gelatine so ruthlessly wasted, costs one shilling per pound, we have a national loss of about five million pounds per annum, in addition to allowing the Americans and others to supply our market with about sixty million pounds of leather, when up to within five years we had always been an exporting country. Thus it is that because our tanners will persist in destroying half their hides with lime, England is fast losing another industry.

BLACK-WOOLLED SHEEP.

On the above subject, which was recently noticed in these pages, we have been favoured with the following notes from Miss Hope Johnstone of Marchbank Wood, Moffat. She writes as follows:

Having read with interest the article in your *Journal* (of July 27th) upon Captain Mayne Reid's two white-faced black-woolled sheep, I beg to offer you a few particulars about a rather larger black flock which I possessed myself, in the zenith of my farming career of twenty years—from 1850 to 1870. During that period I rose from small boundaries and limited stock to about seven thousand acres imperial of land, and five thousand sheep of different kinds, from sixty to one hundred cows, and twenty-eight to forty horses, besides many pigs and a great variety of poultry. But I began with my black flock and I ended with it, and parted with it with regret. As my object in troubling you with any record of my farming concerns is merely to give you a few particulars of the once far-famed 'Black flock of Marchbank Wood Farm,' I shall confine myself to that.

When at Brighton in 1851, I one day observed a black, or nearly black, Southdown lamb; and making a little inquiry about it, was told that a black Southdown lamb was a *rara avis*, literally 'a pariah of the flock,' and hardly to be met with. I had some black Cheviot and half-bred lambs at home, as although the exception and not the rule in every well-bred flock, still they are less rare in these breeds than in any of the Downs. Knowing the fineness of the Southdown wool, I determined to try how many black or dark-coloured Southdown lambs I could manage to collect, and applied to a particularly civil and obliging butcher in the Western Road at Brighton to be kind enough to help me in my endeavour. Mr Sharpe took no end of trouble, and succeeded after some time, by employing his friends in the length and breadth of England to inquire and

hunt up these 'pariahs,' in getting for me nine ewe lambs—all Downs, and all more or less black or dark coloured. To these I added enough of other black and brown lambs, of Cheviot and half-breeds, to complete the score; and with that I commenced a flock, which at the time of its perfection numbered two hundred and fifty or more, of most picturesque and well-bred sheep, of every shade of black, vandyke, and chocolate browns, dark gray, blue gray, brownish gray, pale lavender gray, and pinkish gray; and every quality of wool from purest Southdown and Cheviot to cross-bred of every quality and kind.

I do not know whether it was fancy, or whether it was because great care was taken in the breeding of these dark sheep, but we used to fancy that they were more hardy and less liable to all kinds of disease than the white sheep. Certainly when we had got the flock to perfection, it was, as far as it went (two hundred and fifty about), a particularly healthy, hardy lot of sheep. The wool was much admired and much sought after; but most of it we used up in our family circle. It made admirable stout linseys for dresses; and for men's clothes there was nothing to compare with it for either beauty or 'everlasting wear.' In fact it used to be a joke that no amount of tear and wear would ever destroy it or even fade it. A dyed wool suit would be threadbare and almost colourless before the sun and weather ever made the slightest approach to a weather-beaten look upon the undyed brown, black, and gray wools. If I had had ten thousand such sheep I could have found a market for all their fleeces at any price I liked to put upon them; and the same for the cloth when woven.

I sent some very fine and pretty specimens of black, brown, and gray fleeces to the Great Exhibition of 1862 in London, and was told afterwards that some Frenchmen had wanted to buy them for the Emperor of the French, Louis Napoleon. I did not hear of this till too late, or His Majesty would certainly have been made welcome to them.

In conclusion to these few remarks, I may observe that I am certain such dark-coloured flocks might very well be begun, perfected, and kept with great benefit and profit both to the proprietor and to the manufacturer of those rough home-spun tweeds, so much liked for shooting-clothes and ulsters for gentlemen as well as for garments for the working classes, who always were ready to give double price for these dark shades of undyed wools, because experience proved them to wear and stand in colour so very much better than the very best of dyed wools. The working classes preferred the blacks and very dark brown shades; gentlemen, the light soft lavender and pinkish grays, which certainly were very pretty and refined-looking. These undyed coloured wools also made beautiful and comfortable plaids, either all of the natural colour, or with stripes at the borders of white wools dyed scarlet, purple, or any colour.

Of all British wools, that of the small sheep of the Shetland and Orkney Islands is the finest; and whether by accident or design, a very large number imported to the mainland of these island sheep are dark, rich vandyke brown in colour, and not unfrequently have white or very spotted black and white faces. From the extremely fine quality of their wool and certain peculiarities

of shape, it has often occurred to me that some time or other some Merino strain must have got amongst the Shetland sheep especially; possibly by some shipwreck, or from some traveller bringing foreign sheep to the islands.

THE ARCTIC ICE.

Mr Youle Hind communicates to the *Canadian Naturalist* a paper 'on the Mechanical Effect of Arctic Ice in producing Ocean Currents,' in which he estimates the extent of the ice in the North Polar Ocean to be 2,333,330 square miles, taken as one foot thick. This is equal to 382 cubic miles; and as salt-water ice during the process of freezing is raised about one-tenth of its volume above the level of the sea, a void is created which can be filled only by currents flowing northwards from a lower latitude. According to Mr Hind, 'the amount of inflow required would be equivalent to the entire discharge of the Gulf Stream during sixty-three consecutive hours. Besides this, there are squeezed out of the great mass of ice during the process of freezing, heavy brines, which have an important effect on the saltness and specific gravity of the waters of the Polar Ocean, and give rise to undercurrents which flow to the south. At present, the inflowing warm current extends to Port Foulke, in latitude 75° 20', which, as Sir C. Nares reports, is the best known station for winter-quarters in the Arctic regions.' But if, as is supposed, the land in the Polar area is rising, the climate will be altered, and an increase of cold will take place in Northern Europe.

THE ROSE.

'The lilies and languor of Virtue,
The roses and rapture of Vice.'

How art thou slandered here, fair blushing Rose!
Thy beauty with a deeper crimson glows,
As though the calumny had fired thine heart,
To know thyself assigned so base a part.
Can he be Post true, who does not shrink
Thy fairness to all foulness thus to link?
Should it not be the Poet's highest aim
To raise, to glorify, and not defame
Or vitiate the grace of God-sent flowers,
By twining coronals for fleeting hours
To deck the brow of Vice? though no such care
Can ever make its visage really fair;
No gloss of honeyed words, no outward show,
Can hide the unrest and despair below.

I loathe these lines, and from the noxious strain
My soul recoils with shrinking and with pain,
And wandering through the halls of Memory vast,
I search the stored-up treasures of the past—
If haply I may find some fairer theme
To blend with roses, in the Poet's dream—
Nor vainly seek, for quickly comes to view
A vision pure and most divinely true
Of Him alone, who in this world of strife
Did wear the 'white flower of a blameless life,'
The Rose of Sharon—Lily of the Vale,
Before whose shining other lights grow pale.

Beside this holy title, who shall dare
To breathe dishonour on the roses fair?
For aye let lilies Virtue's crown adorn;
But, reft of roses, leave to Vice the thorn! M. P. O.

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PLUNDERING À LA MODE.

We are not among those who contemptuously depreciate the present in comparison with the past. From all we have read in historical and general literature, what are usually spoken of as 'the good old times' were in reality very bad times. It would be simply ridiculous to affect ignorance of the crimes, the follies, and the shortcomings of the eighteenth century—the atrocious highway robberies, and the piracies at sea; the iniquities of slavery, crimping, and kidnapping; the brutalities of bull-baiting, cock-fighting; the equally unrebuked cruelties exercised on all sorts of animals; the coarse language usually interspersed in the conversation of even the higher classes; the terrible severity of the penal laws, which led to weekly and almost daily executions; the costly and heart-breaking procrastination in ordinary litigation, which frequently amounted to a denial of justice; the corruption and profligacy in high quarters; the odious religious intolerance—exemplified in the Lord George Gordon riots; the drunkenness, which a stern act of parliament failed (as a matter of course) to suppress, but rather to make worse, as we learn from Hogarth's picture of Gin Lane, 'Drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for twopenny, clean straw for nothing.' Well-meaning people appear to forget these facts.

No: the world was not better a hundred years ago. It was a great deal worse. In the course of a century, matters have been considerably modified. There are still heavy crimes to be deplored—for instance, the maltreatment of wives, which the law treats with an incomprehensible degree of leniency. With exceptions of this nature, crimes of violence are little heard of. There are no longer robberies by presenting a loaded pistol, in the style of Captain Macheath; for by police agency such would soon come to an end, and besides would be of small account financially. Education, the progress of wealth, and the unregulated desire for luxurious living, have sent crime in a new direction. Cunning has been substituted for personal outrage. The art of

preying on society now consists in highly ingenious systems of cheating. Fraud takes the place of the pistol, being a safer mode of enrichment. While preserving external decency and still figuring in good society, men attempt to defraud their unsuspecting neighbours on a scale which goes far beyond the petty and precarious plunderings of the old highwaymen. If, therefore, the present age is to be complimented, it is on the delicacy, and seeming legality, with which depredators contrive to carry on their operations. Only poor and ignorant creatures rob in the old-fashioned method. The higher order of the craft resort to expedients embracing a species of diplomacy. This is one of the remarkable discoveries of the age. We call it Plundering à la Mode.

A few years ago, a considerable amount of plundering was effected in the form of Foreign loans, also by projecting a certain kind of Joint-stock Companies (Limited), and for a time the country was deluged with prospectuses of schemes, which for the most part were so many traps to catch the unwary. Bad as these frauds were, they had a colour of lucrative business. People lent their money, or became responsible for shares, under the notion of 'making investments.' So far as not blinded by greed, they speculated with their eyes open. The practices to which we have now to refer fall under a slightly different category, and are only beginning to be acclimated among us on a scale hitherto unknown. In this new device of cheating by wholesale, England may be said to follow at a humble distance after the United States. There, the art of laying conscience asleep and putting a fair face on commercial depredation, has attained to a distinction which is as yet but faintly imitated in the slow communities of Europe. We can but briefly allude to a few of the great American doings, such as the stupendous frauds that brought South Carolina to bankruptcy; the speculations and ruin of Life Insurance companies; the collapse of several Savings-banks, by which unfortunate depositors lost millions of dollars; and the villainies developed in connection with the Tammany and

Erie rings, by which thousands of luckless individuals were plundered, and in many instances reduced to indigence.

A particularly striking instance of deception took place a year or two ago in relation to the stock of a tramway company at Philadelphia. The artist was a young man, John S. Morton, who through family relationship became president and exercised a control over the company. For a number of years he managed affairs honestly, and was universally trusted and respected. In a fatal moment, through the spirit of avarice, he began to speculate in railway shares—and lost. To make good his heavy losses, he borrowed money by bills from banks on the collateral security of fraudulent certificates of the tramway company shares, which were at a considerable premium, and eagerly sought after. To effect this unprincipled act, he procured the connivance of the treasurer and secretary of the company. Thus commencing a course of crime, fresh batches of fraudulent certificates of stock were pledged in security, till at length enormous sums were obtained. Morton, the chief delinquent, was all the time rising in public estimation. He took a leading part in the management of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, and carried on fresh speculations with a view to relieve his difficulties, but which ended badly, and only increased his indebtedness. In allascalities of this nature, a trifling circumstance brings about a development. Such was the case in the present instance. Morton had given a note to a bank which fell due on the 15th September 1877. By mistake, he had made a memorandum of the date as being the 25th September. The note was accordingly unpaid on the 15th. The directors of the tramway company were communicated with, and the vast system of fraudulent issues of stock was revealed. The money that had been surreptitiously obtained amounted altogether to one million four hundred thousand dollars, or about two hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling. Morton accordingly lost caste, and was placed under supervision of the police. What ultimately became of him, we have not heard. In the States, matters of this kind are for the most part glossed over with a facility which is almost ludicrous.

Though still behind as regards miscellaneous cheating, England is getting on. Horse-racing, which used to be a purely sportive recreation, or at any rate of betting among the higher orders, has latterly degenerated into a comprehensive system of fraud. 'The turf,' in short, has become nearly synonymous with swindling. This new and enlarged character came vividly out in the case of what were called 'the turf frauds,' tried at the Central Criminal Court in April 1877. Five men were charged with defrauding a French lady in Paris, the Comtesse de Goucourt, of the sum of ten thousand pounds. The way they did this was ingenious. Having heard that the Comtesse was fond of betting, they sent her a letter accompanied

by a pretended English newspaper called 'The Sport,' containing an article representing the wonderful success achieved by a Mr Hugh Montgomery, who had invented a new mode of betting on horses by which he had realised a fortune of five hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds. A French translation of the article accompanied this so-called newspaper, which had been specially printed at Edinburgh for the purpose of promoting the fraud. So imposed on, the lady sent the sum of ten thousand pounds to be invested in this wonderful mode of betting. She was, however, asked for a further sum of one thousand two hundred pounds; and this rousing suspicion, led to the detection of the fraud. The prisoners were found guilty. Benson, a clever linguist and chief mover in the scheme, was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for fifteen years; William Kur, Frederick Kur, and Charles Bale, each to undergo ten years' penal servitude; and Edwin Murray, an accessory after the fact, to eighteen months' hard labour. Only a small portion of the money of which the Comtesse was defrauded was recovered.

No one would deliberately say that the law of England was purposely framed to facilitate fraud. Yet, such is practically the result, as concerns the fabrication of titles to real property. Ordinary usages aid in promoting deception. Much real property—such as dwelling-houses—is acquired on lease for a temporary period, and accordingly the preparation of leases is a business of great magnitude. Excepting in two counties, Middlesex and Yorkshire, leases, like other titles, are not subject to compulsory public registration. The title is a scroll on parchment, very formal and valid-looking; but the purchaser or the lender of money on the property designated, has no absolute security that the transaction is not a trick. The reputation of the solicitor dealt with is usually all that can be relied on, and that, as it appears, may be far from unchallengeable.

About eighteen months ago, the London world was startled by the discovery of an extraordinary series of frauds committed by Frederick Dimsdale, a solicitor of thirty years' standing, at the head of a large business. He was found to have acquired vast sums by fabricating leases of property, and borrowing money on their security. The case was not unlike that of Morton at Philadelphia, being only carried out on a wider scale. Dimsdale could not have carried on his villainies without agents to assist him. His principal confederate was a person named Moore. The frauds were not quite uniform in plan. Sometimes Dimsdale made purchases of certain building sites, which were conveyed to himself, or to persons he named. With a base of operations, leases were executed, and mortgages effected, varying in amount from four hundred to twenty-eight thousand pounds.

On one occasion, Dimsdale represented to another solicitor that he had a client who wished to borrow a large sum of money on mortgage of some property, naming the place in the neighbourhood. The client being of a cautious turn, proposed to ascertain the value of the premises for himself. He went off to see with his own eyes what was the appearance of the property named. To his surprise, he found there was no such road, and no such villas as had been designated. The whole thing was as purely visionary

as if it had been situated in the moon. Making this discovery, the speculation was respectfully declined. Likely enough, some one else took the manufactured titles on trust, lent the money, and lost it.

Tricks of this and a similar nature at length came to an end. An intending lender accidentally discovered that the lease on which he was asked to part with his money was already mortgaged to another person. This led to a general exposure. Dimsdale and his confederates were charged with an accumulation of frauds at the police courts. The guilt was undeniable. By his forgeries and worthless deeds of mortgage he had realised the aggregate sum of at least three hundred thousand pounds; we say at least, for a number of persons who had advanced money on false securities were not willing to come forward and confess that they as solicitors or their clients had been deceived. At the Central Criminal Court, Dimsdale was sentenced to penal servitude for life; Moore, to seven years' penal servitude; and two others, each to an imprisonment for twelve months, with hard labour.

Another case of the same kind occurred shortly afterwards. It was that of Edward Downs, an accountant, who was charged with forging certain leases, purporting to be granted by the British Land Company (Limited); with fraudulently uttering the same, and thereby obtaining the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds. His method of procedure was simple. Having obtained valid leases, which he paid for, from the Land Company, he used them as originals from which to copy any number of forged leases; and upon these forged and valueless deeds he obtained, as we are told, no less a sum than forty thousand pounds. Mr Downs admitted the frauds. The case was duly reported in the London newspapers. No one can say that there are not hundreds of such frauds which never come to the light, and that large sums are lost by lending money on what are nothing better than bundles of waste paper dignified with the name of title-deeds.

A somewhat droll case gained a degree of publicity. A solicitor in Manchester, the last surviving member of a firm of the highest character, represented to some solicitors in London that a client of his, a clergyman, desired to borrow a large sum of money on mortgage. The London solicitors on behalf of a client undertook to make the loan. The title was investigated; all was correct; and a meeting arranged for the title-deeds to be handed over, and the money paid. The solicitor for the borrower presented himself with the mortgage signed; but the solicitor for the lender said he should like to have seen the deed executed by the mortgagor. 'There would be no difficulty about that,' said the other; 'my client fortunately happens to be in London; and if we adjourn the meeting for a couple of hours, I will bring him here.' This was agreed to, and at the appointed time he returned with a person representing a clergyman. All was satisfactory; the signature acknowledged, and the money paid. The whole affair proved to be a fraud. The owner of the property had never sought to borrow money on it, and the person representing him was never discovered. He must have been some creature of the solicitor, who for some share in the plunder had personated the client.

The solicitor for the alleged clergyman died—supposed to have committed suicide—before the fraud was discovered; and this was by no means a solitary instance of his dishonesty. He had fallen from a position of respectability into such courses through betting on horse-races. The lender's money was irretrievably lost.

After a variety of disclosures such as we have noticed, there was quite a hurricane of public feeling on the subject. People were alarmed about the validity of their leases and the mortgages on which they had lent money. Suggestions were made through the newspapers that titles and claims affecting property should be registered in public records, open to investigation on payment of a small fee, by which means fraudulent transactions would be impossible. These suggestions met with violent opposition. Various solicitors asserted that under special acts of parliament processes of registration had been set on foot, and proved less or more a failure, for besides being cumbrous and expensive, they were untrustworthy; that in many instances forged deeds were entered in the registers, and forged extracts of searches were produced—all tending to loss and confusion. In short, that a Register 'opens the door to the very frauds it is designed to prevent.'

The objections to the registry of titles were not a little disheartening. They clearly demonstrated two things. First, that solicitors preferred to continue the present haphazard system of dealing with purchases and mortgages, as being in their opinion the best, safest, and most convenient, notwithstanding occasional frauds of the Dimsdale type. Second, that there prevailed a general and very extraordinary degree of ignorance of those forms of registration in Scotland, which after an experience of three hundred years, are found in all respects satisfactory. One is inclined to ask, how can it be that in the northern section of Great Britain everything should go well with processes of registration, and where frauds of any kind in connection with land-titles are wholly unknown, while in the southern section of the country under the same crown and constitution, everything should have a tendency to go wrong? That might be called a philosophical question, involving not only legal but social and ethnographic details. If the English, with the assistance of profound lawyers, such as Lords Westbury and Cairns, are incapable of devising a simple and trustworthy system of registration of land-rights, would it be reckoned undignified and improper to take a lesson from their next-door neighbour? The Scotch are willing to give every requisite information on this seemingly intricate subject,

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approach to perfection? Perhaps there is more than ignorance in declining to benefit by the example offered. The introduction into England of the Scotch plan of registering claims on heritable property, no matter how excellent it is, would probably be too great an encroachment on prejudices and traditional usages; and for the advantage of fresh Dimsdales, matters, we suppose, must remain as they are.

It has long been the custom among Life Insurance Companies to lend sums of money on the collateral security of policies of insurance. A person having insured his life, say for five hundred pounds, under the obligation of paying a certain premium annually as long as he lives, has an opportunity of borrowing from the company one or two hundred pounds on depositing his policy of insurance as collateral security, and giving suitable guarantees for payment of the principal and yearly interest. It is not a style of borrowing which we would recommend; for the annual premium and the interest press with a severity not easily to be borne. There is, however, no dishonesty in the practice; and as in the case of pledging goods in pawn, it may be fairly resorted to when serious difficulties have to be overcome. The possibility of imitating for bad purposes this ordinary method of lending money has not failed to excite men disposed to go into the business of wholesale plundering. All they had to do was to get up a sham loan-office, in correspondence with a sham system of life insurance, and so play the game off upon the dupes who haplessly fell into their snares. The thing was done; and as it may be done again, we repeat the sad tale as a general warning.

Some years ago, several adepts at swindling, Wood, Northcote, Thompson, William Shaw, and two or three others, entered into a confederacy by means of sham offices and advertising to defraud the unwary. They offered to lend money on seemingly easy terms. The preliminary condition imposed on the borrower was that he should insure his life in the office of the 'Albion Assurance Company.' The insurance being made, and the first year's premium paid, the dupe was informed that it would be inconvenient to make the loan; whereupon the premium was lost, being so much plunder to be divided by the directors of the pretended assurance company. Great numbers fell into the trap. It appears that the Albion insured lives to the extent of two million pounds; and that Wood, the prime confederate, had for his own share of premiums upwards of ten thousand pounds. The fraud went merrily on until

Slinker, an inferior agent, was assigned nine months' imprisonment. Thus, in June of the present year, this gigantic system of plundering was blown up; but it is very doubtful if the commotion that was caused will have any lasting salutary effect, so many are the weak dupes liable to be imposed on.

The moral that might be drawn from the foregoing and similar cases of fraud on a great scale, would be nothing new. It is signified in the term fast-living. Just as idly disposed persons, like Claud Duval, 'took the road' in order to pick up a few guineas to be spent in revelries at the 'Dog and Duck,' with the prospect of Tyburn in the distance, so do men of good standing and education nowadays, for the base sake of living a life of luxury and extravagance for a few years, plunge into courses of dishonest adventure, and run the risk of ignominiously figuring as convicts in penal servitude; that is to say, for a temporary and paltry indulgence, and the vanity of appearing affluent, they are willing to part with the enviable privilege of freedom, and to subject themselves to the most degrading species of slavery. What a taste! The fanatical notion of gaining esteem by high-living and monstrous extravagance is at the root of nearly all the great frauds that have latterly been the torment of society. The chosen doom of Bunyan's 'Muck Raker' was not half so pitiable or contemptible as that of the Dimsdales and other magnificent depredators who betake themselves to PLUNDERING À LA MODE.

W. G.

THE HAMILTONS.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE DABBS IN THE WOOD.

Mrs MURPHY's cottage, to which Jack and his three little boys had walked one Sunday afternoon, was three miles from Hamilton Farm, and lay itself at the top of a gentle slope leading to the water. From the door of the cottage, on the water's edge, a path was worn by the constant tread of feet, and just at the end of this path a few rough posts were driven into the water, one of which an old boat was carelessly attached by a rope. One morning towards the end of January, the smoke which curled up from the solitary chimney of the hut told that Mrs Murphy was early astir. The children, including the twins, who thrived finely, were all out of bed and in various stages of undress, their little bare feet pattering over the mud floor. The husband, Daniel, was eating his breakfast leisurely, preparatory to setting out for his day's work. Mrs Murphy herself, in rather a negligé costume, was frying chops and transferring them smoking hot to her husband's plate.

From this scene of family life came forth the two little boys Patsy and Jan, who had made friends with Jack as he lay under the great gum-tree. Patsy was nearly seven years old, and Jan a little over six. Those two were great allies, coming so near one another in age; they had never been an hour separate from one another; all their joys and sorrows were one; and they seemed, as their mother sometimes said, to have but one heart between them. Jan, though the younger of the two, had the bolder spirit; he it

was who, when anything specially daring was to be done, usually took the lead; but if he was apt to be the ringleader in mischief, he never shirked coming to the front when punishment was in question. He was also more imaginative than Patsy, who was of a practical though inquiring turn of mind. Neither had ever seen a church or a theatre or a railway train, or any other such product of modern civilisation. Born on the island, they had never left it except to cross occasionally to the mainland with their father in his old boat. And now the active young limbs began to long for motion, and the eyes and minds for change of scene. In quest of some excitement that might break the monotony of their ordinary lives, the two wandered down to the shore of the lake, where they began hunting for the pretty glossy brown spiral shells which are found there. In the course of an hour or two, when they had collected quite a large number, it occurred to Jan that it would be nice to go and sit in the boat and arrange their treasures upon the seats. This served them for occupation for some time, till a new and grand idea began to dawn upon Jan's mind. Supposing that they could loosen the boat, and that he and Pat could work the oars as they had seen their father do, would it not be possible to get across to the other side of the ferry? And then—oh, what fields of delight and pastures new awaited happy boys there! Only a narrow strip of water separated them from the mainland; but on the other side of it, to them lay fairyland, all beautiful and shining, because unknown. Patsy, who had been contentedly arranging his shells in rows and circles and triangles, looked up and saw his brother's brown eyes fixed wide and dreamy on the mainland. He knew from experience that some great exploit was growing into shape in Jan's brain, so after waiting patiently for a little while, he asked wistfully: 'What is it then, Jan?'

Jan's eyes turned slowly on his brother's face, and he drew a long breath. 'Well then, Patsy, I was just thinking, don't you think me an' you could paddle the boat same as father does?'

Pat looked rather awe-struck. 'Indeed then, I think we could. But what then, Jan?'

'Well then, I was just thinking, couldn't we get to the other side that way?'

Patsy meditated. They had never been told not to go, for the simple reason that no one had ever thought of two such small boys dreaming of such a thing; but he had a shrewd suspicion that the proposed expedition was unlawful, and it had therefore a wild and dangerous fascination about it. Besides, the other side looked so much prettier than this; it always does, to older people than Patsy and Jan. There were she-oaks there, and waving bushes to be seen in the distance, which were so enticingly green. There was wonderland over yonder.

While he was considering, Jan had crept to the end of the boat and untied the rope. Already they felt a faint rocking motion beneath them, which was too delicious to be resisted. Without another word Patsy helped to ship the oars, so heavy for their little hands, and they began to work them as they had seen their father do. They were sturdy little fellows, whose muscles were well developed by plenty of fresh air and

exercise up to the neck, the two so young, decided what they heard. The boat rubbed its water-birds rose. How delightful! adventurous! They saw the shore of the side slowly approach. They had reached to which their father's boat, and with infinite speed in bringing the boat to rest was easy; there were ropes to be made and a rough then the two adventurers, some of the enchantment was their feet touched the land which beautiful in the distance, but which after all, to be wonderfully like the of their own island? With us older glamour that distance lends to things is apt to disappear when we are close but childhood has a glorious faculty of a veil of enchantment over the commonest. To children, the earth seems emerald and the sapphire; there is a golden light over all, that only melts gradually into 'common day' as childhood wanes and manhood draws near. And so I daresay that to those two little boys the mainland, which they now visited alone for the first time, and which in reality had nothing very picturesque about it, seemed a strange and beautiful place. There was the glorious sense of freedom too, and just a suspicion of the consciousness of wrong-doing to give zest to the whole. For the first hour or two after landing they were supremely happy; they wandered about the bays which sloped down to the water's edge, and found a new pleasure in looking across at their home and contemplating it from an unaccustomed point of view. At last this amusement began to pall upon them; and Jan, still the leading spirit, fixed his eyes wistfully on the line of low bushes in the distance, which shewed brilliantly green in contrast with the grass, yellow and burnt up from the summer heat. The bright green line looked very inviting to their eyes, accustomed to the dead olive green of tea-tree and she-oak. How were they to know that the fatal scrub lay there, where many a life had been hopelessly lost? 'Let's go on a bit, Patsy,' said Jan. 'I'm wanting to see them green bushes over there.' So hand in hand the two little fellows set out at a steady pace.

They thiar head and seek neig that an e same supp tain very exte

their appearance at dinner ; so presently they rose and walked on again.

The long hot hours of the afternoon passed slowly away, and still the two little wayfarers wandered along those interminable paths. Often on coming to what seemed a new track, they turned into it, for they had become hopelessly bewildered now, and they often unconsciously doubled back upon their own steps, thus increasing the distance that their weary little feet had to travel. They scarcely spoke to one another, for they were faint with heat, and their lips were dry and parched ; only each held the other's hand tightly, as if seeking comfort and companionship from one another in the midst of that vast and oppressive solitude. At last the sun went down, a grayness fell over all the wood, and they could see the stars peeping down on them between the branches.

'We must lie down here, Jan,' said Patsy, who now had taken his place as the elder, and protector of his brother, while Jan's adventurous spirit was sobered by fear and fatigue. 'We can't get home to-night anyway.'

For the first time, Jan burst into tears. 'O mammy, mammy !' the poor little fellow sobbed out.

Patsy put his arm round his brother's neck as they lay stretched out on the hard ground, and sobbed in company. 'Let's say the prayer Miss Phyllis taught us,' he whispered ; and the two childish voices softly repeated 'Our Father.' Then creeping close together, they fell asleep.

Meanwhile Mrs Murphy, whose hands were as a rule fuller of work than they could hold, went through her daily tasks in the little cabin on the island. Patsy and Jan were in the habit of spending their days out of doors, and was glad enough to get the two sturdy urchins of her way, so that it was nothing new to her when the forenoon passed without them. They were as tame in, like the chickens, to be fed, and were off again out into the open air. She had washed the younger children and cleaned her cat, washed some clothes and hung them out to dry, and had prepared the potatoes and meat for the mid-day meal. Then was it that for the first time she missed the two boys. As yet however, she felt no uneasiness ; they had most likely wandered away over the slope at the back of the house, and had forgotten the time, of which the sun and their appetites usually reminded them. She fed the other children, and put back the truant's portion into the oven, to be kept hot for them. Daniel had taken his dinner with him to his work, and would not be home till evening.

As the afternoon wore away, and the boys did not appear, she paused in her household work sometimes to wonder what had become of them, and once or twice she stepped outside the door and took a long look round, hoping to see the little figures coming trotting down the grassy slopes. Towards the water, she never thought of looking ; it never once occurred to her that two such children could have taken the boat and actually left the island. 'Can they have got to their father?' she thought. And gradually as the hours went on, she convinced herself that they had ; and that when Dan came home from his work the two tiresome truants would appear with him. She was standing at the door, watching as

imagined, poor little fellows, that the path by which they had come was a right one, and that they had nothing to do but turn right round and go back to the edge of the scrub just where they had entered it ; instead of which they had taken a dozen tortuous windings, and numberless paths which seemed just as good as this, and which intersected it again and again.

Wandering on for what seemed to them a very long time, Patsy at last said timidly : 'Jan, do you think we're going right? Don't you think we should be getting near where the trees stop?'

'Oh, we're just there,' answered Jan in an off-hand manner. 'We must be right, you know, 'cause we came straight, an' we're goin' back straight.'

On again in silence for a good while, till Patsy spoke again. 'Jan, this is not the right way. The bushes aren't the same. There was one with a withered stick I saw comin' along, an' we haven't passed it now, 'cause I've been watchin'. And it's much longer besides.'

Jan stopped and looked round him with a puzzled air.

the time came near for her husband's return, one of the twin babies in her arms, while the other lay in its cradle within. The other two children, a boy and girl, crawled about the floor, pulling at her gown. There was father at last—a solitary figure coming over the brow of the slope, his axe and pick over his shoulder, his outline standing out dark and clear against the red evening sky. The mother watched for the two little figures which she hoped to see coming over the hill after him; and for the first time her heart gave a throb of fear when she saw they were not there.

'Where's the children, Dan?' she called out as soon as he was within hearing.

'Is it the boys?' he answered. 'I left them here in the mornin'; they haven't been near me all day.'

'They haven't been here all day,' said the woman, trembling, though she tried to hide it from her husband. 'I thought maybe they had found you, father. They haven't been home for bite or sup since their breakfast.'

The father put down his tools and was turning away from the door; but his wife laid her hand on his arm: 'Come in and get your supper first, Dan,' she said. 'Sure the boys are safe enough on the island; and some of the neighbours is sure to know. Maybe they're gone to Judy Maloney's for a drink o' milk; she's willing to give it them always.'

Dan followed her into the house, for he was tired with the long hot day's work, and needed his supper; but the wholesome meal, the tea, the scones of the wife's baking, and the nicely browned chops, lacked their usual zest in the absence of the two bright faces of his boys. Presently he rose up to go. 'I'll just step over the hill to Judy's,' he said. 'Very likely they're there.'

In an hour the husband came back, still alone, and looking pale and scared. 'The boys are not there,' he said. 'None of the neighbours have seen them about.'

The two stood for a minute in silence, looking into one another's eyes, full of vague terror. 'Don't fret, Molly,' said the man at last. 'They can't get into much harm on the island. If it had been the mainland now'—He stopped, struck with a sudden fear, and turning away, he sped quickly down the path towards the water, where his boat had been moored. Almost directly he was back again, with a scared look. 'Molly,' he said in a low voice, 'the boat's gone! They must have taken it; there was nobody else. God help us!' groaned the poor father, staggering to a chair, and covering his face with his hands, while the mother crouched on the floor, too heart-stricken even to weep.

In a minute or two the man seemed to have gathered his faculties together again, for he rose, and his voice was tolerably calm. 'I'm going to Hamilton,' he said, 'to get a boat. They'll help us to search, and so will the other neighbours. Cheer up, Molly; we'll find the boys.'

'O Dan! the scrub!' she moaned.

He shuddered; it was the horrible dread which he had not dared to put into words. Without answering he started off along the now dark track, leaving the poor mother alone with her sleeping children. His first object was to rouse the few neighbours who lived on the island. There was

Judy Maloney's husband, and some other men, nearly all in the employment of Mr Hamilton, and living in tiny houses scattered up and down the slopes; these good folks were eagerly pressed into the service.

The little party at Hamilton had finished tea, and were sitting out on the veranda in the lovely starlit evening, when Dan came panting up after his two miles' run. Bessie had been singing softly to little Bertie, who was nestled close to her on her couch, and half-asleep was gazing up at the twinkling stars. Robert was in his lounging-chair, smoking; and Jack and Phyllis sat near one another, the girl's eyes looking large and deep in the dim light, the young man talking earnestly to her, and listening eagerly for her low-voiced replies, or sweet rippling laughter. All this peaceful scene was changed in a moment when Dan came up to them. 'Can I speak with you a minute, sir?' whispered he to the master.

The colloquy was a brief one, and time was precious. A word or two from Robert sufficed to explain matters to his brother. 'We must get all the horses about the place together at once,' said he, 'and cross with them on the big punt.—How many of you are there, men?' he called out to a little knot who had gathered just beyond the corner of the house.

'We're all here sir,' was the answer.

'That's right!' said the master cheerily. 'Help to get the horses crossed as quickly as you can.—And keep up your spirits, Murphy. We'll find the lads; never fear.'

Then returning to Bessie and Phyllis, who were listening eagerly, he signified his intention of crossing to the mainland with the searching-party. 'The two little fellows have strayed away,' he said, bending over his wife. 'We shall find them not far off, I daresay.'

'O Robert! the poor mother!' cried Bessie, clasping Bertie close to her breast.

Phyllis said never a word; but with characteristic vigour set to work pouring cold tea into canisters, and putting up rations for the men to carry with them; for instinct told her that they might be more than one day absent from home.

In a marvellously short time the horses were gathered in from paddock and hill, and were led down to the jetty, and got on board the punt, which had to be ferried over more than once before the whole party were landed. Phyllis had finished her work, and now stood leaning against a post of the veranda, watching the retreating beach. She sighed heavily when at last they all reached the other side and the lights disappeared in different directions, some going along the road towards Winewa; some turning the other way, and keeping low down by the waterside, to the spot where the boys must have landed. It was the old story; the men went out to face the work, the women stayed at home and waited and prayed!

Jack never as long as he lived forgot the days that followed; although on looking back upon them, they were to him more the semblance of a dream than a reality. Robert would not allow his brother to separate from him, so those two rode together through the scrub, a part of which Robert, being a thorough bushman, had undertaken to search. Jack over and over again declared

that it was utterly impossible for children to have wandered so far as they rode; but his brother knew better to what marvellous distances children's feet will carry them when they find themselves lost. Besides, he told Jack, though they had now ridden for a long time, the distance they had actually travelled was not more than a few miles; for they had been riding round in an ever narrowing circle, hoping by this means to strike the track of the two little wanderers.

Many hours had now passed in fruitless search, and the sun had risen on another day, when just at the edge of a clearing, they came upon a solitary hut, at the door of which a woman stood, with little children holding her gown and a baby in her arms. They drew bridle and told her their errand.

'And are they both sons of one mother? God help her then!' exclaimed the woman as she clasped her own children the closer. Acting the part of the good Samaritan, she brought out tea to fill the canteens which they had emptied, and gave them bread and meat to help them on their journey.

It was drawing towards the afternoon of the second day of search, and Jack saw that Robert's face was becoming very grave and sad. For some hours they had scarcely spoken to one another, but each was aware that the other had lost hope. They knew that the boys had not been found by any other members of the searching-party; for the signal agreed upon, the firing of a certain number of pistol-shots in quick succession, had been eagerly watched for; but no such sound had broken the oppressive silence of the scrub. To Jack, this silence and loneliness had become horribly burdensome. 'I think,' he said to his brother, 'that if I were here alone for a week I should go mad.'

'You would not be the first who has done so,' answered Robert sadly.

At length Jack felt his brother's hand laid suddenly upon his arm. Robert was peering among the low bushes to his left; and Jack following his glance, saw something under a sheltering branch. Another glance served to shew that the objects of their search were found. There the little fellows lay, clasped in one another's arms; just as they had lain many a night in their cot at home, while their mother had bent over them—that mother who was never again to hear their merry voices. Death had come upon them in that last embrace.

Tenderly untwining their arms, Robert took one little body on his horse, and his brother took the other, and so they made their sorrowful journey homewards.

It was just as Robert had said; they were far nearer the edge of the scrub than Jack had supposed possible after so many hours' riding; and when they reached the lake, they found their fellow-searchers waiting for them, having been gathered there by the reports of Robert's revolver.

Of the grief of the bereaved father and of the still wilder grief of the mother, I cannot speak; over such depths of human anguish it is best to draw a veil. They buried the little boys under the great gum-tree they had loved so dearly, where Jack had first seen them, and where he had told them the story that perhaps they remembered in the midst of that wild solitude where

they lay down to die. And now, by the waters of the lake, by which they had played out their short happy lives, with the reeds murmuring softly, and the leaves of the old gum-tree rustling overhead, the two boys sleep 'till the Resurrection morn.'

TAPESTRIED HANGINGS.

THE recent establishment in this country of works for the production of tapestry is an event worthy of more than passing interest. This attempt to revive an industry which has long been dead, is but another result of that hankering after the fashions and decorations of bygone days which is such a well-marked feature of the present age. The Great Exhibition of 1851 found us behind other nations in our perception of much that is elegant and refined in taste. But since then a great change has been wrought. We have found out that there is some pleasure in having beautiful things about us—that a jug and ewer may just as well be shapely as the reverse—that even our furniture can be made with a regard to form as well as comfort. In a word, we have discovered that there is a harmony of things appreciable by the eye—which is governed by natural laws in the same manner as that harmony of sounds which is so agreeable to our ears.

There is a vague charm about the word 'tapestry' which carries us back to the homes of our forefathers, before lath and plaster were invented, and bare walls had to be hung with drapery. Let us imagine a visitor to one of these old houses lodged for the night in a tapestried chamber. He may or may not be naturally of a nervous temperament; but at any rate he feels rather lonely as he lies in the middle of a gigantic four-poster. The dying-out pine-logs cast big shadows across the tapestry—shadows which move with every fitful flicker of the expiring embers—and which seem to make the woven figures change their postures and the expression of their features. The wind moans through the badly fitting casement, and the branches of a neglected tree scratch against the panes. The visitor dozes in his bed with half-formed impressions upon his mind, and perhaps the heaviness of an undigested supper upon his chest. Suddenly one of the fire-logs topples over with some noise; the restless sleeper wakes with a start, and a ghost-story is the inevitable result.

But stories of this kind are connected with mansions of but a few centuries back. They are legends of yesterday compared with the remote time at which tapestry first came to be used in this country. We must go back to the period when men looked to the monastery as the only source of instruction; when the good old monks stitched away at such hangings wherewith to adorn their shrines; and later on, when they had taught the art to others, until the custom had extended to the decoration of private dwellings. Our oldest documents are full of allusions to such hangings; but the word 'tapestry' seems to have often been applied indiscriminately to all kinds of stuff used for such a purpose. Even the famous piece of work known as the Bayeux Tapestry is misnamed, for it really partakes of the character of embroidery.

Tapestry in fact holds a place of its own

among textile fabrics. It differs from embroidery, and it differs from weaving. In the latter we have two sets of threads crossing each other at right angles, the one being called the warp, and the other the weft. The warp is divided into two layers, so that the shuttle and reel containing the material which is ultimately to form the weft, can be passed between them. A treadle causes these two layers of the warp to change position after every passage of the shuttle, so that the thread which it leaves in its trail is interlaced with the warp; and in this way the fabric is gradually formed upon the loom. In machine-loom the shuttle is jerked backwards and forwards at great speed; but in hand-loom, which more concern us just now, the work is somewhat tedious. Now, in tapestry-weaving, the warp remains as we have described it; but the weft, instead of going from end to end of the loom at every journey, is put in in short lengths of such different colours as are required to form the design. In short, each thread of the weft is put in where wanted, and extends no further. In the course of half an hour the *tapisier* may have occasion to use several dozen different tints, each being wound upon its own little bobbin and kept ready to his hand. He rapidly passes these bobbins between the strings which form the warp, and from the pieces of wool thus threaded between them, the weft is gradually constructed piecemeal as the design is worked out. In embroidery, on the other hand, both warp and weft are already present in the material (such as canvas) which forms the design of the work, the needle forming upon it the design required.

The custom of decorating walls with hangings is of very remote origin. In the Proverbs we have a reference to 'painted tapestry brought from Egypt,' and other writers of eastern countries furnish evidence that its use was known from very early times. Starting from the East, the manufacture was gradually adopted by European nations; and it grew in such estimation as to be tenderly cherished as a fine art rather than a mere industry. The Greeks no doubt brought their refined taste to bear upon it, and thus heightened its popularity. But the manufacture reached its zenith in the fifteenth century in Flanders, and more especially at Arras, which place has given its name to all kinds of tapestry, whether manufactured there or not. The town of Arras was taken by Louis XI. in 1477; and the centre of the tapestry manufacture seems from that time to have shifted to Brussels. At the latter city the famous Raphael Cartoons were worked by order of Pope Leo X., for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. And the fact of an artist of such fame as Raphael and many others of eminence having been employed to furnish designs for the work, is a proof of the high estimation in which it was held. (Raphael's original cartoons were, by the advice of Rubens, purchased for this country by Charles I. They are now in the South Kensington Museum, London, to which place they were removed some years ago from Hampton Court Palace.)

The French have always been admirers of tapestry, if we may judge by the fact of numerous manufactories being established in their country at different times. As early as the year 1025, such a factory existed at Pottiers, and many other French towns soon after followed suit. The work

was also taken up in the numerous conventional establishments dotted about the country; a circumstance which accounts for the constant introduction of religious subjects, such as martyrdom of saints and the like. In more recent times the celebrated Gobelin manufacture was established, and has made itself famous all over the civilised world for the richness and beauty of its productions.

The most important factory hitherto established in England appears to be that founded at Mortlake in 1619, under the patronage of James I. Charles I. also seems to have interested himself in it. It was here that he caused the Raphael Cartoons to be reproduced; and this product of the Mortlake looms is now in Paris. Other specimens of the work are still extant in various parts of this country. The civil war caused the establishment to break up, to be however reopened in the reign of Charles II. But the death of its promoter, Francis Crane, speedily led to the final abandonment of the scheme, and the works have never since been re-established. Works were also established at Fulham and in Soho. At the latter place were worked the hangings which adorned some of the rooms of the late Northumberland House, Charing Cross. The last of the English tapestry works was at Exeter, where workmen from the Gobelin manufacture were employed. Nearly a century has elapsed since these works were closed. The revival of the art after so many years' rest is an experiment full of interest.

The Royal Tapestry Works are situated about two miles from Windsor Castle, in that part of the borough called 'Old Windsor.' They are at present located in a building which is obviously intended for a private dwelling-house, but which answers well for the temporary home of English tapestry. We say 'temporary,' for the question of a more permanent building is, we learn, only a matter of time. These works are started under the most favourable auspices. Not only have they been endowed with a crown grant of some fourteen acres of land, but they have for a President and Vice-presidents, Prince Leopold, the Princess Christian, and the Princess Louise. The committee include several names of noblemen, many of whom are renowned for their collections of art treasures. We may therefore feel some assurance that the list of patrons is something beyond a mere string of names on paper, to give the scheme a fictitious value, and that it really represents those who will take a personal interest in the venture and who will endeavour to make it a success.

At the time of our visit, a few months since, seven looms were in operation. The workmen employed have been carefully selected for their skill from factories at Paris and Oudenarde. It is very interesting to watch their busy fingers as they weave in the various coloured wools to match the design, which is placed just below the strings which form the warp. The manager of the works informed us that proficiency cannot be gained under at least eight years' diligent attention—a fact which can be well understood when we mention that about ten thousand differently tinted wools are in use. The work produced is, in the opinion of competent judges, equal if not superior to anything ever obtained from a loom. Visitors to the Paris Exposition can see in the Prince of

Wales's Pavilion the first produce of the Windsor Tapestry Works in the shape of an excellent portrait of the Queen, and a series of hangings illustrating the most important scenes in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*. The looms when we last saw them, were in full work upon some beautiful designs executed by Mr E. M. Ward, R.A., to decorate the house of Mr Christopher Sykes.

In this refined age, when every one who can afford it is anxious to enrich his walls with beautiful pictures, there are doubtless many others who will avail themselves of the work produced at the Windsor looms. On the other hand, the price of a piece of tapestry is necessarily equal to or in excess of that commonly given for an oil-picture by one of our leading artists, and many would prefer to see their money's worth in that shape. It is therefore questionable whether the comparatively limited demand for tapestry will enable the establishment to become permanent. Its promoters have made a bold experiment, and we wish them the success which they most undoubtedly deserve.

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES.

When Dickens set the reading world laughing over the vagaries of the rival editors of *Estanswill*, he rendered good service to the press, by awaking it to a sense of the folly and unprofitableness of mutual recrimination. It is true that there are still newspaper writers

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,

who live by inventing libellous stories and disseminating tittle-tattle about their betters; but such writers usually leave the gentlemen of the press unmolested, wisely preferring to pander to the tastes or supposed tastes of their readers, by bespattering public characters—calculating too surely upon escaping their deserts by some poor apology, should they be called to account.

Newspapers of the *Estanswill* type still flourish in America, where no *esprit de corps* restrains the gentlemen of the press from indulging their propensity for unpleasant personalities at the expense of their fellows. It is so much easier to be-fool and be-rogue a writer than to reply to his arguments. Neither reason, wit, nor humour is required to call an opponent a journeyman grammar-smasher; to say of him that 'his nasty little soul is not large enough to fill the socket of a mosquito's eye'; or describe him as 'a beery tatterdemalion,' 'a grit factotum,' and epithets of a similar nature. Charging a rival writer with drunkenness is a favourite method of abuse. Commenting upon an article in the *Virginia Enterprise*, the *Nevada Tribune* speaks of it as having been 'written, no doubt, under the influence of a sort of regret for a misspent life. It is on temperance. Our virtuous and abstemious friend goes on in true teetotal style, and really writes a most excellent temperance sermon. We feel happy to know that our esteemed friend of the *Enterprise* has seen the error of his half-century life, and has determined to keep others from falling.'

Practised as they are at this sort of thing, the journalists of the States might take a hint from their Canadian neighbours. When a politician

named Glass was rather roughly handled by Mr Abram of the *Montreal Gazette*, a gentleman noted for his love of conviviality, the *Montreal Transcript* expressed its sentiments in the couplet:

Strange, such a thing should come to pass,
That Abram should dislike a glass!

But Jack was as good as his master; next morning's *Gazette* replied:

The reason that it comes to pass
Is that it is an empty Glass!

Not that American journalists are unequal to insulting by implication; few understand the art better. A Californian editor invested in a mule, and the fact was chronicled under the heading, 'Remarkable instance of self-possession.' Said one Milwaukee editor of another: 'He is one of the few journalists who can put anything in his mouth without fear of its stealing anything;' and when a Western editor wrote, 'We cannot tell a lie; it was cold yesterday,' his rival quoted the remark with the addition, 'The latter statement is incontrovertible; but the former?'

Said an Idaho journal: 'The weather has been hot again for the last few days; the only relief we could get was to lie down on the *Portland Herald* and cover ourselves with the *Portland Bulletin*—there is a great coolness between them.' This kind of coolness often brings about an amusing interchange of civilities. A Michigan journalist declared in his paper that a certain editor had seven toes. The slandered man thereupon relieved his mind in a 'leader,' denouncing the statement as unwarranted, and its author as devoid of truth and a scoundrel to boot. The offending gentleman replied that he never wished it to be understood that all the seven toes were upon one foot; and the disgraced victim of the 'sell,' appealing to his readers, asked: 'Are these subjects which ought to be discussed in organs whose duty it is to mould public opinion?' Another worthy, of whom an enemy affirmed that he had just made the strange discovery that he could wag his left ear, did not condescend to impeach the truth of the statement, but made matters even, by declaring the man who gave it currency had both his aural appendages under such control as to be able to fan himself with them in hot weather.

An American newspaper writer is only too pleased to catch a brother tripping. When one journal talked in its leading article of 'battered thunder,' a contemporary politely desired to know if that had any affinity to 'greased lightning;' forcing the explanation that by a typographical error 'muttered thunder' was the article intended.

When a Western editor wrote, 'We are living at this moment under a despotism,' his opponent kindly explained: 'Our contemporary means to say he has lately got married.' When a Southern paper asked 'What is editorial courtesy?' a Northern journal replied: 'Why, it is when a Southern editor is caught stealing chickens at midnight; and his brother editors kindly allude to the matter as a strange freak of somnambulism.' A newspaper writer asserts that his ancestors had been in the habit of living a hundred years; to which another responds: 'That must have been before the introduction of capital punishment.' The proprietor of a Western journal announced his intention of spending fifty dollars on 'a new head'

for it. 'Don't do it,' advised a rival sheet; 'better keep the money, and buy a new head for the editor,' that gentleman being evidently, in its opinion, 'a young man of frugal mental capacity,' as an Oregon journalist delicately termed another.

So long as newspaper writers practise only on their own kind, they merely run the risk of being paid back in their own coin; but when, as is the wont of American journalists, they throw mud at outsiders, retaliation is likely to take a very different shape. Taking pattern from an English actress, a Mrs Thompson, offended by some remarks made by the *Denver News* anent her appearance at a ball, went to the office of that journal and admonished her critic with a cowhide. Then, accompanied by her friends, the angry dame, proceeded to the office of the *Denver Tribune*, to insure that journal reporting the affair correctly. The sudden appearance, however, of a large excited female in the doorway with a cowhide in her hand, was too much for the weak nerves of the *Tribune* folk. The following effect was produced, as reported afterwards by one of the fair lady's assistants. 'Ward jumped behind his table and fortified himself with Webster's Unabridged; while Dawson turned off the gas and disappeared under a pile of exchanges, after the manner in which a prairie-dog drops into his hole. This sudden action of the editors, who were hurriedly thinking over their own sins of commission, so bewildered the lady with the cowhide, that by the time she found voice to tell them to come out and speak to her, Mr Beckwith, the proprietor, appeared in the rear and inquired:

"Madam, which one of the boys do you want to whip?" She explained that her visit was not a belligerent one. Then Dawson appeared, note-book in hand, pretending he had been looking for it under the table. Ward jumped from his perch, explaining that he had got up there to straighten the books; upon which Dawson observed that he didn't see why he needed to knock over the inkstand to make things snug; and Ward retorted he never before saw anybody turn off the gas to hunt a note-book. After telling her story, the lady laughed, as she took her leave, that there were several other fellows in town she intended to have in the same way; and now all the boys would have been a little too handy with their knives are ordering jackets of sheepskin tanned with the wool on.'

No sheepskin jacket would have sufficed Mr Gumbs in his need. This gentleman—so the story goes—sought to enliven the good people of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, through the medium of a lively, spicy, vigorous, fearless and entertaining paper called the *Cambria Milky Way*. He succeeded in making things lively, very lively—for himself. In his first number he called the editor of an older journal names which we cannot repeat. He stigmatised the mayor as a corrupt magistrate, whose torments from mental remorse were only surpassed by the physical agony he endured as the consequence of his depraved debauchery. He mildly alluded to the postmaster as an official Dick Turpin, whose peculations could only be compared to the terrific robberies committed in times past by those Spanish buccaneers whom he so closely resembled in general character; and finished off by delicately

announcing that a well-known young lady, in rejecting a certain young man, had done the wisest thing possible under the peculiar circumstances of the case. In the next issue of the *Milky Way* its patrons were informed that the editor had found it impossible to go out to collect news items, because the mayor, the editor of the *Cambria Mercury*, the postmaster, Alexander Jones, and a number of other individuals, were sitting on the kerbstone, and roosting around on the back-fence with shot-guns and other murderous weapons, and looking as if they were in earnest! That same night Mr Gumbs slipped down a water-spout and departed for Kansas—more fortunate than his brother out in the Far West, whose organ in announcing its own demise, said: 'Our editor has lately disappeared. According to the latest information, he was last seen under a tree, slightly raised above certain persons who were pulling at a rope'—a way of stating Lynch-law that could hurt nobody's feelings, while as a friendly tribute to the departed it was almost as touching as the *Foxtown Fusilier's*.—'We stop the press with pleasure to announce the decease of our contemporary Mr Snags, the editor of the *Foxtown Flash*. He has now gone to another and a better world. Persons who have taken the *Flash* will find the *Fusilier* a good paper.'

TEACHING.

WITHIN our recollection, teaching was taken up as a trade by great numbers who were physically incapable of successfully pursuing any ordinary profession. When a boy had a short leg and a long one, or had a hand imperfect in the number of fingers, or laboured under any other infirmity, he was made a schoolmaster. The idea of qualifying him to teach was not thought of, as if the art of instructing came by nature. Sometimes the teachers were men who had broken down in trying to succeed in what Americans call 'the pulpit line.' Treated socially with indifference, and badly paid, teachers in these times took out their revenge in cuffing and flogging pupils unmercifully. A small fault, a slight defect in memory, incurred the risk of a blow on the head with a ruler, which made the victim yell with pain, and raised a lump on his skull the size of a pigeon's egg. In short, as lately as seventy years ago, teachers were for the most part tyrants, with an inordinate love of domineering; very many of them were drunkards; several of them were unwholly came under the clutches of these wretches, they had no rights. They were in 'the iron grip of oppression,' and their sense of justice was outraged. Some suffered and sulked, some put on an air of defiance, 'You may beat me as much as you like, but I have made up my mind to learn nothing.' Such we remember was the open declaration of a lad who had experienced a course of brutal misusage. Strange to say, nobody, not even parents, pitied the boys who were so maltreated. The wonder is how anything was learned in such untoward circumstances. The explanation is, that only the very clever boys got on well at school. The education of the others was little better than a farce. Any learning they

had been picked up by chance afterwards. The jocularities of Fielding and Smollett regarding teachers in the eighteenth century are not the least overdrawn.

Only in recent times, when people have begun to see the importance of education as a social and political agent, has it been understood that teaching is a delicate art which needs to be studied like other useful or fine arts, and that it requires much cultivation. Coarse tyrants, 'cankert' cripples, drunkards, and buffoons will no longer be accepted as schoolmasters. Men who profess to teach must be up to their work. On all hands it is recognised that to educate or bring out a child's faculties to their highest development is a task only to be accomplished by the possessors of very fine and rare moral qualities. No amount of mere information will supply a want of firmness, justice, patience, sympathy, and liveliness of manner on the part of a teacher. As for the first of these qualities, it is a *sine quâ non*. If a child do not feel that he can trust his teacher—if he do not know that the teacher has no humours and moods, that his rewards and punishments will follow good and bad conduct with no less regularity than the action of a law of nature, the teacher need not hope to have influence. He may be learned and kind; but for one in the position of a teacher to be weak is to be utterly powerless. Such a one will appear to school-boys 'splendid fun'—a sort of personified joke; but they will at the same time consider him despicable, and beneath their respect or regard. Aiming at popularity, he will miss his mark, and discover that weak-mindedness has been interpreted by his pupils as fear of themselves. Connected with strength of will or arising out of it, there is a sort of magic thing which we can better feel than describe called personal influence. This is an uncommon quality; but it is perhaps impossible to succeed as a teacher without it. Many people are unaware how strongly developed in even very young children is a sense of justice. But that this is the case, every observant teacher soon discovers. The moment a master is known to favour the idle clever boy who does him credit and saves him trouble, that moment his influence for good is gone. 'He's unfair.' This sentence, when it is pronounced by the entire class, ought to be dreaded by every teacher, for it is nothing less than an 'Ichabod' written over his good name that must for ever shut out all possibility of usefulness.

In driving four-in-hand, much skill is needed to get all the horses to do their best. A good driver knows the pulling-power of each member of his team; and while he looks sharply after lazy strength, he makes every allowance for natural weakness doing all it can. And should a teacher of children do less than this? Every honest schoolmaster will encourage plodding boys, however dull. Feeling that he is being paid for making the most of dullards quite as much as of those whose ability puts them in greater sympathy with himself, and who might 'bring grist to his mill' by becoming 'show-boys,' he will do his duty by the dullards, and endeavour to make bricks even without straw. And here a word might be spoken to parents. 'Do not be so mistaken,' we would say, 'about the abilities of your children as to think that a school where attention is given only to

clever boys will do for them. Search rather for one from which the master sends out dull boys who nevertheless pass their examinations, instead of spending all his time in polishing diamonds to blaze in an advertisement. A mere plodding boy was above all others encouraged by Dr Arnold. On one occasion, he had got out of patience, and spoken sharply to a pupil of this kind, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: 'Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best that I can.' Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said: 'I never felt so much ashamed in my life—that look and that speech I have never forgotten. If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.' In speaking of a pupil of this character, he once said: 'I would stand to that man *hat in hand*.' It is a mischievous and cruel mistake to rank mere cleverness above devotion to duty, either in boy or in man; and for this reason every trainer of youth ought to estimate qualities in the order so often insisted upon by Arnold—first, religious and moral principles; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability.

Genius has been defined as 'long patience.' But this definition would suit equally well good teaching. Patience, as well as imagination, is required by teachers to note the difficulties of pupils from their point of view. John Wesley once heard his father say to his mother: 'Why do you tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times?' and she replied: 'Simply because if I had told the blockhead only nineteen times, I should have lost all my trouble.' This was spoken in the very spirit of good teaching. But it is not enough to repeat explanations in the same words. A child may see a thing in one light and not in another; and here there is room for great ingenuity in discovering more and more intelligible statements—in ringing the changes of explanation. The teacher might well take hints from the showman, for with children seeing is believing. Lessons should as much as possible be thrown into concrete forms, the abstract being to children what the North Pole has been hitherto to Englishmen. For this reason, the black-board or pictures should be in constant use, and nearly everything, beginning with the multiplication table, should be taught by object lessons. In teaching the simplest words, the child learns sooner and retains better in his mind, those that are illustrated with pictures. Thus he sees in his Primer the figure of a cat, and beneath the figure the letters *c a t*; and associates at once the word with the animal. The old system of rote-teaching and teaching by abstract rules in which to repeat words correctly, was everything; to understand their meaning, nothing. This system sacrifices the spirit of knowledge to the letter, for in proportion as there is too much attention paid to mere words or signs, there must be inattention to the things signified. The method now adopted by all trained teachers is to get particulars learned first, and then the generalisation illustrated as much as possible by appeals to nature.

It need hardly be pointed out how much genuine sympathy a teacher must have with

childhood to understand it. Some teachers seem incapable of thinking back on their own early youth, and give their pupils the impression that they have always been grown up. Feeling in this way not understood, or misunderstood, a child has not courage to state his difficulties. He who is not a student of human nature must fail as a teacher. One of the rules laid down for the guidance of chaplains to military prisons should be equally obeyed in reference to children: 'He shall endeavour by all means in his power, and particularly by encouraging their confidence, to obtain an intimate knowledge of the character and disposition of all prisoners.' The early Jesuits, who were masters of education, were accustomed to keep secret registers of their observations on their pupils; and generations afterwards, when these records were examined, it is said the happy presence of their remarks was strikingly proved by the subsequent success of many who had attained fame.

In the case of the teacher, where liveness is so all-important, a lifeless manner will fail to be successful in putting information into children. Let the teacher who is always complaining of the inattention of his pupils sometimes ask himself: 'Have I given them anything to attend to?' The teacher must not be a lifeless note of interrogation. Rather he should be the match that fires the train of his pupils' thoughts. His questions will be suggestive, asked not to confound but to encourage. 'Rugby scholars,' says Dean Stanley, 'will at once recall those little traits, which however minute in themselves, will to them suggest a lively image of Dr Arnold's whole manner. They will remember the glance with which he looked round in the few moments of silence before the lesson began, and which seemed to speak his sense of his own position and of theirs also; the attitude in which he stood turning over the pages of a lexicon, with his eye fixed upon the boy who was pausing to give an answer; the well-known changes of his voice and manner, so faithfully representing the feeling within. They will recollect the pleased look and cheerful "Thank you," which followed upon a successful answer or translation; the fall of his countenance with its deepening severity, the stern elevation of the eyebrows, the sudden "Sit down," which followed upon the reverse; the courteous and almost deference to the boys, as to his equals in society, so long as there was nothing to disturb the friendliness of their relation; the startling earnestness with which he would check in a moment the slightest approach to levity or impertinence; the confidence with which he addressed them in his half-yearly exhortations.'

The teacher should know when his assistance is required, and when not being required it should not be given. As much as possible should be done by children themselves, and as little as possible for them. A good teacher does not think out the lesson for his pupils. Rather he becomes the cause of thinking in them, knowing as he does that 'Easy come, easy go' is a saying quite as applicable to knowledge as to wealth. Of course this implies that the teacher should continue himself to learn, else his mind would become lifeless and incapable of kindling thought in others. An able teacher is never satisfied with the knowledge he may possess at any time during his career of teaching, but keeps himself in constant

training by fresh draughts hastily snatched during recreation hours.

It is very important that children should be made to respect themselves and their abilities by respect being shewn to them. The secret of Arnold's success was that he appealed and trusted to the common-sense and justice of his boys. 'Lying, for example, to the masters he made a great moral offence; placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely.' In the upper part of the school, when persisted in, with expulsion. Even with the lower forms he never seemed to be on the watch for boys; and in the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion on the part of the youth was immediately checked: 'If you say so, that is quite enough—of course I believe your word;' and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that 'it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one.'

But granted that a teacher has the information and moral qualities necessary, must he not serve an apprenticeship to the art of teaching—must he not be taught to teach? In Germany this has long ago been considered almost a truism. Here it is a valuable discovery, of which we may say 'Better late than never.' We have at last found out that putting up 'Collegiate Institute,' 'Seminary for Young Ladies,' 'Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen,' on huge brass plates; furnishing a large house; or even the assumption of degrees imported from foreign universities—that these things do not of themselves qualify people for that most responsible task of moulding the next generation. More than this, we are now aware, as has been said, that the mere possession of knowledge does not necessarily enable one to teach. Having knowledge and imparting knowledge are by no means synonymous. There is a knack of teaching, partly natural and partly acquired, that distinguishes the well-trained professional teacher from the amateur or the perfunctory pedagogue. In a letter of inquiry for a master, Dr Arnold thus writes: 'What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common-sense and understands boys. I do not so much care about scholarship, as he will have immediately under him the lower forms in the school; but yet on second thoughts, I do care about it very much, because his pupils may be in the highest forms, and besides, I think that even the elements are best taught by a man who has a thorough knowledge of the matter. However, if one must give way, I prefer activity of mind and an interest in his work, to high scholarship, for the one may be acquired far more easily than the other.' 'Interest in his work.' Alas! that is precisely what many a poor teacher has not; and we can point to no other remedy than that of properly paying the teacher for his work, which as yet is far from being the case.

Unless some means be taken to guarantee that middle-class school-teachers can teach, the children of middle and higher class people must literally perish for lack of knowledge. In these days of competition they will inevitably be eaten up by the fat kine of the working-classes that are being so well fed in the Board School pastures. Professor Huxley's ideal is that 'the foot of the educational ladder should rest in the gutter, and

its top reach the university? But how is this to be realised, if the sons of the middle-class look up to unlearned 'Doctors' and are not fed, or even to learned ones who have never received any special training for their high calling? If medical men who practise without due qualification are punished, ought there not to be some natural selection on the part of government of the fittest for teaching the middle-class, and some penalty for those who undertake a work for which they are unqualified?

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

THE lectures which have recently been delivered on 'living burials' in a continental city, by a physician of some eminence, go to prove that such things happen in countries where rapid interment succeeds death, much more frequently than the generality of English people would deem possible.

We who hold our dead so sacred, and who err if anything on the side of keeping them too long unburied, must naturally feel a kind of horror creep over us when, from circumstances, we are brought to witness with what haste and want of reverence the last sad ceremonies are gone through in some countries where climate renders speedy interment after decease, an absolute necessity. I propose to relate three marvellous escapes from living burial, which happened to different members of the same family at different periods. The scene was in Italy; the facts were related to me by the daughter of two of the parties concerned; and I shall tell the tale as nearly as possible as she told it to me.

'You will scarcely wonder,' she said, 'at my horror of being buried alive, when I tell you that a peculiar fate seems to pursue our family, or at least did pursue it in the last generation. My father was an only son, and from having been born several years after his parents' marriage, was an object of especial devotion. His mother was unable to nurse him herself, and a country woman was procured from a village at some distance from the chateau where his parents resided, who was not only well calculated to replace the mother as a nurse, but was of so affectionate a disposition that she seemed to throw her whole soul into her care for the well-being of the child, and lavished as much affection on him as did the real mother. When the age came for weaning him, it was found impossible to accomplish it whilst the nurse remained with him; and so after many terrible scenes, and the most heart-breaking sorrow on her part, she had to go. The boy thrived very well until he was about three years old, when he was attacked by some childish malady, and to all appearance died.'

'It is unnecessary to dwell on the distracted grief of the parents. The mother could scarcely be induced to leave the body, and even though all life was extinct, grudged every moment as it flew towards the time when even what was left of her darling would have to be removed for ever. (The time that was allowed by the government for bodies to remain unburied was three days.) The father had given strict orders that the child's nurse should not be informed of the death of her foster-son until after the funeral, as he felt convinced she would at once come to see him, and he dreaded the effect the sight of her grief might have on his already broken-hearted wife. However,

the order was ill kept, and on the morning of the funeral, after all the guests had arrived, and were grouped round the coffin taking their last farewell of the lovely boy, in rushed the nurse, her hair down, her dress all torn and travel-stained, her boots nearly worn off her feet. On hearing the news, she had started off without waiting for extra clothing, without word or look to any one, and had run the whole night, in order to be in time to see her boy. As she entered the room she pushed past servants and guests, and on reaching the coffin seized the child, and before any one was aware of her intention or had presence of mind to prevent her, she had vanished with him in her arms. It was found she had carried him off to the *grenier* or garret, and had locked and barricaded the door. She paid no attention to threats or entreaties, and all attempts at forcing the door were equally fruitless. The guests waited patiently, hoping that she would before long return to her senses, and bring back the child's body for burial.

'At the end of an hour or more they heard the heavy furniture rolled away and the door opened. The nurse appeared, but with no dead child in her arms—the little thing's arms were clasped lovingly round her neck as she pressed him to her bosom. The mournful assemblage was turned into one of joyful congratulation. The woman would never speak of the means she used to restore the boy to life; indeed, although she became from that hour a resident in the family and a trusted and valued friend, she steadily forbore ever referring to the incident in which she played so important a part. She lived to see the rescued child married and with a family of his own around him.

'The heroine of the second anecdote was a first-cousin to the above 'rescued child'—a young lady of thirteen or fourteen years old. After a somewhat protracted illness she, to all appearance, died. The mother literally refused to believe it, although the doctors and the other inmates of the house saw no reason to doubt the fact. The funeral was arranged, the grave made, and the specified three days had come to an end. The mother had never left her daughter's body; she had tried every available means to restore her, but to no avail. As the hour approached for the ceremony to take place, she became more and more distracted, and more desperate in her efforts to convince herself that life still lingered. As a last resource, she went for some strong elixir, and taking out of her pocket a fruit-knife with two blades—one blade of gold the other of silver—proceeded by continual working to force the gold blade between the teeth; when inserted, she poured a drop of the elixir on the blade, then another and another, and tried to make it enter the mouth; but it seemed only to trickle back again and down the chin. Still she persevered, becoming more desperate as the moments flew on to the hour, now so near, when her child was to be taken from her. At the very last, when she was beginning to dread the very worst, she thought she detected a slight spasm in the throat; and on closer examination she became aware that the liquid was no longer returning, as it did at first. She continued the application, every moment feeling more excited and more joyfully hopeful. Presently the action of swallowing became more decided; she

felt a feeble flutter at the heart, and before long the eyes gradually opened, and closed again; but the breathing became quietly regular, and the mother was satisfied that now no one would dispute the fact; so she called her household round her, and proved to them the joyful fact that her child was restored to her, and that no funeral procession would leave the house that day. Before long the child fully recovered. The fruit-knife with its two blades is to this day the most precious heirloom in the family possessions.

'The recovered one lived to form a deep attachment to her cousin (the rescued boy of the first story), possibly from the fact of the strange similarity in their early history; but his affections were already engaged by the young lady whose story we are now going to relate, the facts of which resemble somewhat those already told. This young person was no longer a child when death seemed to claim her, but had reached the age of eighteen or nineteen. She had been suffering from an infectious and dangerous fever, and when the crisis arrived, instead of rallying, she, to all appearance, died. It was the custom of the district in which she lived to dress marriageable girls as brides after death, and to bury them in their bridal costume. The young lady in question was therefore laid out as a bride, in a white dress, orange-flower wreath, and veil.' The day before the funeral, the most intimate friend of the deceased, who had been on a visit at a distance, came home, and insisted with floods of tears that she should be allowed to see her. The mother most decidedly refused, explaining that her daughter had been the victim of an infectious fever, and that she could not allow the daughter of a friend to run the risk of catching it. The young lady persisted, and would not leave the house; but the mother, much as it pained her, was firm in her refusal. However, in the evening the young friend being on the watch, saw the paid watcher leave the room to go down to her supper, leaving the door unlocked. She immediately entered, and having reverently kissed her friend's pale face, knelt down by the side of the bed to pray. There were candles at each side of the bed at its head, and two placed on a table at its foot.

'The poor girl was deep in her prayers, when suddenly, without any movement or warning, the dead girl sat up, and said in a sharp tone of voice: "*Que faites vous là ?*" (What are you doing there?) Startled and horrified to the last degree, her friend sprang from her knees, and in trying to rush out of the room, upset the table on which the candles were placed, and became wedged between it and the bed, her head downmost! Inextricably entangled, she shrieked loudly for help. The supposed dead girl had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and being weakened from illness, she went off into a hysterical fit of laughter; and the more her poor friend kicked and screamed, the more she kept up the dust by means of laughter. The mother and household hearing the noise, rushed up as quickly as possible. The mother was the first to enter the room, and being a quick-witted woman, at once comprehended the situation; she flew to her daughter, and angrily ordering her to be quiet and not laugh at her friend's misfortune, she pressed her to her bosom, and hastily tearing off wreath and veil, dropped them on the floor and

kicked them under the bed; then calling assistance, she carried the girl into another room and put her to bed. The doctor, who had been at once sent for, ordered her to be taken from home without delay, and they started as soon as was possible. She perfectly recovered; but strangely enough, could never call to mind the startling events of her return to life. *She afterwards married the gentleman who was the hero of the first story.* Her poor friend, when extricated from her unpleasant position, was quite delicious; she had a nervous fever, of which she nearly died, and she never entirely recovered from the shock her friend's sudden return to life had given her.

On writing to the lady who related these anecdotes for permission to publish, she says: 'You are at liberty to make what use you like of our family story, on condition you do not mention names of family or places; but you may add, that all three who were so nearly buried alive, lived to be very old—my father to eighty-four, my mother and aunt to seventy-six, retaining their health, rare intelligence, and to a wonderful extent, their personal beauty, to the last.'

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

THE condition of the enlisted recruit has been very much improved since the Crimean War, both morally and physically. Step by step, first in one direction, then in another, the terms of his contract with his country have all been modified to his advantage. During Lord Cardwell's administration, he personally spared no pains to attract to the army a superior stamp of men. He certainly succeeded. At the present moment, for example, there is hardly a single cavalry regiment in which one commission (and in some regiments more than one commission) is not held by a man who has risen from the ranks. 'The ranker' is no longer looked down upon by his brother-officers; snobism of this sort is stamped out; and the respect due to the individual character of a man is increased rather than otherwise if he happens to have risen by sheer merit. The staff-officers of the army are very dependent upon their non-commissioned officers, and respect them very much; and—as every one knows—the non-commissioned officer is simply the apt recruit promoted as soon as he has shown of what stuff he is made. The writer knows certain men who exercise a directing influence over important principles of army organisation—exercising it too in consultation with the highest in the land—who only a few years ago were simply non-commissioned officers.

Now the pecuniary position of a soldier depends, as in other professions, upon his qualifications. Hodge enlists from the plough's tail, can neither read nor write, and is a densely stupid fellow. He, however, at once finds himself thus situated: his pay is eighteen pounds five shillings a year; his provisions, his lodgings, firing and light, furniture, clothing and medical attendance, are all found for him; and his only necessary out-goings for laundress, grocery and beer, additions to the regulated ration, monthly hair-cutting, &c. are six pounds a year; recouped, however, by pay for good conduct to the extent of thirty shillings a

year. Hodge's cost to the country for the items mentioned is forty pounds a year. But when it is stated that his daily three-quarters of a pound of boneless first-class meat and two pounds of bread is of the estimated value of sixpence only, or nine pounds two shillings and sixpence a year; when his clothing is estimated at only three pounds a year, and his housing and firing, &c. at only six pounds a year—it is obvious that Hodge could not maintain himself in the self-same necessities of life for so small a sum as forty pounds a year. In other words, his position is worth much more to him than it actually costs the country. He falls sick, and has the best advice, the best nursing, the most suitable medicines irrespective of cost, and is treated in a hospital built with the latest sanitary improvements. For the capital spent upon these hospitals and barracks, not a penny is included in our estimate of forty pounds as the soldier's cost.

Nor does Hodge serve on for life, or even for twenty-one years, as his forefathers in the army did, and then retire upon a trifling pension. The Short Enlistment Act, passed by Lord Cardwell in 1870, has blotted out the possible advantage of pension, but it has substituted a positive equivalent. Our erstwhile clod-hopper is only with his regiment for six years. Having enjoyed the advantages to be derived from daily associations with his colleagues; having profited at the hands of the regimental schoolmasters and the gymnasium instructors; having enjoyed in the regimental library and recreation rooms (fitted with billiard-tables, stocked with chess-men, dominoes, &c.) all the advantages of a plain club-house, with which a good savings-bank is connected, he is discharged. With what? With one pound and his travelling expenses to his village home; a second pound for the two good-conduct stripes he may (and should) have earned; with some trade at his fingers' ends, taught him in the army workshops; and master of upwards of fifty pounds which, if he has been a provident fellow, he will have saved. And furthermore with sixpence a day besides for another six years, during which he may, in the event of national emergency, be called back to his old position. It is true that all this supposes Hodge to be a prudent man; and if he is only prudent and nothing more, he can't fail to land himself thus; whilst if his intelligence is improving, he will probably reap the greater advantages of promotion to the non-commissioned ranks.

Take the case, however, of a smarter man who enlists. Instead of choosing an infantry regiment, say he goes into the transport department, now called the Army Service Corps; there he will get quite thirteen pounds a year more in pay. Or suppose he should prefer being in the rear of an army in action, and has a turn for nursing the sick and wounded; he is about ten pounds a year better off than the infantry soldier, and is especially well fed; besides, he may be apt at learning to compound prescriptions, and thus earn another eighteen to twenty-seven pounds a year. If a man handy at anything at all like a trade, or with any clerical ability, goes into the Engineers, he is certain of making sixteen pounds a year more than his colleague in the Infantry.

The foregoing facts and figures represent only the minimum value of the position of a soldier of good character. Beyond these, an intelligent well-conducted young man may confidently hope to

secure extra pay of nine to eighteen pounds a year for extra duty. He may equally rely upon some promotion increasing his income; many of the sergeants fill appointments for which, in addition to the pay of their rank, they draw twenty to fifty pounds a year.

Fuller details are given in three parliamentary papers issued on the motion of Mr Pell; Nos. 182, 193, and 190, Session 1878. Twopence will purchase the three.

HOT SPRINGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

In the last annual Report of the Colonial Museum, Wellington, New Zealand, analyses are given of the water of fifteen hot springs in the Rotorua district, accompanied by descriptions which in some instances are very remarkable. For example, Tapui Te Koutu, a pool eighty feet deep, with a temperature of 90 to 100 degrees, with westerly or southerly winds; but if a change to north or east takes place, the water rises four feet, and the temperature to 180 degrees. Turikore is a water-fall with a temperature of 96 to 120 degrees, in great repute among the Maoris for the cure of all cutaneous diseases. Kuirau, 136 to 156 degrees, is so soft that clothes can be washed in it without the use of soap. Koroteoto, a boiling spring, 214 degrees, is known as the 'Oil-Bath.' Kawhianga, a powerful sulphur-bath, bears the name of 'Pain-Killer.' Ti Kute, the Great Spring, three-quarters of an acre in extent, boiling furiously, and always throwing off great clouds of steam, is 'reported to be wonderfully efficacious in cases of rheumatism and cutaneous diseases.' With such an abundance of medicinal waters, New Zealand will some day attract patients from afar, and rival our Bath, Buxton, and Harrogate.

A U T U M N.

On ! not upon thy fading fields and fells

In such rich garb doth Autumn come to thee,
My home ! but o'er thy mountains and thy dells

His footsteps fall, slowly and solemnly.

Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,
Save the faint-breathing rose, that round the year
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim

In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.

O'er yellow stubble lands, in mantle brown,

He wanders through the wan October light,
Still as he goeth slowly stripping down

The garlands green that were the Spring's delight.
At morn and eve, thin silver vapours rise

Around his path; but sometimes at mid-day

He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,

That make the fallow woods and fields seem gay.

Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath ;

A sceptre crowned with berries ruby red ;

And the cold, sobbing wind bestrewn his path

With withered leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread ;

And round him still, in melancholy state,

Sweet, solemn sounds of death and of decay,

In slow and hushed attendance, ever wait,

Telling how all things fair must pass away.

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BOY-SMOKERS.

A LEARNED Professor of Medicine in one of our universities some time ago made the remark to us that those students who passed through his hands rarely succeeded in distinguishing themselves if they were habitual smokers of tobacco. The smoking of cigars or pipes seemed to dull their faculties, and to have the effect of preventing them from sedulously gathering facts sufficient to excel at examinations for degrees. We repeat the remark as we heard it, and submit it for consideration. Perhaps other professors equally candid and observant might have a similar tale to tell.

As is pretty generally known, the smoking of tobacco has a certain intoxicating effect. It soothes the nervous system, and in cases of poor living it lulls the craving of a hungry stomach without in any degree feeding the animal system. Men who happen to be inclosed in a coal-mine, and are perishing for lack of food, are stated to have protracted life by a few consoling whiffs of tobacco. In cases of this nature, smoking may be allowable as a positive necessity; but we cannot perceive the slightest reason for this indulgence in ordinary circumstances. As usually observed, smoking is a vice, like dram-drinking. It is taken up in a spirit of idleness, without a vestige of excuse. We need say little of its wastefulness of means, though that must be very considerable. The government duties alone exigible on the tobacco used in the United Kingdom amount to about nine millions annually; and if we add the cost of the article, the yearly tobacco bill to smokers probably reaches the sum-total of twenty millions. We have heard of instances of youths in fashionable life who yearly smoke fifty pounds' worth of cigars, and doubtless there are many whose outlay must be far greater. Among the less affluent classes, the habitual expenditure on tobacco cannot but encroach on available means of living, and often when the outlay can be ill spared. Viewed as a narcotic, tobacco may be presumed to be of some value medically, though we have never heard what are its actual merits

in the pharmacopœia. What we specially draw attention to are its mischievous effects on the youths growing into manhood. It tends to a weakening of the intellectual system, which to all who have to make their way in the world ought to be exposed to no such blighting influence.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the fact that tobacco-smoking pollutes the breath, damages the teeth, and weakens the digestive organs. In not a single feature, as a common indulgence, is it commendable, but very much the reverse. It disposes to inactivity and carelessness. Few habitual smokers attain to eminence in business. Farmers given to smoking are usually the latest in getting in their crops. As publicly exhibited, the practice is odious. Smoking in the streets has become a downright nuisance, for passengers are compelled to inhale the fumes, whether of cigars or pipes, disgorged by smokers. In steam-vessels the nuisance has risen to something absolutely intolerable. We believe it is often the cause of destructive fires in dwellings, warehouses, farmyards, and ships. In our voyage to America in a steam-vessel some years since, we were not a little surprised and horrified to observe the reckless indifference with which certain passengers threw down the still-burning ends of cigars and matches on the deck—a practice which strangely enough did not seem to incur the reprobation of the officers on duty.

Within our recollection, few but those of middle or old age smoked. The practice has now been imitated by the young. Boys of ten years old are seen with pipes in their mouths, and lads at the different colleges think it manly to have smoking-parties. It appears to us that writers on matters of public health have been singularly remiss in not denouncing the mischievous effects of smoking on youth. We hear plentifully of the ruinous effects of liquid intoxicants, but little of the injury committed on the youthful body or mind by drugging with tobacco. The German authorities, as we learn by a correspondence in *The Times*, have at length become alive to the pestilent evil. They would probably not have troubled themselves on

the subject, but for a political reason. In Germany, all males from their birth are enrolled to be soldiers, and the discovery is made that the youths who are about to take their turn in the ranks have been weakened by smoking. 'The State,' as is observed, 'must have a nation of soldiers. Smoking is believed to be ruinous to the constitution of the young. It weakens the powers of the stomach at that important crisis of our development when the largest quantities of food have to be assimilated to build up the growing frame. It lowers the vitality of the body, and affects the action of the heart. Muscle, energy, endurance, indeed all that makes the man and the soldier, are thus at stake. The youthful nature is more susceptible of such injurious influences, and the young may be said to make or unmake themselves by their own habits. The German physicians appear to have arrived at the conclusion, no doubt on the proof of facts, that a young tobacco-smoker unmakes and in a manner destroys himself, and incapacitates himself for the defence of his country.' As a result, the police in certain towns have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offence by fine or imprisonment. As the Germans might be called a nation of smokers, with a correspondent amount of dreaminess in their constitution, we await with some interest to hear the outcome of this new and judicious course of policy.

In reference to the foregoing observations on the discouragement of tobacco-smoking in Germany, a correspondent gives his own experience. 'I may mention,' he says, 'that while travelling last month on a Danish steamer, I had much conversation on various subjects with a Belgian medical man, who informed me that he was then engaged, at the request of the Belgian government, on a journey of observation and inquiry as to the causes of colour-blindness, an ocular affection which, he said, is occasioning increasing anxiety, not merely in his own country, but especially in Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also, to some extent, upon military inefficiency. I asked the question—“What, so far as your investigations have proceeded, appears to be the main cause of this colour-blindness?” He replied: “The too general and excessive use of tobacco.”’

We have only touched on this important subject. The odious practice of tobacco-smoking by the young concerns the national welfare, and is worthy of very general consideration. Every one in his sphere is called on as a matter of moral obligation to do what lies in his power to discountenance and abate a practice so needless and reprehensible.

W. C.

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER VIII.—WILD-DUCK ISLAND.

BESSIE'S little sister was born in March; and although Mrs Maloney had taken up her abode at Hamilton for some weeks, for nearly a fortnight Jack saw very little of Phyllis, whose time was fully occupied in nursing her sister and attending to the wants of the whole household. It was therefore with feelings of unmingled satisfaction that he found her, one April afternoon, sitting quietly in the veranda in Robert's easy-chair, her

hands folded in her lap, her eyes gazing dreamily at the water, and a look of leisure about her that was unusual.

'I am so glad to see you unoccupied, Phyllis,' he said as he came up to her. 'It seems such a long time since we had a quiet chat.'

'Well, for the next hour I have really nothing to do,' she replied, smiling. 'Bessie is on the parlour sofa; and she sent me out here with strict injunctions to rest.'

'Could you rest as well in the boat, if I were to row?' asked Jack.

'Quite as well; better, I think. Where are you going?'

'Oh, I just thought of cruising about for a little,' he answered, 'and shooting some birds for Bessie. She likes wild-duck; does she not?'

'If you will shoot a few, I will answer for her liking them,' returned Phyllis, who tripped away for her bonnet; while Jack went into the parlour to welcome Bessie back to it, and to have a peep at the little unconscious atom of humanity nestling in her breast.

'And to think that this will be a woman some day,' he said laughingly; 'with all a woman's capacity for good or evil, with power to make the happiness or misery of some man's life!'

'The happiness, I hope,' said Bessie, looking up with a soft mist of gladness in her blue eyes.

'I am sure of that if she takes after her mother—and aunt. I am going to take Phyllis out on the lake for an hour; can you spare her?'

'I shall be very glad, Jack. She wants a rest; for the last few weeks she has worked really too hard. Do you know I have nearly persuaded Judy Maloney to shut up her own house and come to live here altogether?'

'A very good idea.'

'Yes, Phyllis would have more time then to devote to reading and boating and riding and all the things she likes. Though she is so ungrudging in her devotion to me, I know she misses all that.'

'She has the most charmingly unselfish temper I ever met with in my life,' exclaimed Jack, with such earnestness that the colour mounted to his brow.

'I am glad he has found that out,' mused Bessie, as she looked out at the window and saw the two tall handsome figures wend slowly down towards the water together. 'Sometimes I fancy that he does not thoroughly appreciate Phyllis. She is such a curious mixture—now of sweetness, now of determination. But oh! she wound up with a feminine instinct, "I wish she wouldn't wear those horrid sun-bonnets!"'

It was an exquisite day, one of those days of early autumn when our Australian climate is absolutely perfect. The first showers of rain had fallen a day or two before, and the islands were clothed with a flush of emerald green. Overhead was a blue sky, in which white fleecy clouds sailed slowly; a soft delicious breeze wafted from the south, and the air seemed full of wild sweet odours. Jack had laid his gun in the bottom of the boat, and had taken the oars, while Phyllis presided at the rudder. The plash of the oars and the musical rustle of the reeds had for her an undefined, exquisite charm.

'How delightful to be out again,' she said, drawing a long breath. 'Everything looks so green and fresh now.'

'I should like to be allowed to judge better of your gladness,' remarked Jack with great gravity.

'How? In what way?' she asked, perplexed.

'Well, I suppose you are glad; but as you persist in wearing bonnets that completely hide your face, I can only judge your sentiments by your voice.'

Phyllis laughed a low satisfied laugh. She was not in the least sorry that the rosy flush which suffused her fair face was hidden from those bright black eyes of her companion.

'Where are we going?' she asked.

'What do you call that low purple island lying off there?' returned Jack.

'Oh, we call that Wild-duck Island; there are always so many birds there.'

'Well, that will suit nicely,' he said, turning the boat in that direction. 'We want birds; and I have been haunted for some time by a desire to visit that island.'

'Do you think we shall be back in time for tea?' asked Phyllis. 'It is a good way off.'

'I daresay we shall be pardoned if we are not,' he answered gaily. 'It isn't often you and I set off on an expedition together, Phyllis.'

Chattering and laughing like two children out for a holiday, Jack's strong arms made the boat cut rapidly through the water. The drops that fell from his oars flashed like diamonds in the sunlight; far away the hills stood out softly blue against the sky. Everything seemed fresh and young and beautiful, like themselves. It was one of those rare and precious hours when young souls forget everything for a time except their own happiness. For though those two had as yet never breathed a word of love, they were beginning to be shyly conscious that they were more to one another than aught in the world besides.

Gradually the island, which had looked purple in the distance, began to assume a green flush of colour as they drew near it. It was a long low island, rising slightly in the centre, and sloping on all sides gently towards the water. Here and there along the edges grew the dark sharp-leaved tea-tree, and everywhere tall reeds bent and rustled in the shallower water. Its sole inhabitants were a few sheep, belonging to Robert, which led a free and happy existence on their small lonely home. One of them had two snow-white lambs by her side, and the pretty creatures, tame from their very isolation, stood quite still, staring in surprise at the intruders on their domain. Phyllis thought they would allow her to stroke them; but when she was almost within reach, they sprang off to a little distance and stood staring once more. Jack remarked that the island certainly deserved its name, for hundreds of wild-ducks rose from the rushes on every side only to settle down again on the water.

Seated on a grassy knoll that overlooked the lake and commanded a prospect of their own island, the two adventurers became wrapped in the beauty of the scene.

'This is quite the prettiest view of Hamilton I have yet seen, Phyllis. I should like to have this scene photographed, to send home to some of my old friends.'

'I wish I could sketch,' interposed Phyllis regretfully. 'The sight of those lovely tints and lines always awakens in me a strong desire to be able to reproduce them. But I have never had a chance of learning.'

'I think I know enough of the rudiments of drawing to be able to teach you,' returned her companion, smiling. 'I have no gift in that way; but perhaps you may have the genius that I lack, and be able to put my theories into practice.'

'O how delightful that would be!' exclaimed Phyllis with sparkling eyes. 'But tell me, would it not be giving you a great deal of trouble?'

'I think not,' said Jack. 'You will not be a stupid pupil, I know. It will be a pleasant employment for those winter evenings that are coming on. I believe I have a colour-box and pencils somewhere amongst my belongings.'

He could hardly have proposed anything more charming to Phyllis. The girl had a positive thirst for knowledge of all sorts, which owing to circumstances, the loneliness of her home, and its distance from any town where she could procure masters, she found it difficult to satisfy.

She was meditating on the charming suggestion, when Jack, who had strolled to a little distance, came back to her, holding in his hand a curious round black ball. 'I have found a curiosity,' he said, holding it out for her to look at. 'The skull of something. What is it?'

'Oh, don't you know? Why, that is a black-fellow's skull. There are numbers of them on this island. We think the place must have been used as a burying-ground by the natives at one time; but it must have been long ago.'

'How very strange!' said Jack, turning over the curious relic of mortality he held in his hands and examining it attentively. 'How small it is, and how curiously shaped—almost like the skull of a baboon.'

'It is very much weather-worn,' said Phyllis.

'I suppose they have quite given up using this place now?' he asked.

'Yes; quite. In fact no natives have been seen in this neighbourhood for a long time. I am glad of it, for I confess to a shrinking from them which I cannot conquer, though I feel it to be wrong. After all, they are human creatures—like ourselves.'

'Doubtful!' mused Jack, smiling, as he mentally contrasted the glorious creature beside him, with her fair skin and deep-blue eyes, and golden-brown hair, with the few wretched blacks he had seen on the outskirts of some of the townships during his journey from the coast. 'No! he went on aloud, at the conclusion of his meditations; 'I very much doubt if they can be called human creatures—like ourselves. But as that is a question it would take us some hours to discuss, and as the sun is just about to set, we shall postpone it in the meantime. Will you stay here for a little, while I go and have a shot at the ducks?' Smiling a glad assent, her companion rose from the grass, where he had thrown himself nearly at her feet. 'Take care of my black-fellow's skull!' said he.

'Why, what use is the ugly thing?' she asked, laughing.

'I am going to take it home and stick it up in my room, that I may look at it occasionally and meditate on the shortness of life. Meanwhile

you may amuse yourself by hunting for a couple of nice cross-bones to stick under it, if you like.'

Phyllis watched him march slowly down to the water's edge and step into the boat, which he had moored to a convenient tree-stump, and then she saw him pull out among the reeds, where he waited quietly for a shot. Half laughing to herself at his whimsical request, she rose and strolled away up to the highest point of the island, searching from side to side as she went for suitable materials of which to form the 'cross-bones' he had spoken of. It was rather a curious occupation for that bright young girl on that lovely evening, with the golden waters quivering all about her, the green grass under her feet, a young crescent moon shewing faintly in the sky overhead; but the contrast hardly struck her at the time. They were so old, those relics of humanity, it was almost like searching for the fossil remains of an extinct race. Had they indeed been *men*, whose bones lay here? Had those small curiously shaped skulls contained brains of the same quality as those which could grasp the wonders of science, plan cathedrals and bridges, and conquer Nature by utilising her mightiest forces? Or had they been but a half-developed race of beings, half human, half animal, who had man's instinct to hunt and fish, and the wilder animals' instinct to roam homeless over the vast and desolate territories of the land, then undiscovered by any civilised nation?

Thus musing, the girl had ascended to the very crown of the island, and was descending the slope on the opposite side to which Jack and she had been sitting, when all at once she caught sight of something which banished everything from her mind for the time, except a sudden feeling of surprise mingled with something like fear. Just at the foot of the slope where she was standing, and almost concealed by a dark thick clump of tea-trees, was a square space bare of grass, surrounded by a rude fence of cut boughs. She knew at once what it was, for though she had never seen anything like it before, she had heard Robert describe a similar inclosure. It was a black-fellow's grave. Not of the same date by any means as those old-world remains about which Jack and she had been speculating: this inclosure, though rude, was evidently but a few months old; and when, after a long pause, she persuaded herself to go closer to it, she saw traces which led her to believe that it might be more recent still, for inside the rough fence there were stains, which Phyllis knew, as she glanced at them with a strange sickening feeling, could have only one origin. What the peculiar ceremonies of the blacks were, she did not know; but she had heard dark hints from Judy Maloney and some of the other women on the island, which spoke horrors.

When had this lonely grave been made? she asked herself, as she gazed at it, her face a good deal paler than it had been a little while ago. What whim or observance had led them to bring their dead here to this old burying-ground, which had seemingly been unused for centuries? Was this the grave of some dead chief among them, and had they brought him here in obedience to some of the weird traditions of their race? However it was, they had come quietly, for no canoes had been observed in that part of the lake,

and no blacks had been seen in the neighbourhood for a long time. Once, when the place was first colonised, a wild tribe had haunted their old hunting-grounds for a time; but they had long since gone far into the interior; or perhaps some of them had strayed into the neighbourhood of the towns and become demoralised, as the blacks so quickly do. At anyrate, they were gone as a people, and the white man cultivated the ground once held by the aborigines.

Welcome now was Jack's loud clear 'cooin' which hailed from the other side of the island. The loneliness and silence of the place were becoming oppressive to the girl, and yet it exercised a weird sort of fascination which had made her linger.

Her answering 'cooie' came faintly to his ear as he sat in the boat waiting for her, and presently he saw her appear over the crown of the hill and hasten down the slope towards him. The evening air had brought the colour back to her cheeks before she reached the boat; but for some time after she was seated, and they were rowing homewards, Jack noticed that his fair companion was unusually silent, as if preoccupied with some absorbing thought.

'The skull!' she exclaimed suddenly; 'I have forgotten it.'

'Never mind, Phyll. We can go back for it some day,' he answered. But I do not think they ever did.

CHAPTER IX.—THE DEADLY TOY.

I do not know why it was that Phyllis did not tell what she had seen, either to Jack or Robert, till long afterwards, when it was too late to be of use. Perhaps it was that she convinced herself that as the blacks had come and gone so silently, without shewing themselves to any of the white people near, they could mean no mischief, and therefore another visit was not to be apprehended. But the more likely explanation of her silence is, that the sight of the lonely grave, the perfect silence and solitude of the place, had touched her nerves painfully, and that she shrank from speaking of it to any one. At anyrate, she never did speak till long afterwards.

But a few days after their visit to Wild-duck Island, something happened which troubled and perplexed James Hamilton in an uncomfortable manner. He had gone out with Robert immediately after breakfast, and remembering during the forenoon that he had left something which he required in his own room, he went back to the house to get it. He had always known that Phyllis attended to the keeping of his room in order; but not generally being at home at the time when she did so, he had never found her there until to-day, when entering suddenly, he saw her standing by his toilet-table, holding something in her hand which she was regarding attentively. It was a little revolver, not more than six inches long, but so beautifully made, that though capable of accounting for six men's lives, it was light enough to be used by a woman or even a child. The deadly toy had lain half-forgotten at the bottom of Jack's portmanteau till the evening before, when, while looking for the colour-box he had spoken of to Phyllis, he had taken it out and cleaned it.

'Phyllis! what are you doing with that?' he said rather sharply, for he disliked seeing such a thing in her hands.

'I was thinking,' she replied, slowly, and looking up at him without a shade of embarrassment on her face, 'how easily I could fire this.'

'What an idea!' he said smiling, as he gently took the weapon from the girl's hand. 'Women have no business with such things. It was careless of me to leave it lying there, though.'

'I wish you would shew me how it works,' she said without noticing either his smile or the half-petulance which accompanied it.

'Why, what would be the use of your knowing that?'

'I should like to know. Do shew me,' she urged. And with a sort of impatience, he explained to her how the revolving principle acted. 'Will that do now, Miss Curiosity?' he asked. 'Or is there anything else you would like?'

'Yes; I should like you to give me this.'

'What an odd taste you have, Phyllis! Do you mean that you want the pistol for your own, to keep?'

'Yes; I want the pistol for my own, to keep,' she answered unblushingly.

'There are other things I would rather give you for my first present,' he said, looking at her attentively. 'For instance, the colour-box I shewed you last night.'

'I didn't mean to ask for a present. And I suppose this is worth a good deal of money. But if you will lend it to me that will do quite as well.'

'Phyllis!' he exclaimed, flushing with vexation, 'you use your powers of persuasion mercilessly, for you know I cannot refuse you this or anything else I have? There; take it; but I would rather give you anything else.'

'And I would rather have this,' she persisted, smiling, and accepting it from his hand.

He went to his portmanteau and drew out a mahogany case. 'You will find everything belonging to it there,' he said, 'but I entreat you to be cautious how you play with the deadly toy; and without another word he left the room.'

Phyllis stood looking after him in silence for more than a minute, and there was a suspicion of moisture in her dark-blue eyes, and of a quiver in the lines of her beautiful lips. Then she went quietly to her own room and put her new acquisition out of sight, but not till she had examined it thoroughly once more, and satisfied herself that she understood its way of working.

CHAPTER X.—THE BLACKS.

The month of May came in with such heavy rains that Jack began to understand how it was that a country could be fertile and yet rainless for more than half the year. 'At home in Scotland,' he said, accosting his brother, 'the rain keeps coming down in a fashion all the year through. Here we have it all at once; that is the difference. I think I almost prefer this way, though it is very unpatriotic to say so.'

'Not at all,' Robert answered. 'Keep your patriotism for your new country, and think that everything Australian is best!'

There was comparatively little farm-work to be done at this season, though it seemed quite enough

to keep every one busy. And Robert took it into his head that a new jetty was required at a certain spot at the other end of the island, and that after the first heavy rains were past and a few days of bright weather had set in, was a capital time to build it. For a day or two Jack and he were busily employed in trimming posts and planks into shape; then one morning the materials were all hoisted into a great dray which Robert drove, while Jack rode beside the team on his own gray horse. It was very early in the morning, scarcely daylight, when they set out; their dinner was packed up and stowed away in the dray, for they did not intend to be home till late in the evening.

Phyllis the ever useful, stood at the door to speed their departure; and as they waved their temporary adieus, she could not but own to just a soupçon of loneliness as she turned into the house again. Judy Maloney had left the farm for her own cottage only two days before. She was to return and to stay permanently as a household help, in the course of a week or two; but prior to doing so, it was necessary that she should arrange the affairs of her own small domicile, and make ready all her belongings for transfer to the comfortable rooms which Mr Hamilton had prepared for her and her husband just behind his own house. So, as things happened, Phyllis was quite alone in the house with Bessie and the two children. The morning passed quickly; Bessie was dressed, and Phyllis helped to dress the two little ones, and then went to prepare breakfast for them. Then there were all the innumerable things to be done necessary for the comfort of a household; bread to bake, meat to prepare for cooking, sweeping and dusting, and cleaning of dishes; and by the time those things were all accomplished the sun was high in the heavens, and it was almost time to think about dinner.

Phyllis went into the parlour to see how Bessie and the children were getting on, and to rest for a few minutes. All three looked very happy and comfortable; the little lady was sound asleep in her pretty bussinet; and Bertie was absorbed in a box of bricks, which his father had brought him after his last visit to the new store at Glen Assynt, and which had been a constant source of delight to the little boy ever since. Bessie was quietly sewing, preparing some of the warm garments necessary for her household during the coming winter. Her clever fingers made nearly everything that was worn at Hamilton Farm, though she was not strong enough to overtake much of the housework.

'Are you tired, dear?' asked Phyllis, coming to her sister's side and stooping down to kiss her. There was something in the girl's love for her delicate and gentle sister that was perhaps more like the love of a strong and gentle man for a woman, than the love of one woman for another. She always thought of Bessie as of one who was to be guarded from fatigue or danger of any kind, who was to be kept from anxiety if possible, and shielded from harm. Indeed had Bessie not been what she was—the most loving and unselfish of women—Robert and Phyllis might have spoilt her just a little between them. But as it was, her every thought and wish was for the happiness of those who loved her, and whom she loved so

heartily in return; and her beautiful and gentle nature bloomed like a rare and exquisite flower in the atmosphere of tenderness by which she was surrounded.

'Have the children been good?' Phyllis asked, as she touched Bessie's soft hair caressingly. 'I meant to have come in earlier, and to have helped you with them, but I found so much to do in the kitchen.'

'They have been as good as gold,' answered Bessie brightly. 'Bertie grows quite a companion with his little talk.'

'Bless him! He is auntie's own boy!' said Phyllis, taking the little fellow from his play, and tossing him up and down in her strong arms, making him laugh and shout with delight. Still holding the child in her arms, she opened the front-door and went out into the veranda. The air felt sweet after the rain, with that newly washed freshness which is so delicious. The islands lay like great emeralds in the water, so covered were they by their new mantle of living green; the sun shone brightly down on the lake, and everywhere there seemed a flutter and movement, as if old Earth felt the sap stirring in her veins, and kept whispering to herself: 'Spring is coming! I know it! I feel it!'

But Phyllis had not stood in the veranda for five minutes, before, in the middle of all this beauty and freshness, she descried a dark object, which made her heart seem to stand still for a minute. From behind a promontory on the opposite side of the water, to the right of the spot where she stood, and not more than a quarter of a mile off, she saw a boat suddenly shoot out, and her quick eyes discerned in an instant that its shape was not in the least like that of any boat belonging to Robert or to any one else in the neighbourhood. It was much longer and narrower; and was filled with at least a dozen human beings, whose bodies looked dark against the sunlit water. Phyllis watched them for a minute or two in perfect silence; it seemed as if she scarcely breathed, so still was she; then she carried Bertie into the parlour again, and set him down beside his bricks, and stepping out into the veranda once more, she closed the door behind her. Going quietly past the parlour window, she hummed a little air softly, so that Bessie might think all was well.

'And probably nothing will come of it,' she said to herself. 'I daresay I am silly to be so frightened. Only I wish they had not come to-day, just when we happen to be alone here. And it is such a long time since any have been seen about here.'

Even while admitting to herself that she was afraid, she walked on bravely towards the spot where, from the direction the canoe was taking, she saw the blacks intended to land. She felt relieved that they were evidently not coming to the jetty just in front of the house, but to a spot nearly a hundred yards off. If she could only keep them out of Bessie's sight and hearing, she thought, till Robert and Jack came back at night, all would be well. Or perhaps some of the men might come up to the farm during the day. She looked in all directions to see if any one was in sight; but no human beings were visible except the dark freight coming so swiftly towards the shore. Even Sam the farm-lad had disappeared,

and Phyllis thought with a pang that he had probably stolen off to join his master. Else how quickly would she have sent him off, running at the top of his speed, to fetch that master home!

By the time she reached the bank which overlooked the spot for which the boat had been making, the boat had reached the shore, and the blacks were landing, about a dozen of them, men and women. There they were, most of them, as the weather was not hot, wrapped in opossum skins or blankets; by which last, Phyllis surmised that they had visited some township, and thought with a sickening feeling of dread that they were probably none the better for that. Standing on the top of the bank, she quietly watched their proceedings with as much calmness as she could command. In return they stared at her, the one white girl confronting them all, and then conferred with each other for several minutes. Then a tall fellow with a bearded face, and eyes that rolled fiercely under their bushy eyebrows, approached as spokesman. And this was his speech, short but pointed: 'You white missy! Give sleep! Give rum!'

In a moment Phyllis's plan of action was formed. She spoke slowly and distinctly, holding her head very high and pointing imperiously with her hand. 'You are to stay here, all of you. If you come nearer the house, the master will be angry. One man and one woman'—she held up her fingers to illustrate—'may come with me, and I will give them sheep for all, and plenty plenty rum.'

The black-fellow grinned, shewing his great white fangs; he evidently understood perfectly what she meant, for he nodded good-humouredly enough; whereupon Phyllis turned and walked towards the house, but took care to make a detour which would take her and her unwelcome companions in by the back-way. Then followed her, after a moment's hesitation, a man and a woman, as she had directed. In one of the outhouses there hung the side of a sheep which had been killed the previous day, and to this she led them. Their faces beamed when they saw the plentiful supply; and when she indicated by gestures that they might have it, the man took it down, and coolly laid the heavy burden on the shoulders of the woman, who trudged slowly off with it to join her companions, who had squatted down in a circle on a flat green spot near the water's edge. The man remained with Phyllis, who, still carefully keeping out of sight of the house-windows, led him across the court to the locked storehouse, where such things as tea, sugar, brandy, &c. were kept. With an imperious gesture she desired the man to remain outside, and went in alone to the well-filled store-room. Her all-absorbing thought, as she looked at the shelves where the brandy and rum stood, was, 'How much will it take to stupefy them until Robert and Jack come home?'

She determined to err on the safe side, and lifted out of an opened case half-a-dozen bottles, incased in their straw envelopes. The black-fellow grinned again as she loaded him with the welcome burden, and gave utterance to some guttural and totally unintelligible words, which however seemed to be expressive of satisfaction. As she glanced momentarily into this man's face, Phyllis was

conscious of a more intense loathing than she had known herself to be capable of feeling for anything in human shape.

THE NATIONAL GAME-BAG.

GAME of every description, both furred and feathered, particularly partridges, grouse, and hares, contributes largely nowadays to the national commissariat. Two-thirds of the total grouse-supply of the kingdom—which has been estimated at seven hundred and fifty thousand birds—are derived from Scottish moors; partridges and pheasants are chiefly obtained from the farms and home-preserves of England; whilst ground-game is contributed to the national bag by both countries according to their acreage. The greater portion of the game obtained in the United Kingdom is sent to London, whence it is distributed to all parts of the country; some—grouse in particular—being sent to France and Germany, while not a little finds its way to meat-preserving factories to be 'potted' for our exiled countrymen in India and Australia, who have not the privilege of being able to enjoy a grouse in any other shape.

Besides being forwarded to London, supplies of most kinds of game, particularly grouse, are sent from the moors direct to dealers in provincial towns; but as a rule, the supply centres in the great metropolis; and it frequently occurs that hampers of birds, more especially of grouse and black-cock, consigned to dealers in large provincial towns, are at once re-addressed and forwarded to London, with the certainty that in Leadenhall or Newgate markets the best prices will be obtained. The wholesale dealers there are numerous and wonderfully smart in the conduct of their business, doing their best to secure good profits out of a material which is notoriously perishable. In this they are now largely aided by the use of the telegraph, by means of which they can at once feel the pulse of distant customers, or become apprised of the extent of whatever consignments may be on the road.

The magnitude and value of the national bag of game can of course only be approximately estimated, but reliable figures exist from which a tolerably correct return can be made up. It has been ascertained, for instance, by persons in the trade that more than three hundred thousand grouse are annually consumed in London. In the other large cities and towns of England, an equal number are disposed of; while throughout Scotland and in various of the smaller towns and villages, it is certain that one hundred thousand of these birds annually find their way into the hands of the cook. This seems a vast number; but as the sporting rental of Scotland is assessed at something like a quarter of a million sterling, and as large supplies of grouse are likewise obtained from the extensive moors of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Cumberland, the number is doubtless pretty correct; although it varies considerably as the season is a good or a bad one. Thus, from the absence of rain and the healthy appearance of the young birds, it was predicted some months ago that sport of all kinds would this year (1878) be abundant; and it was thought that grouse in particular would be more plentiful

than usual; a prediction which has been borne out by the sport experienced on the moors.

The wholesale value of the grouse which are annually contributed to the national game-bag has been calculated on an average at the rate of one shilling and twopence per bird, free of all expenses of carriage and commission to wholesale dealers. At that rate Scotland's two-thirds represent a money value of forty-eight thousand eight hundred pounds. To persons who are sometimes charged half a guinea for a brace of grouse, one shilling and twopence for each bird may seem a small average; but it is nevertheless correct, as sometimes during the course of a season, when the wholesale markets become glutted, good birds can be had as cheap as sixpence each, while at other times they command seven shillings per brace. The amount named will not go far to pay a sporting rental of a quarter of a million sterling; but a large portion of that sum, it must be kept in mind, is derived from the lessees of deer-forests and fishings. Some of the Scottish deer-forests are of considerable magnitude, extending over twenty miles in length, and ranging in breadth from nine to thirteen miles. The rents paid for individual tracts of ground are in some instances very high—as high as seven thousand pounds per annum in one instance; of four thousand pounds in another instance; whilst there are at least twenty shootings let at sums ranging from one to three thousand pounds. It will convey some idea of the magnitude of the ground taken up by the moors and forests of Scotland, when it is explained that the average sum which is derived from them in the form of rental amounts to but one shilling and twopence per acre. The number of times that one shilling and twopence can be calculated in a quarter of a million of pounds sterling therefore gives the acreage of Scotland devoted to sport; and if we calculate the total value of the game of all kinds, and the fish in the shape of salmon and trout caught by the rod, at not more than eighty thousand pounds per annum, it will be seen that sportsmen pay pretty dearly for their amusement.

It has been calculated that every stag which is brought down costs the tenant of the deer-forest fifty pounds, and that every brace of grouse which is shot costs the sportsman a sovereign!

Before taking leave of the grouse-moors, we may be perhaps allowed to observe that an opinion has been gaining ground of late years that the birds are deteriorating; which is in part the cause of the disease that every few years becomes epidemic on the moors. An ingenious proposition has more than once been ventilated for improving the breed of grouse by an infusion of new blood. This plan of improvement was tried a few years ago under the auspices of a Scottish nobleman, who having moors in two different parts of the country, was able to cross the grouse on one of his moors with birds from another shooting, with perfect success. The grouse is a peculiar bird, and will only breed and thrive upon the kind of ground which has become its home. Several attempts have been made to transplant it, but none of them has proved successful. If as many as five hundred thousand birds are annually shot upon the Scottish moors, it will naturally be supposed that a large supply of parent grouse is necessary to keep up the breeding-stock. As a matter of fact,

grouse generally lay from seven to twelve eggs, and the average number of birds in a covey may be set down at nine; but successful hatching is dependent on several circumstances. In some seasons the eggs in the nests are destroyed by a more than usual rainfall; whilst in other years the tender birds are killed by the severe frosts which in the north of Scotland are incidental to the breeding-season. Some economists maintain that a breeding-stock must be left on a moor equal to twenty-five per cent. of the number killed; others hold that at least forty birds must be left for every hundred taken away.

The grouse, like other wild animals, recede before the civilising efforts of man; and they are likely, as the reclamation of waste lands goes on, to become less plentiful. It is thought that within the next ten years a very large surface of ground now devoted to deer and grouse may be brought into cultivation, and be ultimately sown with corn or other crops; so that instead of being worth only fourteenpence per acre, it will some day become thirty-fold more valuable. The way in which shooting-ground has risen in value during the last quarter of a century is remarkable. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, shootings were not the source of revenue they have since become. Men who possess a stretch of heather, upon which their father fed a scanty stock of sheep, now find themselves drawing from it a handsome income of from six to twelve hundred pounds a year, arising from the fact of its being populated with a few thousand birds which it has become the fashion of the age for certain men to pay large sums of money for the privilege of shooting. To rent a far-away stretch of heather on a Highland hillside requires a much larger expenditure than is generally supposed—an expenditure which we know too is very readily incurred, even by men who have earned a reputation for great shrewdness, and who in any other matter would frown ready disapprobation if asked to sell for about twentypence an article which had cost them half as many shillings.

In addition to grouse, the game-bird *par excellence*, we have the black-cock and the gray hen, the capercaillie, the ptarmigan, and the partridge, likewise the pheasant, all of which contribute largely to the national commissariat. There is no separate computation of rental for the grounds on which our partridges and pheasants are bred; but these birds in their season are wonderfully abundant. There are perhaps five times as many partridges in England as there are grouse in Scotland; and pheasants are being bred in greater numbers every year. The national game-bag is supplied with its partridges chiefly from English counties, of which Norfolk, Lincoln, and Suffolk contribute a large percentage; whilst considerable supplies come also from France and Belgium. It may be accepted as a fact not lightly stated, that quite a million of partridges are annually sold in London, and as many more in the country, including the larger provincial towns.

As has been stated, there is no separate rental for game-ground in England, nor in Scotland either for such game as partridges and pheasants; but if the wholesale price of partridges be set down at the round average of one shilling each bird, a tolerable idea of the value of that contribution to our game commissariat will be obtained. Partridge-shooting, if not so picturesque as grouse-

shooting, is undoubtedly both pleasant and profitable, and stables being more accessible than heather, a larger number of persons are enabled to enjoy the sport. Pheasant-shooting again, is still tamer work, as the pheasant, beautiful though it be, is little removed from being what we may call a barn-door fowl. It is bred in enormous quantities, common hens being frequently employed for the purpose of hatching the eggs; and the bird being comparatively tame, is easily killed. During what may be called the battue-season, in December and January, pheasants, partridges, and hares reach London daily from all quarters in tens of thousands. About Christmas, notwithstanding the enormous demand, a glut of these commodities is sometimes experienced, upon which occasions birds are sold for 'just what they will bring,' a partridge for sixpence, a pheasant for a shilling! All classes for a day or two may at such times enjoy game. The capercaillie is again to be found in the pine-woods of the north of Scotland in considerable numbers, and an occasional bird finds its way to market, but the 'Cock of the woods' has not at present any commercial value. Some other birds, as black-cock, ptarmigan, and snipe, aid in some degree the national commissariat; but in grouse, partridges, and pheasants we find the birds that bulk largest in the national game-bag, and which are of most consequence to those who breed and feed them.

A considerable weight of venison is every year brought to market; but the deer is more an animal of sport than of economic importance. There is one gentleman entered on the sporting rent-roll of Scotland as tenant of a deer-forest the rental of which is seven thousand pounds per annum, and the thorough enjoyment of which will cost, at least for the three months during which it is occupied, an additional sum of say fifteen hundred pounds; while all that the gentleman can have in return, is the privilege of shooting some hundred and forty stags and a few hundred brace of grouse.

Whilst the deer need not be calculated upon as being of any great account in the national commissariat, that well-known contributor to the soup-pot, the hare, fills up all the odd corners of the British game-bag. There are few persons who are aware of the excellent food-value of this animal or of the fact that more than a million hares pass through Leadenhall and Newgate markets during the season in which they can be legally captured; and as the wholesale value of each animal may be calculated at about two shillings, the amount of money derived from these ground-game, which are on sale in every large and small town in the empire, must be very considerable.

In considering the economic value of game, it may be safely affirmed that a brace of partridges, which can often enough be purchased for half-a-crown, will yield, as the cook would say, as much 'outcome' as a fowl; and a partridge is highly susceptible of the arts of the cook. The average weight of a pheasant prepared for the spit is about two pounds and a quarter. A hare brought from a retail poulterer at three-and-sixpence is, if economically cooked, relatively cheaper than a fowl purchased at the same money, seeing that it carries upon its bones a greater weight of meat than a capon of the same price. A well-fed hare

of average size will weigh when prepared for cooking, about four and a half pounds. As man cannot live on beef alone, nor even on mutton, the various kinds of winged and furred animals known as game bring to his table a welcome variety, whilst to invalids that kind of meat is invaluable.

In estimating the value of the national game-bag, there is something droll in connection with the price at which it is filled. It has been already noted that the cost of every brace of grouse to the sportsman who kills them is reputed to be about a pound; and yet even in the earlier days of the season, about the 20th of August, the public may purchase grouse from the poulterers at from four shillings to half-a-guinea a brace. How curious it would sound if we were told that the table-spoons which we use cost ten shillings each to manufacture, but that a number of eccentric manufacturers were determined that the public should obtain them at half-a-crown each! The cases are sufficiently upon a level to be worth noting. 'Why a man should become lessee of a vast moor, and work like a slave at grouse-shooting for the good of the game-dealer, is one of those things which are too mysterious for solution,' said the late Lord Palmerston; and there are many who are equally puzzled with the problem. The solution however, is easy, and lies in the fact that no genuine sportsman takes a shooting with a view to making a profit or even squaring the expense. As a set-off against the outlay involved, he has health-giving exhilarating excitement in the shape of sport. He has the anticipation, the realisation, and the retrospect of glorious tramps through the heather or across the stubble.

There is no doubt that the national game-bag is a splendid contributor to the national commissariat, and that those who rent the wide wastes of heather which are found in Scotland and elsewhere are public benefactors, inasmuch as they are the means of conferring benefits on a number of people who would not otherwise obtain them. The gold of the Sassenach is a welcome sight in the Highlands of Scotland, both to the owner of the moors and to those who watch them; whilst the sale of all kinds of game has given rise to an industry which annually sends large sums of money into a hundred useful channels.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S STORY.

'WELL, my dears, if I must tell you a story, I will tell you what once happened when I was returning from India, now many years ago. With the earlier events of the story I was personally connected, and the rest was afterwards told me by one of the chief actors in it.' So spake our dear old Uncle Benjamin, when on a visit to us last Christmas; and we his nephews and nieces, who had been teasing him to tell us some of his adventures, delightfully composed ourselves to listen.

'I might,' he continued, 'call it a "tale of circumstantial evidence;" but for reasons which you will no doubt afterwards perceive, I prefer to style it "Cast Down, but not Destroyed."

'The homeward-bound troop-ship *Stirling Castle*, Captain Bowlby, was becalmed in the tropics. For three days there had hardly been a breath of wind, and the sea lay around her smooth as glass. But although all was so calm and peaceful outside, yet on board the ship a painful and intense excitement prevailed. General Page, one of the chief-cabin passengers, had been robbed and nearly killed the night before; and the person accused of the crime was Walter Stevenson, a young lieutenant, and a general favourite of all on board. But to explain, I must go back a little. The *Stirling Castle* belonged to the old East India Company, and General Page having retired from the service, was returning to Old England. He was accompanied by his daughter Rose, a young lady about twenty-two years of age, who without being exactly beautiful, possessed a vivacity and charm of manner which captivated all who approached her.

'There were several other officers on board; but only two enter into the story; the first being Colonel Morton, a very old friend of the General's; and the other, the Lieutenant Stevenson above mentioned. Colonel Morton and the General had known each other in youth, their respective families owning neighbouring estates; they had gone out to India together, and now were returning home in company. And still another tie bound the two old friends together. Colonel Morton had a son, and they had agreed that this son should marry the General's daughter, partly because of their long-standing friendship, and partly because the two estates united would make a very fine property. Nay, the General even went so far as to make his will, leaving all his property to Rose it is true, but appointing Colonel Morton sole trustee, and authorising him to use the influence the position gave him to bring about a match between the young people.

'Now, although all this was known to Rose, yet it affected her very little; she was a true woman, and would only follow the dictates of her own heart; and who shall govern the caprices of the god of love? Soon after leaving Calcutta, it was noticed that Lieutenant Stevenson was often seen in her company. Whether it was his handsome person, his bold frank bearing, or his general intelligence and affability that first attracted her, I know not, but certain it is their friendship, quickly ripened into mutual love. Ere the Cape was reached they had confessed to each other, and the father was made acquainted with their feelings and wishes. But alas! did the course of true love ever run smooth? As before mentioned, the General had his own idea with regard to Rose, and so he sternly refused his sanction to her engagement with Stevenson.

'I now come to the dreadful circumstances mentioned in the opening of my story. There had been a good deal of merriment in the large saloon the night before; but because of his anomalous position with regard to Rose, Stevenson took very little part in it, and retired early. The General too,

not feeling very well, had passed into his cabin somewhat before his usual time; and soon after eleven o'clock entire silence reigned throughout the whole of the after-cabins. So things remained until about five o'clock in the morning, when all were aroused by loud cries for help, proceeding from the General's room. Hurriedly throwing on a few clothes, several of the passengers hastened to the cabin indicated; and what a sight met their horrified eyes! Supported in the arms of Lieutenant Stevenson, lay the General, his head bathed in blood. His closed eyes and pallid lips seemed to betoken death, except that his laboured breathing and deep groans shewed that he still lived. In another part of the cabin lay the body of the General's servant, and examination shewed that he was quite dead. Being very old, he had been unable to withstand the heavy blow dealt him. The ship's doctor, Captain Bowlby, Colonel Morton, and many others were now collected in the cabin; and after the doctor had taken the wounded man in hand, the question was anxiously asked: How did it occur? As Stevenson was the one who had given the alarm, all looked to him for an explanation; but what he had to tell was summed up in a very few words. He said he had been restless all the night, and had got up early, to see the beauties of a tropical sunrise; that passing the General's door, he heard groans; that he had knocked, to see if he could be of any service; but receiving no reply, he had entered, and found things in the state they saw them.

"There were many who shook their heads at this tale, as it was well known the General had not an enemy in the ship, unless it might be the lieutenant himself; and most knew that the two were not on very good terms. Some one suggested suicide; but the doctor shewed that the wound on the head had been caused by a blunt instrument, and was in such a position that it could not have been self-inflicted. And now suspicion grew stronger that Stevenson knew more than he had told. Men asked themselves: "Who would be the gainer by the old man's death?" Stevenson of course; as the only obstacle to his marriage with Rose would then be removed, especially as diligent search failed to discover the box asserted by Colonel Morton to contain the will. So things remained for several days.

Stevenson could not but notice the half-averted glances of his fellow-passengers, yet he treated the idea of being really suspected as preposterous. Rose was for the most part closely engaged at the bedside of her father, who still hovered between life and death. He was for a great portion of the time quite unconscious; still there were intervals when he seemed to be aware of all that was passing. This being the case, it was arranged that he should be asked, in the presence of the principal passengers, to name his assailant. At the time appointed by the doctor as being a likely one to find the General fit to receive them, the cabin was filled by Captain Bowlby, Colonel Morton, and many others, among them being Lieutenant Stevenson. It was a scene, solemn as striking, in that dimly lighted cabin. The patient with his bandaged head, and his face scarcely less pale than the sheet on which he lay; the by-standers, with anxiety and curiosity strangely mingled in their faces, made up a picture not easily forgotten. The time seemed propitious, as the General recognised

Rose and several others around him; but now a difficulty occurred: the wound in the throat was in such a state that the doctor would not allow him to speak. It was therefore arranged that paper and pen should be given him, and while one held him up, he should be simply asked to write the name of his assailant. "And we must be quick, gentlemen," added the doctor, "or the excitement of the scene may overcome him before you obtain what you want." Thus urged, and all being ready, Captain Bowlby solemnly asked the patient if he understood what was required of him. A momentary brightening of the eye was answer sufficient, and none doubted but that the author of the crime would soon be exposed. But alas! the will was stronger than the power; for when the General had painfully traced a few letters, the pen fell from his hand, his eyelids closed, and he passed into a state of complete unconsciousness.

"And what were the letters written? The culprit's fate hangs upon them. Here they are, S T E. What a pity there are only three; and yet—when the Captain read out in a firm clear voice S T E, all eyes involuntarily turned on Stevenson, as though there could be no doubt that he was the man, and that these three letters were as good as a whole name. And so it proved; for on reference to the ship's books and passenger list, no other name was found (either Christian or surname) beginning with Ste. Nor was this all; for just at this moment a man entered the cabin bringing the missing box, which he stated had been found hidden behind Stevenson's bed. Examination shewed that the lock was broken and the will missing. So convinced was Captain Bowlby by this evidence, that he exclaimed in stern tones: "Lieutenant Stevenson, retire to your cabin, and consider yourself under arrest for the remainder of the voyage." It was done, and the once gay and still noble-looking Walter Stevenson was led away a suspected thief and murderer.

"But did every one believe him guilty? Not so. Need I say that the exception was the one whose opinion he prized more than all the rest—namely his beloved Rose. Assured of her belief in his innocence, and strong in his own consciousness, it mattered little to him what others thought; and so, when he passed from the cabin, his eye quailed not, nor did his tall form lose one inch of its height.

"I must now in very few words pass over more than a month. The good ship had steadily pursued her way, and was rapidly approaching the end of the voyage. No event of importance had occurred since the scene depicted above. The old General, contrary to all expectation, gradually became stronger; but alas! as his bodily health improved so did it become the more manifest that his mind was gone. The blow on the head had been too much for him; and though his life was spared, and his strength, comparatively speaking, restored, yet it was only to be an imbecile; simple and harmless it is true, but none the less an imbecile. Stevenson, confined to his cabin, had—as much as prudence and her duties to her father allowed—been cheered by visits from the noble girl. These visits were necessarily few and short, but still they were sufficient to assure him of her undying love and confidence. She could not but confess that appearances were very much against him, and that a dark cloud overshadowed him;

yet she could not for a moment believe that he, whom she thought the very embodiment of all that was good, could be guilty of so foul a crime. What tongue can tell the pleasure these sweet assurances gave to Stevenson! Supported by them and his own inner consciousness, he could defy the rest. The evidences against him might be clear, and his chances of refusing them apparently very small, yet his trust in God was never shaken; he knew there must be another explanation of the evidence, and he believed in due time the explanation would appear.

'Such was the position of affairs when the *Shirking Castle* arrived in the Thames. Stevenson was taken before the magistrates; and upon the evidence already narrated, was formally committed for trial, some of the principal passengers being bound over to appear when called upon. I will not attempt to describe the parting between the lovers; it was hard to bear; hard for Rose, although she was going to a comfortable home, surrounded by friends; but how doubly hard for Stevenson, who was not only parted from his heart's idol, but was going to a felon's cell with a stigma on his name. What wonder that he was overcome, that his courage failed him, that he fairly broke down. But over this I draw a veil; manhood's tears are terrible to see, and can only flow from a heart's agony.

'Rose too was fearfully prostrated and almost heart-broken; but like a brave little woman as she was, she collected herself, and knowing her lover's safety depended on her exertions, she set herself firmly about the task. Now it happened that Rose had a god-father, with whom she had been a great favourite before she went to India. This was Dr Bailey, a man of considerable repute in his profession. As a girl, Rose had always been accustomed to take her little joys and griefs to him, sure of a welcome. No wonder then that in this the sorest strait of her life, she should fly to her most valued friend. She did so; and there sitting at his feet, as in old and happy times, she told him all—told of Stevenson's nobleness and worth, of his love for her, and—blushing the while—of her love for him. Then she spoke of the murder of the old servant, and her voice trembled as she told of the horror of that night; then she passed on to speak of the suspicions against Stevenson; not one fact did she conceal; but her voice was no longer low and trembling, but firm and indignant that any should so judge him. But how quailed her heart when she looked up and saw the grave and doubtful expression on the good doctor's face; and when he repeated her words and reminded her of the will, of Stevenson's presence in the cabin, of the empty box found in his room, and above all, of the writing by the General, all pointing so conclusively to Stevenson, she saw at once that he also believed her lover guilty. For a moment her own heart and her faith almost failed her, and she too felt inclined to yield to the weight of evidence. But shaking off the feeling with a shudder, as though some noxious reptile had touched her, she poured out such a passionate flood of eloquence in defence of her lover, that the doctor, catching her enthusiasm, was compelled to yield to her powerful conviction. Seeing this, Rose fell on his breast, and in a passionate burst of tears, kissed him and called him her good kind friend.

'When they were a little calmer the doctor said: "Although we may believe him innocent, yet our belief will not save him unless we can bring forth proof. I will come round and see my old friend the General."

"Alas!" said Rose, "that would be useless. He remembers nothing, and even if he did, his evidence is strong against Stevenson. But come by all means."

"I will. In the dim light of the cabin he may have been mistaken in his man."

'Rose shook her head, and yet even this tiny ray of hope sent a thrill through her heart. "My father may have been mistaken," she whispered to herself; but again her spirits sunk when she remembered his condition.

'The next morning Dr Bailey, true to his word, called upon Rose, and brought with him a Dr Smyth, a man who had made all the phases of insanity his special study. After a time they were shewn into the General's room, and found him sitting up, cheerfully playing with a skein of silk. A very few minutes served to convince them that he was quite an imbecile, and had no rational idea of what was passing around him. But when Dr Smyth was told that this resulted from a blow on the head, he evinced more interest in the matter, and asked to be allowed to examine the scar. This he did, and the examination was long and careful. At length, calling Dr Bailey to one side, a whispered conversation took place between them.

'All this time Rose was very nervous and anxious for the result. At last her god-father, turning to her, said: "My good friend here thinks it just possible that your father's reason may be restored. The fact is the blow on the head has broken the skull, and owing to not very skillful treatment when the wound was healing, a small piece of bone is left pressing on the brain. If this were removed, it is probable reason would be restored. Of course," he continued, "your father will have to undergo an operation; but this is not necessarily dangerous. I will send you some medicine, and you must nurse him very carefully for the next few days; and then, if we think him strong enough, it shall be done."

'Rose heard all this, but it can scarcely be said that she understood it, so far beyond her fondest hopes did it all appear; so in a sort of half-dreamy manner she bade them "Good-morning." When, however, she got to her own room, and thought it over, and its full meaning dawned upon her, she fell on her knees and poured out her heart to God in thankfulness for such a possibility. Her dear father to be restored to her! What a joyous thought; and moreover there lurked behind it another thought, if possible still more joyous, that her father might be able to say something to save that other dear one languishing in a felon's cell. For the time she was happy; how happy only those can tell who have been suddenly raised from the depths of despair to the heights of hope.

'For the next few days she redoubled her attentions to her father, and surely no invalid was half so well cared for as he, for did not her whole future happiness depend on his restoration? Under such kind care and good Dr Bailey's attention, he rapidly gained strength; but the days flew all too quickly, and it now wanted only a little more than a week to the trial. This was fixed for a Monday; and on the Monday previous

the doctors thought the attempt might be made. It was done; and the patient bore it much better than was expected; but the result could not be known all at once, as he was of course greatly prostrated. During the whole of Tuesday and Wednesday he was in a very critical state; but on Thursday the danger was considered past, and on that evening, as Rose was sitting at his bedside, she heard his voice calling feebly: "Rose, Rose!" The tone was so natural, that she was at once convinced that he knew her. Repressing with great effort the violent desire she felt to throw her arms round his neck, she answered: "Here I am, papa."

"How quiet the ship is!" he murmured. "I cannot feel her roll at all. I wish the breeze would come, so that we might get home."

"Rose hardly knew what to make of this or what to answer; at first she thought his mind was still affected, but the clear intelligent look of his eye convinced her that he was sane. As gently as possible she soothed him, and he soon fell off to sleep again. When Dr Bailey, coming in soon after, was told of the success of the operation, he was much pleased; but he enjoined the greatest quietude, especially that all topics should be avoided likely to excite the patient's mind.

From this time the General improved very rapidly, so much so as to be able to take a little walk in the garden on Sunday. Following the instructions of the doctor, Rose conversed only of commonplace and present matters, although of course to some extent the past must have been alluded to, in explanation of her father's change of position, that is from shipboard to London. At the same time she was burning to question him as to what he remembered of that terrible night.

"On Monday morning when she went into his bedroom, he said: "My dear child, you look very ill and careworn;" and then receiving no answer, he continued: "I have been thinking about that Lieutenant Stevenson; what has become of him?" This was more than Rose could bear, so falling on her knees at his bedside, she—with many a sob and tear—told him all.

"As the results of this conversation will appear further on, I will not detain you with it now, only to say that it sent Rose to her room in an ecstasy of joy, causing her to throw herself on her knees, and in the fullness of her heart, thank God for all his mercies.

"I pass on now to the trial of the prisoner. It happened that this was the first case on the list, so it was still early when the trial commenced. I should like to describe to you the scene in court, did time permit, but I must ask you to imagine it. Captain Bowlby proved the finding of Stevenson in the General's cabin, and described the state in which it appeared. Colonel Morton proved the fact of the will having been made and deposited in the box, and told how it was against Stevenson's interests, which fact was known to Rose, and therefore presumably to Stevenson also. Others proved the finding of the box, hidden away behind the prisoner's bed; and last of all the paper written by the General was brought forward, containing the first three letters of Stevenson's name. The counsel for the defence did all that could be done, but was quite unable to dispute the facts or break down the evidence. Then came the judge's summing up. He pointed

out that although the evidence was clear, yet it was in a measure what is termed circumstantial; on the other hand, it must necessarily be so, as many murders were committed with no actual eye-witness. Much more he said fairly and pointedly, and then the jury retired. You might have heard a pin drop when they returned, and although the foreman pronounced the word "Guilty" in a low tone, it seemed to sound and re-echo through the whole court.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge in a solemn voice, "a jury of your fellow-countrymen have found you guilty of a dreadful crime, and I am bound to say that I agree with the verdict. I am quite willing to believe that you did it under a sudden impulse, hardly knowing what you did; nay, I may believe that in the first instance your only object was to get possession of the will; but finding yourself discovered either by the servant or the General, you committed the greater crime to conceal the less. It therefore only remains to me," he continued, assuming the black cap, while a visible shudder trembled through the room, "to pass sentence upon you, which is"—

"But just at that moment there was a disturbance near the door, and a female voice was heard imploring: "For mercy's sake, let us pass. It is General Page. The prisoner is innocent!" All eyes turned to the spot; and Rose, in a state of great excitement, was seen leading her father forward.

"The counsel for the defence immediately obtained permission to place the General in the witness-box, where, on account of his great feebleness, he was accommodated with a chair. After the usual preliminaries, the question was asked: "Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes; it is Lieutenant Stevenson."

"Did he enter your cabin the night your servant was murdered?"

"No; not that I am aware of."

"But you wrote a portion of his name on a piece of paper. See; here it is."

"Yes; but it appears I did not finish it. Give it me, and I will do so now." Handing back the paper, he continued: "There; that is the man who attacked me."

"The mystery was all explained now; the completed word was—STEWART; and all this misery had been caused by the want of the four little letters—ward. The steward then was actually the man. No one had thought of him, and yet what more easy! He was always in and out of the cabins, and would be sure to notice the box; and evidently thinking it contained valuables, had stolen it. Having done so; and finding suspicion already fallen upon Stevenson, nothing was more easy than to hide the empty box where it was found. All this was ascertained to be substantially correct; for the man was arrested, and soon after confessed his dreadful crimes.

"I have nothing more to add, except that Stevenson was discharged without a stain on his name, and that the old General, yielding to the solicitations of his daughter, and convinced of Stevenson's worth, consented to their engagement. In due time they were married, and as the story-books say, "were happy ever after." And both will ever remember with thankful hearts how, although "cast down, they were not destroyed."

'Thanks, dear uncle! Good-night,' and kissing him, we retired to dream over the troubles of Rose and Stevenson, and also to rejoice that after all they were happy at last.

LIFE IN AN INDIAN TEA DISTRICT.

THE last few years have seen a wide extension of tea-planting in India. In Assam, Cachar, and Sylhet thousands of acres of jungle-land have been gradually brought under cultivation. The same has been done near Darjiling—where the 'Terai,' or belt of forest beneath the lower slopes of the Himalaya, is well suited for the growth of tea—in the Kangra Valley, and in parts of Chota-Nagpore. In spite of the present depression in the tea-trade, gardens are still being opened; every year new land is cleared and planted; while there seems to be no falling off in the number of men who turn their faces eastward, and seek their fortunes in tea in these days of overcrowded professions at home.

A planter's life is often too brightly painted. Visions of boundless liberty and abundant sport, or dreams of an easy road to wealth and comfort, attract men of different characters and habits to the tea-gardens, generally to find their cherished hopes doomed to disappointment. The life is really a hard one, what is life to the plant being too frequently death to the grower. As a damp hot climate suits the tea-plant best, all the districts are more or less unhealthy; and the mortality among Europeans in tea-growing provinces compares unfavourably with that in other parts of India. Houses too are often of the *kutchra* description—mere erections of mats and bamboos tied together with rattans, and affording poor protection against damp. In outlying gardens at a distance from any station or large bazaar, good food is procured with difficulty. Muddy fish, and poverty-stricken fowls and ducks and eggs can indeed be obtained; but are very different from the British article. So obvious is this to Anglo-Indians, that they seldom or never call these delicacies by their English title. It is *murgli* for instance, and not 'fowl,' to the initiated. There is an anecdote of a newly arrived planter who had not yet entered into this distinction of meats. He was a Scotchman of the working-class, and was at breakfast with his employer. Beef and *murgli* were on the table, and on the stranger being asked if he would take some of the latter, he declined to do so, for the odd reason that he 'wasna used to high livin'!

The pay of a young assistant on a tea-garden is at first about a hundred rupees (ten pounds) a month with a free unfurnished house, pony allowance, and one or two inferior servants. In two or three years, if he is steady and fortunate, he may become manager of a garden, with a salary of two hundred or two hundred and fifty rupees a month. After longer experience and success in raising tea, his pay may advance to four hundred rupees or more; but part of this

will depend on the out-put of tea from the garden, and on the prices realised at sales, on which managers are allowed commission. Meanwhile, his expenses are considerable. Few men can keep their health in the tropics without certain luxuries and comforts unnecessary in England; and these in a tea district are sold at exorbitant prices. One or more ponies and their attendants have to be kept besides those allowed by the garden; upper house-servants receive high wages for India; and to swell his expenses, the planter has to take his part in the hospitalities and amusements of the district.

The day's work beginning at sunrise, coolies are mustered and sent in gangs to their tasks; some to pluck the leaf or weed and prune the bushes; others to roll and dry the leaf in manufacturing houses; or to sort and pack the prepared tea. Gangs will be busy elsewhere on the roads or drains in various parts of the estate, and their work must be superintended at intervals on horseback. A planter is in the saddle from sunrise till ten or eleven o'clock A.M., returns from outdoor work to look in at the tea-houses, has his breakfast, spends an hour or two afterwards in the stifling atmosphere of the drying-sheds, and then goes out again over the garden till the coolies are turned in at five; when a formidable array of reports, disputes to settle, records of the day's work to make up, and arrangements for to-morrow, await him. At seven or eight o'clock he will dine, and the mosquitoes or sand-flies will soon drive him into his curtains afterwards.

Society is, as may be supposed, of a mixed character. In most districts there is a government station, with two or three resident civilians, perhaps a native regiment with half-a-dozen English officers, a doctor, and possibly a clergyman, some of whom may have their wives with them. A lady may now and then be met with on the gardens also. Distances are so great and roads so bad, that men seldom meet in any numbers or see much of any but their nearest neighbours, unless there is an annual gathering for pony-racing and athletic sports in the cool season. Once or twice a week a few planters come together to play polo, natives joining in the game. A dinner-party often finishes the evening's amusement, or a moonlight ride home to quarters.

Sportsmen are usually disappointed in tea districts. Planters have neither time nor means at hand to follow large game in the heavy jungles, and wild animals are being driven farther and farther into the forests every year, as new gardens are opened out. A stray tiger sometimes affords a little excitement. After a few cows have been carried off or a belated coolie killed, things are thought serious enough to warrant the formation of a hunting-party. The carcass of the last deceased cow is discovered in the jungle, and the sportsmen establish themselves at night on a *machan* or platform in the nearest trees to wait for the tiger to come and be shot, which he generally declines to

do. Poison is more effective in getting rid of troublesome animals; but there is a slight risk of some low-caste coolies, who will eat anything, making a forbidden feast off the poisoned carcass. Last year, a planter in Cachar was badly mauled by a tiger. It was an old and decrepit female, which had killed two or three natives on the garden, and paid nightly visits to the neighbourhood of the lines and bungalow. Three planters sat up for her in the verandah at night, and as one of them was dozing in his chair, the tigress sprang in upon him, seizing the arm he instinctively raised to protect his face, and tearing open his cheek with her claws. When the first surprise was over, one of his companions shot the animal in the verandah, while she was still upon his friend, and finished her off with the bayonet.

In the earlier days of tea-planting, frontier districts were liable to incursions of the Hill tribes. The Lushais were the chief offenders, and they visited the gardens more than once. Besides love of plunder, one of their national customs led to these expeditions. On the death of a chief, they think it essential to his happiness in the other world that a number of newly-obtained human heads should grace his obsequies, and peaceful coolies on tea-gardens often seemed the most convenient neighbours to supply them. A war-party would then come down from the hills and fall on the lines before daybreak, murdering every man woman and child they met. The bungalow was usually assaulted also, with the same result, if the inmates were taken by surprise or had no adequate means of resistance. There is a tablet in the Cachar church to the memory of a planter named Winchester, who was cut to pieces in one of these raids, and his daughter carried off; to be rescued by a British force afterwards sent against the tribe. A detachment of Lushais which attacked a bungalow about the same time was driven off with loss by two planters and the wife of one of them. The lady loaded the rifles throughout the skirmish, and was as cool and determined as any of the party.

What are the prospects of young men who come out to tea? It is to be feared they are often represented in too attractive colours. A few have certainly in the course of time gained a competence, or have become well off by lucky speculation. But these have been for the most part men who owned private capital, or who, after long experience and success in tea-making, have gained the confidence of firms or agents, so as to be able to borrow large sums for opening new gardens in which they have obtained shares. Instances are few and far between of men growing rich with only their pay to depend upon, and these are fewer now than they used to be. No one should come out to tea-planting without the promise of employment from proprietors or agents at home or in India, and even then he should not expect to become wealthy unless he has money of his own to invest, or more than the usual luck of men abroad. Recommendations or introductions to Calcutta firms, on the strength of which so many leave home, are often of small value, from the number of applicants for employment already on their books. At best, a man has to face the certainty of a hard life, much drudgery in a trying climate, and many anxieties and changes of fortune; while he can

only hope to become master of sufficient wealth to enable him some day to return home in average comfort, after many years of exile and unsettled life.

STRANGE ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS.

WHY married folk, so ill-mated as to agree only to differ, should be said to lead a cat-and-dog-life, is not very clear, since those household pets, being intelligent, affectionate, cheerful, and sociable creatures, very frequently contrive to live harmoniously enough together. The Aston Hall cat that ate, associated, and slept with a huge blood-hound, only did what innumerable cats have done. Such companionships are too common to be reckoned among strange animal friendships, such as that most singular instance of attachment between two animals of opposite natures and habits, related to Mr Jesse by a person on whose veracity he could depend. The narrator boasted the proprietorship of an alligator which had become so tame that it would follow him up and down stairs; while it was so fond of his cat's society, that when she lay down before the fire the alligator followed suit, made a pillow of puss, and went off to sleep; and when awake the reptile was only happy so long as puss was somewhere near, turning morose and ill-tempered whenever she left it to its own devices.

Many equine celebrities have delighted in feline companions, following in this the example of their notable ancestor, the Godolphin Arab, between whom and a black cat an intimate friendship existed for years, a friendship that came to a touching end; for when that famous steed died, his old companion would not leave the body, and when it had seen it put underground, crawled slowly away to a hay-loft, and refusing to be comforted, pined away and died.

One of Miss Braddon's heroines says: 'It is so nice to see a favourite horse looking over the door of his loose-box, with a big tabby cat sitting on the window-ledge beside him.' The big tabby would probably prefer being on horseback, for puss takes very kindly to the stable, and the horse takes as kindly to puss. A cat belonging to the royal stables at Windsor made herself so agreeable to one of the horses there, that rather than put her to any inconvenience, he would take his night's rest standing. This was held detrimental to his health; and the stable authorities, unable to hit upon any other plan, banished poor pussy to a distant part of the country.

Mr Huntington, of East Bloomfield, America, owns a thoroughbred horse named Narragansett and a white cat. The latter was wont to pay a daily visit to Narragansett's stall to hunt up the mice and then enjoy a quiet nap. Mr Huntington removed to Rochester with his family, leaving the cat behind; but she complained so loudly and so unceasingly that she was sent on to the new abode. Her first object was now to get somebody to interpret her desires. At last her master divined

them, and started off with her to the barn. As soon as they were inside, the cat went to the horse's stall, made herself a bed near his head, and curled herself up contentedly. When Mr Huntington visited the pair next morning, there was puss close to Narragansett's feet, with a family of five beside her. The horse evidently knew all about it, and that it behoved him to take heed how he moved his feet. Puss afterwards would go out, leaving her little ones to the care of her friend, who would, every now and then, look to see how they were getting on. When these inspections took place in the mother's presence, she was not at all uneasy, although she shewed the greatest fear and anxiety if any children or strangers intruded upon her privacy.

A gentleman in Sussex had a cat which shewed the greatest affection for a young blackbird, which was given to her by a stable-boy for food a day or two after she had been deprived of her kittens. She tended it with the greatest care; they became inseparable companions, and no mother could shew a greater fondness for her offspring than she did for the bird.

Lemmy shut up a cat and several mice together in a cage. The mice in time got to be very friendly, and plucked and nibbled at their feline friend. When any of them grew troublesome, she would gently box their ears.—A German magazine tells of a M. Heart who placed a tame sparrow under the protection of a wild-cat. Another cat attacked the sparrow, which was at the most critical moment rescued by its protector. During the sparrow's subsequent illness its natural foe watched over it with great tenderness.—The same authority gives an instance of a cat trained like a watch-dog to keep guard over a yard containing a hare, and some sparrows blackbirds and partridges.

A pair of carriage horses taken to water at a stone trough, then standing at one end of the Manchester Exchange, were followed by a dog who was in the habit of lying in the stall of one of them. As he gambolled on in front the creature was suddenly attacked by a mastiff far too strong for his power of resistance, and it would have gone hard with him, but for the unlooked-for intervention of his stable companion, which, breaking loose from the man who was leading it, made for the battling dogs, and with one well-delivered kick sent the mastiff into a cooper's cellar, and then quietly returned to the trough and finished his drink. In very sensible fashion too, did Mrs Bland's half-Danish dog Traveller show his affection for his mistress's pet pony. The latter had been badly hurt, and when well enough to be turned into a field, was visited there by its fair owner and regaled with carrots and other delicacies; Traveller, for his part, never failing to fetch one or two windfall apples from the garden, laying them on the grass before the pony, and hailing its enjoyment of them with the liveliest demonstrations of delight.

That such relations should exist between the horse and the dog seems natural enough. But that a horse should be hail-fellow with a hen appears

too absurd to be true; yet we have Gilbert White's word for it that a horse, lacking more suitable companions, struck up a great friendship with a hen, and displayed immense gratification when she rubbed against his legs and clucked a greeting, whilst he moved about with the greatest caution lest he might trample on his 'little, little friend.'

Colonel Montagu tells of a pointer which after being well beaten for killing a Chinese goose, was further punished by having the murdered bird tied to his neck; a penance that entailed his being constantly attended by the defunct's relic. Whether he satisfied her that he repented the cruel deed, is more than we know; but after a little while the pointer and the goose were on the best of terms, living under the same roof, feeding out of one trough, occupying the same straw bed; and when the dog went on duty in the field, the goose filled the air with her lamentations for his absence.

A New Zealand paper says: 'There is a dog at Taupo and also a young pig, and these two afford a curious example of animal sagacity and confidence in the *bona fides* of each other. These two animals live at the native pah on the opposite side of Tapuaharuru, and the dog discovered some happy hunting-grounds on the other side, and informed the pig. The pig being only two months old, informed the dog that he could not swim across the river, which at that spot debouches into the lake, but that in time he hoped to share the adventures of his canine friend. The dog settled the difficulty. He went into the river, standing up to his neck in water, and crouched down; the pig got on his back, clasping his neck with his forelegs. The dog then swam across, thus carrying his chum over. Regularly every morning the two would in this way go across and forage around Tapuaharuru, returning to the pah at night; and if the dog was ready to go home before the pig, he would wait till his friend came down to be ferried over. The truth of this story is vouched for by several who have watched the movements of the pair for some weeks past.'

When Cowper cautiously introduced Puss—a hare that had never seen a spaniel—to Marquis, a spaniel that had never seen a hare, he discovered no token of fear in the one, no sign of hostility in the other, and the new acquaintances were soon in all respects sociable and friendly; a proof, the poet thought, that there was no natural antipathy between dog and hare. Upon just as good grounds the same might be inferred regarding dog and fox. We have read of a tame fox hunting with a pack of harriers; and Mr Moffat, of Bursley, Northumberland, owned one that was excessively fond of canine society. In consequence of detection following a raid on the poultry-yard, Master Reynard was chained up in a grass area. Whenever he caught sight of a dog coming his way, he began fanning his tail, and laying back his ears, would strain desperately at the full length of his tether, that he might smell at the mouth of the dog, and use all his arts to induce him to have a romp, even though he had never set eyes on that especial dog before.

In 1822 some white rats were trapped in Colonel Berkeley's stables. Mr Samuel Moss of Cheltenham took a fancy to a youngster, and determined to make a pet of him. He was soon tamed, and

christened Scugg. Then he was formally introduced to a rat-killing terrier, a ceremony so well understood by Flora that she not only refrained from assaulting the new-comer, but actually constituted herself his protectress, mounting guard over Scugg whenever a stranger came into the room, growling, snarling, and showing her teeth until convinced he had no evil intentions towards her protégé. These two strangely assorted friends leaped from the same saucer, played together in the garden, and when Flora indulged in a snooze on the rug, Scugg ensconced himself snugly between her legs. He would mount the dinner-table and carry off sugar, pastry, or cheese, while Flora waited below to share in the plunder. One day a man brought Mr Moss another white rat while the terrier and Scugg were racing about the room. The stranger was shaken out of the trap, and presently two white rats were scampering across the floor pursued by Flora; the chase did not last long, one of them quickly falling a victim to the terrier's teeth, much to the experimentalist's alarm, as his eyes could not distinguish one rat from the other. Looking around, however, his mind was relieved, for there in his corner was Scugg with Flora standing sentry before him; a position she held until the man and the dead rat were out of the room. When his master took a wife to himself, a new home was found for Scugg; but the poor fellow died within a month of his removal, and it is not improbable that the separation from his canine friend was the primary cause of the rat's untimely decease.

St Pierre pronounced the mutual attachment displayed between a lion at Versailles and a dog to be one of the most touching exhibitions Nature could offer to the speculations of the philosopher. Such exhibitions are by no means rare. Captive lords of the forest and jungle have often admitted dogs to their society and lived on affectionate terms with them. Not long ago, an ailing lioness in the Dublin Zoological Gardens was so tormented by the rats nibbling her toes, that a little terrier was introduced into the cage. His entrance elicited a sulky growl from the invalid; but seeing the visitor toss a rat in the air and catch it with a killing snap as it came down, she at once came to the sensible conclusion that the dog's acquaintance was worth cultivating. Coaxing the terrier to her side, she folded her paw round him and took him to her breast; and there he rested every night afterwards, ready to pounce upon any rat daring to disturb the slumbers of the lioness.

The last time we visited the lion-house of the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, we watched with no little amusement the antics of a dog, who was evidently quite at home in a cage occupied by a tiger and tigress. The noble pair of beasts were reclining side by side, the tiger's tail hanging over the side of their couch. The dog, unable to resist the temptation, laid hold of it with his teeth and pulled with a will; and spite of sundry gentle remonstrances on the part of the owner of the tail, persisted until he elicited a very deep growl of disapproval. Then he let go, sprang upon the tiger's back, curled himself up and went off to sleep. Such friendships are, it must be owned, liable to come to a tragic ending, like that recorded by an ancient writer, who tells how a lion, a dog, and a bear lived together for a long time on the most affectionate terms, until the dog accidentally

putting the bear out of temper, had the life put out of his body; whereupon Leo, smugged at losing his favourite, set upon Bruin and made an end of him too.

YE YEARS!

*'Tis but the ghost of a feeling,
'Tis but the ghost of a smile;
Gone is the true light revealing,
This but a shadow the while.*

Thus shall each rose-tinted vision
Fade as the leaves in the Fall,
Leaving it may be derision
Casting a gleam o'er the pall.

Years glide along without number
(Swift as a wind-driven wave),
Hiding away in its slumber
Much we would struggle to save.

Taking the bloom from the roses,
Taking the down from the peach;
Leaving the thorn from the posies,
Leaving the ashes of each.

Bringing the end of our dreaming,
Rounding the sphere of our life;
Tinting with shades of new meaning,
Harshness of pain or of strife.

Waking our souls from delusion,
Chasing the shadows that throng;
Piercing the veil of illusion,
Righting full many a wrong.

Scattering the false that would cluster
Only when fortune is fair;
Shrining with ever more lustre
Love that all danger would dare.

Testing the true from the faithless,
Tearing the mask from deceit;
Leaving but few that are scathless,
Few—but how precious sweet!

Thanks then, each year that unveilleth
Tenderness, courage, and truth;
And for the rest—what availeth?
Take them, ye years, with our youth!

H. K. W.

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A GRUMBLE FROM PATERFAMILIAS.

I AM Paterfamilias, aged fifty, hard-working, with not a large income; and though usually a modest and retiring individual, I desire on this occasion to place myself and a few simple household hardships before an attentive (and perhaps) sympathising public. I live with my wife and family north of the Border, in a county-town whose name I shall for several reasons suppress; my means, as I stated before, are not ample; but with as kind a partner and as fine children as ever fell to the lot of man, I am still rendered unhappy, ay miserable, by a series of domestic nuisances, which take away the enjoyment I should certainly experience in these aforesaid treasures.

My household consists of my wife and five children, whose ages range from sixteen to eight. We live in a roomy house, with a pleasant garden at the back of it, and some pretty flower-beds in front. We have two domestics—cook, who is elderly, rheumatic, and sour (though faithful); and a young housemaid, who is being-trained, and who is pleasant of face and (considering the life cook must lead her) very good-natured. My wife is comely, very much younger than myself, and is moreover devoted to me. I will go even further than this, and say that I am equally devoted to her! Our children are all that fond parents could wish them to be; and to the casual beholder no possible element of discomfort seems to lurk in our quiet home. Yet strange! from my poor wife's very devotion to me and to her children, emanates that fatal skeleton in the cupboard, 'worm in the bud,' and crumpled rose-leaf, which is I feel fast undermining my domestic comfort.

The case is briefly this. Exactly four months ago a person came to our town and gave cooking lessons. My poor wife, anxious to make our very moderate income go (as she said) twice as far by commissariat-economy and good management, attended these cooking lessons, and ever since has presented me with messes positively too awful for description. The first few days of all sorts

of curious dishes, passed by quietly enough; I made no remark, ate what I could of them, and without fuss or observation (as I thought) rejected the rest. But when my wife, excellent creature, put down or caused to be set before me on a certain day a certain white soup whose ingredients she proudly assured me were clarified dripping, milk, potatoes, and sage, things reached a climax.

Of course it was peculiar, as might have been expected. But being of a hopeful turn, I looked forward with calm anticipation to the next course; for having a hearty appetite born of hard work and long hours, I fondly dreamed that what was positively nasty might be reserved at least for another day, and that I was about to get something eatable *now*. To my utter amazement, there succeeded to the soup (so called) a small covered dish of—I could not tell what sort of things. At first sight they looked like gigantic ill-shaped curl-papers, such as used to adorn the heads of our maiden aunts some forty years ago. On closer inspection, I found that they were mutton-chops rolled in batter and fried—forming, after being so manipulated, a dish at once highly indigestible and, to my plain taste, excessively revolting. I expostulated gently with my well-meaning but mistaken wife, shewed her the folly of attempting to make soup without stock, and mildly insinuated that the plain juicy chop of our first married years was a luxury compared to this hideously disguised meat. My wife, at all times grieved to offend me, promised never again to serve up such objectionable food, and the repast concluded with a small plate of cheese fritters, which were so tough that I rose next morning quite unfit for my breakfast. Next day at dinner I was rejoiced by the sight of some plain brown soup made after my own directions, and followed by a neat little roast of beef, which in its turn was superseded by a custard-pudding.

My unfortunate stomach having now by dint of plain dishes recovered its tone, my wife confined her experiments for a while to the production of extraordinary viands for the young folks'

one o'clock dinner; in consequence of which experiments my youngest boy Johnny fell seriously ill, and had to receive several visits from the family doctor, thus increasing the family expense. Esculapius declared that the boy had succumbed to a certain awful pudding, the component parts of which were grated lemon-rind, suet, currants, and raisins. Of this the unsuspecting youth ate largely, to the subversion of his inward man and the consequent disturbance of the household. In the midst of Johnny's illness cook gave up her place, very naturally observing that as she could no longer cook to please her mistress, and that lady came down to the kitchen to do her work and make compounds of her own, she thought she would look for another situation. Of course cook said all this in her native Doric, and with many contemptuous remarks about 'slaisterin' dishes that weren't fit for the pigs!' But delicacy and consideration for the reader's feelings forbid me to speak broadly of the way in which that sagacious woman expressed her outraged feelings. Of course I sided with cook, though I did not say so; and when she left, I added the *douceur* of a pound to her wages, earnestly hoping that she would find a home where old-fashioned cooking was patronised and 'none o' these kickshaws' encouraged.

After this, no cook could be found, and there ensued a miserable period of dinners which scarcely deserved the name. Sometimes my wife cooked, sometimes the housemaid tried what she could do; but their efforts, either joint or otherwise, were not crowned with success. My dinner-hour, once a pleasure, was now looked forward to with serious apprehension; my home felicity was becoming thoroughly undermined; and when a friend invited me to dine at his house, I did not decline on the plea that my wife expected me to dinner at five, but took him at his word.

One evening on my arrival at home I found the household in a state of consternation (I had been dining out that day, and returned about eight o'clock). My wife was ill, the doctor was up-stairs, the children looked scared and white, and the household aspect of cheerfulness which generally greeted my arrival was changed into a sort of terrified gloom. Instinct prompted me to inquire hurriedly what they had had for dinner, when my eldest daughter informed me that they had dined on onion-soup with force-meat balls, carrot-pie, potato fritters, 'and a new sort of jam-roll which mamma learned to make last winter.' This was enough. I rushed wildly up-stairs, and in broken sentences asked the kindly doctor what he thought of my wife's illness. He is a man of few words, so he said briefly: 'Your wife is the victim of an experiment; she has a very bad fit of indigestion.'

I was not at all surprised at this; and resolved that during the next two or three days our food should be of the most simple description; which resolution I was the better able to carry out, seeing that my wife was ordered by the doctor to remain in bed and support nature on weak beef-tea and arrow-root. Jane the housemaid I found was really a tractable creature; and having spoken to her seriously on the advantages to be derived from well-boiled potatoes, tender beef-steaks, and well-mashed joints, she managed to turn out some very respectable dinners. All this time no cook was to

be found who would come to us in our extreme need. One and all refused, because they had heard that the 'mistress was never out of the kitchen,' 'that she stood over the cooks when they were dishing the dinner;' and so forth. As for myself and children, we felt quite well and happy. Of course we regretted the absence of 'the mistress;' but no doubt the rest from 'experiments' would benefit the good lady; though a panic seized me lest she should be concocting some fearful mess in her own mind, to be hereafter dispensed to her too confiding circle, when she should once more come down-stairs.

She did come down. And from that time I do think the well-meaning (though still mistaken) little woman has tried about every dish under the sun. She thinks she is improving; and I am once more the victim of potato fritters, Brazilian stews, heavy pastry rolled round innocent beef or mutton, and all kinds of abominations. For the fine well-boiled and manly potatoes of my youth I cry in vain; for the juicy beef-steak, tender, and swimming in its own rich natural gravy, I sigh uselessly; those days are past; and except at the house of an old-fashioned friend, the plain wholesome dishes of 'auld langsyne' delight me no more. What my wife may end in being or doing I am afraid to think; she has just told me with a jubilant air that she has engaged a cook at twenty pounds a year, who says she can do everything needed by a family of moderate requirements 'without being superintended!' Certainly her wage is not—in our humble sphere—moderate, but fills me with horror; however, *mon verrou*, as the French say. Let me hope that she is a 'plain cook,' as I do not desire any other sort.

What a very extraordinary thing it is that so few cooks can boil a potato, an egg, or green vegetables properly. Why is it that in the houses of the poor you find the best-boiled potatoes? In the mansions of the great they are usually hard as cannon-balls, and but too frequently cold before coming to the table. I remember as a child going often to visit an old woman who was very badly off. Some benevolent lady or gentleman had sent her a present of potatoes. She had a little three-legged pot with a funny lid, and out of it came the most delicious potatoes I ever tasted. Positively they might have graced the table of an Irish king. I can remember their flavour yet; with nothing but salt, an emporer might have dined on them. Large, mealy, and boiled all through, and 'in their jackets,' it was one of the greatest treats of my boyhood to receive one piping hot into my open and unhesitating palm. Where will you find such now? except still at the firesides of the poor.

The teaching of new-fangled cookery is all very well in its way, but I should like to see the well-bred neat little woman who conducts her experiments before a tolerable audience, teach in the first place the making of simple, wholesome dishes; and above all, shew ignorant people how to boil a potato, make good broth, soup, and porridge; also instruct them to roast meat without scorching it, and fry fish well and appetisingly. Then she could go on to experimental dishes, and now and then a household might go in for 'kickshaws,' by way of a foil to enhance the value of the old-fashioned dishes.

In France, where economy rules and the most is made of everything, the most exquisite little titbits are produced at very little cost, and cooked at the expenditure of a handful of charcoal. But here, joints of meat are too often burned to a cinder and stews ruined because cooks *will* use double the quantity of fuel that is necessary. Here, *Materfamilias* if she attempts anything light or dainty, generally fails; in France, every woman however poor is a cook by nature, and gives a grace to the humblest dish, simply because she is tasteful and intelligent. The French nation expends in the two items of food and fuel about half as much as the English and Americans, and with better results. If there was a training-school for women-servants before they go into service, and if each was compelled by Act of Parliament to go through a regular course of instruction, then I and many other afflicted husbands and fathers could look forward confidently to dinner-time as to an oasis in the desert of daily life. I would suggest also that in this case cooks would be worth the wage they demand, and *Materfamilias* need not in that case spoil her fair complexion or pretty hands in the kitchen. Of course a mistress should be able to tell an ignorant servant *how* to cook, if she comes and asks advice; but a well-trained cook will not require this, and though I do not admire fine ladies who are above working, yet a mistress need not be 'always in the kitchen.'

I shall conclude this with an anecdote of long ago. A bachelor and spinster gave a large ceremonious dinner-party. They were hospitable and kindly folk, and the lady in particular was most anxious that all things should be 'done to a turn.' Just five minutes before dinner was served, the hostess looked at her watch, and rising quickly, slipped out of the room down to the culinary regions. Remaining there till she had tasted and superintended the dishing of sundry good things, she hurriedly left the kitchen, and telling the servant to announce dinner, she gracefully apologised, on entering the drawing-room, for her absence. As she did so, she became aware, poor lady, that she had forgotten to remove a large and rather dirty servant's apron with which she had invested herself, and with an exclamation of 'O mercy, I've forgotten to take off Jean's 'brat!' she retired hastily, covered with confusion. ('Brat' is broad Scotch for a servant's apron.)

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER XL.—ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

THE wild Australian black is perhaps the lowest known type of humanity. His skull shews a low development of intellect, his body a low development of physique. His mode of living is wretched in the extreme, for he lacks the capability of building a sufficient shelter either from the scorching sun of summer or from the keen winds and heavy rains of winter. And yet it is possible to find even a lower grade of being than the Australian black in his native ignorance and filth, namely the same black after he has visited some of the colonial cities. When he has associated with the offscourings of one of the large towns, when he has added to the brutality of the savage the lowest

VICES of civilisation, then indeed he becomes a hopelessly degraded creature, a thing for angels to weep over and for mankind to mourn.

You will not wonder then, that when Phyllis encountered the look of this man, and took in at one glance the expression of his fierce eyes and repulsive mouth, even her brave spirit quailed, and the blood seemed to ebb from her cheeks and throb to her heart with a wild terrible pang of fear. It so happened that only a few weeks before, the colonial papers had rung with the accounts of a murder which had been committed at a lonely shepherd's hut on the hills. The shepherd was out at his work, far beyond earshot of his dwelling, and his wife had been left alone in her solitary dwelling with her infant child. A party of wandering blacks came to the hut; and when the unhappy man returned in the evening, he found his hut a scene of desolation, and his dear ones brutally murdered. The whole colony was moved to horror at the dastardly deed—a deed which was only partly expiated by the execution of the ringleaders. Phyllis had read this story in the papers; and during the few seconds in which she stood confronting the black, it flashed upon her in all its terrible details. She thought of her delicate sister, of the infant, of little Bertie, and she was conscious that their lives as well as her own hung upon her tact and courage. But though those thoughts were written on the brave pale face, the girl never lost for an instant her haughty bearing, or quailed before the insolent stare of the black. With an imperious gesture, she pointed to the spot by the water where the others were already preparing to light a fire and were hacking the sheep to pieces; and the man turned sullenly away.

When she saw that he had rejoined his companions, she went into her own room, and gave way for a little to a violent emotion which shook her from head to foot. She felt giddy and sick, and for a few minutes was in that painful state when consciousness is only retained by a strenuous effort of the will. It must have been during those few moments of weakness that the girl's heart cried aloud and found utterance at her lips. 'Jack, Jack, Jack!' she murmured, and then covered her face with her hands and was silent.

It was only for a little while, however, that the weakness triumphed. Going forward to the looking-glass, she smoothed her hair, and tried to bring back a little colour into her white cheeks. While lingering for a few moments on the threshold of the sitting-room, Bessie was struck on looking up from her work by the curious set paleness of her sister's face.

'Phyllis darling,' she said, 'do you know you are looking very ill? You must have over-tired yourself this morning. Come here and sit beside me, pet, for a little, and rest your head on my pillow.'

'Yes, presently,' answered Phyllis, as she moved

restlessly about the room for a few minutes, under pretence of tidying away Bertie's toys. And then she did what Bessie had never seen her strong sister do before; she went to the cupboard, poured out a glass of wine, and drank it.

'You are ill, Phyllis,' said Bessie, raising herself from the sofa in alarm.

'No; indeed I am not,' answered Phyllis, coming to her sister's side, and resting her head on the sofa-cushion. 'Don't be anxious about me, Bessie. I am only a little tired; and when Judy Maloney comes back, I mean to live the idlest and most luxurious life possible.'

'I wish she were here now.'

'So do I!' ejaculated Phyllis, with what seemed to her sister unusual energy.

Bessie began talking of some little household reforms that were to be effected when Judy came back. The beds and windows were to have fresh curtains; and Robert had promised a new carpet for the sitting-room. 'And a piano, Phyllis! Robert has positively said that a piano is to come up in the next dray from Adelaide! If I have not forgotten all the little music I ever knew, I shall give you some lessons.'

Much as this might otherwise have interested Phyllis, the kindly words were lost upon the girl as she listened with strained attention for any sound from outside which might betray the presence of the blacks to her sister. 'Shall we ever need those things?' she was thinking. 'Will our lives go on just the same after this? Or when James and Robert come back to-night, will they find us?'—Would Robert go mad, she wondered, if he came back and found his darling, his idolised wife, as that shepherd's wife had been found? And Jack? Would he remember only what was best in her, and forgive and forget all that had jarred on him?

'But it shall never be!' she said to herself desperately. 'I have strength and courage; and God helps those who fight for the innocent.' She rose from her low seat presently, and declaring she was quite rested, announced her intention of preparing dinner for the little household.

'Don't trouble to cook anything,' called Bessie after her. 'Anything cold will do for us to-day, and you do look so tired.'

Glancing for a moment at the calm domestic scene—the delicate pretty young mother, the infant's cradle, the strong healthy boy dragging his toy-horse about the room—Phyllis again repaired to her chamber, where she offered up an agonised prayer to the Father of all mercy. When she rose, she looked and felt perfectly calm. She opened the drawer in which she had put away Jack's little pistol, took it out and examined it, to make sure that she remembered all that he had told her about its method of working. It was, as I have said, a revolver of the smallest size, and of the most beautiful workmanship. As she looked at its glittering barrel and costly mountings, she reflected with a curious sort of satisfaction that in this exquisite toy, which she could easily hide in one of her strong hands, death might be dealt to six human beings. 'Four of them,' she thought, while the lines about her mouth deepened and her eyes glittered. 'One for Bessie, and myself last. As for the children'—

Loading the pistol carefully, she slipped it into the side-pocket of her dress; and then, before

going to the kitchen, she went to reconnoitre the unwelcome guests. She walked along the bank for a little way, and stood looking down at the blacks, herself unseen. They had eaten as much half-raw mutton as it was possible for even them to consume, and their capacities in that direction are simply enormous; and now they were drinking the brandy, some out of tin pannikins, which they had doubtless procured at the last town they had visited; and others in a still more primitive fashion, from the bottles. Some of the men seemed to be already satiated, and were lying flat on their backs, with closed eyes and faces upturned to the sky. Two or three others, among whom was the tall black who had followed Phyllis to the house, and for whom she had conceived a special aversion, were still sitting up, and carrying on the debauch, as if determined to get as much enjoyment as possible out of the unwanted abundance. As for the women, they had withdrawn to some distance, and were squatted on the ground, their knees drawn up to their chins, and blankets or opossum skins thrown over their shoulders. Probably they had already received the small share of brandy which was all their lords could see fit to spare them. Altogether the aspect of affairs looked tolerably promising, thought Phyllis. If only those two or three inveterate toppers would give in and go to sleep, or if only Sam would take it into his head to return to the homestead. Never had she longed for the sight of a human being as she now longed for a glimpse of that awkward youth. She turned to scan the brow of the hill behind the house, hoping and praying to catch a flutter of his old jacket or a peep of the top of his brimless hat; but nothing living broke the green outline of the slope. Nothing remained but to watch and wait till the western sky should begin to redden and she might listen for the roll of the bullock-drays in the distance, and for the well-known tread of Jack's gray horse.

Calling fortitude to her aid, the brave girl went about her household work, preparing nourishing soup for Bessie's dinner, feeding Bertie, setting the kitchen in order, and baking scones for the men, who would return hungry and tired in the evening. The hands of the Dutch clock in the kitchen seemed to stand still, and two or three times she went up to it, to listen if its slow heavy pulse were still beating on. Every now and then she stole out to where she could see the blacks, and as the afternoon wore on she noted with thankfulness that they had at length succumbed to the potent liquor, and were lying quiet and apparently asleep.

The kitchen clock tolled the hour of four, and Phyllis thought, 'In two hours more Robert and Jack may be here.' She was dwelling on this idea with a feeling of relief, when going to the outside corner of the kitchen to glance towards lake and hill, as she had done so many times already that day, she saw something which made her brave heart stand still for a moment. The tall black had risen from his recumbent position and was now stealing slowly towards the house with a stealthy step and sidelong glances, which told of sinister meaning. Either he had drunk less than his fellows, or else, as he was evidently the strongest of the party, his potations had taken less effect upon him. At anyrate, on he came;

and the pale girl realised with an intense vividness of conviction that the hour of her deadliest peril was come. It was only for an instant that she quailed; the next she had stepped forward to meet him, determined at any cost to prevent his nearer approach to the house. Stepping forward to within about six paces of him, she stopped, and demanded to know his errand, drawing herself up to her full height. 'How dare you come near the house?' she exclaimed. 'Go back to the others at once!'

The black-fellow grinned, but stopped his catlike advance. Phyllis saw that he carried his club in his right hand, which he held partially concealed behind him; and she knew that if he came near enough, a blow might place her at his mercy. For more than a minute they stood confronting one another. Phyllis's hand was in the pocket of her dress, holding what she had hidden there, and her eyes held the burning orbs of the savage, as the hunter holds the eyes of a wild animal about to attack him. It was of all which she held dear that the girl was thinking as she stood there during those few terrible moments—of life and honour; of her delicate sister and the new-born babe; of merry little Bertie, the pride and pet of the house. She knew from the expression of the black's face that he meant mischief, and drawing the revolver from her pocket, she took deliberate aim.

'If you come a step nearer, I will fire!' she exclaimed.

Perhaps the native had never before seen so small a weapon, and did not believe it to be deadly; or perhaps he had never seen a woman use a weapon of any kind; for he only grinned again and advanced a step or two. There was a flash, a report; and Phyllis saw through the smoke her enemy lying before her, wounded and bleeding. A mist swam before her eyes; she felt a deadly sickness stealing over her; and through all the giddiness and strange noises which rang in her ears, she was conscious of the galloping of a horse urged to its utmost speed, coming ever nearer and nearer. In another minute Jack's arms were round her, and she was looking into his face with a long gasping sigh.

'Speak to me, Phyllis! What is wrong?'

'The blacks,' she answered; 'they have been here all day. But it is all right, now you have come,' with a shuddering look towards the wounded man. 'Have I killed him?'

'Killed him? No! You have winged him though, very neatly. The scoundrel!' and Jack's dark eyes scintillated with anger. 'He deserves more than that. Come inside, my brave child; you are as pale as a ghost.'

Phyllis was trembling like a leaf now; but she managed to smile into his face. 'Never mind me. See, there is Bessie looking from the door; go and take her back to her sofa.'

Jack went to the back-door of the parlour, which Bessie had managed to reach, and from which she was gazing with a very scared face. He lifted her in his arms and carried her back to her sofa, soothing her with assurances that all danger was over, that Robert and the men would be home directly, and that there was really no harm done. Bessie strove hard to suppress the hysterical sobbing natural to her weak state. 'Send Phyllis to me,' she begged. 'Oh, how brave she has been all day! I know now why she looked so pale and

strange in the forenoon! And she bore all the anxiety without saying a word to me.'

Phyllis came into the room, and kneeling down beside her sister, laid her face against her shoulder. 'It is over now,' whispered Phyllis. 'Don't be frightened, darling.'

They listened with strained ears till they heard the rattle of the drays and the voices of the men outside. Then Phyllis slipped away to her own room, where she lay down, and fell into a state that was partly unconsciousness partly sleep. From this she was roused by the settler's well-known voice; and opening her eyes, she saw Robert bending over her, and loading her with all manner of tender names.

CHAPTER XII.—'I OFTEN WONDER THAT YOU DON'T ADMIRE PHYLLIS!'

I will let James Hamilton tell his own story, as he told it that evening after the blacks had gone, all except the wounded man, for whom a palloff had been made up in one of the outhouses. Tea was over, and the members of the reunited household were gathered in the parlour, regarding one another with thankfulness for perils past. Bessie reclined on the sofa, with Robert close beside her. Bertie had gone to bed, and the infant was asleep in the cradle. Phyllis sat near the table in an easy-chair which Jack had drawn forward for her; and as the lamplight fell on her face, it revealed a look of rest that comes with relief from a long strain of feeling. At her side Jack stationed himself, her willing slave.

'We had been busy all the morning—Robert and the two men and I—driving in the wooden piles for our jetty and removing some stones out of the way. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I felt tired; for the work was harder than any I had ever done before, and we were all hungry. We got out the basket with our dinner in it, and spread the things on a green knoll about two dozen yards from the place where we had been working. Robert and I were very merry over our dinner; and afterwards, while the men were having theirs, we strolled off to a grassy bank near, and lay down to enjoy our pipes. As I have said, I was tired, and lying quietly there, I fell into a sort of doze. I don't suppose I had slept many minutes, when I was awakened up suddenly by Phyllis's voice calling me. I heard her distinctly, as surely as I ever heard anything, call my name three times. "Jack, Jack, Jack!" she said; and she did not speak very loud either, but in a sort of intense whisper. The idea conveyed to me was that she was in great distress and trouble, and that she wanted help sorely. In a moment I was broad awake, and I suppose I looked rather scared; for Robert shook me by the shoulder and said: "Hollo, old man, have you had a bad dream?"

"It wasn't a dream," I said. "I heard Phyllis call me."

'Bob shouted with laughter, and began teasing me about hearing a lady's voice six miles off; but I could not shake off the strange uncomfortable feeling that the dream, if it was a dream, had left on my mind. I would have started off home then, only I thought Robert would banter me so. But all the afternoon the feeling that there was some danger hanging over you and Bessie and the

children was so vividly before me, that about three o'clock I went to Robert and said: "Bob, I must go home. There is something wrong there."

"He didn't laugh then; but told me that if that conviction was so strongly present with me, we had better yield to it, and that we would all go at once. I galloped on first, and he promised to follow with the men as quickly as he could make the dray-horses go. The dray being empty of the wood-piles, it would go pretty fast. You know, Phyllis, just how I found you. And I think that if ever a vivid impression such as I have told you of comes to me again, I will not try to fight against it, but obey the impulse at once. It is one of those mysteries which we cannot possibly explain, a sort of mesmeric influence which comes now and again to us mortals."

"There is one thing I should like to know," said Robert—"did Phyllis really call Jack at the time he heard her voice?"

The colour rose in Phyllis's pale face like a flood, and her sweet eyes drooped to hide the dew that stood in them.

"Did you, Phyllis?" asked Jack eagerly, bending nearer to her.

"Indeed, I did," she answered truthfully. "I remember quite well when I did so. It was in my own room, soon after the blacks had come. I believe I felt frightened for a little and lonely, with you all away."

"Frightened and lonely!" exclaimed Robert enthusiastically. "I should think you did! There isn't one woman in a thousand who would have kept her courage as firm and her brain as clear as you did, Phyllis. But it shall never happen again, my brave girl. I will never leave my house again with only women and children in it, and no man within call."

They sat there talking till a later hour than usual; and even when the time came for saying good-night, they lingered still, loath to part from each other even for a little while. Robert carried Bessie to her room, and came back to hold Phyllis in his arms once more, to kiss and bless her, to call her the brave defender of his home, his courageous clever sister. Jack stood by smiling; and when his turn came to say good-night, he would fain have touched one of those white cheeks with his lips; but the girl drew shyly away from him and retired for the night.

Remaining with Bessie till she slept, Robert sauntered out, feeling as if he could breathe more freely in the open air. He found Jack pacing up and down by the moonlit lake, not even smoking; a sure sign of great perturbation. Robert joined him in his walk, and the brothers paced backwards and forwards for a time without speaking. At last Jack said in a low voice: "I don't know how you feel, Bob, but the thought of all that has happened to-day nearly drives me mad. The idea of those two girls here alone exposed to the savagery of those wretches, is perfectly horrible."

Robert drew a deep breath, and his face looked pale in the moonlight. "It is too horrible to think of. But it shall never happen again, Jack. I cannot think now how I came to be so careless. I suppose years of security have made me feel over-safe. If it had not been for Phyllis—Jack, hasn't that girl behaved splendidly?"

"Yes, she certainly has," answered Jack dryly.

Robert was silent for a little, glancing curiously at his brother. "I often wonder," at last he said, hesitatingly, "that you don't admire Phyllis more. To me she is the most perfect woman I have ever known."

"Yet, though you admire Phyllis, you love Bessie best?"

"O yes; of course," he said, smiling. "You know that Bessie is my idol. But that does not keep me from feeling that Phyllis is a splendid woman. Not one girl in a thousand would have had the courage and presence of mind to act as she did to-day."

Jack turned away his head and gazed far across the lake in silence. When he spoke, his voice was low and unsteady. "Bob," he said, "I don't know if you will understand what I am going to say. I have been on the point very often within the last few months not only of admiring Phyllis but of loving her passionately. I know that in my heart I do love her, better than I shall ever love any other woman. She is beautiful and good and generous. It is impossible to conceive a nobler character than hers. But the very things that you praise in her are what make me afraid. Marriage is such a desperately serious affair; it means the happiness or misery of two lives. And I cannot help asking myself, are courage and presence of mind just the qualities which I desire most in a wife? In fact, am I capable of being to this brave grand creature the king and lord that a man ought to be to his wife?"

"Upon my word, Jack," said Robert passionately, "I fail to understand you!"

"Now I will tell you the difference between your Bessie, and Phyllis—between your position and what mine would be," continued Jack. "Bessie is the weaker of the two. You feel that you are everything to her; that she leans upon you for strength and support, that she trusts to you for guidance. I on the other hand could be nothing to Phyllis. Her head is as clear as mine, her heart as proud, her courage as high. We might be friends, as men are friends; we might be good comrades, walking side by side through life, with never a word of difference; but the gentle clinging truthfulness that a man longs for from a woman could never be mine. She needs nothing; she is self-reliant; in herself, sufficient to herself!"

"Why did she call you to-day, I wonder?"

"That, I cannot tell. I wish I could tell. If she were not so cold to me always, I would ask her. If I saw one touch of womanly weakness about her, I believe I should love her passionately."

"I think she has a touch," said Robert; "only she has the instinct of all brave natures to hide the weakness. At any rate," he added somewhat dryly, for he felt annoyed, "I do not think she has the weakness to give her heart where it would not be appreciated."

"That is rather cruel, Bob," returned Jack in a low tone. "You know—at least—well no, I suppose you don't. If I thought for an instant that she cared about me—things would be very different. But I truly believe that she cares just as much about me as she does about poor Sam."

"Hm!" said Robert, smiling, as he turned towards the house. "I'm not sure that her indifference goes quite so far as that. At any rate you are humble enough about it. Good-night, old fellow."

But Jack continued his restless walk by the lake for many an hour afterwards. The moon had set, and the chill that comes before dawn, had begun ere he turned in.

INDIAN NAMES OF AMERICAN STATES.

It must be owned that such well-known titles as Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, Two Bears, Little Wound, Blue Nose, Little Big Man, One Horn, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, do not suggest any very dignified or awe-inspiring associations, although the 'braves' of the prairie would doubtless find equal food for mockery in Smithville, Jonesborough, Indianapolis, and other astounding appellations which stud the transatlantic map from east to west. It is nevertheless interesting to note how many of the most famous names in America are of Indian origin. The long supremacy of the Dutch and French in the eastern and northern districts, and that of the Spaniards in the west and south, have indeed left indelible traces; but a large number of the yet older names used by the aboriginal possessors of the soil are still familiar as household words, though all memory of those who gave them has long since lapsed into tradition.

Commencing with New York itself, we find the island on which it stands still retaining its ancient name of 'Manhattan,' given by the Manhato Indians who formerly held it—though Washington Irving, in that wonderful burlesque which has immortalised the name of 'Knickerbocker,' derives the title, with an infinitely ludicrous affectation of learned research, from 'the wearing of men's hats by the squaws of the surrounding tribes, whence "Man-hat-on." Of the thirty-eight states composing the American Union, nineteen are still known by the quaint fanciful appellations bestowed upon them by their ancient inhabitants. Connecticut, slightly altered from its original form of 'Quon-eh-ta-kut,' is a Mohican word signifying 'long river.' Massachusetts implies 'the land around the great hills.' Michigan is the Indian name for a fish-trap, suggested by the peculiar form of the great lake which has given its title to the surrounding country. Illinois was formed from the Indian word 'Illini' (men) by the addition of the French termination 'ois.' The stormy region of Minnesota merits its name of 'cloudy water,' as does Wisconsin, with its many rapid streams, that of 'rushing channel.' The appellation of Iowa, signifying 'the drowsy ones,' however appropriate to its original owners, is amply contradicted by the energy of the sturdy farmers who are fast peopling its endless plains. The name of Missouri (muddy) has seldom been more justly applied than to the famous tributary of the Mississippi, which latter was styled with equal truth, by the once powerful 'Natchez,' whose name still survives in that of a local town, 'The Father of Waters.'

Those who have travelled through Ohio can judge for themselves with what justice its Shawnee possessors called its noble river 'the beautiful stream.' Indeed, the rivers of the various states have very frequently stood sponsors to the states themselves. Tennessee implies 'the river with a big bend.' Kentucky—'Kain-tak-ee'—(at the head of the river; 'Kansas,' 'smoky water,' which, with the French prefix 'are' (bow), gives a name like-

wise to the adjacent state of Arkansas. Alabama, in the tongue of the Creek Indians, signifies 'the land of rest.' The name of Wyoming, or 'great plains,' originally given by the Delaware Indians to the beautiful Pennsylvania valley traversed by the northern branch of the Susquehanna, has been transferred to one of the most noted states of the Far West. Dakota ('allied') was so called from the great confederacy of the north-western tribes, better known by their generic name of Sioux. The Utahs or Utes gave their name to a western state which has since become famous as the adopted home of the Mormons. The name of Texas, hitherto supposed to be of Spanish origin, proves to be the generic title of the various tribes inhabiting it, like that of Sioux or Iroquois. Indiana implies simply 'the Indian country.'

The titles of the other states tell their own story, the western names being for the most part Spanish in their origin, the eastern either English or French. The state of New York was named after the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) when taken from the Dutch by England in 1664. Sir George Carter, one of the original proprietors of New Jersey, marked his affection for the beautiful island of which he had been governor, by giving its name to his western possessions. Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, one of the earlier governors of Virginia, stood sponsor to the state of Delaware. Virginia itself was named after Shakespeare's 'fair virgin' throned by the West, 'Queen Elizabeth. Another English queen, Henrietta, the wife of Charles I., gave titles to two states—Maine from her native French province, and Maryland from her second name of Maria. Her royal husband was god-father to the Carolinas, as was George II. to Georgia, and Louis XIV. to Louisiana. New Hampshire was christened after the English county of that name; and Rhode Island from its supposed resemblance to the famous island of the Levant, although some authorities derive it from a corruption of 'rood' (cross). William Penn gave his name to Pennsylvania as its founder; and the French complimented the beautiful hills of Vermont with the title of 'Verte Monts' (green mountains), whence the Vermonters are still familiarly known as 'Green-Mountain Boys.'

The traces of Spanish conquest are still visible in the titles of Florida (flowery), Nevada (snowy), Colorado (red), Montana (hilly). California is a much disputed title, its first appearance being in the Spanish romance of *Esplandian*, where it figures as 'an unknown region of vast extent, inhabited by female warriors, black and terrible to look on.' The recently incorporated Territory of Nebraska takes its name from the Nebraska or Platte River, which traverses it from north-west to south-east. The derivations of Arizona, Idaho, and Oregon are uncertain.

Of the other Indian appellations still in familiar use, only a few can be given within the limits of the present paper. Niagara, now a household word in every part of the earth, is slightly corrupted from Oni-aw-ga-ran, 'the thunder of waters.' The grandest of the western valleys retains its native name of 'Yosemité' (Grizzly Bear), while its most picturesque cascade is still called 'Pohono' (the Wind Spirit). The beautiful lake which is the admiration of every traveller, has preserved its Indian title of Tahoe; while the Potomac, Susquehanna, Wabash, Missouri, Mississippi, Kena-

wha, Onachita, Penobscot, Suwanee, Cheyenne, Kennebec, Rappahannock, Saskatchewan, and a multitude of other rivers, continue to retain their beautiful appellations and to defy all the efforts of modern Vandalism.

A RIVER-DREAM.

MILE-END was a small country town; but such a town! The houses were packed and pressed and crowded together, making them look as though they would suffocate for want of air. Then they were so dilapidated and faded and tumble-down, it seemed a wonder they kept up at all. To look at them at a distance you would think, from the queer way the roofs all slanted and leaned towards each other, and a trick some of the houses had of poking up inquisitive-looking dormer gables and windows in quite unexpected places, that they had some important secret that they were whispering about and hobnobbing over. And then the narrow crooked streets, with their seas of mud, and filthy gutters, and débris-littered side-walks, the very stones of which had a dissipated rakish air, as if instead of lying quietly in their places and doing their duty, they could do nothing better with their time than go knocking about in a disreputable fashion, to trip up unwary passengers. And then the odours! Surely Cologne itself never boasted a larger and more extensive collection; at least, for the sake of its luckless inhabitants, let us hope so.

A more unhealthy, undersized, dirty, gossiping, miserable, worthless set of human beings surely never existed anywhere. The men were mostly out of work and drunk, the women lean and ragged and unwomanly, and the children little and weird and wolf-eyed. Many was the drunken brawl and scene of brutal violence that awoke the midnight echoes of the streets, and Fever and Malaria unmolested, stalked abroad. Within, the houses were as uninviting as without—with a separate family on every floor, sometimes within every room. What wonder that the health and the morals of the place should be at a terribly low ebb!

And what seemed to make it all more painful and pitiful, was the loveliness of the valley in whose lap lay this pestilent little town. The green flower-gemmed meadows were so fresh and fair—the air was so fragrant and balmy—the birds sang so sweetly—the little flowers were so brilliantly hued and so daintily formed—the river and its many shady back-waters and tributary streamlets were so fresh and bright and sparkling, and the murmuring music that they made blended in such sweet harmony with the tinkling of the sheep-bells, the lowing of the cattle, and the clear ringing note of the skylark, whose bit of a body seemed a mere speck far away against the blue. It lay, this lovely valley, like a glorious picture, nobly framed by purple shadow-swept hills, and overarched by heaven's cloud-flecked blue.

But though rich in beauty and healthful with heaven's breezes, it yet clasped a canker-spot of corruption to its breast; like a beautiful woman whose soul is worthless and diseased. Very few of the miserable inhabitants of Mile-end, not even the children, ever found their way out of the noisome atmosphere of the streets into the purity and

beauty of the woods and fields beyond. Like the grub that tastes of the nut it feeds and batters on, the dirt and squalor and poverty of the place seemed to grow into the hearts and minds and natures of its people, and to rub out all capacity for enjoying what was better and purer than themselves.

And yet even here, brutal and degraded as were the many, in the few, terribly small as that minority was, might be found high and noble instincts, that pushed themselves up through the poisonous soil, and groped painfully upwards and onwards to the light. Even here, as everywhere, might be found instances (rare perhaps, but still there) of brave patience, endurance, and heroism under great stress of suffering and misery and wrong. Then too, although in most of those poor semi-savage breasts, vice and sin had nearly elbowed out any virtue that nature might have originally planted, it must not be overlooked that great as the sin was, as great was the suffering; and who shall say, if these poor souls had been born into the clover of this life, as regarded their physical and moral surroundings, what fair and delicate and beautiful blossoms might not have expanded and bloomed in their natures!

Mile-end was a very old as well as a very dirty place, and one particular house in its principal street stood forward into the road several feet beyond its neighbours; its upper story quite overhanging the basement. This house was so old that it almost tottered when the wind blew—as it often did at Mile-end—even in spite of the wooden props, themselves rotten now, with which it had been buttressed up. But in spite, or perhaps because of its age and discomfort and general dilapidation, it was beautifully mellowed and harmonious in the tone of its colouring. Tufts of vivid green moss, and yellow and gray lichen, at intervals carpeted and softened the red tiles; and hardy clumps of orange wall-flowers filled up the gaps left by departed bricks and mortar; thus throwing over the actual decay and rottenness a glamorous veil of picturesque beauty. Within, this house was cruelly old and cold and comfortless; the beauty of decay was all outside, and only its stern reality existed within the frail and draughty walls. There were ten rooms in this house, which gave shelter to seven families. The noise and brawling were incessant, never seeming to stop night or day, for when at last the sickly children were asleep, the night was made hideous with the drunken blasphemies and low quarrels of the degraded men and women; and the reeking air was thick and heavy with gin and tobacco and disease.

In one of these rooms—it was in the projecting upper story, which through an unusually wide window commanded a view all up and down the street—lay on a straw pallet on the floor, barely covered with an old patchwork quilt, a boy of about fourteen, who, judging from his constant cough, laboured breathing, and emaciated limbs, was in the last stages of consumption. Beside him on the narrow bed lay a girl a few years older than her brother, fast asleep. She was pale and thin and dirty; but there was a rare beauty in the firm soft curves of the mouth and chin, and in the low broad brow, up from which was swept a thick tangled mass of curly brown hair. Tears glistened on the long brown lashes, and the eye-

brows were knit together in painful frown, which suddenly relaxed as the sick boy watched her with tired sunken eyes, and a sudden glowing smile lighted up her face.

'She can allus dream, and escape to the beautiful world she tells me about,' he muttered with a wistful impatient sigh; 'and I can never even sleep.'

'Yes, she was dreaming, but not so deeply but that the movement and sigh of her brother woke her. 'Whuten's the trouble, Harry dear? Be yo worse to-night?'

'O no,' he said, and sighed again. 'I was just a-wonderin' where yo was, yo smiled so; and I longed to be there too.'

'O Harry, I was 'way off, out o' sight o' honses an' streets an' such-like, all alone in the valley; an' all the trees an' the flowers an' the river spak to me, to give me comfort.'

'Ah! the valley,' said the sick boy; 'that's where I wants to go, as I used to, 'fore I was took bad. If I could sleep, 'rmps I could go too.' Here he was interrupted by a terrible fit of coughing, which only left him strength to gasp feebly for 'water.'

A cracked cup without a handle stood on the window-sill, and in it was a little water. The girl rose to get it; but as she was handing it to her brother the door opened, and their father staggered in. For an instant he looked at his children, and in a drunken fit of senseless passion, struck the girl a savage buffet which made her reel, and shattered the cup into fragments in her hand.

The girl's brow flushed crimson with anger and pain, and her brown eyes flashed fire. 'Yo miserable drunken brute!' she said.

'None o' yer sarce, gal, or I'll kill yer!' and he glared at her dangerously, with arm uplifted to strike.

'Faither, faither!' commanded rather than implored the sick boy, sitting up with an effort, and holding out a thin pale hand between them, while a hectic red blazed in his cheeks and vivid light shone in his sunken blue eyes. 'Don't yer strike her—don't yer strike her, or God will strike yo!' There was a strange almost unearthly look in the boy's spiritualised suffering face that awed the man into temporary soberness.

As he paused with arm uplifted, looking at his son, an expression of shame and uncertainty crossed his features; he hung his head, avoided the boy's intense eyes, and his arm slowly dropped by his side.

'Faither,' said the boy in a gentler tone, 'yo've hurt her—yo have, and she's as good to yo.'

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and looked up at his daughter, who was standing defiant and angry, with a dull red mark on her cheek and neck. When her brother spoke, her face softened and her lips quivered; she knelt suddenly by the bed and put her arms round him, saying in a piteous voice as the big tears fell on his yellow hair: 'It's no for me I mind! It's for yo. Whaten will yo do the night through withouten water? There's no a drop more!' the house nor the street.'

The boy said nothing as he stroked his sister's brown head, but the wistful longing look in his eyes, and the half-sigh he could not repress, shewed how much he needed the water. The man

looked at them for a minute, and then the fumes of the gin he had taken overpowered him again as he reeled to the opposite corner of the room, where he fell on to an old mattress, and in a moment was fast in a deep drunken sleep. The boy closed his eyes wearily and turned his face to the wall. The girl kissed him and settled him as comfortably as she could, then rose from her knees and went to the window, which she partly opened. The moon was high and full, and the street without looked as bright as day. A sudden idea seemed to strike her, for she smiled brightly as she went softly to the bed and stood gazing at the brother she loved so well, and knew she should be able to keep so short a time.

'My boy!' she said, with an intensity of pitiful love in her face, and stretching her clasped hands out over him as though she would keep him with her in spite of everything. 'My boy! he is all I have,' she murmured. 'Dear God, take care of him till I come back!' and with the love still in her face she softly left the room.

She went out into the brilliant summer night, and walked swiftly down the street towards the lovely valley beyond, looking up at the quiet stars as she went, something of whose peace and rest seemed to be reflected into the depths of her usually troubled eyes. After a while she left the town behind her and walked rapidly through the fields and lanes and woods till she came to the river's brink. How lovely it looked! The trees and flowers and grasses seemed outlined in purest palest silver—a very fairy network! and the quietly flowing river sparkled and shone with the glorious radiance of the moon and the stars. The girl sat down on a stone that projected into the river, and filled a jug she had brought, with the cold sparkling water which she had come to fetch for her brother. She seemed spell-bound with the beauty of it all, and sat there quite a long time looking down at the reflections deep in the water, and now up to the sky far above her head. 'If only my boy could be here,' she thought, 'how happy he wud be! Maybe he wud get well if he comed here—he loves the dumb natral things so.' Her tears fell into the clear rippling water. A little breeze sprang up, and tiny wavelets, silver bright, lapped up and over the stone to her feet. 'O river, dear river!' she said, leaning towards it, 'last night in my dreams yo spak to me, pitied me, and was sorry for my boy. Can't yo spak again now?'

The wavelets rose higher, and murmured and whispered in the wind; and as she listened, the silvery inarticulate sounds resolved themselves into words.

'Child,' the river said softly, 'the sweet spirits that live beneath my waves and in the woods and trees there, brought yo to me in your sleep, and we tried to comfort yo.'

'Why did yo not bring my brother too and comfort him?' the girl said. 'He's sore in need.'

'He would not sleep,' the river said. 'But take him some of my water to drink, and he will sleep, and you will both come to me in your dreams, and I will cure him and make him well.'

'Ah! you wull?' cried the girl—a beautiful light and brilliant smile waking her face into a wonderful beauty. 'I will go to him at once. Where be the spirits who talked so kind to me last night?'

'Oh,' said the river—and it seemed to smile and ripple all over in the moonlight—'you will see them again when you come with your brother in your dream.'

The girl refilled her jug, nodded brightly to the river, and hastened home with feet winged with hope and love. She found her brother awake and gasping for breath. 'Harry, Harry!' she said, tenderly leaning over him, and raising him on her arms. 'See! I've brought you some water, all fresh and pure out of the river.'

His faded eyes brightened, and he eagerly drank it, and then with a smile lay back on her breast. 'That's fine an' nice,' he said. 'How did's go so far? Thou's a good lass, to go for me.'

'Yo didna miss me whiles I were gone; did yo, Harry?'

The boy looked up at her with a loving smile and tear-filled eyes: 'I allus miss yo, little sister, when yo's not wi' me.' She bent over him and passionately kissed his pale lips.

'An' now,' she said, 'yo mun go to sleep; an' I'll go too; an' yo'll wake up right an' fine an' well to-morrer, an' yo'll never be sick no more.'

'Wull I no!' said the boy, smiling up at her eager face. 'Yo looks lovely to-night—like an angel,' he said; and added after a minute, still smiling: 'I can sleep now. Yo mun lie down by me—so, and put your arms roun' me—so; an' now kiss me, little sister!'

The moon screamed in on them as they lay, clasped in one another's arms, fast asleep, their lips almost touching, and the brown and gold of their hair shining in the light.

Harry woke first in dreamland, to find himself sitting on the bank of the river in the moonlight, waiting for his sister; and as he waited, all nature seemed to wake just to welcome him. The trees that waved their stately arms and silvered foliage above him, whispered: 'Welcome! welcome!' The little pollard-willows down by the water all nodded and spoke to him some cheery word; the sleepy flowers who sat swaying and nodding on their stalks, opened their brilliant eyes to smile at him; and even the long graceful grasses and rushes rustled and bent and bowed towards him, and did all they could to express their good-will. The very frogs stopped croaking to look kindly at the sick boy, with their bright eyes; and the crickets ceased rubbing their legs for a minute. 'Oh, how good it do feel to be here!' he sighed, and fairly laughed for joy; and all nature seemed to take up the echo and laugh too for company; and the frogs and the crickets croaked and chirruped louder than ever; and the bats took up the falsetto parts in the chorus; and the nightingale sang a solo that thrilled him with its beauty.

His sister came then, wandering along by the river, bright and happy, and sat down by him. 'Harry,' she said, kissing his thin cheek, 'yo wull get all well agin now; wull not yo?'

And the river answered, tossing a tiny wreath of shining spray on to her lap: 'Yes, yes; he wull, he wull!'

'Harry,' said the girl, clasping her hands together, and looking up at the blue dome overhead, where the stars were shining and twinkling—'I feel so happy now, that it seems somehow I c'd die just for nothin' but joy. Be yo not happy too?' and she laid her soft cheek against her brother's.

'It be all just so sweet an' glorious, sister, that I cannot find the words to put it into—I can only feel it here,' and he clasped his hands to his heart.

'Get up, get up,' sang the river, 'and come with me.'

So they got up and followed the twistings and bendings of the stream hand-in-hand. The girl noticed that at every step his walk became lighter and more buoyant; a warmer tinge flushed into his pallid cheeks; and his eyes seemed to have caught the radiance of the stars. As for her, she went bounding and dancing along by his side, a very impersonation of youth and health and happiness. In their joyous progress they were never left alone. From behind every tree they passed, and from the tender heart of every flower, and up from the silver water, beamed the cheery faces of dryad and hamadryad, elf and water-nymph, and every face had a blessing in it. As for the river itself, it chattered and prattled and laughed all the way. There never was such a talkative river. Its spirits were so high that every time the wind murmured and rustled a kindly wish through the trees, it curved and coquetted and dashed up arrowy silver-pointed darts of water all round and about the boy and girl.

At last, after wandering for a long happy while beneath the stars, they came to a lovely moss-and-flower carpeted dell in the wood, overarched by branching trees, whose foliage made a wonderful lacey pattern against the gold-spangled blue above, and in whose lap the river lay, a clear deep emerald pool, on whose translucent surface bloomed numberless water-lilies, open to-night against their custom, to do them honour, and whose pure white blossoms, with their snowy moon-brightened petals and golden eyes, rose immaculately perfect from the noisome impurities beneath, and sat queen-like among a tangled network of long pink stalks and shining green plate-like leaves. The brother and sister stood still by the water's brink, feeling hushed and awed by the great calm beauty of the place. As they stood there silent, the boy so thin and fragile and spiritually fair with the new radiant light as of another world shining in his blue eyes, and the girl in her sweet strong beauty reminding one of the water-lilies at her feet, in that they were both so fair and had equally sprung from muddy impurity and filth—they seemed emblems of spiritual and material life. The river scarcely murmured now, but just whispered as the trees waved gently in the breeze: 'Children, I have brought you home to the spirits who love you. Good-night, good-night!' Then the children saw that they were not alone, but that two figures clothed in long flowing draperies sat beneath the drooping trees. They were both beautiful exceedingly; but the face of one was as the face of an angel, glorious with an infinite peace and joy; while the face of the other, though beautiful, was sad and drawn and tear-stained, as though with passionate suffering and pain.

'Children,' said she with the sad solemn face, as they stood before them silent and awed, 'we have been waiting for you to-night—my sister and I,' and she smiled. The girl looked at them, and instinctively shrunk away from the beautiful sad being who had spoken, and went close up to the other, whose eyes were fixed beaming and smiling on her brother.

'Yo are so beautiful,' she said, 'an' look so bright and happy. Wull yo make my boy well, so he can enjoy himself to the fields and woods?'

Then the spirit with the radiant eyes rose and beckoned to the boy. 'I have come to take your brother home,' she said, 'where he will be well and joyful always.'

'An' may I no come too?' the girl asked, putting her arm round her brother's neck, as if to keep him with her. 'I cannot live withouten him!' Her mouth quivered, and the tears welled up big and bright into her eyes.

'My child,' the spirit answered softly, 'you cannot come with your brother now—the time is not yet. Some day I will come for you, and he will come with me to welcome you. But now, my sister wants you still, and has work for you to do.'

The girl turned and looked timidly up at the sad-eyed spirit, who said: 'Yes, my child, you belong to me; my sister has called your brother from me. In that, he is happier than you. But I will love you too. You need not fear me, if you will only trust me and be brave. Will you come?' She held out her arms to her; and the girl, touched and attracted by the sad face, went towards her, and, still holding her brother's hand tightly clasped in her own: 'I am not afear'd o' yo, an' I wull trust yo; but I cannot give up my boy!'

'But you must!' the sister-spirit answered.

In spite of her glowing beauty, the children both felt that her will was inexorable.

'Sister,' said the boy, 'yo mum let me go; I feel her drawing me, an' I cannot stay. I wull be so happy. An' yo wull come to me. Kiss me, an' let me go!'

She turned and clasped him passionately in her arms. 'I wull let yo go,' she sobbed; 'but it be so hard, so hard! We was so happy together.'

'I be so tired!' he murmured as he leaned supported in her arms, with his head against her breast, and his lips close to hers.

The radiant-eyed spirit approached them and took the boy by the hand. 'Come!' she said gently. 'I will take you home.'

'My boy! my boy!' cried the girl piteously; and for a moment, as she held him fast in her strong young arms, it seemed as though her love were deep enough to keep him in spite of the spirit's call.

'Sister, let me go. I wull come again to yo, an' fetch yo.'

Then with a moan, she loosed her arms and kissed him and let him go. Then the spirit wrapped the boy in her garments, and kissed him solemnly on brow, and eyes, and mouth; and behold! beneath the power of that embrace, his face brightened into health and life and beauty; and the immortal radiance that breathed from the spirit's form fell upon him and glorified him. And as his sister gazed wonderingly at him, the spirit took him by the hand, and they disappeared from her sight. Then she with the saddened eyes came to the girl and bent over her as she wept, and whispered, laying her hand on her brow: 'Be brave, and fear not!' and then she too vanished.

It was morning, and the sun was peering curiously in at the window of the queer tumble-down house in Mile-end. And this was the sight it

saw. The father was still breathing heavily on the floor; and on the bed, the brother and sister still lay close clasped in each other's arms. Her breathing was soft and regular, and her cheeks were wet with tears. On his face shone a radiant smile, for his was the sleep of death!

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A SHOWMAN.

SECOND SERIES.

IN No. 685 of this *Journal* we published some reminiscences in the life of a showman, supplied to us by the showman himself. The following are what may be termed a continuation of the series. Our friend writes as follows:

Before relating a few more of my adventures, I think an explanation of some of my principal fire-tricks may perhaps be interesting. During my engagement with Spicer, I was, as I have already stated, announced as 'Victor Delareux the Fire-king'; and though it was presumed that I was a proficient in the languages of the continent, I of course knew not a word of English; consequently Spicer performed the part of talking exhibitor somewhat in this strain: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce Monsieur Delareux in his unequalled feat of swallowing boiling oil. There is no deception. This is an ordinary saucepan, without any preparation. The oil is as hot as it can be made. I pour the contents of the pan into this goblet.' (The goblet was an old laboratory mortar of gun-metal, which drew away much of the heat from the oil.) 'He will now take a stick of lead and stir the oil until it melts away.' (The metal was not lead, but a compound in which bismuth predominated, and which may be procured in the form of teaspoons at any of the principal dealers in magical toys. These spoons will dissolve in a cup of tea or coffee.) 'The lead is melted; he will now drink the oil.' At this point I took a spoon, in shape like a punch ladle, but with a much longer handle. Having filled this, I took two turns down the front of the stage, to let the audience have a near view. I then took a wine-glass, apparently of the ordinary size, but only holding the contents of a thimble, filled it from the ladle, and drank it off with much show of suffering through the intense heat; but heat there was really none. By this time the oil in the mortar was comparatively cool, and I indulged in a few glasses more of the nauseous stuff.

Another performance was supping a bowlful of burning brandy. The bowl, which was of the commonest stoneware—the management could not afford anything superior—I placed on the table before the audience; the brandy, being first tasted or rather tasted by one or two of the 'front seats,' I poured into the bowl, and set fire to it. When the flames flashed high, I dipped a dinner-spoon into the brandy, and seemed to fill it; when I took it out of the brandy, I inverted the bowl of the spoon, and held it blazing before my open mouth; as I was closing my lips upon it, a gentle breath blew out the flame, and nothing entered my mouth but the slightly heated spoon. This fire-supping required to be done speedily, to prevent the spoon becoming overheated. Unknown to the audience, I used another spoon for my next sup, to give the first spoon time for cooling; and

I continued supping until the flames died out; finishing the feat by drinking off the small quantity of harmless liquid that was left.

In these above performances no preparation of the mouth was required; but in those I am about to describe, I rendered my mouth and skin much less sensitive, even to great heat, by a continual application of liquid borax to the first, and by anointing the second with a preparation of distilled water, sulphuric acid, and onion-juice. Having thus made myself as it were fireproof, I was prepared to eat any quantity of tow, and afterwards blow volumes of smoke out of my mouth, the inside of which was lighted up with a glowing red-heat. This I obtained by slipping a piece of red-hot charcoal powdered with sulphur between my teeth, having previously inhaled a long breath, and then breathing smartly, and thus shewing a small mass of blue-and-red fire. Some may think that the sulphur rendered the trick more difficult and dangerous; but its action was quite the contrary. In swallowing molten lead, which was not lead, but the compound already mentioned, I poured the metal out of the crucible into the palm of my hand; allowed it to rest there for a second or two, by which time it hardened into a lump; and then I shewed it on my tongue, and appeared to swallow it. Under the pretence of wiping my lips, I easily removed it unseen. I need not repeat what I mentioned in a former article about dancing on a red-hot bar or passing it over my limbs. When the booth was well filled, I sometimes wound up my entertainment with dropping melted sealing-wax on my tongue, making an impression on it with a seal, and giving the impressions away to the élite of our patrons.

In my early showman days the only medium of advertising was the bellman of the town or village, who was paid for his services by a free admission for himself and family on the first morning or evening of the performances. We often also had recourse to an indirect method of advertising our show. When not engaged at the booth, our usual resort was the largest and most popular tap-room of the neighbourhood. Many a time have I astonished, and sometimes terrified the natives by taking with my bare fingers a red-hot coal from the fire and lighting my pipe with it; and then carrying it round to the gaping countrymen, offering a light to each.

Of course, I was always in a condition of professional preparation during my reign as a Fire-king. One evening, after a successful performance at Uxbridge, I entered a tap-room in the little town. I had hardly sat down before I was requested, as being nearest the fire, to give it a stir up. A glance round convinced me that I was going to be made the victim of a plot. I seized the large ball which formed the handle of the poker, and which I saw at a glance had been previously heated to redness for the benefit of the first unsuspecting comer. The trick was at that time much in vogue, and never failed to elicit shouts of derisive laughter at the expense of the victim. The poker was cooling down from red-hot. I stirred the fire leisurely. 'Don't you find it rather hot?' remarked the lumpy host, winking to his neighbours. 'Not at all,' I replied; 'not warmer than I could have expected it near such a jolly fire. Feel it yourself.' I placed the ball in his hand. He uttered some strong language,

and danced round the apartment, slapping his singed hand on his thigh, much to the delight of the assembled yokels.

It was at this same town, if I recollect aright, that I performed a 'wonderful swallowing feat.' It was a trick, and the only trick I ever resorted to in the way of actual swallowing. There were many in the town who would not believe in the genuineness of my sword-swallowing feat; so I announced that I would swallow three iron rods of nine inches each in length, and not only swallow but digest them. I employed a confectioner of the town, who was a little bit of a showman in his way, to make me three rods of jujube mixture, and coat them slightly with tinfoil. At the appointed time, before a large and excited audience, I produced the sham rods, and knocking them together, made them ring in such a manner that their metal could not be disputed. The ringing was done by a brother-actor, who stood at the side-wings and rattled three genuine iron rods together. Bit by bit I swallowed the sweet stuff, thus keeping my promise and silencing the unbelievers.

On one occasion I entered a country tap-room and put down a small paper parcel on the table. Looking at the fire, I remarked to the potman that I did not think it capable of cooking a steak. He agreed with me. Then I said if he would bring me a red-hot poker from the kitchen, I could manage for myself. The poker was brought; I licked the end of it once or twice, and then, in a disappointed manner, said that it was not nearly hot enough. He offered to heat it again. 'No,' I said; 'you haven't a fire in the village that can heat it up to please me. Take it away, or I'll eat it up before your eyes.' On the following morning I entered the same public-house and called for a glass of ale. 'I cannot serve you,' said the landlady sternly; 'I am not licensed to sell drink to the Evil One!'

I may in conclusion introduce a little feat which was no trick, and which I occasionally performed. I acquired the taste and the power through practice while at Tobago. I could swallow a spoonful of Cayenne pepper as easily as if it were sugar. At a tavern parlour in Hitchin I was talking of my fondness for taking capsicums or Cayenne pepper to any amount. Unfortunately, I could not prove my words, as neither of them could be procured. Before the company parted for the night the butler of a gentleman in the neighbourhood invited me to give a performance on the following evening in the servants' hall. I did so. A banquet worthy of a Lord Mayor followed. I was made the lion of the party. Neither capon nor turkey was good enough to set before me. The cook had exerted all her powers in concocting a dish expressly for me. The dainty morsel, for it was little more, both looked and smelt temptingly. I wished to share it with the others; but that was not to be permitted. I was hungry, as showmen always are, and nothing loath to set to. The first mouthful informed my palate that the chief ingredients of the dish were Cayenne and hotter spices, if hotter there be. I ate with an appetite: no expected tears came into my eyes; I made no demand for a glass of water or beer. I left not an atom of the cook's achievement, and laid down my knife and fork satisfied with myself, and at the same time complimented the cook on her skill. A hearty laugh rung all round;

and she explained that the dish was a suggestion of the butler.

These are a few random memories. Perhaps at some future leisure hour I may recall others.

USES OF ELECTRICITY.

THE ordinary telegraph being liable to be affected by thunder-storms, Professor Loomis of Washington proposes an aerial telegraph, by which signals may be transmitted through a system of suspended kites; on the theory that currents of electricity, generally in the same plane, exist continually in the air at certain distances from the earth. These currents could, he thinks, be made to take the place of the usual suspended wires. He is said to have reduced this idea to practice, and to have communicated with an assistant at a distance of twelve miles; his only apparatus being two kites held by fine copper wires, in lieu of the usual string. Each kite was flown to a certain altitude; and when a message was transmitted by means of an ordinary instrument by the Professor, it was carried upwards through the copper wire to his kite, was thence conveyed by the natural current of electricity to the other kite twelve miles off, and thence by the wire of the latter to the operator at the other end. Should practical results on a large scale follow late experiments with kites, telephones and phonographs, the present system of conveying telegraphic messages will probably be quite revolutionised. Besides transmitting the various ingenious commercial, political, and social codes of secret language, plans and topographical sketches have been sent by telegraph without necessitating a special drawing for the purpose, by means of an invention first exhibited at the French Academy of Sciences.

The value of field-telegraphs in a campaign has repeatedly been demonstrated. One of these, called a *Télelog*, has recently been devised by a Baden auxiliary lieutenant, M. Ackermann, which has the following general arrangement. The receiver is a simple electro-magnetic bell with single strokes, which is kept in a circuit with constant current. It is held in a box attached by a hook to the breast; and when the man carrying it wishes to signal, he presses a knob, interrupting a spring contact. The cable contains two insulated copper wires and a hemp cord to give the necessary resistance. The whole, wound with linen band and tarred, is coiled in lengths of two hundred metres on a drum of sheet-metal. The battery consists of twenty elements in a case with a like number of compartments; the zinc cylinders are screwed fast to the wooden cover, while a copper dish, filled with blue vitriol, lies at the bottom of each compartment. A twenty-five per cent. solution of Epsom salts is used as filling material. The battery will act at three thousand metres' distance; and the signals appealing to the ear, the eyes of the operator are left free for other purposes.

Passing over these remarkable instruments the telephone, phonograph, and microphone, all of which have already been noted in these columns, we go on to speak of a few of the other adaptations of this remarkable power. The uses of electricity are well exemplified in the general adoption of lightning-conductors and electric bells, and in

the beneficial effects of electricity sometimes on health and life. Among useful applications of electricity may be mentioned the electric indicator, an excellent protection against fire and thieves. It consists of two small mahogany boxes, one containing the battery and the other the bell and alarm. Three wires only are required, which may be attached by a particular arrangement to doors windows or drawers; the opening of which causes electricity to be established, and is instantly followed by an alarm. For the detection and prevention of fire, two wires in connection with a thermometer are used, one of which terminates in the mercury bulb, and the other in the tube at any given point of temperature; when the mercury reaches this point, metallic connection is completed, and any rise of temperature beyond that point is indicated by the ringing of the fire-alarm. Attention has been given to the synchronising of clocks by electricity, which transmitted from some standard clock, is so applied to the wheel-work and hands of others as to cause them to shew uniformity of time with the governing clock. As applied to music, a whole orchestra of instruments can be made to discourse sweet sounds, like the telephonic harp, through the influence of the same potent agent. But perhaps the most curious use to which the electric battery could well be applied would be the carrying out of the suggestion that electricity should be made to supersede the hangman's noose, by communicating a death-shock to the condemned criminal.

The influence of electricity on evaporation has lately been studied by M. Mascart. He placed a number of basins of water under conductors connected with a Holtz machine, driven by a water-engine, and inclosed in a glass case, in which the air was kept dry by vessels containing sulphuric acid. The evaporation was always increased under this action whether the electricity was positive or negative, and in some cases it was even doubled. While on this part of our subject it may be mentioned that the electrical properties of water vary rapidly according to its degree of purity, so that a current of electricity applied to that fluid ascertains at once the greater or less degree of resistance, and consequently of purity or impurity of the water tested. A new method of engraving on glass was not long since described by M. Planté at a meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences. The surface of a plate of glass having been covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash, and a horizontal platinum wire connected with one of the poles of an electric battery being placed in the liquid along the edges of the glass, any design may be easily drawn on the glass by touching it with the point at the other end of the platinum wire. The wire forming the 'pencil' is insulated, the tip alone remaining uncovered; and by simply using the wire as an ordinary pencil and tracing imaginary lines on the surface of the glass, the design is permanently reproduced and distinctly engraven thereon. Flat surfaces may be easily treated in this manner; but the difficulty of keeping convex surfaces covered with the nitrate of potash is likely to prove an obstacle to the general adoption of the system. This difficulty may however, it is thought, be overcome by means of a specially constructed bath.

More generally useful than the wire-pencil referred to for operating on glass, is likely to prove the electric pen, which not unlike an ordinary pencil-case in appearance, is connected by a wire to an electric battery. It passes over the paper, leaving no visible effect to an inexperienced eye; but a nearer examination shows that the course of the pen has marked itself by piercing an innumerable quantity of small holes in the paper. This result has been produced by the action of a small needle, which supplies the place usually filled by the lead, and which is thrust out of the end of the instrument by electric agency no less than one hundred and eighty times in every second. The practical uses of the electric pen are as yet slight; but future development of the principle may confidently be expected. Its greatest use at present is as a means of copying documents. The paper with its pricked writing is laid on another sheet, and an ink-roller passed over it, and the ink passing through the interstices leaves a copy on the paper below. Some half-a-dozen copies are said to be thus obtained in a minute, and as many as a thousand before the original is worn out; though whether the copies are all quite legible is not stated.

Equal advances have been made regarding the more general adoption of the electric light, which is now used alike for the peaceful pursuits of commerce and the deadly purposes of war. The substitution to a certain extent of the electric light for the dim candles and feeble oil-lamps formerly in all lighthouses, is a vast improvement too obvious to dwell upon. Many will think the same regarding this powerful light as a new ally of the photographer, since, through its means, portraits have been taken in London independent of time and season.

The brilliancy of the electric light makes an attractive illumination on festive occasions; and judging by recent experiments, its rays may shortly be expected to grow very familiar to us in many public buildings. In this respect France sets a good example; and as the economy, safety, and convenience of the electric light have been demonstrated in certain establishments in Great Britain, we shall probably not be behindhand in its general, if not universal, application. Its adoption for library illumination, and notably that of the British Museum, has been suggested, and would without doubt be hailed as a universal boon.

It is assumed that gas cannot be manufactured below an average price of two shillings per thousand cubic feet, and that a gas-burner to give the light of twenty candles must consume six cubic feet per hour. On this data, the cost of eight thousand candles' light for fifteen hundred hours, allowing twenty-four pounds for interest on the outlay for plant, would be a few shillings over three hundred and eighty pounds; but the same amount of light can be obtained from electricity at a cost of one hundred and eighty pounds. This calculation was drawn up with reference to places where gas is manufactured for many consumers; but if manufactured solely for the light required by the comparison, the cost would rise to ten or twelve times that of the electric lighting. At the same time it may be noted that the two agencies are not in actual competition, inasmuch as the electric light is chiefly valuable for purposes which gas fulfils only imper-

fectly, as for lighting up large spaces and for use in time of war.

It is admitted that there is still much to be done ere the electric light can be employed with comfort in illuminating halls and rooms of ordinary dimensions; but it can now economically be used both with regard to its intensity and colour-effect where other modes of lighting are valueless. In dye-works, for instance, the improved electric light must be invaluable; and the successful results attending its introduction into an establishment of that nature in Salford, will probably lead to its employment in similar works. A Gramme machine was, we hear, employed for the generation of the electric current; and this, driven by a two-horse power steam-engine, gave a light calculated to be about equal to six hundred sperm candles, at a total cost of fourpence an hour. Not every dye-work would need such an extensive illumination, or could afford to run the engine required. Still hundreds of establishments in London in which the impossibility of matching colours under the yellow glare of gas-light has formed a serious obstacle to business, might greatly increase the available work-hours by adopting this new means of illumination. The electric light being a perfectly colourless white, would be well adapted for illumination of picture-galleries, which are seen to anything but advantage in gas-light.

The lighting of gas-lamps by electricity has, we believe, been proved a practical success, and this method, it is probable, will ere long be adopted in large towns. In London a trial was made a short time ago of a street-lamp for electric lighting, devised by Mr Bore. The lamp is in rear a semi-hexagonal reflector, and the front is covered by a flattened convex opal glass, so that the intensely brilliant point of light emanating from the carbon-points which act as 'burners,' is not visible; but instead, a glowing white diffused light is very effectively radiated in all directions, giving a soft and very pleasant illumination of all objects in the roadway. In the electric light itself, nothing new was attempted, the old Bunsen battery being the source, and the Duboscq apparatus the manipulator of the points; it was the lamp not the light that was the subject of trial. Two of these lamps were kept in action for some hours, one at the Mansion House, the other at the Royal Exchange. With five such lamps placed in opposite directions, so as to obliterate the intensely dark shadows which the powerful rays of the electric light always produce when thrown on one side of the place to be lit up, the whole of the space between the Bank, the Exchange, and the Mansion House could be perfectly illuminated; and if the Siemens magneto-electric machines were employed, the cost would be, it is thought, considerably less than that of the comparatively feeble gas-lights which paled their ineffectual fires before those of their electric rivals.

An excellent example of the effect produced by opal glass is nightly witnessed in various parts of Paris, where the very agreeable diffusion of light is so pure in quality that colours of all shades can be nicely distinguished, while at the same time it does not subject drivers of vehicles to the inconveniences which they suffer from the glare of the electric lights hitherto presented to the public.

One immense advantage that the electric light possesses over ordinary lights such as gas or candles, is that it is independent of oxygen as a sustaining power. It burns as brightly and as long in a vacuum as in the open air. This has been taken advantage of in illuminating the depths of the sea. Electric lamps have been devised that burn steadily under water, and it is one of these improved lamps, regulating itself according to the strength of the current employed, that was used by divers in examining the sunken hull of the ill-fated *Burydice*. When the current is too powerful, the carbon-points recede; and when weak, they approach each other, thereby keeping up a light of equal intensity; and the lamp will burn in any position. It is inclosed in a strong case, with a lens opposite the carbon-points, and a smaller one of colour to examine the light before sending under water. This casing, called the lantern, is perfectly water-tight when closed, and is connected to the battery by means of a double cable of two insulated wires, the cable being made of india-rubber, and the two united by a tape covering. Fifty Bunsen elements placed in boxes of tin compose the battery, which is handier for moving about. The electric lamp, we are told, will burn for an hour in the open air; but in the lantern it will burn for twice that period, as the combustion of the carbon-points is not so rapid as in the open air.

But if electricity lends its aid in the raising of ships, it also contributes to their destruction through the ignition of torpedoes by electric wires. It is at once the bane and antidote, so to speak, in this species of warfare, since our ironclads are now fitted with electric lights and reflecting apparatus, likely to be of good service in protecting them from night-attacks by torpedo-boats. The electric lights provided on Admiral Hornby's ships are described as appearing as bright as a star of the first magnitude at a distance of thirty miles on a clear night. In this powerful light the smoke of a steam-launch betrays itself at a distance of more than two thousand yards, so that its value as a preservative of our costly war-vessels from destruction can scarcely be overrated.

Electricity however, can equally be adapted for purposes of attack as for defence, for it seems that on board ship the electric fuse is superseding the old lanyard in the firing of heavy cannon. It is, as we have on former occasions shewn, specially convenient for turret-guns, as it is not only possible to take better aim by this use of electricity, but the effect of the shots is more terrible, through the concentrated fire of simultaneous discharges of several projectiles, which will penetrate heavy armour when single shots are comparatively harmless. As, owing to the smallness of port-holes and the nearness of guns to the water, the sighting is better performed by an officer stationed above them, he can by electric wires discharge the guns simultaneously at the moment he thinks most fit, while being likely to act with all the more coolness and judgment from being out of the way of the smoke and bustle below. As an illuminator for military purposes, the electric light will probably ere long prove equally useful. The Russian government have been experimenting recently at St Petersburg with the special object of increasing the distance to which the light produced by electricity may be thrown. The power of the light was found to be greatly augmented by covering the carbon burner

with a thin sheet of copper. By this means the Alcock lamp was made to increase the power of its light from ten thousand two hundred and ten to sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five candles; and even this increased power was again raised to that represented by the light of twenty thousand two hundred and seventy-five candles, by a slight alteration in the position of the carbon and its covering. By this light, objects are clearly visible at night at a distance of three thousand yards. From such experiments it seems that the improvements in the system of electric lighting are likely to produce important effects on the arts of war and peace. Such are a few of the uses to which this strange power has already been applied; and yet electricity, like steam, may still be considered in its infancy. In a future article we shall have the pleasure of laying before our readers some further notes on this interesting subject, including what has been done and what is likely to be done in the way of illuminating large cities such as London, by electricity.

PENGUIN NOTES.

If the reader will carry his eye along the fortieth parallel of south latitude at about the point where it is met by the eightieth meridian of east longitude—or about half-way between the African and Australian coasts—he will find the two islands named St Paul and Amsterdam with their outlying rocks. These islands and rocks, on which it is difficult to land, are of volcanic origin, being in fact peaks or ridges pushed above the surface as outlets for the earth's internal heat; and round about them the dredge brings up pieces of lava and ashes and other evidences of their past history, while at no great distance the sea is two thousand fathoms deep. The continual battering of the waves has greatly altered the form of St Paul within the memory of man. In 1696 the crater was intact; but the sea now flows into it where its wall has been broken down, and a boat can row into the once fiery gulf of the volcano. Even as late as 1793 some places were too hot to stand upon; but anything like eruptive action has ceased. The seas swarm with the lower forms of marine life, crustacea, molluscs, echini, &c.; and a dead cuttle-fish was washed ashore whose longest arms measured twenty feet—so terrible a monster as the *pieuvre* so graphically described in Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*, and set down as the creation of an exuberant imagination, even by well-informed naturalists, at the time when that thrilling romance appeared. Victor Hugo's story has however been justified by the subsequent discovery of many of these gigantic octopods, doubtless capable of drowning the strongest man, and by some well-authenticated cases in which this catastrophe has actually happened.

Nature ever seeks to cover the waste places of the earth with vegetation. A chance cocoa-nut may be stranded on an old coral reef, and in a few years it is clothed with a fringe of these stately palms. No sooner had the volcanic fires ceased in St Paul's and Amsterdam, than a few water-borne seeds germinated; and in 1874 the botanists who were attached to the Transit of Venus expedi-

tion found more than fifty species of plants, excluding those of the lowest order, flourishing here. These plants will prepare the soil for more noble occupants; and as the shores become sloped by the unceasing action of the sea, favourable opportunities will occur for the lodgment of still higher forms of vegetable life. Recent experiments so clearly prove the vitality of various kinds of seeds after long immersion in salt water, that we are disposed to attribute the origin of vegetation on islands situated as these are, mainly to the agency of the sea in transporting to them the germs of plants which are to clothe their volcanic nakedness.

About the month of September, the beginning of the summer in these latitudes, albatrosses, 'Cape pigeons,' &c. resort to these solitary islands for the purpose of nesting; but the innumerable penguins which, from their incapacity for flight, are the permanent residents, are among the most interesting, because they form a commonwealth, and exhibit considerable dependence upon one another in the rearing of their young. The business begins with the laying of one or two eggs, never more, of a dirty white streaked with brown, in a hollow on the bare ground or on a little grass. The task of incubation is shared by both parents; the one 'off duty' going to the sea to feed itself, and when the young are hatched, returning in due time with a supply for the family. Where tens of thousands of nests are collected together so closely that the visitor cannot walk without demolishing new-born nestlings or eggs at almost every step, it is difficult to understand how each bird knows its own nest, eggs, or nestling, as appears to be the case until the young are able to walk about for themselves. Then the latter form into 'infant schools,' presided over by several matrons, and ask and receive food from any charitable passer-by, and the social system, so far as it goes, has attained its highest point. There is no longer any recognition of *meum* and *tuum*, but a determination on the part of each adult to do the best for the rising generation, without regard to the petty rights of property so stoutly maintained and hotly contested in the egg stage. Woe betide the incautious or over-confident experimenter who shall remove one of these fierce motherly things from her nest with his hands; the penalty will be a succession of stabs, which produce notoriously painful wounds. But the occupant of the nearest nest will always receive and tuck under her, together with her own brood, the young of a dispossessed neighbour. All through the nursery are well-beaten paths along which the birds hop in single file with most grotesque action to and from the sea; and from the nests on either side come sharp stabs at the legs of the intruder, a deafening roar accompanying his progress the while, and an odour assailing his nose which only those who have sailed in a guano-ship can realise.

The time has now arrived when the young must be taught their first swimming-lessons, and the rudiments of that aquatic life to which their special structure confines them. From the rookery to the sea they advance, hopping with both legs together, and jump feet foremost bolt upright from a ledge into the water. Then, and only then, are they thoroughly at home, and making use of nothing but the powerful scaly flippers, dart

about with the rapidity of a fish. Frequently the old bird will rise to the surface with a young one balanced on each flipper, maintained in its precarious position by the grasp of its own tiny paddles, and no doubt vastly enjoying this introduction to life and the novel experiences to be met with under water.

Watching this busy scene from a boat, we are suddenly reminded that penguins do not find life one long holiday; for at no great distance from the sporting multitude we can see ever and anon rising above the surface the unmistakable triangular back-fin of a shark, stealthily approaching the revellers. They have observed the enemy as soon as we, and in a moment not a bird is to be seen. They have dived with one impulse to the bottom, where the tyrant cannot easily seize them, and are hurrying for their lives to the shore. The effect of the simultaneous re-appearance of thousands of the ungainly creatures scuffling up the beach with a deafening clamour is most singular; and we peer down into the water for signs of the tragedy, if any has been enacted; but the shark is nowhere to be seen, and confidence being re-established, the birds are soon at their gambols again.

A gentleman who passed some days sketching in the Falkland Islands had many opportunities of observing the penguin population; and he declared them to be the most intelligent, impudent, and inquisitive of the feathered tribe. He planted his camp-stool in the densest part of their 'rookery,' where they crowded about him, picked the buttons off and frayed the tails of his coat, walked about his drawing materials, and altogether behaved themselves as if he had been sent for their special entertainment. Fear there was none, or rather it was all on the side of the man; for nothing but an occasional vigorous use of a walking-stick enabled him to maintain his ground, and finish the beautiful series of water-colour drawings which we had the pleasure afterwards of examining.

The structure of these birds should not be passed by without a word of comment, so admirably adapted is it to their mode of life. The fore limbs—which in most other birds are wings—are flattened out into a pair of broad swimming-paddles covered with scales, enabling the bird to follow its prey beneath the water with a swiftness, grace, and ease contrasting remarkably with its awkward movements on land. The feet are broad and partially webbed, and the leg is modified in order to give stability to the body. Provision is made for long-continued diving by enlargement of the veins, which thus retain and act as reservoirs for the vitiated blood until it can be renovated by breathing. The bones are filled with oily marrow, and the feathers are exceedingly compact and well adapted to resist water. When moulting, the penguin avoids water, and the feathers come away in patches instead of, singly; the whole process resembling more nearly the shedding of a snake's skin than the moulting of a bird. Fashion has not spared the penguin! At one time its skin was in great request for ladies' muffs, and is still, we believe, extensively used for many purposes of ornamentation.

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COMPLIMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

WHEN Dr Parr, charmed by Erskine's tongue, declared he intended to write his epitaph, the great lawyer paid the vain scholar in his own coin by pronouncing the promise a temptation to commit suicide. Nothing came of this odd expression of mutual admiration, as happened in the case of a similar interchange of civilities between Nelson and Benjamin West the painter. Just before the famous Admiral left England for the last time, West sat next him at a dinner in his honour. Conversing with Sir William Hamilton, who sat on his other side, Nelson lamented his want of taste for art, but said there was one picture the power of which he felt, never passing a print-shop where the Death of Wolfe was exhibited without being stopped by it; and turning to the gratified hearer on his other hand, he asked why he had painted no more pictures like it. 'Because, my lord,' replied the artist, 'there are no more subjects. But I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with such another scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it.' 'Will you, Mr West?' cried Nelson. 'Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!' Trafalgar realised the hero's hope, and West redeemed his promise by painting the Death of Nelson.

It is something to succeed in impressing the unimpressable, but there is more satisfaction in extorting praise from competitors in the same field. A diplomatist could not desire more conclusive testimony to his ability than that won by Mirabeau's 'audacieux et rusé' minister, the first Earl of Malmesbury, of whom Talleyrand said if you only allowed him to have the last word he was always in the right. Father Onorato must have been exceedingly vain or exceedingly indifferent if he did not inwardly exult at hearing that Bourdaloue, upon being asked what he thought of the Father's preaching, replied: 'He tickles the ears indeed, but he pricks the heart; people return at his sermons the purses they have stolen at mine.' And Sir Walter Scott was no

doubt delighted when Manzoni acknowledged his congratulations with: 'My book is yours, for I owe it to the deep study I made of your works;' but he gave the Italian a Roland for his Oliver by replying: 'Then *Il Promessi Sposi* is my best novel.' Scott however, was not a whit more sincere than the gallant country mayor who, handing a handsome matron down to dinner, was rather taken aback by her observing: 'I don't know, Mr Mayor, whether you are afraid of the measles, but my little ones have them, and I myself have had a slight attack.' But, equal to the occasion, he replied: 'Madam, I should be only too delighted to take anything from so charming a source.'

'Everything belongs either to the king of France or to Madame Champmesle,' wrote La Fontaine to that queen of the French stage; but flattered as she may have felt at receiving such a tribute to her charms, we may be sure the actress thought much more of the involuntary eulogy wrung from Mademoiselle D'OEillet, who as the curtain fell on the new Hermione, exclaimed: 'There's an end of D'OEillet!' Nor could Talma but be satisfied he was right in attiring Proculus in a genuine toga, as the first step towards reforming stage costume, when Conlet, aghast at the innovation, cried out: 'Look at Talma! Was anything so ridiculous ever seen? He looks like an ancient statue!'

Talking over Garrick's retirement with Mrs Montague, Dr Beattie told her he was so excited the first time he witnessed that actor's performance of Macbeth, that he nearly fell over into the pit from the front of the two-shilling gallery, and wished he could have another opportunity of risking his neck and nerves in the same cause, since to fall by the hands of Shakspeare and Garrick would ennoble his memory to all generations; supplementing this compliment to his dramatic idols with expressing his belief that if all actors resembled Garrick, it would be impossible for a person of any sensibility to outlive the representation of Hamlet, King Lear, or Macbeth. But all compliments paid to players pale before

Ben Jonson's eulogistic lines upon Salathiel Pary, the boy-actor:

Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel;
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act—what now we moan—
Old men so duly;
As sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.

The Ettrick Shepherd took a neat way of telling a lady she was no ordinary specimen of the sex. 'Ye're a nice lassie, Miss Drysdale,' said he. 'Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens cut by the same machine; but ye're not of the bundle.'

Not contented with giving verbal demonstration of his admiration was the Shah of Persia, who, when an English lady of high degree pronounced his diamonds to be 'so lovely,' slapped her ladyship's fair shoulders, saying: 'Not so lovely as what we have here!' The Shah however, might with advantage take a lesson in the art of complimenting from the Sultan of Zanzibar, who likened Queen Victoria to the mountain of load-stones which drew the nails out of the sides of passing ships, for even so did the hearts of Englishmen seem to be drawn on by a magnet to Her Majesty. Or he might learn something from that Siamese ambassador who wrote: 'One cannot fail to be struck with the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant.'

At his first meeting with Mrs Somerville, La Place told her the world held only three women who understood him—namely Caroline Herschel, herself, and a Mrs Greig, of whom he had never been able to learn anything. 'I was Mrs Greig,' was the quiet response. 'So then there are only two of you!' exclaimed the philosopher. It was a naïve compliment; but not one to stir the recipient's pulses; for after all, the most pronounced blue-stocking would probably prefer exciting male admiration by physical rather than mental charms. Does not Mrs Thrale say emphatically: 'That a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known, and none of us will contradict the assertion.' Had Lalande known as much, he would not, on finding himself placed between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, discharged the double-barrelled compliment: 'How happy am I to be thus placed between Beauty and Wit;' drawing upon himself De Staël's retort: 'Yes, and without possessing either!'

Fishers for compliments are apt to make strange catches. A curate complaining to Dr South that he had only been paid five pounds for preaching at Oxford, the Doctor rubbed the sore by declaring he would not have preached such a sermon for fifty pounds. Julius Beer playing to Rossini a funeral-march he had composed in honour of his uncle Meyerbeer, was delighted by the *maestro* listening attentively and applauding when the performance came to the end; but his delight was somewhat damped at hearing his judge's 'Very good, very good indeed!' supplemented with:

'But it would have been better if it had been you who were dead, and the funeral-march had been your uncle's.'

'Will you please to insert this obituary notice?' wrote a country editor's correspondent. 'I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends who would be glad to hear of his death.' Just as innocently did the negro propose 'De Gubernor ob our Siate! He come in wid much opposition; he go out wid none at all; and the king of Portugal greet Landseer with: 'Ah, Sir Edwin, I'm glad you have come; I am so fond of beasts!' There was more mischief in the *double-entendre* of the French dame who, upon a newly married friend exhibiting a monkey her husband had bought for her, exclaimed: 'Dear little man, it's so like him!' And there was no misunderstanding Macready's reply to the actor's 'I had the honour of playing Iago to your Othello at Bath twelve months ago; don't you remember me, sir?' 'Remember you, sir? I shall never forget you!'

Lord Palmerston once wrote to a friend: 'Our new little gardener who has now been with us a year and a half, is a clever intelligent fellow; and when we have taught him the management of fruits and flowers and how to plant trees, he will, I doubt not, prove an excellent gardener.' A comical encomium truly; and as much to the purpose as the Scotch drover's patronising recognition of a certain clergyman: 'Ye dinna ken me, but I ken you. I'm whiles in your parish. There's no a better liked man anywhere; yer own folk jist adore ye. *Who cares about preaching?*'

Scottish ministers seem to be much favoured in this way. A clergyman visiting a sick man, as he was leaving asked the invalid's wife if she went to any church, and was told that she and her husband went to the Barony Kirk. 'Why didn't you send for your own minister, Dr Macloed then?' was his natural query. 'Na, na, sir, deed no,' came the answer; 'we wadna risk him; this is a dangerous case o' typhus.' Dr Thomson taking for his text, 'Look not upon wine when it is red in the cup,' enlarged upon the evil effects of drinking, upon the head, heart, and purse. As the congregation departed, two old cronies, given to taking more than a wee drap, talked over the sermon. 'Did you hear you, Johnnie?' quoth one. 'Did I hear't? Wha didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e.' 'A weel, an' what thought ye o't?' 'Adeed Davie, I think he has been a *lad* in his day, or he couldna ha ken'd so weel about it; he's been a sly hand the minister!'—a reply somewhat akin to that given by the Scotch gardener, as recently related in these pages. Not but what English churchmen hear odd things sometimes. Riding out near Leeds, the Archbishop of York came upon an urchin busily engaged collecting road-dirt. Pulling up, he said: 'Boy, I know your face. You were at the Leeds Ragged School, and obtained a prize for drawing?' 'Y'a, mon, I were,' replied the boy. 'I hope you keep up your studies in that art?' said the Archbishop. 'Y'a, mon, I do. Look you yeere; that's a model of a church; them's the pews, and there's the vestry, and that's the pulpit.' 'Very clever indeed,' said the Archbishop. 'But where's the parson?' 'O ay, mon, but it takes a deal of muck to make a pa'sen,' said the unsophisticated youth. His Grace rode on.

An American editor travelling by steamer repaired to the ship's barber for a clean shave. Upon offering the darkey payment, the dime was rejected with: 'We nabber charge editors nuffin.' The astonished man remonstrated, arguing that there were a good many editors travelling just then, and such liberality would prove ruinous to the razor-widder. 'Oh, nabber mind dat,' said the barber. 'We make it up off the gemmen.' When a lady giving evidence in a Kansas court refused to answer a question on the plea it was not fit to tell decent people, her questioner blandly said: 'Well then, step up and whisper it to the judge.' Lastly, a published report of an Irish benevolent society had a paragraph running thus: 'Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year.'

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE RESULT OF THE MESMERIC INFLUENCE.

AFTER the blacks' visit Bessie was ill for some days with a low nervous attack, which made every one very anxious both about her and the baby, who suffered with its mother. They were all so occupied in watching and tending her, that no one noticed that Phyllis's cheeks grew paler and her step more languid every day. She lost her old untired energy and her sweet bright looks; her eyes were dim and heavy, and she often stole away to her own room, where she would lie on her bed for an hour or two in a sort of stupor, that had none of the refreshing virtues of sleep. It was Bessie who, when she became once more convalescent, noticed the change in her sister. She watched her for a day or two without speaking on the subject; but at last she called the girl to her, and questioned her seriously as to the state of her health. To all her inquiries as to what was wrong, Phyllis at first answered 'Nothing,' but at last she confessed to restless nights, to sleep disturbed by frightful dreams, to a feeling of constant tiredness during the day; but 'Still you know I'm not ill, Bessie. There really is nothing the matter with me.'

'My dear,' said Bessie gravely, 'you may struggle against weakness as you will, but you are decidedly out of health. You are just one of those people who go on trying to conquer illness, and suffering in silence, till at last they are obliged to yield, and confess that they are only mortal after all.'

'I am not suffering,' said Phyllis languidly. 'At least I am only tired. Bessie, will you think me very weak and fanciful if I tell you what I think would make me quite strong again?'

'You are the last person I should think of accusing of indulging weak fancies,' answered Bessie, smiling.

Phyllis roused herself and spoke almost eagerly. 'I should like, if you can spare me, to go away for a little while—quite away from here. You can do without me, now that Judy Maloney has come. I know you will miss me, dear Bess, but you have Robert, and I am very little good to any one as I am just now. I believe that if I could go away for two or three months, I would come back quite well again.'

Bessie was silent for a little, turning over this proposition in her mind. She knew that she would miss her sister exceedingly, but at the same time she knew that what she said was wise and true. She believed that, for more than one reason, absence from Hamilton Farm and a thorough change of scene were the best things for Phyllis at this time. Perhaps she understood the workings of the girl's mind and heart better than any one else, better even than the girl herself did. She had noticed the gentle coldness with which Jack had been treated ever since the evening when they had all sat together in the parlour and talked of their escape. And she had noticed also the proud pained look on Jack's face when, on his coming in from his work, Phyllis would take the opportunity of quietly retiring from the room. He would stand and look after her for a minute with an expression half puzzled and wholly hurt, and then turn away impatiently to take up a book or newspaper, which Bessie felt sure he did not read. Altogether she thought that a temporary separation would do neither of those young persons any harm. They might probably come to a clearer understanding of themselves and one another, apart than together.

'You are quite right,' she said, after thinking all this. 'The fact is, Phyllis, that loath as you are to confess it, you are only a woman after all, and have got nerves just like the rest of us. You were thoroughly unstrung on that dreadful day, and you need a change to put you right again. I will write to my old friends the Randolphs this evening, and ask them to take you in. I know they will be charmed to have you.'

If during this period disturbing influences were at work with Phyllis, it is but fair to state that they were even more keenly felt by James Hamilton. Robert used to wake up in the night sometimes, and looking out of his bedroom window, would see his brother pacing the margin of the lake like a restless spirit, and would smile to himself with the calm experience derived from four years of matrimony. When he told Jack of Phyllis's projected departure, he noted the red flush that rose to the young man's face and his subsequent paleness and dejected looks. 'I am very glad she is going,' Robert remarked calmly. 'Of course we shall miss her; but it is hardly fair to keep a girl like that shut up in this quiet place, without a chance of seeing a little of city life. She was almost a child when Bessie and I married, and can hardly remember clearly any life but this.'

Jack glanced at his brother; but he was perfectly grave and earnest, and not the shadow of a smile lurked in the depths of his large soft eyes. He looked away again quickly, smothering a sigh. 'It is quite right,' he said. 'As for me—I have been a fool, and lost my chance.'

'I think you have,' replied Robert quietly.

Some nights after this Jack was sitting reading in his own room. The rest of the household had been asleep for a couple of hours or more, and a profound silence rested over everything. It was a lovely night, moonless, but with the soft light of the stars reflected in the lake. Not a breath of wind stirred the branches of the gum-trees; it seemed as if scarcely a blade of grass moved. Jack sat with his door ajar, for he liked the cool night-

air and the smell of the mignonette which was blossoming in Phyllis's garden. Suddenly, as he read, it seemed to him that he heard a slight sound. He laid down his book and looked fixedly at the door. Beginning to think that he had been mistaken, he heard it again; scarcely a noise, but a sort of ghostly rustling, and then—he was sure of it—a long deep-drawn sigh. He rose and walked quickly to the door; and looking out, to his intense surprise and alarm, he saw Phyllis standing in the veranda in her night-dress and with the tresses of her unbound hair falling round her. He approached her softly, and spoke gently. 'Are you ill?' he said.

There was no answer; the white figure did not even turn its head, and a chill fear crept over him, such as a man might feel in the presence of a disembodied spirit. He advanced nearer, till he almost touched her; but yet she neither moved nor looked at him. And then, seeing her face more clearly in the starlight, he noted that her eyes were wide open and fixed on the lake. Some disturbing dream had caused her to rise and walk in her sleep. For an instant Jack thought of calling up his brother; yet a strange reluctance that any one except himself should know of this midnight wandering came over him; and besides, he did not like to leave the somnambulist even for an instant.

Another long heavy sigh escaped from the breast of the sleeping girl, and then some words came from her lips which made the watcher start and thrill all over with mingled delight and sorrow and pity. 'Jack, Jack, Jack!' she uttered in an intense beseeching whisper.

He could scarcely refrain from answering her, the words 'I am here, my darling,' were so near his lips; but he did not pronounce them. In another moment she leaned back against the veranda, as if exhausted, and drew her hand wearily across her brow. Fearing she was going to fall, Jack gently carried the unconscious girl through the open door of her own room. There he laid her on the little white bed, and kneeling, gazed with reverent anxiety at the pale face.

'What she must have suffered silently,' he thought, 'before it could come to this! My poor darling! And I, who thought her so strong!'

Then another thought came to him as he knelt. He had mistaken her so utterly in one respect, was it not possible that he might have mistaken her also in another? Was it not possible that this curiously self-contained girl might be capable of loving with all the tenderness and perhaps more than the strength of other and weaker women? And was it not also likely that the proud courage which made her strive to hide her shaken nerves and physical illness, might also make her conceal all sign of a love which she was not sure was returned? He was pondering those things, when the girl, who had lain quite still for some minutes, moved uneasily, and gave a low shuddering moan. 'Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?' she murmured in a pitiful way. The next instant she was sitting up wide awake, with a flush on her cheek, and a protest on her lips as she beheld the kneeling figure at her bedside.

'It is only I,' he hastened to say. 'You seemed ill, and I could not help coming to see what was the matter. You were dreaming; were you not?'

he went on, trying to give her time to recover herself.

Phyllis tried hard to gather together her scattered faculties. 'Yes,' she said slowly, and pressing her hand over her eyes. 'I have such horrible dreams now! Did I call out very loud?'

'O no,' answered Jack. 'Only I happened to hear you. Now I am going to bring you a light and something to calm your agitation.' And without listening to her faint protest, he went to the parlour cupboard, and poured out a glass of wine. When he went back to her room with his candle and the wine, the girl had risen and was seated in her dressing-gown. She drank the wine without speaking; but as she gave him back the glass she said, flushing: 'Thank you very much for being so kind. And please—don't say anything to Bessie.'

'I will not say anything till you give me leave,' he answered, smiling. 'Now you must do what I tell you. Go back to bed, and leave your light burning and the door ajar. I am going to sit in my room with the door unlatched, so you will have the feeling that some one is near you.'

She looked at him gratefully, and gave him her hand. 'You are very kind,' she said; 'I will do what you wish.'

When they met at breakfast next morning, Phyllis was paler than usual, and there was a strained, anxious expression in her eyes, which did not escape Jack's notice. She spoke very little during breakfast, but when it was over she came up to him with a flush tinging her white cheeks.

'I want so much to speak to you,' she said. 'Can you spare me a few minutes?'

'All day, if you like, Phyll,' returned the youth with a smile.

They left the house together, and walked down towards the lake. Phyllis turned along by the water's edge, and led the way to a place where she often sat. It was a hollow in a grassy bank, where there was shelter from every wind, and where the soft grass made a natural couch. A large tree which grew on the top of the bank spread out its olive-green branches overhead for roof, and in front was a beautiful view of the lake, with its clusters of tall reeds swaying gently backwards and forwards; of the low green shore opposite; and of the blue range of hills in the distance.

Phyllis seated herself on the grassy couch, and Jack sat down beside her, half dreading the questions which he knew were coming.

'Tell me,' she said, looking at him with her clear large eyes, 'where you found me last night?' Jack hesitated for a moment; and she went on still more earnestly: 'Do tell me the truth. It will not hurt me. I was out of my room; was I not?'

'Well—yes,' he answered. 'You were standing in the veranda. There is nothing to be frightened about, you know. Your nerves were overstrained that day when you were so brave, Phyll, and they are taking their revenge on you now. Probably it will not happen again.'

'This is the second time,' she murmured in a low voice. 'The other night I awoke and found myself standing out there. I was so frightened!' Then she put her hands up to her face, unable to control the trembling which shook her. 'O Jack!' she exclaimed, 'don't despise me for being so weak.'

Jack rose from his seat beside her and knelt on the grass at her feet. 'Phyllis,' he said, 'I reverence and admire and love you more than any other being in the world. O my darling!' he went on passionately, 'I thought till last night that you were too brave and strong and grand to need my love. But when I carried you in my arms and felt you so weak and helpless, I cannot tell you what a great hope and joy took possession of me. Darling—let me watch over you all my life; no one else could do it so well!'

Her beautiful proud head was bowed now with all its wealth of rich hair, on Jack's shoulder. 'Are you sure this is love?' she whispered. 'Is it not merely pity?'

Jack laughed in the gladness of his heart. 'Pity!' exclaimed he; 'ah! if you but knew how wretched I have been, the pity should have been for me!'

'I thought—you did not care; that is'—

'I have loved you, Phyll, long and devotedly,' he answered. 'Indeed, I loved you from the first.'

Where now had all the coldness and estrangement of the last weeks fled to? How was it that those two, who had been so silent and reserved towards one another, now found so much to say? And was this gentle and timid girl the heroine who had appeared so strong and self-reliant?

'Phyllis,' said Jack, after an hour of murmured love, with intervals of silence that were still more happy, 'are you really so much braver than other women, or are you only more generous?'

'I don't think I am really brave,' she answered, smiling; 'but I could die for any one I love. Do you remember,' she went on, looking shyly into his face with her lovely eyes, 'the old ballad about Helen of Kirkconnel? They shot at her lover, and she received the arrow in her own breast. Well, I have often thought that that would be the very happiest kind of death to die—for those we love, Jack!'

'I understand,' he whispered, much moved. 'I shall take good care in future that the arrows meant for other people do not hit you, my darling!'

The girl smiled dreamily, and was silent. I think that her instinct told her that a nature like hers, prone to self-sacrifice, would probably find ample opportunities for it in the life before her. The faithful breasts that offer themselves to catch the arrows of life, in order to shield others from pain, are usually taken as shields by the weaker or more selfish. I do not know that Jack, though he had many good points about him, was by any means an ideal hero, or that he would always refuse to be saved from trouble or inconvenience, even at the cost of the same to a more generous nature. But in the first glamour of their love-dream it was scarcely to be supposed that either of the lovers should think ever so dimly of this.

The dinner-bell rang from the veranda, and Jack rose to his feet.

'What will Robert say to you?' said Phyllis, with well-feigned gravity. 'You have not done one bit of work to-day, you naughty man!'

'He will say,' answered Jack, as he drew her hand through his arm, with the proud sense of possession, 'that I have done the best morning's work I ever did in my life.'

Probably Robert had guessed something of

Jack's doings. At anyrate he was sure of it when, standing at the window waiting for his dinner, he saw a tall and handsome couple walking slowly up together from the lock-side towards the house.

'Look here, Bessie!' he exclaimed.

Bessie looked out at the window, and her soft eyes filled with tears. 'O Bob!' she said tremulously, 'do you think they have made it all right?'

'I am sure they have, little woman,' he answered, smiling. 'Have they not made each other miserable for quite long enough?'

Phyllis wanted to make her escape to her room, under pretext of smoothing her ruffled hair; but Jack kept firm hold of her hand, and drew her into the parlour, and up to where Robert and Bessie were standing by the window.

'She has promised to be my wife,' he said, still holding her hand. And Bessie threw herself into her sister's arms in a shower of April tears.

'What am I to say to the Randolphs?' asked Bessie at dinner. 'I had a letter this morning, saying they would be charmed to have Phyllis.'

'Say,' said Jack, looking fondly at the downcast blushing face beside him, 'that I hope to escort her into town in about a fortnight, and that she is going for the purpose of buying her wedding trousseau.'

The simple events which I have chronicled happened nearly twenty years ago. When I visited the island in 1875, the aspect of Hamilton Farm had somewhat changed. The little bush-house of which I have written, had been added to on every side, till the original building had been quite lost sight of, and it had become a noble mansion. Round it on all sides sloped lovely gardens and orchards, all ablaze with scarlet geraniums, roses, and lilies, and where peaches, grapes, and nectarines were ripening in the warm sun.

From the windows you could see the chimneys and gables of another picturesque house, embowered in fine trees and shrubbery, and with its lawns, gardens, and conservatories all bathed in the golden sunshine. The property of the Hamilton Brothers had extended far beyond the bounds of the island; miles of country on the mainland belonged to them, and thousands of sheep, and herds of cattle were theirs. They spend half the year in Adelaide now, with an occasional trip to Europe, where their sons were sent for their education. But they were all at Hamilton when I visited them, a charming little colony, with both houses full to overflowing with guests, who enjoyed their graceful hospitality.

Robert Hamilton was the handsomest old man I ever saw, tall and straight, and with hair and beard of flowing silver. Bessie was a little fairy godmother of a woman, so slight and small, with the gentlest voice and sweetest smile imaginable. Jack came in after dinner, a fine-looking man still, with hair scarcely touched by time, and plenty of youthful fire remaining in his dark eyes. We all strolled over to the other house, which was spoken of as the Grange, and there we found a gracious and queenly lady sitting on a garden chair on the lawn under a fine acacia tree. Her beautiful hair was golden still, and the little lace cap she wore scarcely hid its beauty. Her figure had developed into the perfection of

matronhood; and her husband now loved to see her clothed in silk or velvet. Probably he had had enough of cotton gowns and sun-bonnets in the early days of their acquaintance. Bessie and Robert had many sons and daughters. Phyllis and Jack had four sons, two of whom were, with their cousins, being educated in Europe. I think Phyllis would have liked a girl, for she had appropriated a little fair-haired blue-eyed fairy of Bessie's, whom she kept with her always, and refused to give up.

I spent a delightful time at Hamilton. We drove and boated and went wild-fowl shooting through the bright cool days; and in the evenings there were the most charming little family gatherings. I made true friends there, and left them with regret.

THE END.

A VISIT TO THE MINERAL CAVES OF HUALLANCA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the political difficulties with which, like all South American countries, it is from time to time distracted, the Republic of Peru appears to be advancing in commercial prosperity, a result which is in no small degree due to the energy and enterprise of foreigners. Mr Henry Meiggs, the well-known American contractor and capitalist, has completed a line of railway which is a wonderful piece of engineering, and has placed the summits of the Andes in direct communication with the sea. One of the most fertile portions of the globe, and a marvellously rich silver-mining district, tapped by a great tunnel—another of Mr Meiggs' undertakings—are now within hail, so to speak, of the commercial markets of Europe. It is intended that the line of railway just mentioned should be continued to the eastern side of the Andes, where the finest coffee, cocoa, rice, and sugar-cane are grown; and when this work is completed, it is believed that we shall have a great European emigration, and we shall find it practically demonstrated that Peru contains more gold in its eastern rivers than California, Australia, and New Zealand.

So says Mr Sewell, a mining engineer of large experience who some time ago visited these regions, and whose journeyings to the mineral caves of Huallanca we propose briefly to follow. Several expeditions, it may be remarked in passing, have recently been made to these rivers by Americans and others, all of whom have returned with gold, speaking highly of the great riches existing there, the only bars to the development of which have hitherto been the want of roads and the difficulties of transport.

In order to reach the province of Huaras and the caves just mentioned, Mr Sewell went from Lima up the coast to Casma. Here he made his preparations, and procured mules and the necessary equipment for crossing the first or coast range as it is called, of the Andes. No very great difficulties were experienced in the ascent, except from the first encounter with rarefied air; and on reaching the summit of the Sierra Negra, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, one of the greatest sights the mind can picture to itself was unveiled

to the eye of the traveller. Below, at a distance of about five thousand feet, the beautiful and cultivated valley of Huaras was seen, with its picturesque city of some twelve thousand inhabitants. Above it a vast ocean of snow in the distance, rising to an altitude of eighteen thousand feet—a truly imposing spectacle. North and south, as far as the eye can reach, is nothing but snow; and to the imaginative mind the snow-clad peaks appear like so many ladders leading up to heaven.

With the view of getting accustomed to the rarefied air, Mr Sewell and his party remained for some days at the pleasant city of Huaras (which stands at a height of ten thousand four hundred feet above the sea), thus preparing themselves for the more arduous journey across the true Andes range, which they knew would take them up to an elevation of seventeen thousand two hundred feet before they reached the town, river, and silver-producing district of Huallanca. Coming at length to the foot of the snowy Andes, they were caught in a snow-storm, and were inclined to delay their journey; but their guide and muleteer would not hear of it, not wishing to be thought faint-hearted. They commenced climbing with great difficulty, the mules slipping and snorting with fear, as they could not find a safe footing, from the narrow track being covered with snow. The party lost their road several times; but after four hours' riding the snow-storm ceased. Then, however, they had a new foe to face in the fearful glare of the sun on the snow; and the unfortunate muleteer became blind, and had to be left behind for the time.

On that trying day three parallel ranges were crossed, one having an elevation of sixteen thousand eight hundred feet, and the others of about seventeen thousand two hundred feet. Here another danger met them in the shape of wild-bulls, which often attack men and beasts and hurl them over precipices. Two of these had to be killed, as they were met on a narrow pathway not two feet wide, and nothing would induce them to get out of the way. The descent of the eastern slope of the Andes was most dangerous, as the road was slippery with snow and mud, and in some parts the mules were literally obliged to slide down.

After several times fording a river, which was much swollen by the melting of the snow, the party at length reached the mineral caves of Huallanca, which are situated at an elevation of fourteen thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The inspection of these caves is described as a very trying affair, as the rarefaction of the air caused so great an increase in the pulsation of the heart that it was dangerous to move about except with great care. These silver mines exhibit a very extraordinary geological formation, being found in the heart of a coal-formation which has been upheaved by the outburst of porphyry. Some of the argentiferous copper ores contain about eight hundred ounces of silver to the ton, and others as little as one hundred and one hundred and fifty ounces. The latter have hitherto been thrown aside, as in their case the cost of carriage to the coast was too great. Mr Sewell recommended the owners to collect these poorer ores and smelt them in a reverberatory furnace into 'regulus'; by which means the

proportion of silver would be raised to some six hundred ounces to the ton. The operation is of course rendered the more easy as coal is to be had within a few yards. The ore is found in the shaly portion of the formation as well as in the sandstone; in the latter it is found in a most singular condition—in huge *oughs* or caves, many of which are as much as twenty-five or thirty feet in length and depth. These caves are coated with from two to three inches of argentiferous ores, and millions of crystals of tetrahedrite are destroyed by the picks of the miners in breaking down the ore; some of the caves have yielded as much as thirty thousand pounds' worth of silver in a single day. The way in which they are discovered by the native miners is also singular. They follow for months in the rock, by blasting, a thin little cleavage of about an eighth of an inch; this contains chalcodony, and they drive horizontally and at an incline of forty-five degrees, in order not to miss their object. These mineral caves of Hualanca vary in size from a few feet to that mentioned above.

In conclusion, we may perhaps be permitted to call attention to a remark of Mr Sewell's respecting the enormous increase in the cultivation of the sugar-cane in Peru, a fact which we believe is by no means generally known in this country. The value of the machinery for the manufacture of sugar introduced within the last ten years is estimated at about three million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the outlay on the preparation of land for the sugar-cane at six million two hundred and fifty thousand. Those who are best acquainted with such-like matters express the opinion that at no distant period no country will be able to compete with Peru in this industry, the climate offering no difficulties or risks to the crops. From want of rain on the coast, the sugar-cane is cultivated by means of artificial irrigation.

A NEW SPECIES OF LITERARY FORGERY.

In the annals of English literature there are several outstanding instances of fraudulent authorship familiar to most reading people. The sad story of Chatterton, the 'Ireland forgeries' of Shakespeare, and the deception practised by Mr Surtees on Sir Walter Scott, might be mentioned as examples, and some might be inclined to lengthen the list by the addition of the Ossianic poems. In all these, the distinguishing feature is an imitation of the style and tone of authors of a by-gone age, and the presentation of this counterfeit as a genuine production. The particular kind of knavery which forms the subject of this little notice is somewhat different from these, and is of a simpler description. Probably, too, it is less common. The element of authorship or literary peculiarities does not enter into it, for it is a question not of forging names or styles, but dates. The story is as follows.

Some months ago a gentleman purchased from the catalogue of a most respectable bookselling firm in London an old Bible (Geneva translation), with the year 1569 appended, and bearing to be printed by the Deputies of Christopher Barker. The book was in excellent condition; but the date on the title-page of the Old Testament seemed slightly imperfect, a small slip of paper having

been pasted below to strengthen the part affected. Nothing, however, was thought of this, as the New Testament, both on the title-page and again at the end, was plainly dated 1569, and the volume—Old and New Testaments combined—was unquestionably one publication. No suspicion existed for many months regarding the book, and its pedigree of more than three hundred years was held in due respect and veneration. It had, moreover, the reputation of being the oldest known copy of the Scriptures in the district.

This irreproachable character came suddenly to an end in a very accidental way. The owner happened to be looking over the late Dr Eadie's publication, *The English Bible*, and by chance noticed that while the first edition printed in Geneva was published in 1560, the earliest edition of the Geneva Bible printed in England was in 1575—that is six years later than the year of publication of the volume in question. Further, it appeared that the license or patent to the Deputies of Christopher Barker, by whom the book was printed, was only granted in 1589, twenty years after the date of the Bible. Here was a serious discrepancy, the solution of which disclosed a perverted ingenuity worthy of a better cause. A closer examination revealed that the dates in all the three places had been altered by some former proprietor of the book in the following manner. The original date is not as it looked, 1569, but 1599; and by a process of ensure the downward stroke of the first 9 had been obliterated, and added with a pen to the top; thus converting, in a very obvious way, 1599 into 1569. The alteration is marvellously well done. The six in each case is necessarily a little higher than the other figures, but not suspiciously so; and a very minute inspection also shows the slightest possible difference in the shade of the ink of the added part. Otherwise the page looks perfectly right; and it had successfully deceived the booksellers already referred to. On holding up the leaf, however, to a strong light, the weak point, or in this case we might say the thin point, is at once discovered. In each leaf, exactly below the 'manufactured' six, a faint thinness in the paper is perceptible, caused by the process of removing the tail of the nine, thus making assurance of the forgery not only doubly but trebly sure. Of course it need scarcely be said that the only supposable object of this villainy was to render the book more valuable by adding thirty years to its age. Perhaps in the circumstances it may not suffer in this respect from the impudent lie written on its forehead, for it may now have an adventitious value, as a curious and uncommon instance of literary fraud!

This special kind of falsification might be described as unique, but for one other notable instance of a similar nature two centuries ago—that of Captain Thornton and the 'Lauderdale Bible'. About the period in question, an idea—partly originated by Fuller—was current that in some rare editions the apostle Paul designated himself 'Paul, a knave of Jesus Christ.' No such Bible really existed; and the Duke of Lauderdale, the well-known Scotch viceroy of Charles II., having in vain endeavoured to procure one, it occurred to Thornton, a worthless fellow by all accounts, that he could by a little ingenuity gratify His Grace and serve himself at the same time. He got a Matthews Bible dated M.D.CCCXVII, and by careful

manipulation he erased the XVII., thus leaving the date 1520 instead of 1537—fifteen years earlier than the oldest English Bible extant, that of Coverdale. Not content with this daring imposition, he in a similar manner rubbed out the word 'servante' in Romans i. 1, and substituted 'kneave,' made up of letters cut from other parts of the volume, so that the verse read 'Paul, a kneave of Jesus Christ,' instead of 'Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ.' The book thus mutilated was taken to the Duke, who gave him seventeen guineas for it. (Lewis's *History of Translations*, p. 47.) Although 'the mark of the rasure was very visible,' Landerdale was apparently pleased with his unique bibliographical treasure, and had his arms and coronet stamped on both sides. How the forgery was discovered is not mentioned; but Dr Eadie remarks that a volume said to be the identical copy was sold at a book-sale in London in 1865. Hence its being sometimes called the 'Knave Bible,' which designation in more senses than one it certainly deserved.

It would be interesting to ascertain if any other examples of this species of literary forgery are known to bibliographers. Lewis, in the work already quoted, seems to think 'there was more than one copy which had been thus played the knave with;' but after some little research, we have not been able to discover another instance of the kind.

FRESH-WATER FISH.

FOR many years past there have been various measures enacted for the protection of the salmon, which has been justly regarded as the king of our edible fishes. Recent inquiries made by the Royal Commissioners have also, we believe, shewn the importance of protecting trout during a certain season of the year. But up to the most recent date no one had apparently taken steps for the protection of our other fresh-water fishes such as pike, roach, perch, tench, barbel, &c. These, which still go by the somewhat ignominious title of 'coarse fish,' have been suffered to be captured at will and during any season of the year, regardless of the fact that at certain seasons they are unfit for food. Now, however, that the English legislature has thought it within its province to recognise the importance of protecting the scaly denizens of our fresh waters, it is to be hoped that these will receive the care and the recognition their excellence deserves. The object of the legislature is, by the suppression of netting and angling during certain months of the year, to give fish such as pike, perch, roach, barbel, &c. an opportunity for their increase in quiet, and thus insure extended sport more particularly to the hard-toiling men who delight in the amusement of the angle. Norfolk and Suffolk having an exceptionally vast acreage of water, such interference with the rod has not been considered necessary, as in those counties the anglers are few and fish many. In the midland counties, however, anglers are legion, in Sheffield there being no fewer than eight thousand, many of whom sally out upon every available opportunity and line the banks of the canals to the extinction of almost the smallest fish. This fact the midland men themselves have been the first to recognise, and the present movement for fence months and the entire suppression of netting with small mesh,

originated in that quarter; deteriorating causes for which they virtually pray the government to protect the waters against their own excessive attachment to the sport, and the consequent destruction and waste by all alike of undersized, immature, and unseasonable fish.

But this is not the only purpose which actuates the more philanthropic, for whatever may be the contemptuous opinion held in regard to 'coarse fish,' there exists a large section of the community who do not share in the prejudice, and to whom a fillet of pike, a broil of perch, or a fry of gudgeon, are as acceptable as many an expensive dish to their more favoured fellows.

Next in importance to the possession of the fish is the mode of cooking; and we purpose here to lay a few hints before our readers, aiming as much at simplicity as is possible. If fried, which offers many recommendations, the first consideration is the cleaning of the fish. With trout, roach, dace, perch, &c. wipe the fish well with a soft dry linen cloth; then wrapping a little of the cloth round a finger, clean out the throat and gills in the best way it can be managed, without scaling, gutting, or even using any water about the fish. Lay them on a nicely cleaned gridiron over a clear fire, flour them, and turn them very frequently. When they are done enough, take off their heads, to which the entrails will be found adhering, put a good piece of butter suited to the size of each fish, and seasoned with salt, into the inside, and serve them up with their own gravy. Some, in broiling roach, dace, &c., as soon as the fish begins to grow brown, make a slit only skin deep in the back from head to tail, and again lay them on the gridiron. When the fish are enough done the skin readily peels off with the scales on, leaving the flesh, which will have become very firm and perfectly clean. They then open the fish, take out the inside, and use anchovy, or butter and mustard for sauce. This method prevails in Yorkshire as well as on the Thames by the fishermen's wives, who are great adepts in the art of entertaining their customers with a dish of dace or gudgeon.

To fry fish, the fact should be ever kept in mind that frying is baking or roasting in boiling oil. It is not the bottom of the pan that browns the fish, for to that, if it touched, it would stick, and losing its skin, become an unsightly greasy mass; but it is the exceeding high temperature which oil, butter, or lard attains when at boiling point, that gives that semi-transparent brown appearance to fried fish, so acceptable to peer and peasant alike. But how are we to know when the oil boils and therefore to lay the fish in its oleaginous bath? This is easy; by trying it with a piece of white paper, a finger of bread, or a silver spoon; if the bread is browned, or the paper or spoon comes out dry, the fat boils.

Perhaps the barbel is the most despised of our fresh-water fish, but with the French, who are no mean authorities upon the virtues of fish, barbel are thought highly of. Badham assures 'all who may be incredulous, that barbel simply boiled in salt and water, and eaten cold with a sprinkle of lemon-juice, will be found by no means despicable fare, and we particularly recommend to their notice the head and its appurtenances.' Bloch advises us to boil them with a bit of bacon to heighten the flavour. One precaution,

however, should be taken before cooking: the roe should be entirely removed, as a very small fragment will produce with some much the same effect as that caused by shell-fish. We believe the secret of rendering every portion of the barbel wholesome is by boiling it in three parts of water and one part of vinegar, just scalding it for about two minutes; afterwards, if not intended for immediate eating, hang it up in a cool place, and it will dress quite as well after a day or two as if fresh caught.

Whatever doubt there may be respecting the gastronomic claims of the barbel, none can assuredly exist in regard to its little cousin the gudgeon, which for ages has held its own as a most wholesome fish. Time was when trips were made up the Thames, alone to enjoy this dish; as the more aristocratic go down the river to indulge in white-bait. But from whatever cause it may have arisen, the once famous Thames gudgeon have greatly deteriorated in size and number, and to secure sufficient for a dish the punt wells of the fishermen for a mile or more would have to be carefully searched. These dainty fish cannot be cooked too plainly, a little fried parsley served with them being all the embellishment they require.

The bleak, Walton's fresh-water sprat, makes a palatable dish fried in butter or egg and bread crumbs. Even smaller fish than the bleak possess no contemptible flavour. A fry of minnows surpasses, in the estimation of some gourmets, even white-bait; and the loach, as Izaak truly says, 'is a dainty dish at table,' the best being 'he that feedeth and is bred in little and clear swift brooks or rills, over gravel, and in the sharpest streams;' the one characterised 'by a forked prickle in front of the eyes' should be avoided as inferior, as should the common pond loach, strongly impregnated with the smell and taste of tank. The miller's thumb is another neglected but special delicacy. 'The flesh of this species,' says Badham, 'becomes salmon-coloured by boiling, and is held in high repute.' Again, the pope or ruff, a fish generally thrown aside by the angler, combines the united edible excellences of the perch and gudgeon.

An excellent and inexpensive soup is readily made from eels. To every pound of eels—the smallest grigs are as good as larger ones—put a quart of water, with a little whole pepper, salt, parsley, and mint. Let it stew very slowly, till reduced to half the quantity, pour it out and force the meat through a colander with the back of a spoon. After it has stood all night, take off the fat. When heating the soup, thicken it with butter rolled in flour. This is an admirably nourishing soup, and when served with sippets of toast, agrees with the most delicate stomach; the rich and objectionable fat having been removed when cold, while as there is nothing 'snake-like' presentable to the eye, the prejudices of many persons against the eel when cooked in the ordinary way, are thus removed.

Carp, after being kept a few days alive in water free from the vegetable substances upon which they feed, become a luscious and nutritious dish even cooked *au naturel*; but with sorrel sauce or a squeeze of lemon, are converted into a *recherché entrée*. The false tongue of the carp has a European reputation as a delicacy. There are

special recipes for dressing carp, which from their expensive character are not appropriate here. With the economical Germans however, they are peculiar favourites, and from them we have the following method of making three excellent dishes—a soup, a stew, and a fry, with a single carp of about three or four pounds weight, of each of which we can speak highly from personal experience. They take a live carp either hard or soft roed, and killing it by a blow on the head, bleed it in a stew-pan, then scale it well, taking out and carefully preserving the entrails without breaking the gall, which with the parts adjoining, must be immediately separated from the rest, and thrown aside, as its slightest contact with the rest of the dish would injuriously flavour the whole. Every other part of the carp is convertible into excellent food. Having opened the maw, and thoroughly cleaned it, the roe is cut into pieces, and put in with all the rest of the entrails for the soup of the first dish. This soup is either made with the addition of gravy or strong meat broth, accompanied by herbs and spices, well seasoned, and thickened with flour; or, when intended as a meagre dish, with that of a strong broth of any other kind passed through the sieve, a bundle of sweet herbs, and a seasoning of fine spices, salt, &c.

For the second dish or stew, having slit up the carp on one side of the backbone, through the head, and quite down to the tail, cut off the head with a good shoulder to it; take the largest half of the body, containing the backbone, and divide it into three pieces; which, with its portion of the head, are to be put with the blood in the stew-pan, where they are dressed in any of the numerous ways of stewing fish, by putting in three or four glasses of ale in lieu of wine, and a little grated gingerbread, and sometimes only a small quantity of vinegar, adding sweet herbs, spices, and seasoning to palate. When serving up this dish, it is not unusual to add a little lemon or lime juice.

For the fry or third dish, the remaining portion of the fish, divided as for a stew, is well dredged with flour, and fried brown and crisp in oil, or clarified butter. Thus, particularly if a few savoury force-meat balls, composed in the usual manner with the fish which makes the broth or gravy, be boiled in the soup, there is a dish not far removed from the richest turtle soup; a second dish in the stew may easily be made equally aspiring, on a small scale; and lastly, a most delicate third dish, in the fine fry, which completes this curious division and subdivision of a single carp. It may be well to note that carp should never be boiled.

The tench, although ever associated with the carp, differs widely in its habits, as while the one is most capricious in its feeding, the other is to be taken without any great amount of skill by the rod full nine months in the year; and generally through mild winters when the carp is proof against every temptation, and is said only to bite while the broad-bean is in blossom. The flesh of the tench is very firm and admirably adapted for stewing, its skin being pronounced by epicures to possess a savour comparable in its excellence to nothing else. The simple secret of how to prevent the breaking of the tender skin of the tench is known to very few cooks. It is, however, merely by placing the fish in boiling

fat and just turning it in the pan; and if for boiling, then taking it out, laying it in a cloth in boiling water until it is done sufficiently. Served with a sauce made of the young leaves of the field sorrel, it is a most appetising dish.

The worst way of cooking a pike is by the ordinary mode of baking it, which renders it, even with expensive stuffing and close attention, both dry and somewhat insipid. The fish should be separated into cutlets and fried. If boiled and served with horse-radish sauce, it becomes an excellent and satisfying meal. When fish are boiled, the liquor should never be wasted, as, if not too long kept, it makes excellent stock for many kinds of soup.

Since writing the above, an Act of Parliament has received the Queen's assent which restricts the uses of the net and rod entirely in public waters for the taking of fresh-water fish (excepting for scientific purposes) throughout England and Wales from 15th March to 15th June inclusive; and the uses of nets below a certain size of mesh, during the rest of the year. The counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, from reasons we have already given, are not embraced in this Act; thus in the rivers and 'broads' of East Anglia no restriction is placed upon angling, it being considered that 'fair fishing' by rod and line could never have any appreciably injurious effect upon their immense acreage of waters. It is but just to the anglers of Sheffield to give them the credit for this beneficial enactment.

THE HIGHLAND BOTHY.

A JACOBITE REMINISCENCE.

THE following record, throwing another ray of light upon a time of stirring interest, was found among the papers of a Scottish gentleman of the last century. He seems to have had a loose, not to say eccentric habit of spelling and diction, which we have taken the liberty to modernise. The story is as follows.

In the days of which I write, porridge and milk for breakfast, brose for dinner, and porridge again in the evening, with occasional mutton on Sabbath, served to put pith in our sinews and marrow in our bones. There were no coaches on out-of-the-way northern roads in those days, and any man not content to stay at home moved abroad at his own peril on the back of his own horse or more often still, afoot.

Craig-end, my worthy father's farm, was in Southern Ross-shire, in the valley of Strath Conan, a few miles south-west from Loch Luichart. When I as a lad had finally decided to become a doctor—Donald, my elder brother, naturally taking to the farm when the growing years began to tell on my father—I had to walk, or otherwise as I best could find my way to Edinburgh in the autumn, and return to Craig-end again in the spring, on foot; mayhap esteeming myself lucky getting 'a lift' for a mile or two here and there on a cart going my way, if I happened to fall in with a good-natured driver.

It is needless to say that Edinburgh was in an unsettled state during the autumn of '45 and the spring of '46, immediately before and after poor Prince Charlie's unfortunate attempt to regain the crown of his ancestors; and little, as you may

imagine, was done by students or professors at the college during that session. Early in the winter the women's heads had been turned by the gay doings at Holyrood; and what between the women's wheedlings and the fascination of the Young Chevalier himself, half the bailies and more than half of the population were Jacobite not merely in their hearts but openly. The Perthshire lads, the Ross and Inverness shire men in their ragged tartan and bare brown legs, carried all before them; and in every street and 'close' in Edinburgh the tartan and the Gaelic were triumphant. There was hardly a pair of trousers to be seen in the quadrangle of the university; the kilt became the fashion, and every strapping bittion by the prevailing enthusiasm had his claymore or his dirk at the service of the young 'king.' Many a student pitched his books to the wind that year, and threw in his lot with Prince Charlie's bare-legged lads at Holyrood.

I too, had I not been a canny lad, brought up a sound Presbyterian, after the faith of Calvin and Knox, ran a certain risk of having my head turned, although I was never at any time carried away by the stream of popular excitement. Once indeed I had my head nigh broken by a red-headed Highlander, for daring in a tavern in Gilray Wynd, off the Cowgate, to speak respectfully of a certain pamphlet I had laid hands on, entitled 'A Defence of the People of England,' by one John Milton, some plain truths from which I had unwarily quoted approvingly. Yet, though my opinion of the Stuarts was never high, and their Popish tendencies were hateful to my Presbyterian mind, I will admit that I, being somewhat skilled in music, loved the Jacobite ditties that then were in the mouth of every pretty lass; and on one occasion was constrained by the infection of enthusiasm to raise my cap and cheer with the best of them as the handsome and king-like young Prince rode, bowing left and right, along the Canongate, with the Cross of St Andrew on his breast, and above it a white rose; while fair smiling ladies, decked in ribbons of the loyal colour, waved handkerchiefs at every window and whispered blessings from every door-step along the street.

But as you know, the winter had scarcely passed before a different tale was told. The tartan disappeared; no more Gaelic was heard in the taverns: the English red-coats heard no cheers as they went along the streets; but saw only scowling Scotch faces gazing out upon them from the windows, and heard many a malediction, scarcely suppressed, as they entered the taverns for refreshment.

Early in April '47, when the college session broke up unsatisfactorily—Prince Charlie by that time playing the fool in France while his Scotch friends wept and bled and died—I started on my long homeward walk to Craig-end, feeling that my time during the two previous winters had been sadly wasted in Edinburgh; and that I might have worked to almost as much purpose among my father's cattle, or with my books by the kitchen fire during the long winter nights. There was no little danger in thus travelling alone; but I was young and fearless and eager for my mother's fireside. I did at first twenty miles or more a day, increasing the distances, as my legs got thoroughly into walking trim, to twenty-five and even thirty

moor between sunrise and sunset. The winter had been very open, with now and again heavy rains. It was a great delight to me when I got fairly among the hills to see the young lambs, to hear the plover's cry on the moor, and once again to strain my eye after the lark soaring, singing away into the 'lift' so high.

I had stopped for several evenings on the road at the houses of farmers known to my father, and at wayside village taverns, where at first I was looked at suspiciously; but ultimately was generally made welcome to supper and a bed for my recent tidings of the march of events in Edinburgh. The weather had been fine, albeit showers and mists among the hills, until I reached Loch Looch, where I had the luck to be ferried across gratis with a boat-load of sheep. Then the wind, which had been westerly, suddenly veered round to the north, and a keen hard frost set in; cold enough, as the old proverb has it, 'to freeze the wee birds' nebs to stane.' I started on my walk across the mountain track from Glen Cluny with misgivings in the morning, and did not need the warning more than one shepherd gave me as I passed him leading his ewes and lambs to shelter, that before nightfall, indeed before I should see the back of Dundregan, we should have snow. I was only two days' march or so from home, and was naturally eager if possible to reach Craigh-end on Saturday evening. But the north wind hit my face almost into blisters as I crossed the moor, and retarded my progress seriously. In the afternoon I had the misfortune to miss my way, having mistaken an over-swollen tributary of the Coyle for the river itself. I was tired and hungry, and very solitary, feeling uneasy too because of the uncertainty of my whereabouts, as the light began to fade, and large flakes of snow fell around me and battered against my face. I knew I was several miles from Knockninn, and was accordingly eagerly on the watch for any human habitation where shelter could possibly be had for the night.

Not a farm, or even a cottage or hovel, was to be seen through the thickly falling snow, as I gazed from the top of a hill. Not a drop of comfort could I squeeze from my empty flask, not a crumb would my pockets yield. In despair I sat down behind a rock that jutted from the hill, making a temporary protection from the storm, and wondered whether I could safely spend the night there. But the increasing darkness and the whirling snow and bitter cold wind soon drove me on to the trackless waste once again. Wrapping my plaid about me tightly, I moved on in no happy mood, recalling the cases I had heard of travellers who had perished in the snow on such a night as this.

I had walked thus with clenched teeth about a couple of miles knee-deep in wet heather, and picking my way as best I could, when I thought I perceived in the darkness a slight depression in the level of the snow, which indicated a footpath. I followed it, filled with hope, to a burn-side, and thence down a slope to a level place in the shelter of the hill. Yes, there was a cottage; not much more than a hovel; but from the hole in the thatch there issued peat-smoke; and high up in the wall, in the aperture that served for window, I could see a flickering light as of fire on the hearth. My heart sprang out towards it joyfully. I believe I shouted in my mirth.

I knocked loudly at the door, feeling sure that on such a night as this no apology was needed for a summary demand for admission. There was no reply. I knocked again more urgently than before, bringing my heavy oak stick to play on the panel. Still no answer. Could they have gone to bed so early? Then I remembered that shepherds and others who rise with the dawn retire at sunset; so my staff once again woke the echoes.

A low growl rose from the interior, and then I heard a stern querulous voice say: 'Whisht, Jock, ye dell, whisht!'

I waited with what patience I could muster, but still no one came to the door. Then I tried the latch; but the door was fastened from the inside. I shouted; but the wind seemed to carry my voice round the corner of the house and away idly down the glen; the only answer was another half-suppressed growl from the seam under the door at my feet. Rendered savage as well as desperate, I stooped to the seam and cried: 'Won't you let me in? I'm perishing from cold. For mercy's sake, open the door!'

Then the querulous voice of an old man replied in a snarl that had not much more softness in it than the sound of the dog evidently by his side: 'No; I'll no open the toor; the house iss my own microter, an' ye'll no come in. So make off wi' ye.'

'But I *must* get in. I'm starving—I'm'—— My teeth chattered so that I could hardly speak farther.

'Ye "must" get in!' whined the same voice. 'It was a braw joke too whatever that he "must" get in! No; ye'll no get in one inch farther. We like to know oor company here before we let any man in. Go on to Knockninn. If you're an honest man, they'll maybe take ye in there.'

'Open the door, whoever you are,' I cried, losing patience in my misery, and stamping my feet outside. 'I tell you I *must* get in.'

'Stand there one minute longer an' I'll pit the togue on ye.'

What did I care for his dog? I gripped my stick tightly, and thundering against the door, in desperation shouted: 'I *shall* get in! Open your door, or I shall break it open!'

Then in the dimness above me, at the window in the wall I saw the head of an old man, whose glaring eyes deep under heavy eyebrows, and mouth firm-set shewed that I might expect little hospitality at his hands. In his hand he held a gun, the barrel pointing towards me.

'For the love of mercy, don't fire on me!' I cried, seeing from his expression that he was in terrible earnest.

'I *will* fire,' he said in the same savage tone; 'I *will* fire if ye are there after I count ten.'

And the wretch began slowly to count to the figure he had mentioned. Seeing that it was hopeless to expect anything at the hands of this misanthrope, I stepped back reluctantly, and faced the snow and the wind on the moor, which had now risen to a terrific storm, hiding alike star and cloud, and leaving the earth one vast expanse of dreary black and white. I had now no the faintest idea of my way, and looked about to see, as I turned the gable of the bothy, whether there was any outhouse, or even pig-sty or peat-stack, where I might have shelter. But all about the house was bare and inhospitable; so I, having

nothing better before me, faced the hill and began to trudge upward as best I could.

I had walked a few hundred yards, when a sudden idea occurred to me. I turned back to the booth where I had received such a rebuff, and quietly seating myself under the window, pulled my flute, the companion of many a journey, from my pocket. Having pieced it together, and rubbed and breathed upon my benumbed fingers to promote circulation, I began to play in my very best manner the stirring melody, at that time in the mouth of every loyal Highlander, *Wha'll be King but Charlie?* and waited tremulously for the effect. I had played through the first verse, and was beginning to think as I began the second that the notes were being carried away on the wind, when I heard the querulous and detested voice of the old man say from the inside: 'Eh, far does that come frae?'

Then another voice—a man's—replied: 'Eh, it iss rale ponny! It iss the king's own tune mifrofer—a rale loyal tane if it wass only on the pipes.'

Then the door slowly opened, and the old man spoke, apparently addressing his dog: 'Pack, Jock, ye deil, pack!'

'An' who may ye be?' he asked, shewing his head and a row of yellow broken teeth, at the door.

'I'm a stranger lost on the moor, and sadly in want of shelter; I said in my most persuasive tones.

'Wass ye the lad that made yon fine music?'

I held up my flute.

'Wass ye the lad that wass at the door just noo?'

I had to admit the fact, and half ashamed, expected to see the door slam in my face.

'What for then did ye mak' sic a noise if ye cam' wi' an honest purpose? *Are ye true?* Ye'll no pe in the English service—one o' General Blakeney's crew—when ye can pe playing loyal tunes on your pipe like that?'

I assured him I was not in King George's service, and that my flute had many loyal Jacobite tunes in it that would gladden his old heart, if he would only let me creep near his fire.

Very reluctantly and suspiciously he allowed me to pass him, holding the nape of his collie's neck tightly as I passed. The brute's temper seemed of the same metal as his master's.

The kitchen was very dark. There was only one chair, an old-fashioned high-backed arm-chair, in which the old man sat when he had closed and barred the door carefully. On the opposite side of the hearth-stone—on which several peats smouldered, throwing out a comfortable heat and dim light among the room's shadows—was a round flat boulder, towards which he beckoned me. I was glad to seat myself upon it and absorb some of the warmth after my cold wearisome journey. Steam rose from me in clouds as the heat penetrated my clothes. I was conscious that my host was eyeing me suspiciously as well as silently.

'Can I have anything to eat?' I at length ventured to ask as I felt my blood beginning to circulate freely once more.

'I canna tell that ye can,' he said abruptly.

'What may be in that pot?' I asked, nodding towards a black pot that hung from a chain over the peats.

'Het water,' he replied impassively. 'Then we were silent again.

He watched me swing off my wallet and place it against the wall; but did not seem ready with any suggestion.

'Hot water!' I said, taking up his answer after a pause. 'The very thing wanted. I shall make some porridge. Can you give me a little oatmeal?'

'If ye'll gif me anither tune—a loyal one mifrofer, an' no too loud—ye'll maape get a pickle oatmeal.'

So I pieced my flute together and played to the old savage a satirical song on Johnie Cope's disastrous march, at that time still popular in Edinburgh. His face was radiant as I played, and I noticed as the music affected him that he had only three teeth left in his upper jaw.

'Noo, ye can make your porridge,' he said, rising when I had finished to give me meal from the chest.

'I haf other matters to think o', he said with a sigh as he rose and went 'ben,' leaving me alone to cook my supper.

I cooked, ate, and enjoyed my porridge with a heartiness best known to a starving man, conscious that outside the wind was howling a hurricane, and that my host's collie was watching my movements with no friendly eye from under his master's chair. Once when I made to occupy the arm-chair, as the most comfortable quarter of the room, he flew at me, but only snarled and shewed his teeth; yet with sufficient emphasis to warn me that there was a well-defined limit to the liberties I might take. The growl brought my host's head to the door of the den, and he too, I imagined, looked black at me. But with a large steaming basin on my knee and a horn-spoon I had found in a drawer, I nevertheless enjoyed my supper. My host came once or twice into the kitchen and moved to and fro uneasily, and when I attempted to talk to him, snarled at me in a way that shewed he would much have preferred being without my company. I became uneasy under his gaze. As I sat silent in the dark hovel, listening to the wind outside, and watched my host pacing to and fro, or saw him throw himself uneasily in the arm-chair and bury his face in his hand, occasionally glaring out at me, I began to discuss with myself whether it was wise to remain in such a madman's company for the night. Then my imaginings shaped themselves into the fancy that he was gazing not only fiercely at me, but longingly at my wallet, in which I well knew there was little enough to tempt any man. When again he left me, I thought, as I had fluted to please him, I would flute to please myself for a while, and so proceeded to play:

Oh, Alastir Macalastir, your chanter sets us a' asteen.

Gae to your pipes, an' blaw wi' birr;

We'll dance the Highland fling—

when his door burst open, and he ejaculated: '*Stop that noise there,*' in a tone that set me trembling for what consequences might follow.

Obeying the peremptory summons to silence, I gradually dozed off into an uncomfortable sleep. Once or twice I woke to find the old man in his chair looking, I imagined, haggard and distressed, gazing intently at me through the

darkness. My dread of him became fainter as the night advanced and my eyes grew more heavy. Yet I wondered why he did not go to bed instead of moving aimlessly to and fro. Then I fell fast asleep.

It must have been about daybreak that I was suddenly awakened by an exclamation issuing from the next room. I started to my feet, hardly remembering where I was, and imagining that I must have dreamt. Then the door of the room opened suddenly, and the old man tottered rather than walked into the kitchen. He sat down in his chair, evidently unconscious of my presence, put his face in his hands, and burst into a flood of tears, moaning to himself: 'Oh! She is dead—she is dead!'

'Who is dead?' I asked, touching his arm.

'Poor Maggie—ah! poor poor Maggie. And Tonal—what will poor Tonal do now?'

'Is there any one in the house besides you and me? Tell me. I may be able to help you. Who is ill? Who is dead?'

He was very haggard, very absent-minded and helpless. Then he roused himself. 'If ye could go for a doctor now, if ye could only go for a doctor! But that is ten miles in the snow over the moor an' the hill!'

'I am a doctor,' I said, anticipating my honours in the hope of being of use to him.

'Then in there—in—go in!' he cried, rising hurriedly. 'Why did ye not say so before?' Then suddenly stopping in front of me he said, glaring in my eyes: 'But swear, are ye true? Swear ye'll be true. I think ye're true. But if not—well, he drew an ugly-looking dirk from a drawer; if ye're a traitor against my son, ye'll rue the night ye darkened a Mackintosh's threshold.'

I pushed past him into the inner room, where I found a woman lying in bed, pale as death, but conscious, and evidently about to become a mother. A powerful young fellow, an enlarged copy of the old man I had left in the kitchen, was sitting by her bedside holding her hand. Tears were raining down his cheeks as he sat. He half rose, scowling as I entered; but the cloud passed from his face as I said: 'Don't rise; I am a doctor come to help you.'

And help them I did. For in an hour's time, amidst storm of wind and snow, as the gray dawn began to peep in at the window I carried in a blanket to the old man, seated by the kitchen fire, a new-born Highlander, his grandson, and brought him the news also that all was going well with Maggie. Never shall I forget the grip the old man gave my hand! And his son 'Tonal' too came into the kitchen relieved.

'To think,' said the old man, who looked on me as if I had plucked his child from the grave—'To think, Tonal, I was going to shoot the shentleman cuss he wanted to come in an' help us last night whatever! But I thought he was one o' these blackguard English gentry—maybe one o' Blakeney's men, like came here a week ago to hunt ye, Tonal, my ponny lad, who headed the charge mifor—an' pood am I to ye his father for that same deed of the Mackintoshes at Culloden. Ay, to think the doctor was in the hoos, an' Tonal's wife at teath's toor. Ye know noo sir, why I was so unpollite to ye when ye

knock't at the door an' I wouldna let ye in; an' ye'll no doot excuse it sir.'

'Unpollite' I thought was a mild word for the old gentleman's reception of me in the earlier part of the evening. But a flagon of claret, and oatcakes and butter were now on the table, and the baby in his father's arms.

'I'm going to do ye great honour—the most I can do to mortal man,' said the old man, addressing me, as he slowly and carefully unrolled from white cloth a horn cup, and gravely filled it with claret. 'That is the cup the young king—God bless him an' his royal father mifor!—drank out of when he honoured me in this humble cottage by condescending to enter it; an' ye are the first to drink out of the cup since it touched his Highness's lips. Here is a toast mifor to the absent an' beloved Prince Charlie an' his royal father, an' may they in God's goot time soon hef their own again!'

Father and son drank the toast on bended knees with the solemnity and ardour of prayer.

'I too have a toast to propose,' I said, a happy thought striking me; 'but we must drink it with Mrs Mackintosh.' We adjourned to the inner room. 'I drink,' said I, placing my hand on the baby's head, 'to the health and future prosperity of Charles Stuart Mackintosh, and may there be many of them!' The toast was rapturously received and applauded.

I had to remain some days in the Highland bothy until the snow melted from the moor; and a more hearty time I never enjoyed, after fairly succeeding in unlocking the gateway of my surly old host's heart. 'Tonal' shewed me where the Prince had only a few months before hidden in the glen—a hiding-place which the old father had been offered and refused the reward of forty thousand pounds to reveal—a spot to which 'Tonal' too had to retire when any suspicious-looking stranger appeared; the stalwart Highlander being a marked man for the part he had taken in the cause of the Young Chevalier.

When at last, in the beginning of the following week, I bound my valise on my shoulder and moved homeward towards Craig-end, it was with Highland blessings from faithful and steadfast hearts showered plentifully on my head.

INGENUITY REWARDED.

ONE likes to hear of instances of ingenuity in which by a simple contrivance great loss of property is averted. We have lately heard of two such instances, so amusing in their way as to be worth mentioning to our readers. The first refers to a device for checking the destructive ravages of locusts. The island of Cyprus, lately acquired by the British government, appears to suffer greatly from these animals, which, after hovering like clouds in the air, settle down with destructive energy, and the finest crops are speedily laid waste. In a work lately issued descriptive of Cyprus, occurs the following account of the manner in which M. Mattei, a landed proprietor residing at Larnaca, contrived to effectually baffle the hosts of locusts.

'He observed that locusts are not able to creep up a smooth surface, nor to keep themselves suspended in the air for any considerable distance, and upon these two facts he based his plan for

exterminating them. He excavated ditches at right angles to the direction of their flight, behind which he placed low screens of oil-cloth, linen, or wood. The locusts, unable to creep up these screens, fell back into the ditch, where they were immediately collected in sacks or baskets, to be buried or covered over with earth. Those amongst them who managed to fly over the first screen were intercepted by a second or a third. These screens, having proved a perfect success at Larnaca, were subsequently introduced into other parts of the island, and an end was then put to the fearful ravages of these animals. The simplicity of this device will perhaps be appreciated in those western states of America which occasionally suffer from the plague of locusts.

The other instance of ingenuity consists in a plan for saving vine-plants from the ravages of the phylloxera, an insect whose visitations are the terror of vine-growers in the south of France. The proprietor of a vineyard at Ivigany in the department of the Rhone bethought himself of introducing strawberry plants between the rows of vines. The strawberry plants selected were of a kind which produce large berries, because these berries either engender or attract an insect that takes a pleasure in seeking out, pursuing, and devouring the phylloxera. It was like setting one pest to destroy another. The plan was amazingly successful. The strawberry insect sought out and killed the vine insect on so sweeping a scale that very soon not a phylloxera was left, and the vines were left in peace to grow their grapes in perfection. This ingenious device has been followed by other vine-growers with equal success, and we are told that their vines have been perfectly healthy since the strawberry plants have been introduced in their midst.—A vine-grower in Madeira has announced that he averts any damage from the phylloxera by the simple means of cleaning the roots of the vines as far as it is safe to uncover them, and then applying a mixture of Canada balsam and turpentine.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE annual Reports of the Registrar-general require so much time for working out the totals and systematic arrangement of the large mass of information therein contained, that they are usually not published until two years after date. Hence it is that the Report for 1876 (the 39th of the series) has but recently appeared. In addition to the indispensable particulars of births, deaths, and marriages, this volume discusses two important questions: one is that of over-population, which is at times obtruded on public attention in a disagreeable way; and it is satisfactory to learn from the learned and able chief of the General Register Office, that over-population is not to be dreaded in a country so perseveringly industrious as England. Looked at from the national point of view, it is safe to say—the more people the better; at the same time it is admitted that individual families may find it hard to live; nevertheless, as all things have their value, the several members of the population must be included. According to the Report, the mean net value of each person,

estimated from the standard of the agricultural labourer, is one hundred and fifty pounds. Consequently, in the thirty-nine years that the office has existed twelve hundred millions sterling have been added to the wealth of the nation by mere increase of population.

The other question referred to above is, the use and abuse of intoxicating drinks. That drunkenness prevails to a large extent, cannot be denied; but if the whole population are classed as drunkards and not drunkards, the preponderance in favour of sobriety is found to be enormous. And the Registrar, reversing the commonly received opinion, states that a tendency towards crime or towards insanity is the cause of drunkenness. But it must not be supposed that the Registrar excuses drinking: he is an earnest advocate of temperance, and shews by his statistical tables that the death-rate among licensed victuallers is much greater than among clergymen, and that the 'mortality among grocers, as compared with that of other classes, has undergone a decided increase since the sale of wines and spirits has become a recognised portion of their formerly salubrious trade.' Social science will perhaps take cognisance of these facts.

The Registrar-general for Ireland in his Report for the quarter ending June last tells us that the birth-rate for the quarter was 27·4 in every thousand of the estimated population, and the mortality 20·1 per thousand. In England, the birth-rate for the same period was 30·8, and the mortality 20·8 per thousand. Owing to unfavourable weather, the quarter was unhealthy in Ireland: the rainfall was nearly twelve inches; being seven inches in excess of the corresponding quarter in the five previous years. The estimated population of Ireland at the end of June was five million three hundred and fifty-one thousand and sixty.

The Iron and Steel Institute, as if bent on a holiday, crossed the Channel and held their annual meeting in Paris. Steel appears to have been the principal topic of discussion, for there were many improvements in the manufacturing processes to describe, and many statements to be made on the operations in which it may be advantageously substituted for iron. The improvements hitherto made have tended to lessen the price of steel, and if these go on, steel will be used instead of iron for ship-building; and ships will then be stronger and lighter than at present. Sir Joseph Whitworth's process for compressing fluid steel enables manufacturers to produce the highest degree of strength and the utmost possible lightness. Then, as if to console the manufacturers of iron, mention was made of Professor Barff's method (already described in these columns) of protecting iron by a coating of magnetic oxide, so that it shall never rust. To have iron and steel that will never decay, will open a new era for machinery and manufactures and for applied science.

Dr Paquelin, a Frenchman who some time ago invented a cauterising iron for use in surgery, which could be maintained at any required temperature, has now produced a soldering iron of similar character. Taking advantage of the property possessed by platinum when at a red-heat of condensing gases, and thereby maintaining in a state of incandescence a metallic mass suitably arranged, he introduces a mixture of petroleum vapour and air into the interior of the instrument, concentrates the mixture upon a small thimble

of platinum, which communicates its heat to the surrounding iron, and maintains it at any required temperature so long as the current of air, produced by mechanical means, is continued. The advantage of a cauterising iron that does not require removal from the wound to be reheated is obvious; and a soldering iron of uniform temperature would be appreciated by artificers everywhere.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences, Berlin, Mr W. Siemens, after discussing various improvements of the telephone, remarks that in a short time 'telephones will assuredly be constructed which will convey both speech and musical tones beyond comparison more loudly, more distinctly, and with greater purity to moderate distances than has been possible hitherto by the Bell telephone. The instrument will then render service to intercourse in cities and between neighbouring towns which will far surpass what the telegraph can perform for short distances. The telephone is an electrical speaking-tube which, just like an ordinary speaking-tube, can be managed by every one, and can be a perfect substitute for personal conversation; but as at very short distances it will never supplant the speaking-tube, just as little will it be able to take the place of the telegraph for greater distances.' Nevertheless we may believe that it will rank among the important elements of modern civilisation.

Mr Millar of the Institute of Engineers and Ship-builders in Scotland, has ascertained that sounds such as speaking, singing, whistling can be transmitted through fifty yards of ordinary copper-wire and distinctly heard. The wire may be stretched from one end of a house to the other, and pass under doors on the way without weakening the sound. A disk of parchment, metal or wood, surrounded by a rim is attached to each end, to serve as mouth and ear piece, and no other preparation is necessary; and it has been proved that if two copper-wires are attached one hundred and fifty yards apart to a telegraph wire, the words spoken at one end will still be heard at the other. Simple as these appliances are, they may perhaps be turned to account in studying the phenomena of acoustics.

Astronomers in the United States have already published Reports on the eclipse of July last, with the general conclusions derived from their observations, first among which, on the nature of the corona is, that it shines by light reflected from the sun by a cloud of meteors surrounding the sun, and that on former occasions it has been infiltrated with materials thrown up from the chromosphere. And further, a decided sympathy and connection between the condition of the sun's visible surface, as indicated by the number and character of the sun-spots, and the constitution of the corona has been demonstrated. 'At the present time,' remarks Professor Young, 'the sun-spots are at their minimum; whole months have passed without the appearance of a single one. The chromosphere or coloured envelope which immediately surrounds the sun, has also been correspondently quiescent, and the so-called prominences have been few and small. It certainly looks probable,' he continues, 'that while the gaseous elements of the corona are strictly solar, the non-gaseous matter—the coronal dust or haze—is of extraneous and very likely meteoric origin.'

An impression prevails among some of the observers that there has been a gradual diminution in the brightness of the corona as observed in eclipses since 1869; but there is a general agreement that 'the unknown cause, whatever it may be, which produces the periodical sun-spots at intervals of about eleven years, also affects the coronal atmosphere of the sun. And this, of course, adds a certain measure of probability to the idea that these solar periods may produce some effect upon the earth, such as may be felt in our meteorological conditions.'

Another impression is that during the obscurity produced by the eclipse, the long-sought-for planet Vulcan was discovered between Mercury and the Sun. Should this be verified when the results of all the observations come to be discussed, it will be a fact of the highest importance in physical astronomy, and will confirm the views of the distinguished astronomer Le Verrier.

An account of experiments communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, contains particulars interesting to students of the physiology of plants, and to agriculturists. Mr Gracideau desiring to ascertain whether atmospheric electricity had any influence on the growth and nutrition of plants, instituted a series of experiments on plants of the same kind under different circumstances. One set (tobacco, maize, and wheat) he placed in a case open to the air; the other set exposed to air, light, and moisture, but shut off from the electricity of the atmosphere. The result was unequivocal and noteworthy, being from fifty to sixty per cent. in favour of the plants left free to the air. It may therefore be taken as settled that the electricity of the atmosphere plays a very important part in the assimilation and nutrition of plants. Mr Gracideau's conclusions are accepted by the eminent chemist Berthelot, who, at a subsequent meeting, pointed out to the Academy the significance of the fact that the free plants contained a double quantity of azotised matter.

As connected with this subject we mention a lecture 'On the Chemical Aspect of Vegetable Physiology,' delivered to the Chemical Society by Mr S. H. Vines, in which after stating that organic chemistry owes its existence to the numerous investigations of plants made by chemists, the author describes the function of the chlorophyll, and the modifications which this substance undergoes during growth of the plant, and under the influence of heat and light. It promotes assimilation; and one of the products of assimilation is a carbohydrate: 'the raw material of the plant,' as Mr Vines calls it; and he tells us that 'one portion becomes converted into cellulose to form the walls of the cells in growing organs, and this cellulose becomes subsequently converted into lignin or cork, or gum or mucilage. A second portion is devoted to the nutrition of the existing protoplasm, and to a formation of new protoid material by the combination of carbohydrates with derivatives of the nitrogenous compounds (ammonia and nitrates) absorbed by the roots.'

As supplementary to the paragraph in last Month on a printing-machine for the use of the blind, we mention that preliminaries have been made for the holding of a 'Blind Congress' next year in Berlin. The object is to form a plan by which blind persons of different countries may understand one another in their ordinary com-

munications. This can be done only by a uniform system of teaching, and then, after practice, it is thought that blind Englishmen will be able to understand blind Germans or Frenchmen, and vice versa, and thus widen their knowledge and their sympathies.

The Congress of Orientalists, the ablest scholars in their several branches from all parts of the world, have met at Florence, and done much towards widening our knowledge of the languages and literature of the East.

A Report 'On the Languages of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula and the Indian Archipelago,' published by the Philological Society, presents a large collection of interesting facts, skillfully grouped, and concludes with a suggestive paragraph. 'The range of the Himalayas,' says Mr Cust, the author, 'is a great linguistic water-shed of a most unique and interesting kind. A profound study of the non-Aryan languages of India, the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and the Indian Archipelago, may some day furnish materials for a wider induction of grammatical principles than was possible to the limited knowledge available to Bopp, Humboldt, and Max Müller. We seem to catch the first effects of the human race *in situ*, not in a state of hopeless savagery, as in Australia and America, but in a graduated scale of improved and improving languages. In the rear of the Himalaya is the great monosyllabic Chinese; the flank is turned by every possible combination of the agglutinative method; in their front is the great inflecting word-system of the older family of the Aryans, destined in the vernacular to incorporate Semitic vocables. Thus, from these languages, may possibly, at some future period, be gathered the connecting links between the great orders of human speech.'

Another expedition for the exploration of Africa has been organised by the Royal Geographical Society. The party, under the command of Mr Keith Johnston, will commence operations on the coast opposite Zanzibar with geological, botanical, and other scientific observations, and afterwards make their way to the region of the great lakes in the interior. German and French explorers, some from the north, others from the west, are also engaged in the adventurous work of making Africa known to the rest of the world. Meanwhile Captain Burton has published his book, and readers desirous of knowing what is the present condition of the ancient land of Midian, will find ample satisfaction in his interesting narrative. America too, is not neglected, for the project of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama continually attracts surveying parties; vessels from the United States are exploring the great river Amazons and its affluents, and steamers are to be started on Lake Titicaca. In Australia an attempt is making to turn to profit the vast grasslands in the north bordering on the Gulf of Carpentaria, and enterprising colonists are leading large flocks of sheep across the intervening desert, in the hope that enough will survive to give success to the experiment.

Last year the desert of Atacama was explored by a scientific Commission appointed by the government of Chile, and discovery was made in that wild and barren region of large deposits of nitrate of soda, of borate of soda, of guano, and of silver and copper. The approach to the desert

from the coast, owing to the exceedingly steep and mountainous conformation of the country, is difficult and toilsome; but two ports, Taltal and Blanco Encalada, have been established, and are to be connected by roads with the interior. At these ports the valuable minerals will be shipped. The supply appears to be enormous, for in one section of the desert, about one thousand five hundred acres, there are six million cubic metres of nitrate; and, including other tracts, it is estimated that more than a century will be required to work out all the deposits. A printed Report recently published in London may be consulted for further particulars.

With regard to the Electric light, we hear that Mr Edison of phonograph celebrity, has devised a contrivance for subdividing it indefinitely and thus supplying it to gas-fixtures. This, if carried out, will revolutionise gas-illumination. The apparatus hitherto in use by electricians can only produce a few lights, and has been considered a triumph of inventive skill; Edison guarantees that by his new process the number of lights that can be produced is endless. The lower part of New York is to be lighted as a preliminary experiment, and the cost we are told will be a mere fraction of that of gas. On this all-important subject we may have something further to say by-and-by.

THE BROKEN TOY.

He led us to a summer-house,
In which we often played,
And on the floor in shining heaps
Were toys and posies laid.

Said he: 'My children, choose of these
The thing which you like best,'
No need to tell how willingly
We followed his behest.

I seized a large and gilded toy
Whose splendour caught my eye.
She took a wreath of roses,
And raised it with a sigh.

I tossed my plaything in the air,
And broke it in its fall.
She smoothed her petals tenderly,
And kissed them one and all.

In childish petulance, I threw
The broken toy away.
Her flowers she tended carefully,
And watered day by day.

'Twas ever so. I sought the glare
And noisy din of life.
She studied Nature patiently,
And rested from the strife.

And in the end there fell to us
No usual lot of joy:
She won the garland of renown;
And I, Life's broken toy.

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CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE Peerage is one of the oldest institutions in Great Britain. It is identified with the history of the Monarchy, and, for that matter, as far as one can foresee, Monarchy is primarily dependent upon it. In France there was a Peerage of great antiquity, but it was shattered by the Revolutionary convulsion of 1789, and the efforts made to revive it have been far from successful. Much could be advanced against the existence of a hereditary privileged class in the community, but after all that can be said, we just come to this: There it is, an institution venerable from its extraordinary antiquity—one which does not sensibly infringe on general liberty, and which not only imparts a dignity but an element of solidity and strength to the whole structure of society. If more need be said, it will be that the English people, who are guided more by sentiment, usage, and tradition, than by abstract principle, hold the Peerage in honour, and unless on very exceptional occasions, look up to it with respect. Knowing that such is their position, the members of the Peerage usually endeavour to act up to what is expected of them in the way of example. They are, so to speak, on their good behaviour, as if to make good the old French saying, *Noblesse oblige*.

However ancient in its origin, the institution has only been maintained from time to time by fresh creations by favour of the sovereign. Brilliant military and naval feats redounding to the national glory have added largely to the Peerage. Among this class we may indicate Robert Clive, who, for his gallant achievements in India, more particularly for his great victory at the battle of Plassey, which may be said to have given India to the English, was created Baron Clive in 1763. On his premature death, his son, in acknowledgment of his father's important services to the crown, was advanced to be Earl of Powis, which dignity is now in the family.

The more recent peerage creations of this kind have been the well-known instances of Nelson, Earl Nelson; Duncan, Earl of Camperdown; Wellesley, Duke of Wellington; and Napier, Lord Napier of Magdala. To go a little further back, we have John Churchill, who ultimately became Duke of Marlborough.

Comparatively few persons have been raised to the Peerage by means of successful commerce or finance. Recent instances occur in the two Barings, Lords Ashburton and Northbrook. Several families owe their elevation to the Peerage to the special affection or favour of the sovereign; but such cases are now not so common as formerly. The more conspicuous instances of the kind are Fitz-Roy, Duke of Grafton; Beauchamp, Duke of St Albans; and Lennox, Duke of Richmond; all which were peerage creations of Charles II. In this category might be classed the families of Dutch extraction ennobled as followers of William III., among whom were Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, and Bentinck, Duke of Portland.

Diplomacy, politics, and law have considerably added to the Peerage. As in every reign, and even more frequently, according to changes in the administration, notable lawyers are promoted to be Lord Chancellors, and invested with a title of nobility inherited by descendants or by relations, the Peerage is constantly recruited from this cause; and so is it by the ennobling of retired Speakers of the House of Commons. An early instance of a lawyer founding a family of peers was that of Sir William Cecil, who rose to eminence in the reign of Henry VIII., and from whom have sprung the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Exeter. The Earls of Stair originated in the same way from Sir John Dalrymple, a Scottish lawyer and politician in the reign of William III.

There are more instances of this kind worth noticing. The Earls Cowper are the descendants of Sir William Cowper, a landed proprietor in Hertfordshire, who, being bred a lawyer, rendered public service in promoting the Revolution of 1688. An unfortunate incident very nearly marred

his prospects. He had a younger brother, Spencer, a barrister, against whom, in 1699, was brought a charge of murder, of which he was wholly guiltless. It was a curious case, famous in criminal trials. We shall give only the leading facts. There lived in Hertford, in good circumstances, the widow of Mr Stout, a Quaker, with her only daughter, Sarah. The Cowpers, from their connection with Hertford, were acquainted with the Stouts, and occasionally visited them. Spencer Cowper, from a friendly spirit, was serviceable in managing some pecuniary affairs for Sarah, which she recognised by the too tender sentiment of falling in love with him to an uncontrollable degree, although she knew he was a married man, and had never given any encouragement for her extraordinary notions. The impression conveyed to our mind is that the young woman was to a certain extent mentally deranged, and scarcely accountable for her actions. One evening, after Spencer with three of his acquaintances had visited the house of Mrs Stout, and quietly departed, Sarah, as it would appear, in a sudden paroxysm of disappointment in not having her affection requited, left her home unnoticed, and drowned herself in a river which flows through the town of Hertford. Next morning, her body was found; and forthwith was raised the senseless rumour, fomented for political purposes, that Spencer Cowper and his three friends were guilty of strangling the young and pretty Quakeress, and of throwing her body into the water to conceal their crime. One cannot but feel shocked with the rashness of such unworthy imputations. A trial of the four accused persons took place at the assizes. It was shewn for the defence that the body of Sarah Stout bore no marks of violence, and that the accused had no interest in destroying her. At that time, counsel were not allowed to plead on behalf of prisoners, and Spencer Cowper, in a manly way, pleaded his own cause. He produced a letter to himself from Sarah Stout, which afforded convincing proof of her irregularity of mind. The jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. There was thus an end of the affair; but it gave much concern to the Cowper family. Fortunately, it did not perceptibly retard the professional advancement of the two brothers, William and Spencer Cowper. Both pushed on their way. Spencer rose to be a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. At his decease, he left two sons. One of these was Dr John Cowper, Rector of Berkhamstead, whose eldest son was the illustrious poet, Cowper.

As for Sir William Cowper, he was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal by Queen Anne, in 1705, and two years later he became Lord Chancellor. His services to the Crown were continued on the accession of George I., and he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Fordwich and Earl Cowper. His lordship died in 1723. From him in regular succession the Earldom has been continued till the present time; the family by intermarriages and otherwise ever growing in territorial distinction. The fifth Earl Cowper married a daughter of Viscount Melbourne, who was the mother of the sixth Earl. After the death of her husband, this lady, the Dowager-Countess Cowper, as it will

be remembered, married Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, the eminent statesman and Prime-minister. In course of time, the Earls Cowper have acquired extensive possessions in Hertfordshire, in which county their principal residence, Panshanger, with its precious collection of pictures, is one of the glories of England.

Among more recent instances of great lawyers rising to the Peerage may be mentioned Erskine Lord Erskine, Scott Earl of Eldon, and Wedderburn, created Lord Loughborough, and afterwards advanced to be Earl of Rosslyn, with remainder to his nephew, Sir James St Clair-Erskine, Bart., whose descendant is now Earl of Rosslyn. Perhaps, a more interesting case is that of Edward Thurlow, son of a clergyman, the Rector of Ashfield in Suffolk. Thurlow came into notice from his successful pleading in the famous appeal case of Lady Jane Douglas, 1769; after which he rose by successive steps to be Lord Chancellor in 1778, when he was raised to the Peerage as Baron Thurlow of Ashfield.

Of strong will, a good classical scholar, a profound lawyer, and with courage amounting to audacity, Thurlow was one of the most remarkable men of the age. With his robust figure, strongly marked features, keen piercing eyes, and his bushy eyebrows, he was something too terrific to encounter in any legal or other argument. When he had taken his seat on the Woolsack, an opportunity soon occurred for showing his mettle. In the course of a memorable debate in the House of Lords concerning an inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital, the Duke of Grafton indiscreetly and with bad taste reproached Thurlow with his mean birth. This splendid opportunity of becoming superlatively great, and in fact of cowing the House, was greedily seized hold of by Thurlow; for Grafton was descended from Henry Fitz-Roy, an illegitimate son of Charles II. by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and he had therefore exposed himself to a frightful castigation. Mr Butler, an eye-witness, describes the extraordinary scene:

"Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, "I am amazed," he said in a loud tone of voice, "at the attack the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at His Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all those noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable as to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerate the Peerage more than I do; but my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited me, not I the Peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a MAN—I am at this moment as

respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest Peer I now look down upon.” The effect of this speech, adds Mr Butler, ‘both within and without the walls of parliament was prodigious.’ It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor ever possessed: it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people.’

Thurlow finally quitted office in 1792. Latterly, he gave much offence by his overbearing manner, and his differences with Mr Pitt rendered his dismissal inevitable. He had no heirs to whom his title could descend, and the only boon granted to him was that the remainder of his Peerage was awarded to the sons of his brother. His last years were spent in retirement at Brighton, where from his conversational powers and the causticity of his remarks, he was an acceptable guest of George, Prince of Wales. Thurlow died in 1806.

In old Scottish history several now distinguished families come well to the front. There is something interesting to be said of the Dukes of Roxburghe, as representatives of the Kers of Cessford, a family which, like that of the Scotts of Buccleuch, were concerned in maintaining peace on the Scottish border. Sir Robert Ker of Cessford was, in 1600, elevated to the peerage of Scotland as Lord Roxburghe, and a few years later advanced to the dignity of Earl of Roxburghe. The fifth Earl, in 1707, was made Marquis of Bowmont and Duke of Roxburghe. Public interest is chiefly directed to John, the third Duke, born in 1740, and who, on succeeding his father, rose high in the estimation of George III.

His Grace appears to have spent most of his time in London and in foreign travel. With a handsome figure, and varied mental accomplishments, he was a general favourite among persons of refined tastes. A bent was given to his pursuits, as the result of an attachment that had been formed between him, when on his travels, and Christiana-Sophia-Albertina, eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. There were no solid objections to the match; and the nuptials would have taken place, but for the circumstance that Charlotte, a younger sister of Christiana, had just at that time been espoused to George III. Etiquette then interfered, it being deemed not proper that the elder sister, as Duchess of Roxburghe, should be inferior in station to her younger sister, as Queen Charlotte. It was an absurd objection. In the present day, no such punctilio would have been suffered to interfere with the intended marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe with his bride-elect. At that time, etiquette was inexorable. The Duke and Christiana yielded to their unhappy fate. But both evinced the strength of their attachment by devoting their after-lives to celibacy.

With feelings driven in upon himself, John, third Duke of Roxburghe, became a great collector of curious old books, noted for their extreme scarcity. The pursuit became a kind of mania. No cost, however enormous, prevented him from purchasing works that struck his fancy, and which rival book-hunters desired to possess. His house was in St James's Square, London, and here he collected his numerous literary treasures. Some

amusing anecdotes of his bibliomania are given in the works of Dr T. F. Dibdin. The Duke died in 1804. Shortly afterwards, his valuable library, rich in old romances of chivalry and early English poetry, was disposed of by auction; the sale producing an extraordinary commotion among noblemen and gentlemen with antiquarian tastes. As a specimen of the prices that were run up by competition, it may be stated that a copy of the first work printed by Caxton, in 1471, sold for L.1050, 10s. The largest sum, however (and perhaps the greatest ever paid for a single printed volume up till that time), was given by the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, for the first edition of Boccaccio's ‘Decameron,’ which fetched L.2260. In commemoration of the interest which the sale of this collection occasioned among literary antiquaries, the Roxburghe Club was instituted, for the purpose of printing a limited number of copies from scarce manuscripts found in public and private libraries.

That fatal celibacy of John, third Duke of Roxburghe, by leaving him without issue, had a serious dislocating effect on the lineage and dignities of the family. The Duke's British honours expired, and his Scottish honours devolved on a distant relation, at whose decease there was a protracted legal contest concerning the heritage. It was at length settled in favour of Sir James Innes Northcliffe, Bart. The recent Dukes of Roxburghe can only in a remote degree claim affinity with the heroic old Kers of Cessford.

Occasionally a degree of romance crops out in the history of noble families. A case of this kind occurs in the history of the Godolphin Osbornes, Dukes of Leeds. The founder of the family was Edward Osborne, apprentice to William Hewit, a clothier who resided with his wife and daughter, Anne, in a house on London Bridge. One day, Anne, in leaning over the window, fell into the Thames, and was rescued from drowning by young Osborne, who, plunging in after her, brought her ashore. We might call this adventure a swin for a wife. It was the foundation of Osborne's fortune. He was married to Anne Hewit, he succeeded to the wealth of his father-in-law, he was knighted, and rose to be Lord Mayor of London. At his decease in 1591, Sir Edward Osborne left a son and two daughters. His great-grandson, Sir Thomas Osborne, became Lord High Treasurer of England, and was elevated to the peerage as Baron Osborne of Kiveton, and Viscount Lathmer of Danby, in 1673. Next year he was advanced to the dignity of an Earldom, as Earl of Danby, under which title he is often referred to in history. There were more honours awaiting him. In 1689, he was created Marquis of Carmarthen, and in 1694, Duke of Leeds. Thomas, the fourth Duke, was married to a daughter and eventually heir of Francis, Earl of Godolphin. It is unnecessary to pursue the account of the family.

In the pedigree of the Marquis of Lansdowne there occurs an incident as curious and interesting as that just referred to. The Lansdowne family, who rank among the most esteemed in the peerage, trace their origin in the lineal branch to the Fitzmaurices, Lords of Kerry. Thomas, the twenty-first Lord Kerry, married, in 1692, Anne, only daughter of Sir William Petty; whence the name Petty became blended with the surname of

the family, while at the same time, by the union, their possessions were very materially increased.

William Petty, whose fortune enriched the Lansdownes, was the elder son of a clothier at Romsey, a small town on the south coast of England. He was born in 1623. As a boy at school he was noted for his extraordinary mechanical genius, and his assiduous pursuit of knowledge. His father gave him a good education to enable him to enter the medical profession, in which he became a successful practitioner. When entering on his profession as a surgeon-physician at Oxford, a circumstance occurred which greatly affected his future career. In 1650, a woman named Anne Green was tried and condemned to death for child-murder. Her fate roused considerable compassion, for there was a general belief that she had been unfairly dealt with. Be that as it may, the law was suffered to take its course, and the unfortunate woman was hanged. After being suspended half an hour, and when it was thought that life was extinct, she was cut down, and carried away to be dissected by the doctors, for the benefit of anatomical science. Dr Petty, the young and ingenious physician, imagined, on looking at the body, that it showed symptoms of a possible resuscitation, were the proper means employed. It quite suited his eager spirit of enterprise to make the attempt. Assisted by other doctors, he set to work, and at length, by dint of skill and perseverance, actually succeeded in bringing the poor woman to life. Anne was, of course, astonished to find that she was still in the land of the living, and gladly she went home unmolested to her friends. It is recorded that she lived for a number of years afterwards, and had several children.

Anything seemingly marvellous in the way of cure, excites the reputation of a surgeon. Accordingly, the bringing of an apparently dead woman to life, immensely raised the fame of Dr Petty. He was talked of far and wide. The foundation of his fortune was laid. Proceeding by invitation to Ireland, he became physician to three successive Lords-Lieutenant, was knighted, and appointed to be Physician-General to the Army. With his versatility of talent, he undertook the survey of Ireland at the rate of a penny an acre, by which fortunate adventure he realised great wealth. As Sir William Petty he returned to England, and wrote a number of scientific treatises. This remarkable genius died in his house in Piccadilly, in 1687.

The accession of property by intermarriage with Sir William's daughter and heiress, enabled Lord Kerry to sustain higher honours with becoming distinction. He was promoted to be Earl of Kerry. His second son, John, was created Earl of Shelburne in 1753. William, second Earl of Shelburne, was advanced to be Marquis of Lansdowne in 1784. The second Marquis died without issue in 1800, when his honours devolved on his relative, Lord Henry Petty. Many are still alive (the writer of this for one) who had the pleasure of knowing personally and appreciating the great talents of Henry, third Marquis of Lansdowne. As from default of direct heirs, he inherited the honours of the Earls of Kerry, in him were happily united the two branches of the Fitzmaurice-Pettys. A popular writer, in speaking of the Lansdowne family, remarks with more truth than elegance: 'The

brains of a clothier's son brought them their great wealth.' We would more graciously, for the special benefit of the young and aspiring, conclude with the old familiar apothegm, that SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE. W. C.

THE SECRET DRAWER.

A STORY OF KENT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WITH wallet suspended from my shoulder, with a map for reference, and an umbrella in hand, have I often enjoyed a ramble of many days' duration through Kent, the fair Garden of England; and where can you find more charming landscapes than those portrayed, as you wander through its green lanes or flower-decked woods; where look upon more homelike scenery than that presented by its villages nestling in quiet vales, surrounded perchance by hop-gardens or clerry and apple orchards, as far as the eye can range? One such picture is recalled to my memory as a prelude to the occurrence of the little story which follows.

My ramblings had taken me to within a mile of the red-tiled village of Goudhurst, whose church pre-eminent rears its gray tower, looking towards the west. It is perched on the summit of a hill, whose slopes are clad with the bright verdure of the meadows and the cultivated fields, and environed by woods of the gloomy fir, whose dull foliage is relieved by leaves of the spreading chestnut and the noble elm, amid whose shade the houses at this distance seem to nestle. Downs are to the right, a wide stretch of country of hill and dale, of forest and glen. At the base of the hill bubbles a brook, whose waters are employed in turning the wheel of a flour-mill. My gaze next rests on a grassy mead to the left, studded with summer flowers, and upon which are grazing sheep and cattle. The ear catches the sound of the distant sheep-bell or the lowing of kine; the eye watches the shadows of the clouds chasing one another over the sun-lit meadow, and flitting away in the distance; the nostril inhales the fragrance of many flowers, the sweet incense of nature! My heart under these external influences seems to beat with pleased awe at the silent homage of Nature to its Maker.

I had lingered so long in looking upon this charming picture, that I began to fear it would be dark before I gained my headquarters for the night, the village of Bradingdean, which I judged to be about four miles distant. Consulting my map to make sure of the way, I turned rapidly to the right down a green-canopied lane, where the silence was broken only by my footfall, accompanied by the thud of the umbrella as it came to the ground. After walking along for half a mile or so, I was disappointed upon not finding the expected road I had seen marked on the map. Another half-mile increased my disappointment to annoyance at what I now knew must be a mistake; and stopping to ascertain the hour by my watch, I heard the sound of wheels advancing towards me. The evening was growing dark, so my annoyance vanished at what I deemed would prove the coming of a friend in need to direct the way. I began to whistle an air to announce my presence. A dog-cart with one occupant came in sight, and

as it drew nearer I hailed: 'Can you tell me how far I am from the road leading to Bradingdean?'

'This road leads to Crawley, from whence I should think Bradingdean is three miles; or altogether you would have to walk six or seven miles. You should have taken a turning more to the right than this, from the last cross-roads after leaving Gondhurst.'

Here was a treat on a dark evening! No bed ordered at Bradingdean, and six or seven miles to walk before I could reach the place, when probably the inn would be closed!

I rapidly told the traveller that I was on a pedestrian trip and had evidently mistaken the way, and I then asked his advice as to what I had better do—make for Crawley, or turn round and retrace my steps to get at my arranged destination for the night. While I was talking, the occupant of the dog-cart had descended and had lighted a lamp, which he now raised so as to throw its rays upon my face.

'Humph!' he grunted in a tone of apparent satisfaction.

'How taciturn the man is,' I thought. 'I wish he would answer my question.' I was about to break the pause by bidding 'good-night,' when he said in a gruff though not unfriendly voice: 'I am going to Crawley, and then on to Bradingdean; if you like, you are welcome to a seat.'

I gladly availed myself of this offer, and considered that I was well out of my difficulty. My new companion remained silent for a long time, but just as we were entering Crawley, said: 'Have you ordered your bed at Bradingdean?—No! Well, I am afraid you will have to rough it to-night, as the place will be filled with persons who have been attending the annual dinner of the Agricultural Association, after their plunging-match.'

'That is unfortunate,' I responded. 'The *Rose and Crown* is the only decent house in the village; is it not?'

'Yes. And as it possesses only three or four bedrooms, they are, I believe, generally occupied on such occasions as the dinner, by a few farmers and others who have come from a distance.'

'Knowing this, I presume you have engaged a bed?'

'I have.'

This was succeeded by silence until we drove up to the little inn of the village of Crawley, where my companion alighted.

'This is one of our Houses. I shall not be longer than five or six minutes. Please take the reins! This was uttered in a manner to convey to me that I was not wanted to accompany him inside. Presently he reappeared, together with a man who was the landlord saying: 'I should be glad to oblige the gentleman, Mr Preston, but my beds are taken.'

'Very well.' Then turning to me: 'I thought perhaps you would like to make certain of a bed and stop here, so inquired whether you could be accommodated, but you cannot.—Good-night, Mr Crane.'

'Good-night, sir,' returned the landlord. And away we went towards Bradingdean, without Mr Preston waiting for any reply from me.

My companion's taciturnity seemed to increase as we drove along; so, buttoning my shooting jacket higher up as the air grew more chilly,

I occupied my thoughts in endeavouring to guess who and what he was. 'One of our Houses.' That was what he said; therefore he must either be a traveller for a brewery or a firm of wine-merchants, or must himself be one of the firm. He appeared to be a well-educated gentleman-like man, notwithstanding his present reserve, which might have arisen merely through preoccupied thoughts. 'Preston!' I had heard the name. Still, to hear a name is nothing. Where had I heard the name? My father was a solicitor with a good practice in London, and doubtless I had heard the name there. Such was the train of thought I indulged in. Meantime Mr Preston had remained silent while we were rapidly nearing Bradingdean. The moon had risen sufficiently to shed her silver rays upon the surrounding country, and we caught sight of the village some minutes before we drove into its market-place, lighted only by a few oil-lamps specially for the occasion of the dinner.

Several persons were lounging about the *Rose and Crown*; and the horse having been led away by an hostler, who touched his hat with the salutation, 'Good-evening, Muster Preston,' shewed that this gentleman was well known. We entered, and I following the lead of my companion, found myself in a comfortable apartment with a fire in it—summer-time though it was. Preparation for dinner or supper was apparent, the table being in readiness.

'This is my room sir,' said Mr Preston, throwing off an overcoat he was wearing, and depositing a bulky pocket-book he removed from it, in a cupboard, the lock of which he turned and the key of which he placed in his pocket. 'You are welcome to rest here, as I know every other available room is occupied by the guests of the evening. I shall now go to get the landlady or her daughter to arrange for some supper for you, if you will allow me?'

At this unexpected courtesy I expressed my thanks, and threw myself into an arm-chair near the fire. In less than ten minutes Mr Preston returned, and told me that if I would join him in dissecting a roast duck and a pigeon-pie, he should be happy to have my company. Gladly did I avail myself of this offer. Supper was soon served; and during the meal my host (for in that capacity he acted) grew quite genial, and chatted on a variety of subjects, keeping clear of what might be deemed 'the shop.' I was somewhat surprised at this, if my assumption as to his being a commercial traveller was correct. When supper was cleared, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a jolly-looking plump woman, who was addressed by Mr Preston as the landlady. She inquired whether the supper was served as we liked, and whether we had enjoyed it, adding: 'We did not know you would bring a friend with you, Mr Preston; but perhaps the double-bedded room which you always occupy will do? In fact I have no other; even the parlour is to be turned into a bedroom, and there is to be a shake-down in this room.'

While the good landlady was talking, I noticed Mr Preston's countenance change to annoyance; and I, deeming it was on my account, hastened to say: 'I have not the pleasure of Mr Preston's friendship, and our acquaintance is but a few hours old. I had missed the direct road, and

was wandering out of the way, when by good fortune Mr Preston overtook me and brought me here. I really am very much obliged to him for his kindness, but cannot think of intruding also into his sleeping apartment. Can you not give me a blanket or an arm-chair to sleep in? Anything will do for one night.

An awkward pause ensued. The landlady at length said that every available place being occupied, she did not know how she could possibly arrange for my sleeping. Mr Preston had walked to the window, and drawing the blind aside, had looked out upon the night, and when Mrs Fox finished speaking, turned round, facing me: 'I do not like to appear discourteous, sir; but I do not even know your name, and to share my—'

I felt my face crimsoning, not with any sense of shame, but from the reflection that I had not volunteered so simple a piece of information; in fact, under the circumstances it was very rude indeed to have so long withheld it.

'That is my name sir,' I said, handing a card. 'Mr John Fowler,' he read aloud, 'Solicitor, Thavies Inn.' His eyes brightened as their glance fell upon me. 'Is it possible that you are the son of my old schoolfellow, Simon Fowler of Lincoln's Inn?'

'I am his only son,' I replied.

Mr Preston advanced towards me, and grasping me by the hand, expressed his pleasure at the rencontre.

'There will be no difficulty about Mr Fowler's sleeping accommodation now, Mrs Fox; that is to say if he does not object to having the small bed in my room.—What do you say, Mr Fowler?'

I at once acquiesced.

'Well, how is my old friend, your good father? He and I were boys together forty years ago. Now, we see each other seldom.' And from this he launched into long reminiscences of their early friendship, which had been interrupted upon their entering into life; the one becoming an attorney in London, the other a partner in a country firm of wine-merchants; both prospering. During a pause in his flow of conversation and while he was lighting a fresh cigar, I suddenly remembered where I had heard his name.

'Did you not have business with my father two years back? When I heard the landlord of the inn at Crawley mention your name, it appeared familiar to me.'

'I certainly did have business with your father about that time; and as it was in connection with a loss I sustained in this inn under strange circumstances, I will relate them to you, if you care to hear them. There will be just time before our cigars are finished.'

CHAPTER II.

'Although the firm of which I am a member employs a traveller, I have myself always acted in that capacity for the county of Kent, where we have many good customers; and four times a year I make the round, stopping at Bradingdean the last night. Well, two years ago, in the summer-time, and strange to say, upon the night when the annual dinner in connection with the ploughing-match took place in this very house, as I was driving along the Crawley Road, just as I

was doing this evening when I overtook you, I came up to a gentleman leading his horse, which had cast a shoe and appeared slightly lamed. I had left Crawley and was coming on to Bradingdean. I bade the gentleman "good-night," and had the eager inquiry returned: "How far off is the nearest village where I can get this horse shod?—Bradingdean! What a nuisance! I did not want to go there to-night, of all nights. But I suppose I must, if I am to get on my way." I offered my assistance, which was politely declined. You may have noticed that I am treated here as an expected and welcome guest; and indeed it has always been so. I usually send a letter intimating when I am to be expected; and the room we are now occupying is rigidly reserved for my use, as well as the bedroom you will shortly see. Upon coming here, I lock my pocket-book in yonder cupboard, as you no doubt noticed; and I always remove it at night to my bedroom and place it beneath my pillow. It does not often contain gold, but cheques, Bank of England and country notes. It was not my custom then to enter the numbers of the notes at all; but as I marked off the accounts paid by cheque in my little travelling list, I could always tell which accounts were paid by cheque and which by cash. I made it a habit to change as much gold as possible into notes.

'My supper had been served and nearly despatched, when Mrs Fox came hastily in, saying that a gentleman who did not know me wished to see me. She had no sooner uttered these words than the gentleman came in. I recognised the leader of the lamed horse. Mrs Fox hastily retreated, muttering to the effect that he *would* come into my room. As I was annoyed at the abrupt interruption to my meal, I received the stranger haughtily; but he, without recognising me as I did him, impetuously burst out with: "I must offer a thousand apologies sir, for entering uninvited; but I find I cannot get a room where I can retire to, to be away from the bustle and confusion incident to this dinner taking place here to-night, and I have particular reasons for not coming across any of the guests. My horse has been over-ridden and has cast a shoe; the farrier says it would be madness to ride him until thoroughly rested. Every available bed in the village is taken; and Mrs Fox has consented, knowing who I am, to make me up a bed here when you have retired to rest. Forgive me," he added, "for withholding my name."

'His demeanour was that of a well-bred man, and his address was so fascinating that I was considerably mollified; and ringing the bell, which was responded to by the landlady in person, I asked her whether the gentleman was known to her. She answered readily in the affirmative, upon which I turned to the stranger, and begged him to make what use he pleased of my room, under the circumstances. My offer to join me at supper was declined; he said he had no appetite, but asked me whether I would join him in a bottle of wine. The bottle of wine was forthcoming, and my new companion throwing aside the preoccupied manner which was at first apparent, proved most sociable and entertaining. He had been a great deal abroad, and had visited all the places of note in the British Isles. He knew Kent well; and I judged him to be of good station in society, from the

knowledge he had of different families, with whose names alone I was familiar. Our first bottle was succeeded by another; and warmed by this and the geniality of my new acquaintance, I offered him, as I offered you to-night, the use of one of the beds in my room. My companion cheerfully accepted this, saying, that as he was tired after a long ride, he should prefer a bed to an arm-chair.

"The bedroom we retired to you will yourself see by-and-by. It is a large room and has a great deal of furniture in it. A large high-canopied bed occupies an alcove or recess at one side of the room; and in a corner is a very curious and extremely old bedstead—half-couch half bedstead. This you will sleep in to-night. There is also in the room a quantity of eastern furniture in the shape of cabinets—some very small, and one somewhat large.

The late Mr Fox inherited these from an uncle or cousin who was resident at one time somewhere in India. Upon entering the room, my companion laughingly said: "Many's the time and oft that I have slept here amid old Fox's cabinets. By the way, I wonder whether he told anybody of a secret drawer in this one?" Upon saying this he advanced to the largest cabinet, and opening a little cupboard which formed a part of it, touched a spring, which caused a portion of the front, as I thought at the time, to fall down and disclose a drawer. This proved empty. "Ah!" said the stranger, "I thought he would not put anything in it, in the shape of his will; old Fox was too prosaic for that. But look, Mr Preston; what a neat contrivance this is for hiding the drawer, which, as you see, is not a very small one. But try yourself to discover the hidden spring while I hold the candle." My companion having taken one of the high candlesticks from the mantel-shelf, held it whilst I tried to find the secret spring. I tried in vain. "Well, I will show you. Old friend Fox did not tell me to keep it secret, although he said he had not even told his wife, when he found the way to the drawer by means of a letter accompanying the cabinet. This is it, you perceive." He touched a part of the framework quickly, and again was the drawer disclosed. I once more tried, and succeeded after a great deal of trouble. But since then the secret has become lost to me. The spring is doubtless still there, but all my subsequent efforts have been powerless to rediscover it.

"Well, while we were undressing, I thought a great deal about the craft displayed by the Indian workman who had so cleverly designed this *sanctum sanctorum* of the cabinet, and I wondered how such as he should be dubbed savage. My companion, after chatting pleasantly, retired to his couch, and I placed my valuable pocket-book beneath my pillow; it was not a large one, although then rather bulky. Putting out the candles and drawing aside the window-curtains to gaze out upon the night (as is, I believe, a custom of mine), I remained standing at the window three or four minutes. Upon turning to go to my bed, I heard my companion breathing as sleeping men do. After my usual devotions, I retired, and having felt my property to be safe, slept the sleep of the weary, until I heard at my room-door a voice saying: "Your hot water, sir; what time breakfast?" Having replied, I lay for some time carelessly looking at a beam of sunlight coming in through the side of the blind. I did not feel

altogether rested—my faculties seemed still steeped in sleep—and then came the recollection of the preceding night and of my unbidden guest; and as I thought of him I looked in the direction of the couch, which was vacant. Dear me! I must have slept soundly to have been undisturbed by his movements. How my head throbs too! Could that port have been less good than we thought it?—the port of our firm! Well, I must get up; a bath will work miracles. Upon getting out of bed my hand went mechanically upon my pillow. I felt still further. I removed both pillow and bolster. I looked at the back of the bedstead, then under it. I rubbed my eyes afresh. Yes; I was awake, and the pocket-book was gone, and my companion for the night also!

"I will leave you to imagine my excitement at this discovery. Hastily putting on my garments, I rang the bell and summoned the landlady to my room. "Where is the fellow who slept here last night?" I cried. "Gone!" And when I demanded to know who he was, poor Mrs Fox's distress was abundantly plain.

"He went away at daybreak, Mr Preston; but he could not have robbed you, and ruin the reputation of my house too! I am sure he *could not*."

"But the pocket-book is gone, madam," I angrily replied; "and as he is known to you, I must insist upon your giving me every particular of his name and whereabouts, in order that if I do not find my lost property when due search has been made, I may accuse him of the theft. This I am certain of, under my pillow I placed my pocket-book last night before that young man's eyes; this morning both are missing; and if it costs me a hundred pounds to bring the thief to justice, I will spend that sum, be he whosoever he may!"

"This distressed Mrs Fox still more; she asserted she was under solemn obligation not to tell any one who the young gentleman was. Upon this I believe I excitedly told her that the law should compel her to divulge the secret.

"To make my story shorter, I may as well at once state that all the searching could not recover my missing pocket-book, nor could all the power I had of persuasion or of threat unlock Mrs Fox's lips, though her refusal evidently distressed her very much; and before I left the inn she was looking very ill. Upon leaving, I told her that I should place the matter in the hands of a solicitor at once. She then asked that he might visit her before he proceeded to act. I complied with this reasonable request. London was my destination that day; and after writing to the different people who had paid their accounts by cheque, in order that payment of the same might be stopped, I considered it as well not further to publish my loss; so to this effect I told Mrs Fox to say no more of the robbery until my solicitor had visited her. I was totally unable to furnish the numbers of the notes which were in the pocket-book.

"Not caring to place the case in the hands of the solicitors to our firm, I remembered your father, Mr Fowler, so to his office I hastened.

"Your father as soon as possible went down to Bradnigden, and after a lengthy interview with Mrs Fox, succeeded in inducing her to divulge the name of the man who slept on the couch; this was given only under seal of secrecy, in order that he, your father, might assure me that the gentleman could not possibly have been the thief.

It appears she would not trust me in my excitement at my loss, but thought the secret quite safe with Mr Fowler the solicitor. Your father was away two or three days investigating the affair, and upon his return assured me not only that the gentleman who was my companion could not have any object whatever in taking the property, as he was not only a member of a wealthy family, but had large means at his own disposal; he had moreover gone abroad the day after he slept at the *Rose and Crown*. Your father absolutely refused to confide the name to me until two years had elapsed, thinking that some of the notes, whose numbers we were able with difficulty to obtain, would if stolen, be presented for payment; and further, that this interval would be sufficient to prove the other idea that the pocket-book had been abstracted under the influence of kleptomania. And so, finished Mr Preston, 'the matter at present rests. None of the notes has been presented either at the Bank of England or at the country banks. And now we will ring for candles to light the way to our bedroom. I fasten my pocket-book now to my bedstead, when placed beneath the pillow. My partner thinks me unwise in not going on to some town larger than this, more especially as my coming is always known. I have not followed his advice; but I am very careful as to who occupies the couch in the room where the robbery took place.'

CHAPTER III.

As a description of the room we were to occupy for the night was given by Mr Preston in his narrative, I need not give further details of its contents, which appeared to remain unaltered. The room was lighted only by wax candles, two being placed in sconces over a high fire-place; while two others were in brackets fastened to an old-fashioned dressing-glass in the window recess. There was a fire in the room, it being Mr Preston's custom to have every precaution taken against catching cold from unaired room or bed-linen. We at once examined all the curiosities in the room, coming finally to the cabinet which contained the drawer whose secret spring was hidden so cleverly by the maker. It was a handsome piece of furniture, standing to a height of five or six feet, upon a low framework of ebony. It appeared of great antiquity, and was composed, so far as I could judge, of two or three different kinds of inlaid wood. There were two divisions. Upon one side was a series of four drawers; the other was occupied with a drawer at the top and the bottom, while a small cupboard was in the space between. The hinges were made of a bright metal resembling polished steel, and the ornaments in different parts of the cabinet were of the same material.

'Is it not strange,' said Mr Preston, 'that as to the whereabouts of the secret spring, my mind is quite a blank? I remember the door of this little cupboard was open when the front of the drawer was visible. A part of the framework appeared to fall away. You see there are three shelves in the cupboard; but where space is to be found for the hidden drawer, I cannot comprehend.'

'Let me try.' And so I did, without any result. Every drawer was pulled out; the side carefully

examined and pressed with my fingers, but without avail.

'The mystery,' observed Mr Preston, 'will have to remain one. Only my companion of two years ago can unravel it; and it is of so little importance so far as I am concerned, that I would not trouble about it if it were not for the stupid way in which I have forgotten the trick.'

'As to that,' I replied, 'how many puzzles are explained and soon after forgotten! I do not think I could remember a title of the tricks with cards learned at school, so I do not think it remarkable that you should have forgotten what you only imperfectly saw some time ago.'

'But I have tried to remember it each time I have slept here since; and I know that on the night of the robbery the matter was clear to me as I stood beside the young fellow who was with me in this room.'

After pleasantly chatting for some minutes, we each sought our respective couch. I did not feel the least sleepy, but out of respect to my new acquaintance's drowsy replies, I soon altogether ceased an attempted conversation, and strove to win sleep by fixing my attention for some time upon the same object. As I lay in my little bed I could see the fire in front of me, with the Indian cabinet by the side; at the foot was the dressing-table with its old-fashioned glass, and dimly in the distance to my left gloomed the canopied bedstead wherein lay Mr Preston. On all these objects in turn my eyes rested. The people staying in the house passed our door one by one or two by two, as distinguished by their conversation, and at last all was quiet. The wood-fire was becoming less and less, and flickered up only for a few minutes as each fagot fell into its own dust. Now, the room was quite dark, and I was beginning to despair of sleeping at all, when my faculties were aroused by a movement from my companion's bed. 'He must be restless too,' I thought, so I spoke in a low though distinct voice to him. No answer. 'He does not wish to be troubled; but surely he must be getting out of bed!' I raised myself gently and peered through the gloom, but could distinguish nothing at all distinctly. Still Mr Preston was, I could judge by the sounds, now touching the mantel-shelf. Again I spoke, but received no answer. Now a match is struck and one of the candles is lighted. 'How strange,' I thought, 'that he should not reply when spoken to; he did not seem deaf overnight!'

The light enabled me to watch his movements. He advanced towards the large Indian cabinet and opened the door of the little cupboard on the left-hand side. I slipped out of bed to get nearer to him. His head turned; his eyes were wide open, looking strangely fixed. Surely Mr Preston is a somnambulist! I resolved to watch his movements, but not to disturb him unless he approached danger. I had not long to watch. Instead looking over his shoulder, while with one hand he held the light, and with the other touched a knob which appeared to be one of the screws of the hinge of the door, which was thrown open so as to meet the side of the cabinet. A faint whirling noise ensued: the centre shelf was raised, and the front of a drawer advanced in sight. The noise ceased. Mr Preston pulled open the drawer. Eagerly I looked into it, and there sure enough

lay the long-lost pocket-book, placed there by himself two years ago, the robbery of which being thus attributed to an innocent man!

It was with difficulty I restrained my impetuous desire to awaken the somnambulist, but deemed it better to wait till the morning to disclose my discovery. I saw him carefully reclose the drawer, extinguish the candle, and quietly return to bed, and seeking my own, I slept until late in the morning. Finding that Mr Preston was not in the room, I rang hastily, and learned that he was waiting for me to join the breakfast-table. Before going down-stairs I tried the secret spring and satisfied myself that the pocket-book, which still remained untouched in the drawer, was Mr Preston's. I could not retain my story; and words could not describe the surprise and bewilderment shewn in my new friend's countenance when he heard it. He had not the slightest idea that he walked in his sleep; and he had to run up-stairs and himself learn from me the secret which with senses awake was unknown to him. 'Allow me the pleasure,' said I, 'of presenting you with the missing pocket-book!'

Mrs Fox was equally astonished at the solution to what had been an unpleasant mystery for nearly two years; but her delight exceeded her astonishment. She then told us that the gentleman who occupied Mr Preston's room on the night of the disappearance was the eldest son of a wealthy baronet who was present at the ploughing-match dinner. The son had affianced himself to a young lady, at that time not approved of by the father. On the day before the regiment of which he was a captain was to embark for Ireland, he had obtained leave of absence in order to pay a visit to his fiancée. His horse becoming lame through over-riding, had prevented his return that night; and in order to join his regiment in time he had started from the *Rose* and *Crown* at daybreak. It was important that his visit should be kept secret from the impetuous baronet, and to insure this, the son had bound Mrs Fox under promise of secrecy; hence her refusal to acquaint Mr Preston with his name and whereabouts.

I have only to add that this little adventure extended to me the friendship of my father's old schoolfellow, and many times when we have been together has the subject of this story been recalled.

LIFE IN A COMMON LODGING-HOUSE.

EVERY night in London, no matter what may be the weather, we shall certainly find many hundreds of unfortunate beings wandering about without food or shelter. Some of them will be poor emaciated wretches without money or credit; others will be sailors, who having managed in less than a week to get rid of the score or two of pounds they have earned on a voyage, prowl about hoping to encounter a 'mate' who will lend them a shilling or so. Some will be city clerks out of luck, who cannot yet humble themselves to seek admission to the casual ward of the workhouse. In the summer-time, things are not so hard for them, as they can sleep in the parks during the day; but in winter-time their privations are of course very great.

For all such wanderers who have no home, and as the police would say, 'no visible means of

subsistence,' the common lodging-houses all over London are the only houses of refuge practicable. They are to be found in all parts of the metropolis, usually in the back streets, but often in better localities, many of them being arranged so as to give a marvellous amount of comfort and accommodation for about two shillings and sixpence per week. Of late years, several capitalists have found it answer their purpose to open common lodging-houses with good accommodation; and as a result, all those noisome dens formerly rife everywhere, have had to disappear or to be improved according to the spirit of the times. Moreover, they are all now under police supervision, and are compelled to allow in every room a certain amount of cubic space for each sleeper; the police notifying on the license, which, framed and glazed, is suspended on the walls, the number of beds the proprietor is allowed to make up; and although the police cannot extend their supervision to the cleanliness of the sheets and blankets, competition keeps these in a much better state than formerly.

So much has been done in fact to ameliorate the condition of the common lodging-house, as such, that it simply requires an equal amount of amendment as to decency and morals on the part of the lodgers themselves to make things nearly as perfect as they could be. As it is, in many cases, the common lodging-house is, on a humble scale, to the poor what the west-end club is to the rich; and to it resort thieves, tramps, jail-birds, street-hawkers, and all those classes who gain their living chiefly by exercising their wits, the locality of the house of course introducing us to different classes of companions. For example, in a street running out of Fleet Street, you can be accommodated with lodgings from half-a-crown up to twelve shillings per week, with use of cooking utensils and reading-room, with an excellent bar and restaurant attached, and a large ballroom, where on Monday evenings dancing takes place at the rate of sixpence each person. Again, about the purlieus of Soho Square, in quiet clean streets, you find lodging-houses where you have a bed to yourself in a separate compartment, with usual accommodation, for about three shillings per week; and in one establishment which existed some years ago in Hatton Garden, for even less than that.

A common lodging-house requires as a matter of course to be designed with a view to the class of people likely to frequent it; and it would be found useless in certain localities—especially for the class of lodgers who pay nightly for their beds—to provide anything beyond actual necessities for sleeping and eating. Such things as letter-racks, baths, reading and ball rooms would be utterly out of place among men whose ideas are circumscribed by the public-house, who do not respect themselves, and are not respected by others accordingly. The majority of the common lodging-houses in London depend entirely upon chance custom, their tenants being for the most part persons who start out in the morning with little or nothing in their pockets, and make what they can by begging, hawking flowers, working at the docks or wharfs, or anything else that offends. People who live so entirely from hand to mouth and in such a state of uncertainty as to the morrow, become by the very nature of things completely hardened against all meliorating in-

fluences, and utterly indifferent to the present or the future. If 'luck'—as they term it—goes with them, they pay for their bed, and spend the rest of their money in drink. If they are unlucky, out they turn, to perambulate the streets all night, anathematising their own folly in spending more money than was necessary while they had some. The one thing that keeps the wretched classes from rising above a certain level, is that mad fatality which prompts them to part with every farthing they possess, as soon as they possibly can after they have earned it, squandering their money with less sense than children, and then selling, or rather giving away anything they have on their backs to raise a few pence to buy bread. Of this remarkable trait in the character of the wretched classes we shall presently give some illustrations. Off then to the east end of London, where we can study them and their habits to perfection.

The east end is almost entirely peopled by persons dependent on the docks and factories for a livelihood. It is not, and probably never will be the abode of the rich, who prefer more open and elevated localities; and as a consequence, very few professional burglars trouble the east-end police. Tenants of houses at rents of from five to ten or twelve shillings per week have very little plate or jewellery to tempt burglars; but there are thieves of course—hungry fellows who prow about and rob bread-shops, or purloin second-hand garments from establishments in Rosemary Lane. So in this part of London we find common lodging-houses of a special type and of a style suited to the heterogeneous character of the population. While the majority of them are for men only, there are some where man and wife with perhaps a child or two, can be accommodated with a compartment for eightpence per night; but as it is with those devoted to the male sex we are chiefly concerned, we will select for examination one which was opened as a speculation within the last two years by a wealthy firm in Spitalfields.

The house is in a large open thoroughfare, and makes up three hundred beds, the exterior being ornamented with some half-dozen handsome lamps, and a massive brass plate on the entrance-door inscribed with—what shall we say? Well, the Gorgon Chambers—that will be near enough; and having at a cost of less than five shillings arrayed ourselves in garments as nearly akin to the stage Jeremy Diddler as possible, we boldly stalk in. The vestibule is not only good, but imposing and handsome. Pots of flowers and evergreens flank each side as we walk in to the main sitting-room, which is furnished with cooking-ranges of the best description and substantial tables and benches. Three huge fires are constantly burning in winter-time day and night—the house closing at half-past one A.M., a night-porter remaining until eight A.M. to replenish the fires.

Having entered about seven o'clock in the evening, our first duty is to pay for our lodging at a little niche in the entrance-hall, where sits the neat and civil manager's wife, who informs us we can have either a fourpenny or sixpenny bed; and having selected the latter because we do not care to sleep in a room with two hundred other occupants, we are at once handed a round brass cheque; and on paying an extra sixpence are supplied with a key to a numbered locker in which

to deposit our catables. Then we are free to use the benefits of the house until the same time the next evening; and accordingly we place in our locker such food as we may not immediately require. Having taken our place by the fire and (to be in character) established a short pipe, we begin to eye the occupants and to be scrutinised by them in return. A gentleman beside us is cooking half a pound of sausages, and begs we will keep our eye upon them while he runs down-stairs to wash his hands, as if unwashed they will certainly not be there on his return. We now glance around at the motley crew assembled in the kitchen of the Gorgon Chambers, and having acquired by long contact with the classes they represent an accurate knowledge of their tastes and habits, we shall be able to portray them with fidelity, and set down nothing but what is true to nature.

In the first place the Gorgon Chambers are not a thieves' kitchen. Such gentry of course at times lodge there, and in fact most of the lodgers would not scruple to steal if opportunity presented itself; but the respectable proprietors who own the chambers, and their manager, himself an ex-police-man, prevent as far as possible the entry of any known bad characters. Secondly, it is patent to ourselves, that if such places as the Gorgon Chambers did not exist, very few of the men before us would be able to obtain any lodging at all. Coarse in their language, and in many points of social morality below the level of the brute creation, no respectable householder will receive them. There are plenty of small houses in London where a decent single man can obtain an excellent bed in a double-bedded room for half-a-crown per week. But the respectable artisans who let such lodgings will have nothing to do with the lodging-house rough, who would tumble in intoxicated at all hours of the night, insult the landlady, pay rent irregularly if at all; and in short make himself a nuisance, it being a cardinal principle with him to exact as much as he possibly can of other people's forbearance whenever he pays them any money. So with clothes and features alike condemning him, he is carefully bolted out of such places as the 'Tower' and the 'National Gallery,' where the respectable artisan in his fustian is allowed to enter unchallenged.

The proprietors of the Gorgon Chambers provide saucepans, frying-pans, plates, teapots, cups and saucers, and plenty of boiling water; the other et ceteras of knives, forks, and spoons being for obvious reasons omitted. Having prepared for ourselves some tea and bread and butter, we, after the repast is over, retire to a distant table, still keeping an eye on the spot we have vacated. In a few minutes a lank-haired youth comes prowling about the tables, examining the disused teapots; and finding, we suppose, the one we have just left the best, goes off to the boiler, and turning in some more water, makes himself a beverage, which he drinks without sugar, his food being a bunch of bread which has been given to him. This is about the first food he has had today; but he hopes to get a little work at the Millwall Docks to-morrow, whither he will go without breakfast unless we or somebody give him a cup of tea; and would we oblige him with half a pipe of tobacco. Now we are aware from sources unknown to him that his tale is quite

correct, and moreover that he is willing to work; but ungrudgingly, we consent to his wishes with regard to the tobacco, the upshot of which is that in a very short time we receive so many requests for the same favour from others, that we are compelled to beat a hasty retreat and take an evening ramble. Towards ten o'clock we again return to the Gorgon Chambers, and having given our brass counter to the night porter, are shewn by him to a bed, the number on which corresponds to the one on the counter.

The room is lofty and well ventilated; the number of beds in it being ten, which is all, as we learn by the police certificate on the wall, that it is allowed to hold. The bedsteads are of iron, and the bedding perfectly clean and wholesome, the sheets bearing the significant imprint in large characters, 'Stolen from the Gorgon Chambers.' A small gas jet burns all night, and the walls are scrupulously clean with whitewash. Having got into our bed, which is by the window, we compose ourselves to listen to the loud snoring of two gentlemen already asleep, and the lively music of a concert-room in full swing a few doors off, where songs suitable to sailors are bawled out by amateur and professional vocalists of both sexes, accompanied by a piano very much out of tune. This singing and the cheering it elicits keep us awake until the house closes at midnight, when our attempts at wooing the drowsy god are cut short by the dropping into our room of lodger after lodger until the clock of the neighbouring church strikes one; and now we begin to flatter ourselves that we shall shortly be able to sleep, as the Gorgon Chambers close for the night at half-past. Having just dozed off, we imagine we feel an arm stealthily inserted under our pillow, where lodgers less knowing than ourselves usually deposit their money, if they have any. However, the would-be thief finds nothing; our money certainly was deposited there, tied in a handkerchief, but was subsequently quietly smuggled down the bed and fastened round our knee.

On entering the Gorgon Kitchen the next evening we become speedily aware of the fact that our disguise has been penetrated; for a man of education can no more conceal it by shabby clothes than can a rough assume the appearance of a gentleman by attiring himself in good garments. Moreover, it has been discovered that we have money; otherwise how could we afford regular meals and, above all, tobacco; and the knowledge of all these facts combined, causes us to be treated with some deference, and to be favoured with repeated requests for loans of tea, sugar, and other articles in small quantities. It is Saturday night; and the Gorgon barber is doing a pretty brisk trade in shaving and cropping. Being a foreigner, and apparently of Gallic nationality, we address a few words to him in French; but he shakes his head and says 'Turk, Turk.' His business is conducted entirely by signs, for as yet his knowledge of English is confined to some half-dozen words. Whenever he buys any article such as tea or sugar, he holds it up to somebody, saying interrogatively 'Ingles, Ingles?' and on learning its name writes it in a book in Turkish characters. Two gentlemen have just taken the only shirts they possess off their backs and are going about trying to sell them, to pay for their beds. Approaching us and addressing us familiarly as 'mate,' they

offer them at sixpence each; and on our inquiring how it is they have become so reduced, give the following account, which we know to be perfectly accurate. They had each made about six shillings at the docks a day or two previously, and in a fit of economy the one persuaded the other to accompany him to a cook-shop in London Wall where large plates of the 'under-cuts' of meat are sold to poor persons at twopence each. Before, however, they arrived at London Wall they had spent all their money in drink, were so inebriated that they could not find the cook-shop, and finally found themselves locked up in a police cell. This instance is only one out of scores which could be cited to shew the reckless waste practised, often ostentatiously, by vast numbers of the labouring classes, who too frequently live altogether from hand to mouth.

Hearing a sound of hammering going on at the further end of the room, we proceed thither, and find a shoemaker hard at work doing repairs. Beside him is a black sailor, who is making a bargain with him about the repair of his shoes, and the cobbler insists upon 'two pots.' Everything it may be remarked, is settled in the Gorgon Chambers in 'pots,' a pot of ale being in value forpence; so that if you wish to sell any article for sixpence, you do not mention coin, but say: 'You can have it for three pins.' Eventually the black succeeds in getting the job done for one 'pot' and a lump of 'hara' tobacco, which it need hardly be remarked has never paid duty.

And now we descend to the lavatory, where we find all the arrangements excellent, and good enough for any merchant's office. About a dozen good-sized wash-bowls are arranged round the wall with a tap to each, with larger tubs in which the men may wash their shirts if unable to pay the women in attendance to do so. Large jack-towels hang (carefully chained, however) from the walls; and before a roaring fire stands a huge screen, on which a number of men are drying the garments they have just washed. As we do not intend to pass another night in the Gorgon Chambers, we go upstairs and, before leaving, give our counter to the lank youth from the Millwall Docks, who is quite in clover to-day, as he has earned four shillings and twopence, and is busily engaged at a hearty meal of steak and potatoes.

The next day (Sunday) we again enter about noon and find preparations for dinner going on pretty briskly; the cobbler hard at work peeling potatoes and turnips for a stew; and the Turkish barber, frugal man as he is, toasting himself a single sausage before the fire. Going past a table, we receive a pull at the coat, and on turning round recognise a face which we have not seen for some fourteen or fifteen years. With a heavy grip of the hand and mutual condolences as to each other's bad fortune, we sit down beside our old acquaintance, Stamp, who when we last knew him held a good appointment in the General Post-office. However, poor fellow, his wife died, and her loss affected his intellect, so that for a time he was confined in a lunatic asylum, and had to give up his appointment. Unfortunately, when he came out he took to tipping, so that the good friends who exerted themselves in his behalf were obliged reluctantly to give him up as a bad job. What with slight occasional relapses of mental disorder and the effects of drink, he has gradually lost

all respect for himself, and is earning what he can by chance labour at the docks. He has bought for his dinner to-day some tripe and ready-cooked vegetables from an eating-house, and warmed the whole up in an empty Australian meat-tin. This stew he facetiously terms 'a confection,' a term not to be found in any dictionary, but translatable by the French equivalent *pot-pourri*.

Dinner over, the men lounge or lie on the benches, some smoking, and some reading the papers, or tracts which a gentleman connected with the London City Mission has just been distributing. After him come a band of determined proselytisers from a neighbouring Ebenezer, who make the tour of the room in a body, talking and singing hymns. The addresses are listened to pretty quietly; but as soon as singing commences, a most discordant howl arises from various parts of the kitchen, speedily bringing in the manager to inquire the cause of the disturbance; the upshot of all being that the evangelists have to beat a retreat, not without many groans and an occasional cabbage-stalk or two interjected amongst them. When order has returned again, we ourselves depart, having seen quite enough of the Gorgon Chambers. We are however, satisfied that the spirited proprietors have done well for the class of lodgers they accommodate, who on the whole seemed to behave themselves, as far as we could observe, in a tolerably orderly manner. Knowing the tastes and habits of the men who frequent their establishment, they have provided accordingly, neither below nor much above a certain standard; and the success of their experiment will perhaps serve as a hint to others, who with the best intentions to do good, fail because they do not sufficiently study the tastes of the particular class in society they wish to benefit.

THE ROMANCE OF A CITY CLERK.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—LUCY WARREN.

ONE fine Saturday afternoon in July, no matter what year, I took out a ticket at Fenchurch Street Station for the pretty little village of Darbridge. It was a third-class ticket; for in those days I was only an overworked and underpaid quill-driver in the service of Steel, Flint, and Company, Cheap-side. I lodged in a little back bedroom in Lorimore Square, Kennington, dined at a cook-shop in the City, and otherwise lived and economised as became my position. With one notable exception! I had now made an excursion to Darbridge every week for several months, staying overnight at the *White Hart Inn*, and returning to town on the Sunday evening. Five days out of the seven during that period, I had dined on bread and cheese; had eschewed omnibuses, no matter how bad the weather; I had had my old hat refreshed, my boots soled for the third time, and undergone financial martyrdom generally. And all for what? Only that I might get a glimpse of sweet little Lucy Warren, and an opportunity of pressing my love and poverty upon her acceptance.

Lucy's antecedents and present life were as simple and eventless as my own, and our courtship hitherto had given as little promise as well might be of sensational incident. She was an orphan, her mother having died while she was quite a

child, and her father (who had remarried) when she was in her fifteenth year. She had consequently been left to the sole charge of her step-mother, who treated her with average kindness for a few years, but with the repeated protest that Lucy was a burden which her limited means could not well bear; so that in her eighteenth year she had applied for and obtained a situation as clerk and factotum in the office of the *Oldman's Gazette*, a trade organ published in a dingy little court off Fetter Lane. An unromantic confession doubtless, but quite unavoidable in the interests of a story of real life!

Unpromising as such a career appeared to be at the outset, Lucy found it in reality one of almost unalloyed happiness; Mr Monks the editor—a fussy little man of limited education, but much tact and shrewdness—treated her as one of his own family. His only daughter Lizzie acted as housekeeper in the rooms above the office, where the three resided during that portion of the week in which the interests of the oil-trade demanded the services of Mr Monks and his assistant. Every Friday afternoon, when the *Gazette* had been issued to its admiring subscribers, the little house in Fetter Lane was closed, its tenants betaking themselves to the villa which the comfort-loving little chief had purchased and ornamented in the village of Darbridge. I had first made Lucy's acquaintance while calling at the *Gazette* office to settle an account which Steel, Flint, and Company had incurred for advertisements. It was a case of love at first sight—on my part at least—and I am afraid my visits to Fetter Lane, if plausible enough, were sometimes unknown to the firm which I undertook to represent. Lucy's duties and position forbade my presenting my suit after approved methods, and I had almost yielded to despair, when a lucky chance informed me of the weekly exodus to Darbridge. I made my way thither as soon as I was at liberty on the first Saturday after receiving the hope-inspiring intelligence, repeating my visits, as I have said, with unrelaxing ardour. My hope was for some time a forlorn one, and might have remained so, had I not found an unexpected ally in Miss Ryder, the spinster daughter of the landlord of the *White Hart*, virtually the head of the establishment. She was a woman of great practical sense, but with just a dash of that feminine sentimentality which old maids are said never to forego. My repeated visits had at last attracted her attention, and perhaps it was in no way wonderful, in a small place like Darbridge, that her woman's wit should soon divine my mission. Having once done so, and rather liking me, as she said, the matter became perfectly simple. Lucy and Lizzie Monks were especial favourites of hers; so that an invitation to tea one Sunday afternoon in her own room effected what years might not otherwise have done. To bring my story up to the day with which I have chosen to open it, I need only say that my suit prospered so well that Lucy at last consented to be mine—that is, modestly confessed her love, and promised to await until I should be in a position to marry her.

Ay, there was the rub; and a single week's reflection on the subject had led me to adopt two very sensible resolutions. The first was to devote my leisure to improving myself sufficiently in French and German (as my employers had sug-

gested), to enable me to take a more responsible and lucrative post in their office; the second, to make my trips to dear old Darbridge of rarer occurrence, with a view to economy. Perhaps I deserved less credit than I was then inclined to take for the last of these good intentions, seeing that by Miss Ryder's adroit management I had got so far into Mr Monks' good graces as to obtain his consent to look in occasionally at Fetter Lane. Still, of the two, my self-denial on this head was perhaps more laudable than my purpose to study hard; for habit, ever strong, had made my Sundays in the country a pleasure not to be lightly abjured.

It is only natural therefore that my journey on this particular July afternoon should dwell in my memory with unusual distinctness, noted in my calendar by the formation of a life-purpose, even had it not contained incidents destined to affect my whole future.

In due course I found myself upon the platform of Darbridge station, and was making my way towards the door of exit, when my attention was attracted by the shouts of an elderly gentleman who stood at the open door of a first-class carriage. He was red in the face through excitement, and was calling lustily and angrily for a porter. A glance sufficed to explain his dilemma. The descent to the low platform unassisted was to him an all but impossible feat; he had a wooden leg. I promptly rendered the necessary help, and as it turned out, not a moment too soon, the train beginning to move immediately. Panting and blowing, the stranger stood for a moment bewildered, then burst into one of the heartiest peals of laughter which it has ever been my experience to listen to. I was irresistibly arrested by this sudden turn of humour, and for the life of me could not help joining chorus in a feeble kind of way; but my sympathetic merriment would appear to have been ill-timed, as the owner of the artificial extremity, resuming his own gravity, blusteringly demanded: 'What are you laughing at, young jackanapes? Did you never see a wooden leg before?—But there,' he continued, lowering his voice; 'I am wrong as usual. It was you who helped me just now; was it not? Allow me to thank you with all my heart. You don't mind my calling you jackanapes, I hope?—No? Shews your sense! Thank you again very much.' And the old fellow hopped off to look after his luggage.

Lucy had arranged to meet me at the cottage of old Dobson the gardener, situated about a quarter of a mile above the station, which was a good mile and a half from the village of the same name. Having been a few minutes detained by the little adventure on the platform, I was not surprised, while ascending the dusty road, to see Lucy tripping down the hill towards me. I see her now in her broad white-straw hat trimmed with natural roses, and the white muslin dress which gave otherness to her slender figure. Picture to yourself, reader, a fair rounded face, sensitive mouth, hazel eyes of infinite softness, a well-formed low, broad forehead, crowned with a profusion of wavy brown hair, and—the assistant to the editor of the *Oilman's Gazette* stands described.

We spent a pleasant afternoon and evening with the Dobson family, consisting, besides the old couple, of George (said to be in the throes of a

hopeless attachment to Lizzie Monks), and Peggy, a cherry-checked black-eyed damsel, who had rendered heart-sick half the young farmers in the parish. The time sped so agreeably that it was nine o'clock before we parted from our simple but hospitable friends.

It was a genuine lovers' night, a crescent moon and hosts of twinkling stars shedding a placid light upon the scene; while the odour from hedges, rows and beanfields filled the air. The road now descended towards the village, the lights from which gave that human interest so necessary to a perfect landscape. We walked in silence for some time—the 'silence eloquent' of even City clerks who are genuinely in love.

'Lucy,' I said at length, recurring to the resolutions which I had formed since our last meeting, 'I shall miss my visits to you in dear old Darbridge.' And I proceeded to expound these with all the fervour and sanguineness of youth. I had listened to my own voice for some time; but however agreeable the exercise may be, it will pall by degrees, as in my case, if not jogged by the expressed interest of one's companion. Struck at last by Lucy's absolute silence, I glanced down into her face to find it wet with tears.

'What is the matter, darling?' I asked in trepidation.

'O Frank!' she now answered sobbing, 'I wished so much that we might be happy to-night; but I must tell you now. My step-mother has written me the strangest letter. She insists upon my giving a month's notice to Mr Monks and going home. She says—what of course you know is not true—that she never liked the idea of my earning my own living; that she has now given me a fair trial; that she is sure by this time I have come to be of her mind, and that she cannot think of my staying away any longer. She appeals to my poor father's wish on the subject, and writes in such a horribly kind way that I can't understand it. But of course I *must* go, Frank; and you see, dear, why I was so much upset by your kind brave thoughts for my happiness.'

Startled and grieved beyond measure, I naturally strove at first to change Lucy's purpose of going home; but by-and-by, when I came to apprehend how much she herself suffered at the prospect, an incipient impulse of chivalry (City clerk as I was) came to the rescue. I now tried to soothe her, to remind her that we could still correspond, and above all, to promise that my good resolutions to improve my position would be strengthened by this additional reason for making our union as early as possible. I in some degree succeeded in comforting her; but the rest of our walk was maddened in sadness. I felt, when we reached the villa, that I could not bear to meet Mr Monks and Lizzie; so after a parting at the garden gate in our tenderest manner, I betook myself to the hospitality of the *White Hart*.

As I entered the bar-parlour, to which only favoured guests were admitted, I was astonished to find my acquaintance of the afternoon quietly seated in the suggest corner engaged at cribbage with Miss Ryder. He greeted me cheerfully, but continued his game without reference to our adventure. I on my part felt too depressed to enter into conversation; so taking my bedroom candle from its accustomed place, I was about to wish the company good-night, when my hostess

glancing from her hand across her shoulder, asked smilingly: 'Well, how is Lucy, Mr Dalton?'

'Oh, quite well! I said, smiling in return.
'Lucy!' said the stranger, suddenly looking up with a keen glance; but I, being in no humour to abide Miss Ryder's usual banter, hastened upstairs, went to bed, and after an hour's restless tossing slept, and dreamt that—*Lucy had a wooden leg!*

A WORD FOR PUSS.

THOUGH many people have an antipathy to cats, and consider them treacherous and cruel, there are countless instances on record where puss has shewn the most devoted and enduring affection for those who have kindly treated her. Nothing can be more unjust than to call a cat cruel, seeing that it merely seeks to provide itself with food in the manner its instinct points out to it. The artifices which it uses are the particular instincts which the all-wise Creator has given it in conformity with the purposes for which it was designed. Being destined to prey on a lively and active animal like the mouse, which possesses so many means of escape, it is necessary that it should be artful.

Puss is, however, not entirely friendless, but rejoices in many a staunch defender. For instance Miss Isobel Hill writes: 'Poor Pinky! I can scarce write a word in praise of one belonging to thy slandered sisterhood; yet a few good examples embolden me to assert that I have rarely known any harm of cats who were given a fair chance, though I own I have seldom met with any that have enjoyed that advantage. Is it their fault that they are born nearly without brains, though with all their senses about them, and of a tender turn? Suppose they only fawn on us because we house and feed them, they have no nobler proofs of friendship with which to thank us; and if their very gratitude be adduced as a crime, alas, poor pussies!' An anonymous writer says: 'We may learn some useful lessons from cats, as indeed from all animals. In their noiseless tread and stealthy movements we are reminded of the frequent importance of secrecy and caution prior to action; while their promptitude at the right moment warns us on the other hand against the evils of irresolution and delay. The curiosity with which they spy into all places, and the thorough smelling which any new object invariably receives from them, commands to us the pursuit of knowledge even under difficulties. Instances are frequent (I am happy to tell cat-haters, says the writer) of illustrious persons who have been attached to the feline race, and of cats who have merited such attachment. Mohammed would seem to have been very fond of cats, for it is said that he once cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb his favourite while sleeping on it. Petrarch was so fond of his cat, that when it died he had it embalmed and placed in a niche in his apartment; and people ought to read what Rousseau has to say about the feline race.'

In point of intelligence the cat has been often unfavourably compared with the dog; and yet it can be shown that puss is capable of much natural ability. Thus Dr Smellie tells of a cat that had learned to lift the latch of a door; and other tales

have been related of cats that have been taught to ring a bell by hanging to the bell-rope; and this anecdote is related by the illustrious Sam Slick of Slickville. It occurred several times that his servant entered the library without having been summoned by his master, and in all these cases the domestic was quite sure he had heard the bell. Great wonderment was caused by this, and the servant began to suspect that the house was haunted. It was at length noticed that on all these mysterious occasions the cat entered with the servant. She was therefore watched; and it was soon perceived that when she found the library door shut against her, she jumped on to the window-sill and thence sprang at the bell.

Cats do not like being transplanted from one place to another, as the following anecdote will shew. A family named Shuker lived at Dawley, in the county of Salop, but had occasion to leave and go to Nottingham. They of course removed all their household goods, including a fine cat, which had been in the family for years. Arriving at Nottingham the cat shewed signs of dissatisfaction with her new abode, and after a few days disappeared. Shortly afterwards the cat walked into the old house at Dawley, to the great surprise of the neighbours. As might be expected she was very footsore and lame. When it is considered that the distance travelled on foot by the cat, from Nottingham to Dawley, is over seventy miles, the feat seems very wonderful. Hundreds flocked to see the four-footed pedestrian, and large sums were refused by the owner for the favourite.

A family in Callander had in their possession a favourite Tom-cat, which had on several occasions exhibited more than ordinary sagacity. One day Tom made off with a piece of beef, and the servant followed him cautiously, with the intention of catching and administering to him a little wholesome correction. To her amazement she saw the cat go into a corner of the yard in which she knew a rat-hole existed, and lay the beef down by the side of it. Leaving the beef there, puss hid himself a short distance off, and watched until a rat made its appearance. Tom's tail then began to wag; and just as the rat was moving away with the bait, he sprang upon and killed it. This anecdote resembles one which we related some time ago in these columns.

A lady residing in Glasgow had a handsome cat sent to her from Edinburgh; it was conveyed to her in a close basket in a carriage. The animal was carefully watched for two months; but having had a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady in Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have found some new home. About a fortnight however, after her disappearance from Glasgow, her well-known mew was heard at the street door of her Edinburgh mistress; and there she was with *both her kittens; they very fat, she very thin*. It is clear that she could carry only one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty-four miles; so that if she brought one kitten part of the way and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. She also must probably

have journeyed only during the night, and must have resorted to many other precautions for the safety of her young.

To lead 'a cat-and-dog-life' means a good deal of scratching and biting; but dogs and cats have been frequently known to get on very amiable. For instance there was a cat which had formed a warm attachment for a Newfoundland dog; she caressed him continually—advanced in all haste with her tail erect when he came home, and rubbed her head against him, purring with delight. When her shaggy friend lay before the kitchen fire, puss used him as a bed, pulling up and settling his hair with her claws to make it comfortable. Her couch arranged to her liking, she composed herself quietly to sleep. The dog bore all this with patient placidity, turning his head towards her during the operation, and sometimes gently licking her.

Instances of attachment between animals of dissimilar habits are endless, and those between puss and various creatures are certainly both curious and interesting.

The Book of Cats (London: Griffith and Farran), from which most of the foregoing gossip has been taken, concludes by remarking upon an absurd idea prevalent among old-fashioned Scotch people—namely that cats suffocate infants by sucking their breath. This is declared to be unfounded and untrue, no baby having ever been so suffocated. It is impossible for a cat to suck a child's breath, as the anatomical formation of the cat's mouth would prevent it. No doubt in some remote country places, among the ignorant, a popular superstition to that effect may exist; but when a child has been found dead from suffocation, in many cases the cat may have lain on the infant's mouth for the sake of warmth, but with no murderous intent. It is best, therefore, to exclude puss from sleeping apartments.

There is a well-known hospital in London for dogs; and a lady of the name of Deen has established a sort of asylum for lost cats at Rottingdean, near Brighton, in consequence of the large number she saw lying dead on the bench. But such kind friends are scarce, and pussy in her journey through life will continue to find many dangers on the road; not the least of which is when the poor creature is left to 'find for itself' when her thoughtless owners leave home for summer quarters.

CHINESE DENTISTRY.

In European countries the dread art of the dentist is nowadays prejudiced with such skill and ingenuity, with the view of causing the least possible pain to suffering humanity, that it will not be uninteresting, albeit the subject is a somewhat grim one—to contrast with it the more clumsy methods in vogue among the Chinese; and with this end we abridge the following notes from an instructive article in the *China Review*, a periodical published every two months at Hong-kong, and frequently affording much valuable information respecting the Celestial Empire.

It is well known that the Chinese attribute toothache to the gnawing of worms, and that their dentists profess to take these worms from decayed teeth. But how they performed this trick, and so artfully concealed it in the hurry of daily busi-

ness, was a secret only recently solved by a European inquirer. After some difficulty and delicate negotiation, an intelligent-looking native practitioner was induced to hand over the implements of his trade together with a number of the worms, and to give instructions in the method of procedure.

When a patient with toothache applies for relief, if the tooth is solidly fixed in the socket, the gum is separated from it with sharp instruments and made to bleed. During this operation the cheek is held on one side by a bamboo spatula, both ends of which are alike, and on the end held in the hand some minute worms are concealed under thin paper pasted to the spatula. When all is ready, this is adroitly turned and inserted in the mouth, and the paper becoming moistened is very easily torn with the sharp instrument used for cutting the gums; the worms mix with the saliva, and the dentist of course picks them out with a pair of forceps. The patient having ocular demonstration that the cause of the disease has been removed, has good reason to expect relief, which in many cases would naturally follow the bleeding of the gum. When the pain returns, the same operation is performed over again, and a fresh supply of worms fully accounts for the recurring trouble.

These worms are manufactured in quantities to suit the trade, and they are very cleverly done; still, to carry out the delusion fully, the dentists are obliged to keep on hand a few live worms to shew their patients, explaining that most of those taken from the tooth are killed either by a powder which is often applied, or by the process of removing them with the forceps. The practice just described, it may be added, is resorted to when the tooth is firmly set in the jaw.

The painless extraction of teeth is supposed to be accomplished by the application of a powder to the gum, which is said to loosen the tooth so that it may be removed after a little time with the thumb and forefinger. This powder however, like the other, is useless, and only applied to deceive the patient. Indeed, unless a tooth is loose the Chinese have no means of removing it; they do use a pair of forceps, but these are useless except with a loose tooth, and when employed they have to be concealed in a cloth, because patients are taught that no instruments are used. Another of the Chinese dentist's stock-in-trade is a flat piece of iron with a hole at one end of it, which he uses to hook on to the end of the canine teeth when they are irregular, removing them by a sudden upward jerk.

When a tooth is not sufficiently loosened to drop out or be pushed out by the tongue, a little folded or twisted piece of paper is sometimes used, one end of which is so adjusted in the mouth that when the patient closes his teeth, which he is directed to do, the loose tooth bites upon it, and the operator then gives the paper a quick pull, and so removes the tooth.

An operation on a canine tooth is thus described. The dentist first applied powder, and then took up a piece of cloth in which was concealed a flat iron instrument of the kind mentioned above; this he kept in his right hand, and in his left he held, wrapped up in paper, a flattened lump of wax, which is called 'toothache plaster,' and is believed to have in it some charm or power to

loosen teeth. After the powder had done its supposed work, the dentist struck the patient several slight blows with his left hand in quick succession on the cheek just behind the region of the tooth to be removed by the plaster. This was done to divert the attention of the patient, while the operator with his other hand appeared to be rubbing the gum with the piece of cloth, but was in reality adjusting the instrument on the tooth. Then, with a quick jerk upward and outward, he partly dragged the tooth from the socket, the upward jerk being so quickly and adroitly managed as to give the appearance of an accidental catch on the tooth, or a hasty movement of the hand as the dentist stepped hurriedly back to get some more toothache plaster. The same operation was then performed over again, and the tooth came out.

The insertion of artificial teeth was practised in China for ages before it was introduced into Europe, and has certainly one great recommendation, namely cheapness. The material used is bone or ivory, and the tooth having been sawn and filed into the proper shape, is fastened to the adjoining teeth by copper wire or catgut string. If two or more teeth are required, they are made in one piece; and a hole being drilled through the entire length, a double string or wire is passed through it and is looped over the natural tooth at one end and tied to the teeth at the other. This work, though rude in the extreme, looks better than the absence of teeth, and is of some use in mastication. The cost of a single artificial tooth is commonly from twopence-halfpenny to fivepence, and the charge for half-a-dozen from one shilling and threepence to two shillings. Even at these low rates Chinese dentists are said to do a thriving trade; and if this be the case, we should say that all things considered, their fellow-countrymen must be a very long-suffering race indeed.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES IN FLINTS.

In connection with this curious subject, a correspondent of *Land and Water* writes: 'The fracture of flint nodules usually presents a dark opaque ground clouded with whitish and dark-gray spots and patches. Some of these often assume very fantastic imitations of figures of men and animals. In the British Museum is an agate on which is portrayed a very accurate likeness of the poet Chaucer; and during the French Revolution, immediately after the king was beheaded, a very remarkable portrait of this unfortunate monarch was discovered distinctly marked on a piece of Labrador spar. So accurate was the likeness, and so curious was this coincidence reckoned at the time, that a very large sum of money was obtained for it; and fac-similes were engraved from it and worn as rings by the loyal inhabitants of Europe. In the annexed engravings we have given a fac-simile of three remarkable portraits found in a flint nodule, which may be seen in the museum of Mr Robert Frazer, jeweller, 17 South St Andrew Street, Edinburgh. This mass of flint, weighing about sixteen ounces, was picked up by mere accident on the Kent Road, near London. On breaking off a small piece of it, the profile No. One was discovered on the surface of the fracture, and immediately recognised as bearing a very striking resemblance to the general contour

of the features of the first warrior and general of the age. The portrait has somewhat the appearance of an enamel painting; the figure being of a whitish-gray substance, surrounded by a dark-brown ground. As it was conjectured that in all probability the impression of the figure might penetrate deep into the stone, it was slit up nearly through the centre, when the figures Nos. Two and Three were displayed on each side of the exposed surfaces; and it will not require a very active fancy to discover in these the face and lineaments of a monarch endeared to the British nation. These two likenesses have actually been recognised and pointed out by different individuals who had no previous knowledge that such a similarity had before been discovered; thus affording a test of the truth of the general resemblance. At the time that these likenesses were first discovered—about five years ago—it was looked on as a curious coincidence that the monarch or his Prime Minister should be found depicted on one stone by the hand of nature, and by a process which, even with all the aids of modern chemistry, we fear we have but imperfectly conjectured and endeavoured to explain to our readers. Flint is not the only substance which is found to contain animal and vegetable matter within its nodules. Small portions of moss-plants, cryptogamia, are frequently found, beautifully preserved, in the rock-crystal, topaz, and agate, with all the minute lineaments of their original structure. This affords another proof of the fact that such crystals must have been in a fluid state, without any great increase of temperature, at the period when they assumed their solid form. Many of these stones as well as jaspers contain figures assuming the forms of vegetation, being in reality merely accidental admixtures of various metallic substances, which in crystallising thus assume the appearance of leaves and stems of plants. Of this kind are the Mocha-stone, arborescent jasper, landscape marble, &c.'

A LOVER'S SONG.

I would not live without thy love
For aught on land, or sea;
I could not live without thy love—
Be true, then, love, to me.
Be coy, be cold, be cruel too,
Or aught but false, my queen;
No plaint my joyous lips will make,
So thou art true, I ween.

How dark, how drear, this world would be,
If thou wert lost, my own;
No charm for me, then, there could be
In quest, or page, or crown.
Nor pensive noon, nor great glad sun
Could cheer my hapless heart.
Be true, then, love; assure me, naught,
But Death, shall make us part.

Be true, and then this life will be
A race, or joust, in fine,
In which the victor's strength and prize
Will evermore be mine.
Be true, for then our lives will lie
One deep surpassing dream,
In which all chance, all toil, all time,
One sparkling cup will seem.

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MEMORIALS OF WALTER SCOTT.

THE Derwicksire Naturalists' Club is more than its name imports. It is an association of gentlemen of varied tastes and acquirements, who are as much concerned in exploring matters of archaeological and literary interest in their neighbourhood as in taking note of objects in natural history. Not confining themselves to discussions and the reading of papers, the members set apart a day for excursions, in which little in the way of scientific or historical inquiry comes amiss to them, in the counties along the lower valley of the Tweed—a district known to be famed for song and deeds of arms, for ruins of old castles and abbeys, and above all for being the country of Walter Scott. We wish there were more provincial associations of this kind. In usefulness, they greatly excel the annual gatherings devoted to little else than purposes of friendly intercourse and conviviality. Perhaps we may some day offer a specimen of the ingenious papers contained in the Transactions of this very commendable Derwicksire Club. Meanwhile, we have to speak of something quite as interesting.

One day at the end of September of the present year, about thirty members of the Club met at Galashiels, with the view of proceeding by way of Torwoodlee and Clovenfords to Ashiestiel, memorable as having been the residence of Scott and his family from 1804 to 1812. Clovenfords, which lies in a kind of hollow in the hills, is a small village, with an inn, which within our recollection was a posting-house in going southwards, and is alluded to by Wordsworth in his 'Yarrow Unvisited':

And when we came to Clovenfords,
Then said my winsome marrow:
'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow.'

Since Wordsworth's time, great changes have occurred. The post-road is superseded by a railway, and Clovenfords is now noted for extensive Vineries, established by the enterprise of Mr Thomson, a skilled gardener, for raising grapes

for the London market, and which have been eminently successful. Of course, the Club visited these wonderful Vineries—wonderful for being placed in the midst of so wild and hilly a country. After satisfying their curiosity, the Club passed southwards down the gorge to the Tweed, where amidst woods on a high bank, on the further side of the river, stands Ashiestiel. At this point, about six miles below Innerleithen, the Tweed is seen flowing pellucidly between green banks, with heathery and pastoral hills rising to a considerable height on each side. At the ruined tower of Ellbank, a short way up the river from Ashiestiel, the scene is grand in its solitude and beauty. The only incongruous objects in the landscape are the iron railway bridges that span the river, and which, without exaggeration, might be described as the perfection of ugliness.

In the early part of last century, Ashiestiel came by purchase into possession of William Russell, whose grandson, Colonel William Russell, married a daughter of Dr John Rutherford, another of whose daughters was the mother of Walter Scott. Colonel Russell was succeeded in the estate by his son, General Sir James Russell, who died in 1859; and the property is now held by his daughter, Miss Russell. Scott occupied the house while his cousin General Russell was absent in India. Here, he finished the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and composed 'Marmion,' and the 'Lady of the Lake,' besides executing much other literary work. Though somewhat changed, the house and grounds show several interesting memorials of Scott. For what follows, we are indebted to an account in the *Border Advertiser*, evidently written by the Editor of that tastefully conducted newspaper.

Before proceeding to the house, the party paid a visit to the "Shirra's Knowe," a knoll above (Henkinnon Burn, covered with a grove of ash and birch, where is a turf seat which was a favourite haunt of the poet in his contemplative moods. Returning thence, the party proceeded to the house, to the interior of which it was Miss Russell's desire they should have access. It has

been let during the summer to Dr Matthews Duncan of London, and as he had not yet vacated it, it was felt that the members of the Club could not with propriety intrude upon his privacy. But with the utmost courtesy and kindly consideration, Dr Duncan would not hear of Miss Russell's arrangements being departed from; and accordingly the party, guided by himself, were favoured with an inspection of the chief apartments in the house which were occupied by Scott. The most attractive of these was the room, still fitted up as a library and armoury, in which he studied and wrote. It is a small room, lighted by one small window, the sill of which, four or five feet in depth, and representing the thickness of the wall, was covered with green baize, and used by him as a desk. The window looks out to the Tweed and the hills beyond. But the object which most appealed to the feelings of veneration and respect for the departed, was Scott's favourite chair, which still stands here. It is a low, deep chair of peculiar construction, and singularly comfortable. In this chair Scott is said to have sat much; and when on his death-bed, it was brought by his special desire to Abbotsford, that he might again repose in it his worn-out frame. In this chair, said Dr Duncan, he breathed his last; and after his death it was again brought back to the place which had seen him in by far the best and happiest period of his life. With a kind of solemn gratification, the several members of the party sat themselves in the chair, associated as it was with the brightest and saddest moments in the career of him who at this time engrossed their every feeling and thought.

After visiting the dining and drawing rooms, and seeing many interesting portraits connected with the family, the party proceeded to the river-side to visit another of Scott's favourite haunts. On the way thither, the forester pointed out the old road to and from the ford in the river, which in Scott's time did duty for passengers, instead of the bridge since built half a mile farther down. At one time a large stone, called the "Riding Stone," stood at the entrance to this ford, but is now either removed or silted up. It acted as a kind of hydrometer in a rough way; for it was a maxim that when this stone was covered with water, it was dangerous for a horseman to attempt the passage of the river. The sight of this ford brought vividly back many of Scott's anecdotes of it, and especially of the domestic inconveniences which resulted from a kitchen grate on its way to Ashiestiel, having been overturned in the ford, and remaining there for weeks as a kind of horse-trap, and regarding which Scott used to crack many a joke at his good lady's expense. A short distance from this, along the haugh, stands a splendid old oak-tree, beneath which Scott was fond of sitting. It is about twelve feet in girth, and its branches spread out to a great distance in a fashion beautifully horizontal. It stands about twelve yards from the river's edge, yet its outer

boughs hang their extremities over the water, and altogether it covers a space of ground about seventy yards in circumference. It is a fine old tree, and its bushy foliage seemed even more beautiful from the touches of yellow which now mingled with its green.

Leaving the old oak-tree in the haugh, the company of Naturalists next proceeded to the burying-place of the Russells of Ashiestiel, which is situated in the midst of the woods—a small square inclosure, to whose walls the ivy clings with all the tenacity of fixed possession. After paying a somewhat hurried visit to the fine old-fashioned garden on the estate, the company got once more seated, and drove to Fernilee and Yair. The party kept the south side of the Tweed to Caddonfoot, when they crossed at the bridge there, and held straight down to the old road leading up to the ruined house of Fernilee—a place ever interesting as the abode of Mrs Cockburn in her youthful years, and where she is said to have written the exquisite version of the "Flowers of the Forest," beginning—

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling.

In passing downwards, however, the company did not fail to take note of the pleasant little school and school-house at Caddonfoot, as also the beautifully situated church and manse erected there. Leaving the conveyances to meet them at a point on the road farther down, the most of the company proceeded to climb the brae leading to Old Fernilee. It is a plain building of two stories, ~~is now a complete ruin, roofless and windowless,~~ entirely enveloped in perhaps the densest growth of ivy the company ever looked upon. The wonder is that its weight does not drag the old walls to the ground. The house, which has been long uninhabited, formerly belonged to a branch of the Rutherfords, afterwards passing, towards the end of last century, with the estate, into the hands of the Pringles of Clifton and Haining, to whom they still belong. Alicia (or Alison) Rutherford, afterwards Mrs Cockburn, was born here about 1712, and it is said composed the song which has immortalised her name in consequence of the death of a young gentleman to whom she was affianced and fondly attached. As she married Patrick Cockburn in 1731, the song must, if the above tradition be correct, have been written when she was only seventeen or eighteen years of age. The room—a slight recess in a projecting turret at the south-west angle of the building, and lighted by a small window—in which she is said to have composed the song, is still pointed out; and as appropriate to the occasion, a portion of the company assembled in the interior of the ruin, directly under the room specified, and one of them sung a verse of it. With this pleasing tribute of devotion to the spirit of the dead, the company took its departure, noticing, as they descended the hill in front, the remains of the old terraced garden or orchard of the house, as also an ancient stone-built curling-pond still existing in the wood below the house. Rejoining the conveyances at "Robin's Nest," that quondam famous resort of Edinburgh anglers, the road was now taken, under the softened brightness of the westerling sun, for the residence of the "long-descended lord" of Yair, by whom the party was courteously received. With Yair, the sight-seeing of the day was in a

sense closed, and the road was taken homewards. At the Rink, attention was drawn to the British camp and other traces of the Catrail on the hill; and a little afterwards, the woods and house of Abbotsford came into view, and had their due meet of attention and approbation. Galashiels was reached at a quarter to four o'clock.

THE ROMANCE OF A CITY CLERK.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

The *White Hart* was as snug and old-fashioned as a village inn ought to be, albeit it was somewhat out of repair. My bedroom window was directly over the covered porch on the front of which was perched the 'hart couchant,' which stress of weather had converted from its original and significant colour to a delicate lavender. I had thus a view of the little rambling street, and could, by opening the sash and craning to a small extent, obtain a view of Rose Villa—a feat which of course I foolishly performed before completing my toilet on the morning after my arrival at Darbridge.

Despite my knowledge of the early habits which Miss Ryder insisted upon, I was scarcely prepared, on entering the breakfast-parlour a little later to find my fellow-traveller seated there calmly employed in letter-writing. He received me with some ceremony however, requesting me to excuse him, as his letters were of some importance. I took up a book and read quietly until he had completed his task and made room for the setting out of the morning meal, which was in a very short time upon the table. Whereupon the old gentleman proceeded to do the honours with courtesy and dexterity. I now took leisurely observation of his bronzed weather-beaten face, and was much impressed with the kindness and benevolence of its expression.

Breakfast over, he wheeled his chair to the open window—on a stand in front of which bloomed Miss Ryder's favourite geraniums—inviting me to follow his example. Nothing loath, I acceded with as good an imitation of his old-fashioned politeness as my Cockney training would admit. Having ascertained that I did not object to tobacco, he filled and lighted a capacious meerschaum, puffing vigorously at which he began a conversation on general topics. Gradually however, he veered towards our adventure at the station, and ultimately questioned me, in a friendly way, upon the nature of my connection with Darbridge; so that before I had time to reflect, he had succeeded in drawing from me a pretty candid account of my position, prospects, and small ambitions. I had often prided myself upon not being easily 'drawn,' as what Londoner does not? but the absence of any conceivable purpose on the part of my *vis-à-vis*, and the gratifying paternal style he had assumed towards me, had somehow led me to place my heart, as it were, upon my sleeve; not that I was gushingly communicative, or that a syllable with reference to Lucy escaped me; nevertheless the

amiable old fellow came in a sense to apprehend what issues were concerned in my hopes of preferment in the office of Steel, Flint, and Company. Throughout, his manner was marked by a charming degree of interest and sympathy, and nothing occurred that could alarm my sensitiveness.

I wished Mr Clayton—such I understood was his name—good-bye when the hour approached for going to church. At the villa I was first welcomed by Ponto, a large black retriever, Lucy's staunch friend; next by the fussy little editor; and lastly by Lucy and Lizzie Monks, who declared themselves *almost* ready; they had only to put on their hats and get their Prayer-books. So I waited patiently for a space of twenty minutes, chatting pleasantly meanwhile with Mr. Monks, till at length the girls, fully equipped, made their appearance. We at once set out together by the path across the fields, which, besides being more enjoyable in the warm dusty weather, was a much shorter route to church than by the turnpike. Reaching a stile between two fields from which the road could be seen winding below in the hollow, we saw scattered groups of country people hastening on the same errand as ourselves; while here and there a carriage or dog-cart dashed along, raising clouds of dust.

'There is Miss Ryder's machine just leaving the village,' said Lizzie, who had posted herself on the first step of the stile. 'If I didn't know the pony, I should know the turn-out anywhere by that bow of red velvet in the old-fashioned bonnet.'

'But who is that with her?' wondered Lucy, shading her eyes and watching the progress of the tiny vehicle intently. 'It cannot be the brewer, for he is in the north; and Mr Webb and she are not on good terms since she refused to give up her paw to the Squire's London friends.'

I smiled as I listened to this innocent bit of village gossip; but my own observation had convinced me that the other occupant of the dog-cart was my mysterious friend Mr Clayton. Requesting the girls to descend from their point of vantage, we now stepped briskly forward; but ere long the irrepressible Lizzie said: 'O Mr Dalton, do you really know who that *can* be? Is any one staying at the inn?'

'Well, Miss Monks, your humble servant is staying there; and there is what remains of an eccentric elderly gentleman staying there; and in point of fact, to the best of my belief it is that venerable remnant who sits beside Miss Ryder at this moment.'

'Don't tease, Frank!' quoth Lucy with a pinch and a glance that nipped my quizzical humour, as Sir Boyle Roche would have said, in the bud.

Thus enjoined, I narrated what I knew of my strange acquaintance. Lizzie laughed merrily as I went on.

'Now,' she said, 'if I did not know Miss Ryder better, I should say she was setting her cap at the old man. I am amused and surprised as it is at her shewing such favour to a stranger; but no doubt it is on account of his misfortune.' And the little brunette looked grave.

We reached the church in good time and took our accustomed seats. We had not been many minutes seated when the eyes of the congregation were focussed upon my old friend, the noise of whose iron-shot stump, as he followed Miss Ryder up the aisle, had attracted universal attention.

I might have moralised upon the weak-minded curiosity of the villagers, had I not found my own gaze, as well as those of my fair companions, fixed upon the new arrivals. The old man reverently bent his head to the desk for some time, and when he raised it, there was a quiet childlike serenity upon it which the marks of time could not conceal. I now felt myself unable to withdraw my eyes from his rough old visage, a strange sense of familiarity with it beginning to impress me. I tried at first to consider this a result of the amused interest with which I had previously observed him; but that calm unconscious look had unquestionably some older and closer association in my mind. I often think now that in the first vividness of this conviction I should soon have discovered its origin; but the vicar at that moment entered the church, and the service commenced.

We returned by the old path across the fields. I had engaged to dine at the villa, and felt happy that it was so, since learning that Lucy's departure had been fixed. After dinner Lucy and I were considerably left to ourselves. Talking much and long of our approaching separation, the spirits of both naturally clouded by the prospect, I cheered her as much as I could by reminding her of my purpose to work indefatigably; and our more serious conversation was relieved by pleasant chat about village incidents, amongst others the advent of Mr Clayton. My mind at this point reverted to the singular impression which had so affected me in church, and I was on the point of communicating it to Lucy, when, on lifting my eyes to her face, the phenomenon was explained by my observing there the same expression, modified by youth, which I had observed in the old man's face. I smiled at the simplicity of what had before appeared an enigma, and in this vein told Lucy of the circumstance.

We took tea with Mr Monks and Lizzie in the pretty arbour in the garden behind the house, our friends vying with each other to make what promised to be my last visit but one to Dartbridge as agreeable as possible. At last the time came when parting was inevitable. The girls accompanied me to the station. We first looked in upon Miss Ryder to say good-bye, when I received the not unfrequent commission of posting letters on my arrival in the City, no mail leaving the village between Saturday and Monday afternoons. Those now intrusted to me she said belonged to her guest of the wooden leg, and were both marked 'Immediate.' Promising to fulfil her wishes as usual, and with mutually hearty good wishes, I left the *White Hart* for the station, with Lucy and Lizzie accompanying me. On our way we paid another flying visit to the Dobsons. Poor George looked radiant when Lizzie appeared; and I afterwards whispered to Lucy that I fancied the lively little coquette was not quite so indifferent to his manly affection as she professed. My convoy was now increased by Peggy and George, both of whom no doubt considered the friendly task of seeing me off well requited by certain facilities which it afforded themselves. The familiar platform at last witnessed our several adieus, and I was once more on my way to London.

Reaching Fenchurch Street, I proceeded to the nearest post-office to deposit Mr Clayton's letters.

I believe it is quite an innocent instinct rather than any curiosity which induces one to glance at the superscription of letters intrusted to them before committing them to the official box. Anyhow, I was altogether unconscious of sinister motive in reading the addresses of those I then held in my hands, and would doubtless have forgotten the fact, had one of these not arrested my attention rather startlingly. To my amazement it was directed to Lucy's step-mother—'Mrs WARREN, 3 Chesney Place, Brighton.' I hurriedly looked at the other, to see whether it might throw any light upon the stranger's connection with Lucy's relative, but only to find that it was intended for a well-known firm of solicitors in Old Jewry. I again gazed at the first letter, and, confused with conjecture, dropped them both into the box. Many hours ere I slept did I spend in attempting to divine the probable nature of the old gentleman's business with Mrs Warren—fruitlessly of course. I went to sleep over the task, and amidst other thoughts the subject was almost forgotten on the morrow.

CHAPTER III.—LOVE OVER A LEDGER.

So my little scheme of self-denial was rendered abortive by Lucy's recall to Brighton. For several days I am afraid the thought of her going away made me mope in rather an unheroic manner. I spent my evenings in concocting absurd little notes destined for Fetter Lane, finding a specious relief and real aggravation of my misery in committing these inanities to paper. It was not until I caught myself in the throes of composing 'An Ode to Melancholy' in true egotistical fashion, that I perceived my case to be a bad one, and forthwith set about striving for a healthier frame of mind. This is admittedly a task more easy to take up than to accomplish; but I believe I hit upon the likeliest method of doing so by placing before me once more the duty of working with all my might both in the office and at my private studies. I accordingly worked for Steel, Flint, and Company with redoubled vigour; and instead of shilly-shallying over pink-tinted note-paper, spent my evenings with my German text-books and dictionary.

Under this more sensible condition of things the week once more drew to a close. On Friday evening as I was about to leave off work, I was surprised by a request from Mr Steel to step into his private room. I did so with considerable perturbation; but before my ideas had time to shape themselves, my employer in the most urbane manner asked me to be seated, and proceeded to express his great satisfaction with my industry and zeal. My mind was naturally relieved. I attempted to make a fitting reply; when he again threw me into confusion by the, to me, astounding offer of a more responsible position at a salary of two hundred a year. I stammered a few lame words of acceptance and thanks; but it appeared my good fortune was not yet exhausted, for Mr Flint handing me a cheque, said with a bland smile: 'Mr Dalton, I quite endorse what my partner has just said, and am glad to give you a small mark of my esteem. You have not had a holiday this summer, so you may consider yourself at liberty for a fortnight, beginning this day week. This twenty pounds will, I trust, help to make your time pass more pleasantly.'

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings that evening as I strode towards Lorrimore Square. On reaching my lodgings, my first impulse, after a hasty tea, was to write an account of the change in my prospects to Lucy. It seemed to me as though we could now defy fate. The future assumed the most rosy aspects through the medium of my sudden profecient. There was a minor but palpable pleasure, too, in view of my holiday, which would enable me to gratify the twofold wish of seeing Lucy a week earlier than I had expected, and of taking part in the great annual cricket-match between a scratch City team and an Eleven of the Darbridge Club; got up—doubtless with an eye to business—under the auspices of Miss Ryder.

I was in all the ecstasy which these thoughts induced, when the postman's rat-tat sounded through the house. A knock at my door; and in answer to my 'Come in,' it opened, and the grimy young damsel from the area floor handed me the following letter in Lucy's handwriting:

'DEAREST FRANK—I just send a line to say that my step-mother has written to request me to go home at once, saying she is very poorly. She writes herself, so I do not believe she can be very ill. But what can I do? Mr Monks says I had better go to-morrow; and I am staying here to-night to finish up some work before going. Lizzie is with me, and is going to take my place until her father can get another clerk. Can you call at the office tonight to say good-bye, darling?—Your own Lucy.'

Here was a damper to my over-heated hopes! The short period which I had expected Lucy still to spend in London was ruthlessly curtailed, and the unhappiness which her stay at Brighton must entail was about to begin.

I reached the *Gazette* office about nine o'clock to find Lucy alone, engrossed with her ledger. It was the dingiest of editorial rooms, though well furnished. The gas jets were covered by huge green shades, which placed every other article in shadow except the table. Lucy had not heard me enter, and for a short time I watched her intently as she pored over the figures pen in hand. The situation had perhaps as little of the conventional elements of romance as well might be; but that, I say, is matter of opinion. To my idea, there could be no more interesting picture than that slight figure clad in some material of a grayish tint, the slender waist clasped by a simple dark ribbon, the shapely head with its plainly arranged masses of brown hair, bent gracefully over the folio, the fresh girlish face shaded by its position, the little hand deftly wielding the pen.

Our greeting at length was all that it should have been under the circumstances. I soon saw how much Lucy endured at the thought of parting, and how much she dreaded going home. To tell the truth, I did strive to shake her resolution of going to Brighton. I had the good sense, however, to desist before my selfish reasoning offended her more delicate sense of right and wrong, and went on to acquaint her with my good fortune, cheering her also with the hope of meeting again early. Seated beside each other on twin 'Windsors' we talked of all that lovers will talk of; and then, as even lovers' talk will flag at times, we spoke of dear old Darbridge and of my intention to take part in the cricket-match. While on this

theme, the address on Mr Clayton's letter, which had so impressed me when posting it, recurred to my mind with such suddenness, that I asked with unconscious absurdity: 'Lucy, do you know any man with a wooden leg?'

'Frank!' quoth Lucy.

I then hastened to explain my meaning, dwelling upon the strange coincidence, and inquiring eagerly whether she had any relative answering Mr Clayton's description.

'I have no relatives alive,' answered Lucy at length, after marvelling woman-like at the incident; 'and I never heard my step-mother refer to any of hers. I don't know any of my own mother's friends; and never saw my father's only brother, who was killed, I understand, during the Mutiny in India.'

The matter was dropped on Lucy reminding me that her accounts were not yet balanced. I of course volunteered to assist her; and we two City clerks worked together far into that sultry summer night adjusting the monetary concerns of the *Oilmann's Gazette*. We had not been long at our joint task when Miss Lizzie made her appearance, bringing her work with her. Then, while my affianced and I were deep in debits and credits, invoices and per contras, that amiable young person plied her needle in silence, the huge tabby which had followed her into the office purring softly in her lap. These are secrets, ye oilmen, yet withdraw not your subscriptions! To me your trumpery little journal will ever have an unsurpassable interest, and my most liberal advertisements be accorded to its shabby columns. Somewhere in the small-hours my Lucy and I completed your honourable Society's statement of affairs; and while Lizzie Monks stroked the staff-cut in innocent oblivion, we kissed and shed tears at parting just as genuinely as any other foolish young couple who are not City clerks.

I heard from Lucy on the Monday after her departure, in a sweet affectionate note, but containing no reference to family matters. My employers during the remainder of the week treated me with marked respect, and my fellow-clerks took their cue from their principals. My improved prospects would under other circumstances have afforded me the keenest pleasure; as it was I was restless and depressed. I was surprised and annoyed too at not receiving another letter from Lucy.

My promise to form one of the London Eleven could not on any reasonable pretext be withdrawn, so I prepared with resignation to fulfil my engagement to play at Darbridge on Saturday.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CRICKET-MATCH.

There is no keener sportsman in the world than the Cockney, theoretically. His love of excitement 'by flood and field' is something akin to the schoolboy's fondness for military exploits—innocently imitative. A day's 'outing' to witness a rowing-match or horse-race, a wrestling encounter, or a game at cricket, is an event in his calendar. And on the same principle that there are thousands of excellent swimmers who never saw the ocean, a number of the metropolitan natives, in spite of the limited opportunities they possess, attain considerable proficiency in manly exercises. The hostess of the *White Hart* had therefore less difficulty in collecting a team from among the

travellers and clerks of her City acquaintances than might be supposed; and by nine o'clock on the morning of the great day all had found their way to Darbridge by road or rail, as best suited their fancies or their purses.

Miss Ryder received me with much friendliness; but with a certain air of mystery, not altogether foreign to her nature, yet unusual in her manner towards me. I had little time however, in the bustle of the hour, to take much note of this peculiarity, or to guess at the drift of certain smiling innuendoes she threw out. Sport is beyond doubt a great leveller amongst Englishmen, and my spick-and-span cricketing suit, together with a fair reputation as a hard hitter, was sufficient passport to the society of the Squire-and-tradeocracy of Darbridge—for the nonce! The large dining-room of the inn was devoted to the reception of the rival Eleven, their umpires and immediate friends. On my entrance, I was not a little surprised to find the veteran Mr Clayton seated as usual by the open window, puffing at his meerschaum with his wonted vigour, his natural limb crossed comfortably over the artificial one, and his rubicund face glowing with a plenitude of benevolence quite captivating. He met my first intelligent glance with a quiet matter-of-course kindness, giving my extended hand a most uncompromising squeeze.

'Glad to see you, youngster,' he said, lifting his huge pipe from his lips. 'Glad to see you in your flannels. Egad! it does my old heart good to see this turn-out. Here, Phipps, Wooley! let me introduce you to this young quill-driver! (I mean no offence, my boy.) This is the young Cockney, gentlemen, whom I promised to back for a good score.'

So I modestly submitted to be introduced to the crack players of the Darbridge Eleven, who I could see were not averse to accept an acquaintanceship recommended by the eccentric stranger. A move was at last made for the ground, a carefully conserved field belonging to the Squire. The details of the match have already been reported in the proper quarters, so I shall content myself with recording the incidents affecting my story. Mr Clayton had obtained a seat in Miss Ryder's dog-cart, from which my hostess and he watched the game, though from rather an unnecessary distance, I thought. I occasionally glanced thitherwards, and imagined once that one of two young girls who chattered to the occupants of the vehicle wore a straw-hat the sight of which had often made my heart jump; but the foolish thought was speedily effaced in the active discharge of my duties as long-stop.

The match was a close one, ending in a draw; and both parties were in high spirits as they proceeded to the *White Hart* to partake of the excellent dinner laid out for their refreshment. As was only natural, I found the enjoyment of the hour infectious. I had, moreover, succeeded in making the second-best score, and felt the congratulations of my friends immensely agreeable. In spite of love's anxieties therefore, I looked forward with delight to sharing the hilarity of the dinner-table. It was consequently with no little chagrin that, when stopping for a moment at the bar to say a word to Miss Ryder, I received from her hand a note requesting me to go at once to the villa, as Mr Monks desired to speak to me. She accom-

panied its delivery with one of the mysterious smiles and little speeches she had favoured me with in the morning; but I was too annoyed to take much notice. The idea at length occurring to me, as I stood gnawing my lip in uncertainty whether to obey the request or not, that it *might* have some reference to Lucy, I hastily decided; and having asked to be excused from going in to dinner, took my way to the chief of the *Gascette's* house more leisurely and regretfully than I had ever done before.

I cannot say I was greatly surprised on entering the pretty parlour of Rose Villa to find Mr Clayton in his favourite position and at his usual occupation. I had got used to the apparition! So I imagined at least; but the events of the next hour amply proved that my capacity for surprise was far from exhausted. Mr Monks welcomed me in his own soft pleasant manner, but immediately withdrew, without explaining the object with which he had summoned me, thus leaving me alone with the eccentric veteran.

'Well, Mr Dalton,' said that worthy, 'excuse me; it was I who sent for you to have a quiet chat about the match and other things.'

It flitted across my mind that the wish was a most inconsiderate one for me; but as, instead of the game, he proceeded at once to refer in a kindly way to my own affairs, my promotion at Steel, Flint, and Company's, and the holiday I had received, my annoyance had gradually begun to disappear, when he startled me by slowly and pointedly asking: 'And do you think you are in a position to marry, Mr Dalton?'

'Sir!' I ejaculated.

'I have asked you a very simple question, I am sure. Do you really think you could keep a wife on two hundred a year?'

'Mr Clayton,' I retorted, trembling with vexation, 'are you aware that you are taking a great liberty? You have no right to ask me any such question. I shall wish you good-evening, sir.' I rose, and strode towards the door.

'Well, well, Wilful! Good-bye! But hark you! You will have to be a little more reasonable before you get my consent to marry Lucy.'

I turned round in the intensity of my surprise, my hand still on the door-knob.

'Oh! I mean what I say,' continued the old gentleman with an exasperating smile. 'And unless you shew her uncle some more respect, I am quite sure Lucy herself will have nothing to do with you.'

'Her uncle! Mr Clayton!—I began.

'Mr Fiddlesticks!—Mr Warren, if you like,' laughed the veteran till the tears ran down his cheeks. 'But come in, my boy, and sit down. I suppose I had better prove my relationship, or you will be treating me to some more of your fine airs, you young rascal!'

I was about to protest; but my companion only answered by pointing to a seat and bursting into a fit of laughing only equalled by that which he had indulged in at Darbridge station.

'Ring the bell, please,' he requested on partially coming to.

I mechanically obeyed by touching the bell-pull. A minute or two after the door opened, and 'Lucy!' I exclaimed, with what delighted astonishment may be imagined. 'Frank!' And as the old gentleman's curiosity had been suddenly

attracted to something going on in the village street, and his head was out of window, we hurriedly but eagerly embraced, and then stood hand in hand, gazing into each other's face in embarrassed silence.

'Well, young folks,' said Lucy's uncle as he reappeared, 'you do look amazingly happy! It is you Frank, that have been taking liberties this time—ha, ha! I suppose you don't mind the cricket-dinner now, eh? I will just hop over to the *Hart* and take your place there. You will be able to amuse one another, I daresay.'

He stamped to the door; but before making his exit turned and said with a merry twinkle in his eye: "'Pon my life, I never thought a pair of *City* clerks could look so sentimental!'

A few sentences will render this happy but unexpected dénouement intelligible. Lucy had only been three days in Brighton when she received a letter from her uncle containing a kind but peremptory request for her return to Darbridge. She had naturally been very much surprised at this sudden revelation of her relationship; but to her still greater astonishment, on shewing the letter to her step-mother, that lady expressed no surprise whatever, and offered no objection to her immediate departure. This suspicious conduct on Mrs Warren's part was only explained when Lucy and her uncle met. If for the first time she had now learned that her father's brother was alive, he on his part was equally surprised at the statement. He had been in regular communication with her step-mother ever since her father's death, making a liberal allowance for his niece's maintenance and education through that firm of solicitors in Old Jewry to whom one of the letters I had posted was addressed. It then appeared that the old gentleman's announced intention of leaving India (where for many years he had traded successfully, and where he had been so injured in one of the episodes of the Mutiny as to necessitate the amputation of a limb) was the cause of his brother's widow hastily recalling her step-daughter. He arrived in London earlier than expected, and learned with pain that Lucy was earning her own livelihood—entirely of her own determined wish, as the lawyers informed him. Ascertaining that she spent a portion of the week at Darbridge, he concluded to run down and quietly observe for himself how she was situated and what were her disposition and character. Miss Ryder, with kindly meant communicativeness, had not only enlightened him, but acquainted him with our engagement. The letter I had posted for Mrs Warren, in which he merely intimated his arrival in this country, was the cause of the more hurried summons to Brighton which Lucy ultimately received; while that to the solicitors contained a request to inquire into my own position and character, and if found to be satisfactory, to forward my interests with Steel, Flint, and Company, who it happened were old correspondents of his. My marvellous preferment was thus explained—somewhat at the expense of my self-esteem; but then I took heart when I considered that after all it was my steadiness and industry which gained me these good offices. It was merely the old man's whim to surprise me on the day of the cricket-match.

I need only add that I am now at the head of the firm so often mentioned, Lucy being a sleep-

ing partner. Mr Warren has a villa of his own at Darbridge now, having settled there in order to enjoy an evening pipe at the *White Hart*, and a game at cribbage with Miss Ryder, herself now waxing in years.

BONE-SETTERS.

Most persons will in the course of their lives have heard of self-taught men skilled in the art of setting broken bones and putting to rights dislocated joints. In some cases their operations have been described as marvellous, and as having baffled regular practitioners. A short time ago, in noticing Dr Smiles's biography of George Moore, we quoted the account of a bone-setter in London who had adroitly rectified a dislocated shoulder-joint that several reputedly skilled surgeons could make nothing of. A correspondent connected with the medical profession calls in question the accuracy of the story; for which, of course, we are no way responsible. The proper person to write to on the subject would be Dr Smiles, who is not given to romancing. We have ourselves however, known some curious instances of illiterate men who, by a sort of natural tact, were eminently successful as bone-setters. One of these instances was that of a drummer in a militia regiment as long ago as 1812, who, when discharged at the peace of 1815, set up as a bone-setter, and made a living by his profession. Not long since, there died an eminent bone-setter on Speyside, to whom persons suffering from dislocations flocked from all quarters. It seems ridiculous to pool-pool instances of this kind. A wiser policy would consist in finding out what were the special modes of operation of these bone-setters, and taking a hint from them.

While one correspondent has favoured us with his doubts on the subject of unprofessional bone-setting, others have written to verify cases such as that recorded by George Moore's biographer. One of these communications is as follows: 'In 1865, I had met with a severe accident on board a ship coming home from India, and among other injuries the middle finger of my right hand was much injured. There were two or three doctors among the passengers besides the ship's surgeon, and they all agreed that it was merely a severe bruise. I thought little of it, hoping it would soon get right; but when six weeks had passed and the finger was still quite powerless, I consulted an excellent general practitioner in England, who said the joint was enlarged, and recommended an application of iodine; which took off the skin, but had no other effect. Two other surgeons—one of them a man of considerable repute—were consulted, but with no better result; and eventually I was persuaded to go to a bone-setter in Liverpool. The moment he felt the finger he said: "It's dislocated." The treatment was very simple. The finger was enveloped in a bag of bran and kept constantly wet for a fortnight, and then it was set. The operator gave it a violent wrench. I heard a crack like that made when one pulls one's finger-joints sharply; and from that moment I had the full use of my finger, which until then was absolutely powerless. The fee, as far as

I remember, was ten shillings, certainly not more.

'The case which led me to consult this bone-setter was much more remarkable. Among the passengers on board the same ship was an Indian civilian who had been severely mauled by a tiger, in trying to save a fellow-sportsman's life, and had quite lost the use of one arm. He was on his way home to see if anything could be done to restore it; and his disappointment was great when, after some months' treatment by one of the greatest of London surgeons, there was hardly any improvement, and no hope was held out of more than a very partial cure. While down in Wales, he heard of the bone-setter above mentioned, who was a native of the Principality, and determined to try his powers. In a few months, by simple treatment and the wonderful power of manipulation which this man possessed, the use of the arm was entirely restored, and has ever since remained so.

'I do not for a moment wish to disparage the skill and care shown by the regularly qualified surgeons in ordinary and in many extraordinary cases. They are, with few exceptions, upright and generous men, and their kindness and tenderness seem specially developed by the pain which they so often have to inflict; but there are cases—more frequent, I believe, than is commonly supposed—where something more than training and practice is needed; and there are a few men (and women too) who seem intuitively to possess this something—a gift of touch which tells them when a joint, or it may be a muscle or tendon, is not in its right place, and enables them to put it right.

'It is this which I think the medical profession and the public generally should recognise, instead of speaking of these bone-setters, as is often done, as quacks, and their cures as fables, or at best happy accidents. In some cases the possessors of this gift have taken the necessary diploma which permits them to practise; in others they have not the means or education which would enable them to do so; or perhaps they have only discovered their gift comparatively late in life, when they have settled down to other professions.

'Surely some means could be devised by which this gift, when it is discovered in an individual, can be utilised for the benefit of suffering humanity without the ordinary diploma, and yet with some check which would prevent imposture. The first step is the recognition that such a gift does exist; and then let it be the subject of intelligent inquiry.'

Another correspondent offers his experience. He writes as follows: 'Some twelve years since, when returning from a visit to a friend on a bitterly cold December evening, I unluckily slipped upon a sheet of ice on the foot-path, and fell with my leg bent completely under me. The pain was intense, and for a quarter of an hour I was unable to raise myself up. Fortunately, I was not far from home, and managed to crawl to my own door. For two or three subsequent days I endured excruciating agony, and consulted my usual medical men in the town of —, who pronounced my injury to be a violent sprain of the muscles of the knee, and after tightly bandaging the joint, they recommended entire rest for some days. For six weeks I hardly moved out-of-doors, and was quite unable,

without assistance, to put on my stockings and boots.

'One day a neighbour suggested my seeing a celebrated bone-setter who pays a weekly visit to this neighbourhood. I eagerly adopted the suggestion, and by the aid of two sticks, attended by a friend, I contrived to get into and out of the train, and reached the bone-setter's residence in due course. He first directed me to undress, and placed a chair to rest my leg upon. After manipulating the limb, without saying a word he suddenly jumped upon my leg with all his force. I fainted away at once, so great was the pain, and when I recovered my senses, the perspiration was literally streaming down my face. I asked for some brandy, which he produced out of a cupboard close by, remarking: "I always keep my physic here."

'For some ten minutes afterwards I felt very faint and in great pain; and without noticing his movements, to my horror he took a run and jumped again on my leg, causing me to faint away a second time; and when I came to, I found my friend at my side whom I had left up-stairs, and who, startled by my screams of agony, had hastened down to see what was the matter.

'The bone-setter then said: "Get up and walk; your knee was dislocated, but you are now all right." To my inexpressible joy I found my knee replaced, and was able to walk as well as ever, and which for six weeks I had been unable to do without the assistance of two sticks. For ten years my leg was so well and strong, that I never needed the services of the bone-setter. Unfortunately, about two years since, in pulling off my boot I again dislocated the same knee, but in moving suddenly in my chair to reach a book, the joint returned into the socket, like the sharp report of a pistol. It has once since been out, but I have managed to replace the joint myself; but I occasionally go to the bone-setter to have the limb tightly plastered and bandaged, and over the bandage I always wear an elastic knee-cap.

'A neighbour of mine had a bad fall out hunting about two years ago, and injured his shoulder, and for several weeks was unable to raise his arm, and like myself, put himself under the charge of his usual medical attendant. As the injury did not seem to abate, I advised him to go to this same bone-setter, which he did, and in a very short period he quite recovered the use of the limb, and is now able to drive and ride as well as ever; the remedy he was ordered to adopt was hard friction, night and morning, with run and neat's-foot oil.

'I will mention an anecdote told me by this bone-setter. A poor servant-girl who had been an in-patient of a neighbouring infirmary for seventeen weeks, and had been discharged as incurable, consulted the bone-setter, who discovered her ankle to be dislocated. With a violent twist he replaced it, and she gladly led behind her, in his house, the two crutches she had used for upwards of four months!

'Although it seems almost incredible that regularly qualified surgeons do not understand the art of bone-setting, or adopt their somewhat rough usage, I believe they really dare not do so for fear of being accused of rude treatment, by ladies or persons of sensitive feelings. I believe the knack of bone-setting to be hereditary; at any rate it is

so in the case of my bone-setter, who is of the third generation in this style of treatment.'

We need not pursue the subject, which it is scarcely necessary to say deserves the careful and fair investigation of the faculty.

THE FAIR STOWAWAY.

A SHIP'S fore-castle, like poverty, often makes one acquainted with strange companions, and the truth of this I verified on board an iron clipper called *La Belle Hélène*, laden with locomotives and railway plant and bound for the East. Having loaded at Liverpool, we were hauling out of the Prince's half-tide basin, when a smart-looking man with a stern face and a look of foreign service came on board, and abruptly addressing the mate, desired him to clear the ship of strangers. This was Captain Sproul, who had within twelve hours of his appointment been ordered to sea with two strange officers and a crew, some of whom were not in their sober senses, while others did not understand English. At Point Lynas the tug and pilot left us, with a strong south-west wind and a cross sea into which the vessel was plunging, setting everything forward aloft.

On the second day things were a little more ship-shape; though at noon, when we were piped to dinner, the fore-castle was dark as pitch, what light there was being obtained from a slush-lamp, extemporised out of a boot-tin, a rope-yarn, and a potato. Two wooden beef-kids, containing the last dinner of fresh meat, had been laid on the hatch, round which about fourteen men were seated, when something like a faint squeak seemed to issue from underneath. 'Rats already,' remarked one of the crew, helping himself to beef; when just as his ship gave an unusually heavy pitch, there was heard a long wild continuous shriek, about which there could be no mistake. In an instant every man was on his feet; the hatch was thrown off, and a young fellow descended the coal-hold, and directly afterwards shouted: 'Stowaways here! Send down a line.' When a bow-line had been thrown over him, we hauled up a wretched sea-sick-looking lad of about twelve years of age, who seemed ill and worn out with exhaustion; and who was followed by an elder boy, whose face and form were almost concealed in a southwester and suit of tarpaulin much too big for him.

'What do you mean by yowling and yelping in that way?' roared Black, whose real name was Pappa, one of those rough turbulent-looking men peculiar to Liverpool and New York.

The elder lad made no reply, but was in the act of putting his hand in the nearest beef-kid, to assist his companion with food, when Black jumped up and drawing his knife across the lad's knuckles sung out: 'Men before boys, remember; and not a bite of grub do you get here till you are victualled by the ship.'

'Shame!' replied another voice which proceeded from a hammock; and Hawke, a pale-looking young fellow with a thin sharp nose and a pair of eyes as bright and piercing as a bird's, put his head out.

'Who said that?'

'I did,' answered the man in the hammock;

'and I say too that you must be a coward to cut a boy's hand like that.'

'Stand out then, if you don't want to be served the same,' retorted the other; and Black stood up and brandished his sheath-knife. But he had not long to wait, for Hawke sprang out of his hammock and without a word struck the bully a blow which felled him. When the latter regained his feet he was mad with passion and frantic for revenge; and seizing his weapon and lowering his head, was again rushing to the attack, when unable to stand it longer, I stepped forward and caught his wrist, which I twisted till he dropped the knife. Shouting to the foreigners, he yelled: 'Are we to be bullied by the Britishers in this way?' and I felt myself choked from behind, and while struggling with two unseen adversaries, slipped down with them uppermost. A general mêlée now ensued between the British and the foreigners, which was getting fierce and sanguinary, when Mr Cobb the mate, hearing a cry of 'Murder!' rushed to the rescue, followed by the boatswain. The former was a tall wiry man, possessed of great strength, and as he entered the fore-castle he saw two Maltese jumping upon the body of Shaw, the young seaman who had found the stowaways. Without hesitation, Mr Cobb seized one in each hand and knocked their heads together; but in the dark he was set upon by others, and one of the Maltese who was down, seized him by the leg and bit him savagely; but the mate dealt him a terrible kick, which made him relinquish his hold and lie sprawling on the deck. Black was shouting 'Down with him—I'll finish him!' when he was seized by this son of Anak, and in spite of a furious resistance, was thrown on the deck, and in presence of the whole watch put in irons. By his courage, strength, and decision Mr Cobb overawed the whole of us, and perhaps saved some of the English portion from being murdered.

Order being restored, Mr Cobb called for lights; and all objectionable weapons being delivered up to him, he condescended to ask what the disturbance was about; but when he found that in spite of his orders and care there were strangers on board, he began to chide the second-mate and the boatswain for their negligence.

In the meantime the elder of the lads had placed his arm round the neck of the younger, as though to protect him, both of them looking very frightened. Mr Cobb regarded the pair with a look of severity, and roughly ordered them to follow him to the cabin. When the waifs appeared before Captain Sproul, that officer was in the act of threatening to disrate the steward, whom he charged with being incapable and making free with his decanters; but directly the captain saw the pair and heard the account of the disturbance in the fore-castle on their account, he broke out with: 'You are a pair of young loafers who ought to be in jail, and shall go there when I reach Calcutta;' and here the captain rose up and commenced boxing the elder lad's ears for entering the cabin without removing his hat, and had just wrenched the objectionable headpiece from the boy's head, when a mass of tangled yellow hair fell down, and the younger whined out: 'Please, don't hurt her sir; she's my sister.'

Captain Sproul staggered back aghast. 'Metey

on us!' he exclaimed. 'Have you no shame or reputation left to come masquerading among my crew in men's clothes? Who are you? And what's your name?'

The girl coloured crimson as she replied: 'Helen Muir;' and then related, that having no home, relatives, or friends in England, she had run away from a boarding-school near Liverpool, because through no letters or remittances having been received from her father for two years, her life had been made wretched on hearing reproaches constantly heaped upon their name. For the same cause her brother had been compelled to go to sea; and not wishing to be separated, they had determined to work their passage out to India and rejoin their father; leaving their clothes behind, and giving their last money to the wife of a ship-keeper, who induced her husband to place them in the hold of *La Belle Hélène*.

'But,' said the girl, 'I will be no cost to you; for I am clever with my needle, can make pastry, and do, I think, all that a steward can.'

Captain Sproul gave her a searching look, and said: 'I shall try you;' and calling for Mr Cobb, desired him to enter in the log that John Tattamy was desirous for drunkenness, and Helen Muir appointed in his place. 'And the boy,' continued the captain, 'will clean out the cabins and assist her.'

The mate burst out laughing, and evidently imagined that his commander was jesting; but the captain looked sternly at him and remarked: 'Mr Cobb, it's an ill time for jesting when I give orders, as those who know me find.'

'Ay, ay sir,' returned the other, who quickly retired to his cabin to make the entry.

'Now Helen,' commenced Captain Sproul, 'every soul on board here has to work, and so must you; and your duty is simple. Take charge of the cups and saucers, glass and linen, and keep them clean. Pass my orders to the cook, who will come for them every morning at six sharp. Lay the table and wait on me.—The boy will attend to Mr Cobb and the second-officer.—Now remember!—and the captain looked terribly in earnest—'outside the cabin doors you must not stir without permission, nor speak to one of the crew for any reason, or you will be sorry for it. But if you come to me when in any difficulty, and do your duty without fear or favour from any one, you will be as safe in this cuddy as though you were in your father's drawing-room.' Having admonished the girl with this laconic speech, the captain found her a cabin, and turned his attention to getting her some clothes; and fetching a piece of dark-blue serge intended for his own use, and an old cloth jacket, he laid them on the cabin table and commenced to fashion a garment which when completed resembled the useful dress of a Sister of Charity.

In the course of a day or two, what with the captain's cloth and her own clever fingers, Helen was transformed into a blue-eyed sunny girl of seventeen, with a wonderfully pretty face and a waving mass of light hair; but it was her innocent and engaging manner that constituted her great charm; and the cabin, Mr Cobb declared, had never appeared to such advantage as when this little blonde fairy took charge of it.

Sailors never bear malice long, and there was much amusement in the forecabin when it was

known that one of the strangers was a girl; but the disrated steward attributed sinister motives to the captain, whom he vowed he would expose when he got on shore; but Black, who had been released from the handcuffs, said something about her in Italian which made the Maltese laugh and shout 'Bono, bono!'

Captain Sproul however, had no companion but his own dignity; and when a month had passed, Helen under his tuition had much improved. He never allowed her to be idle or have unnecessary leisure; and in addition to her ordinary duties, which were not heavy, she wrote up the captain's log and commenced to study Norie's Navigation. On starry evenings he would shew her the different constellations; and from being silent and morose, must have been surprised at his own fluency in describing Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and Andromeda chained to the rock, and Cassiopeia in her chair of state, which he said were placed there for mariners like himself to navigate by.

One evening at dusk all hands were called to shorten sail. Helen stood near the cabin-door trimming a hand-lamp and watching us run aloft, when the door opened quietly, and Black barefooted stole in noiseless as a tiger. Suddenly she saw the man with his eyes fixed upon her, and before she could scream or speak, he caught her in his arms and kissed her roughly; and while she struggled with him her hair broke loose and fell in waves over her face and breast. 'I love you,' he said, 'and you shall be mine; and I will kill him, and him, and all of them'—pointing to the officers' cabins—'if you will say the word. But if you tell them about me, I shall kill you too. But I will come again; and I take this for a love-gift;' and this black-bearded miscreant snatched from her neck one of Captain Sproul's white silk handkerchiefs, and disappeared in the dark as he had entered.

The girl was too terrified to tell any one what had occurred; besides, she did not even know the man's name; and five minutes afterwards, when Captain Sproul entered the cabin, he found her wiping oil off the floor, and for the first time spoke to her sharply about her carelessness; and imagining that her tears and trembling were occasioned by his reproof, returned on deck again. But another event occurred which did not pass off so smoothly. The next evening during the dog-watch, Sholto Shaw, the young seaman who had found Helen in the hold, went boldly to the cabin-doors, and under pretence of asking for medicine, took the opportunity of presenting her with a dainty pair of canvas shoes, which he said had been made on purpose for her; and she was questioning him as to who was the sender; but Captain Sproul was too sharp for them, for at that moment he darted out of his cabin, and seizing the shoes, remarked: 'You asked for medicine, I think;' when dragging Shaw on deck, and taking up a rope's-end, he flogged him for stealing the ship's canvas; and promising him a stronger dose if the offence was repeated, the captain sent him forward.

Entering the cabin, the captain called Helen to him. 'You have broken my orders, and I am disappointed; but as I have punished the sailor, I must also punish you;' and producing a pair of scissors, the captain deliberately cut off all her

hair, remarking that he might not be so lenient a second time.

As for Helen, a nature less innocent must have been blunted by such treatment; but she only shed a few tears, and made much lighter of the matter than my comrade Hawke, who trembled with indignation when he heard of the occurrence. Black on the contrary laughed like a hyena at the fate of the canvas shoes, and to our amazement, put the white silk handkerchief round his neck, which he said the English Miss had given him.

Of Hawke's history I knew nothing; but there was something about the unknown seaman which shewed that he had come down greatly in social station; in fact he admitted that he was in a fore-castle through his own folly. He was very reserved; but there was a cool self-possession and pride about him which made the other seamen keep aloof from him and the officers dislike him. Sharp words ensued between these two men about the ownership of the handkerchief, which would have ended in blows; but the weather being equally, we were piped away to reef topsails. The reef-tackles of the main-top-sail were hauled taut, and some of us were upon the yard picking up the points, when Black came up the weather-rigging, and getting on the foot-rope, seized Hawke's points, and gave him a shove which nearly sent both of us off the yard, and caused us to let go the sail; and the others were compelled to do likewise. In an instant the sail bellied out; and Black, who was still holding on, was dragged over the yard; but no human power could save him, for what with the wind and the rain, we were almost blinded. Suddenly he gave a loud shriek, and as he did so, he fell feet foremost, and with a tremendous crash went half through a life-boat which was lying on the skids. He had been caught in his own trap, and when extricated by the carpenter was found to be dead. The foreigners left the yard and commenced screeching and screaming and crossing themselves, and even the mate could not get them aloft again that night. The captain seemed more surprised to see one of his own handkerchiefs round the neck of the corpse than concerned at the man's untimely end; but after recovering the article, fortunately made no inquiries about it.

After a voyage of ninety days we reached Calcutta, where, after seeing his agents, the first thing that Captain Sproul did was to take Helen on shore. Then driving to the Adjutant-general's office, he made inquiries for her father, and was told that Captain Muir had sent in his papers three years previously.

An advertisement elicited the information that Captain Muir, a widower at a time when he was hopelessly insolvent, had married an East Indian lady, and from getting into debt with the banks and struggling to get out of it, had fallen into worse difficulties, resulting in his death at the Debtors' Jail, Calcutta; and his widow, much impoverished, declined to increase her responsibilities by receiving step-children.

It was when Helen thus found herself without a home and friendless, that Captain Sproul came to her aid. He had lately become gentle, and was less abrupt in his manner of speaking to her; and from treating her as a child had, although he hardly knew it, commenced to love her as a woman. But it was the mendacious statement of the disgraced steward in the police court which

precipitated matters, and caused the captain thus to address his ward: 'Like myself, Helen, you have served, and are now entitled to command; and if you will return on board *La Belle Helene* with such a title that none can question, I will make you my wife.'

Extremes will meet. In spite of his severity, Helen greatly respected the captain. His stern sense of justice, manly ways, and the terse vigour that characterised his utterances, made him seem to her a man to look up to; besides she now regarded him as her protector and the ship her home, and she accepted him.

A few days after this speech, Captain Sproul came on board in great good-humour, for he had been married that morning, and had left his bride at the house of a friend, prior to going on a short honeymoon. Before leaving, however, he had to give his final instructions to Mr Cobb.

Some days previous to the wedding my comrade Hawke had applied for and obtained his discharge, the captain remarking that he did not care to have broken-down gentlemen on board his vessel, and advising Hawke to try to find more congenial employment on shore. But on this the captain's wedding morning a terrible event occurred, which nearly lost him his wife, his ship, and the lives of every one on board including his own. The barometer had fallen, and when the captain came on board it was blowing fresh. We had just sent down our light yards when the breeze increased to a strong gale; and at noon, just as the great tidal wave was due, the wind shifted with the force of a hurricane, bringing with it the 'bore' or storm-wave from the sea. Then commenced to blow such a cyclone that for destruction has hardly been equalled during the century. In that cyclone twenty thousand people perished, and one hundred and thirteen villages were swept away; and out of a fleet of three hundred of the finest ships and steamers in the world, only one escaped without damage.

When the great wave came rolling up, *La Belle Helene*, directly she was struck, was dragged from her moorings, while the force of the wind was so terrific that we could not stand upright. Two vessels locked together had drifted against us, smashing our boats to match-wood and snapping our peaked yards as though they were pipe-stems. The concussion caused us to collide with another vessel, reducing her to the same state as ourselves; and thus four vessels locked together were swept out into the stream. We were carried stern first with almost railway velocity, the captain and Mr Cobb vainly trying to give orders, while holding on to the mizen-mast; when suddenly the vessel lifted up with a tremendous crash, as though her stern was stove in, and in less than a minute her bow swung round head up-stream and she lay over on her beam-ends. We had struck on a sunken wreck, and in addition to losing the rudder, had knocked a large hole in our quarter, through which the water was rushing like a waterfall, and we were filling fast. This disaster however, cleared us of the other vessels, which like chips in a mill-stream, swept past, leaving us a complete wreck, with bulwarks stove in and fore-lowermast alone standing. As the vessel settled by the stern, with great difficulty we crawled and made our way to the bowsprit, which seemed each minute to stand more upright;

while with a roar like the blast of a furnace the wind increased in force, or screamed like an Æolian harp through what remained of our wire-shrouds. The cyclone was now at its height, and we had been nearly four hours on the bowsprit, when there was a lull, and as cattle, horses, and the dead bodies of men, women, and children passed us, besides native boats and portions of wreckage, we could make out that they saw us on shore, and were getting the rocket apparatus in position; but such was the force of the wind, that when they fired the mortar the lines fell short, and after several attempts they desisted. They pointed down the river however; and to windward we saw what appeared to be a speck coming up with the tide, which was running like a sluice. As the speck approached we could distinguish that it was a man with the features of Hawke, and he held up his hand to show that he had a line attached to him; and as he was carried towards us, the captain dropped a running bow-line over him, and with great difficulty we hauled him on board. To the line which Hawke brought with him we were not long in attaching hawsers spliced together, which they hauled on shore; and as they were dragging us, one at a time, on land, Hawke came to me for a moment and in an anxious tone asked: 'Where is Helen?'

'Married this morning to the captain, and on shore.'

He turned away saying: 'Then I am of no use to the world, and the world is of no use to me.'

Through Hawke's gallantry we were rescued; and when safe on shore, both the captain and Mr Cobb shook him by the hand, as did numbers of others, and admired him for a brave fellow. A public dinner was given in his honour, and a large sum of money would have been subscribed for him; but the latter he declined to receive, curtly replying to the organisers of the subscription by telling them that he could not take what he was not entitled to claim; and from this speech some of us inferred that had Hawke known that the fair stowaway (to whom he had never spoken) was not on board the wreck, he might have acted, and we might have fared, differently.

The day after the cyclone the Hooghly was one unbroken mirror, and all was peace and tranquillity; and but for Calcutta being in ruins and the harbour one mass of wrecks, there was no trace in the yellow sky of the fearful scene which had been enacted the day before. High out of the water and standing conspicuously among the wrecks was the full-length figure-head of *La Belle Hélène*, the flowing robe of which was painted a cerulean blue, suggesting to those belonging to the vessel that Hawke, whose work it was, had it in his mind to make it resemble his late commander's wife. With the aid of steam-pumps and lighters, the vessel was subsequently raised and towed into dry-dock.

One day, as the newly married couple were about to cross the river *en route* to the vessel, they saw a crowd of half-nude natives staring at a European who was lying full length on the bank of the river.

'What a shame!' remarked the captain, 'for an Englishman to be in such a state;' but his wife, hurriedly dropping his arm, exclaimed:

'Why, it is that brave fellow who saved all your lives; I fear he has fainted.'

He was dead, and had apparently been so for half an hour; and the post-mortem resulted in a verdict of 'Died from heat-apoplexy, accelerated through want of food, and a too great use of stimulants.'

The clue to his identity was a lady's letter inclosed in an empty purse, the purport of which was that Lady Falcon inclosed a cheque for her son's use; but until he had retrieved his position, requested that neither her daughters nor herself might hear from him again. The funeral—which but for the accidental recognition of poor Hawke by Mrs Sproul, would have been that of an unknown pauper—was paid for by her husband, and largely attended by the officers and seamen in the port. It was Helen too who supplemented the official report of the captain to the widowed mother, containing the account of the death of her son, by a sympathising letter of her own, inclosing a fragment of hair, and detailing an account of the cyclone and the rescue from the wreck, with which Hawke's name was so honourably associated, and whose prominent bravery in some measure expiated for his previous shortcomings and folly.

Little remains to be told. At first the wives of the captains, agents, and their sets, who had heard of the romantic antecedents of Mrs Sproul, thought it would never do to encourage a person of such doubtful origin; consequently, it was understood that Mrs Sproul was to be cold-shouldered. But the little woman was more than a match for them. Her amiability, charming manners, and beauty vanquished the scruples and melted the stern respectability of most of them; whilst her husband was respected as a worthy man and skilful commander. She made him a devoted and excellent wife, realising the sentiment:

Honour and Shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

WEST INDIAN FEVERS.

THE recent outbreak of fever in various quarters in America having excited a good deal of public attention, we take the opportunity of offering to our readers some remarks upon the various forms of the disease which strangers especially are liable to encounter in tropical regions. For the following notes on the subject we are indebted to a gentleman who has spent many years abroad. He thus writes:

When tropical fevers are spoken of, yellow-fever, or as it is usually termed, Yellow Jack, justly claims the leading place in the talk; and when yellow-fever is mentioned, Vera Cruz is the first place that occurs to the mind of any one who knows much of the West Indies. In most West Indian ports yellow-fever is epidemic; it visits a locality as a terrible but temporary calamity, and then may leave it unmolested for years. It is otherwise in Vera Cruz, where it is never absent; for though there is a season of the year when it is particularly virulent, at no season is the city absolutely safe. Every stranger who comes to the town and makes any stay is all but certain to

take the disease; and to visit the place only for a day or even a few hours is a matter of serious risk, so thoroughly is the air charged with the plague. An English merchant who had a son living in the city of Mexico, who proposed coming to Europe, consulted his Vera Cruz partner whether it would be safe to risk taking steamer at that port, which would expose the young man to the atmosphere for the half-hour or so necessary to get from the railway station to the steamer. Every new-comer is regarded by the European residents with a melancholy interest. The uncertainty which awakens the interest is not as to his taking the sickness, for that seems to be a foregone conclusion, but as to whether he will pull through. It is a duel in which the odds, if there be any at all, are on the side of the fever, for at least fifty per cent. of those attacked die. It is perhaps fortunate that the first experience of the disease which the new-comer has is, as a rule, his own case, so that he does not lie down weighted with the melancholy feeling which a lengthened experience of the fatal effects of the disease begets.

While almost no stranger escapes the fever, it is a singular fact, that no native of the place has ever been known to take it. So thoroughly is this immunity of persons born in the town recognised, and so practically is it believed in, that ladies living in other cities actually risk their lives by coming to Vera Cruz to be confined, in order that their children may enjoy the security which birth within the walls is universally held to confer. Outside the walls, but within a comparatively short distance of them, you might draw a line round the city beyond which complete immunity is secured. The small patch of beach occupied by Vera Cruz alone, of all the immense extent of Mexican coast-line stretching along the Gulf, is the only permanent home of the deadly plague.

The fact of having once come through the fever at Vera Cruz confers the same freedom upon a stranger which birth gives to a native; no one, so far as known, ever having been attacked by it a second time. Indeed it is widely held that a person who has had yellow-fever in Vera Cruz will never take it again anywhere else; but though experience seems to point in this direction, the proof of it would be very difficult to get at. This much however, has been observed, that some who have come through the fever at Vera Cruz and have left the place for a time, have come back again and lived in the town for long periods, and none has been known to have a recurrence of the disease there. Vera Cruz therefore differs in this respect from some other West Indian ports, for I sailed with a man who had caught yellow-fever oftener than once in Havana de Cuba. While Havana is subject to great outbursts of the fever, a man may live a lifetime there and escape it altogether; a circumstance of rare experience in the case of a European in the Mexican town.

The fever makes devastating raids upon New Orleans at times, the visitation being somewhat similar to the outbreaks of cholera which periodically ravage Syria and other Asiatic communities. In 1867 the epidemic was so bad in New Orleans that everybody who could by any means manage it quitted the place, and the city was almost completely deserted. The present visitation of yellow-

fever at New Orleans has been exceedingly fatal. According to the latest accounts, the deaths in that city have been three thousand and sixty, out of fully more than ten thousand cases. This is without reckoning the deaths at Memphis and other adjacent parts.

Yellow Jack occasionally makes its appearance in some of the ports on the west coast of South America—in Callao and Panama, for instance; but the whole coast enjoys long periods of complete freedom from the dreaded sickness. I sailed without intermission in a steamer between Valparaiso and Panama for fourteen months, touching repeatedly at all the principal ports, and during the whole time there was not a single case of yellow-fever on the coast. I had not long left the Pacific however, when Callao suffered from a fierce visitation, which made great havoc among the residents generally, and extended its ravages among the employés on board the various steamers of the service in which I had been employed.

It will be easily understood that the outbreak of fever on board a passenger steamer is apt to create panic which may do infinite harm; but it is not every man who could deal with such an emergency so coolly as the commander of one of the Pacific Company's steamers told me he did. While in the Guayaquil river, a passenger who was travelling alone was stricken with fever and died in a short time. Instead of making a fuss, the captain excused himself from attending breakfast in the saloon that morning, and while the passengers were at their morning meal he read the burial service over the body, and with the surgeon's assistance, committed it to the deep through the state-room window. The fever did not spread, and none of the passengers ever knew that it had been in the ship.

Various peculiarities make it doubtful if it is the same disease which passes under the common name of yellow-fever in different parts of the western hemisphere. It is quite true that in most cases there are many similar symptoms; but its varying fatality and duration, the different climatic conditions under which it arises, and the utter uselessness of modes of treatment in one place which are successfully practised in others, give some little support to those who hold that many distinct diseases pass under the designation of yellow-fever. But besides the diseases which are doubtful, there are many fevers always prevalent in Central America and Mexico which even the most ignorant would never mistake for yellow-fever.

At a small station on the Panama Railway, where I lived for a little while, a miasmatic fever was common, which if allowed to get a firm hold of a man was sure to undermine the constitution. It was very insidious, and its early premonitions could very easily be neglected. Observing by the drowsy headache and distaste for food which were coming upon me, that I had been selected for its attack, I mentioned the matter to the station-master, an old Isthmian-man. It was eight miles to Panama, where the nearest doctor lived; there was no road but the railway track, and there would not be another train till next day. Fortunately for me, the station-master had about as much experience in treating fevers as any doctor could have. He at once made a cup of strong coffee, into which he put a whole teaspoonful

of quinine; and this I had to drink. It was an immense dose of quinine; but it killed the fever, and next day I was all right again. But this kind of fever is apt to recur, especially during the rainy season, when for some hours every morning the atmosphere is perfectly poisoned with miasma. The torrents of rain which fall like the bursting of a waterspout every afternoon, completely soak the earth; and when the scorching heat of the morning sun falls upon the fermenting masses of vegetable matter, a white steam arises from it dense as that which floats over a washerwoman's tub, and loaded with the germs of miasmatic fever. With every precaution, a man is ever liable to be laid down with the fever; and repeated attacks, even though they should only last for a day or two at a time, tell by-and-by upon the hardest constitution.

Although the part of the Isthmus of which I am writing is within forty miles of Chagres, this fever, judging by its effects, is very different from what is commonly called Chagres fever. The latter is not only awfully fatal, but suddenly so, death resulting in a very few hours after the first attack. On one occasion, a boat's crew from a man-of-war lying in the harbour of Chagres was sent ashore in the afternoon, and the men got astray, as sailors on a long cruise will do when they have a chance of a night ashore. Instead of returning to their ship before sundown, they got on the spree and slept in the open air. The consequence was that of the whole boat's crew only one man was alive next day; the others had all died of the fever, which they had brought upon themselves by their imprudence. Yet though it does not send men to the grave with such appalling swiftness, the Isthmus fever is perhaps equally fatal in the long-run. Everybody has heard how the laying of each sleeper of the Panama Railway cost the life of a Chinese labourer; and when one has had pointed out to him, as I have had, a single hillside on which fifteen hundred of the poor Heathen Chinese lie buried, with the supplementary information that equally extensive graveyards occur all along the line, the deadly effects of the fever are brought vividly home to his mind.

These malarious fevers are of course common in all marshy countries within the tropics, and especially on the mahogany rivers in the Bay of Honduras and the Gulf of Campeachy. The mahogany trade is very much confined to American-owned vessels; and negro crews are usually shipped for the Gulf voyage, it being presumed that they are less likely to be stricken by the fever than white men. But the negro seems as liable to take fever as his pale-faced brother. I was at Minatitlan in 1863 in an American barge for mahogany, and in a crew of fourteen all told, the captain, two mates, and myself were the only white men. Out of the whole fourteen, the only one who escaped the fever was the second-mate, the man whose duty, it might have been thought, exposed him most to unhealthy influences, for he stood every day during our stay at Minatitlan from morning till night on the oozy mahogany raft in the river, casting loose the logs and slinging them for hoisting on board. I have little doubt however, that most of us had ourselves to thank for the fever laying hold upon us, for the temptation to expose ourselves to risk without

absolute necessity was great. Mosquitos of exceptionally savage nature swarmed over the ship every evening, mosquitos so extraordinarily blood-thirsty, that a ship-captain, with insect experience gathered in all parts of the world, declared that compared with those of Minatitlan no others knew how to bite. We had no mosquito-curtains and to lie in our berths at night was perfect torment; so the round tops where any breeze that might be blowing had a chance of reaching, and the oozy mahogany logs near the open ports on the 'tween decks were eagerly resorted to as sleeping-places, where partial freedom from the myriads of tormentors might be obtained. It is highly probable that this exposure to the night-air brought the fever upon some of the crew, who otherwise might have escaped. Most of the men were only ill for a day or two, and were then able to resume their work.

On this voyage I caught Fever-and-ague, the worst of all fevers, not even excepting Yellow Jack. The latter may prove fatal in a short time no doubt; but once over it, its evil consequences are over also. With 'ague it is a very different affair. Yellow-fever is a dangerous foe, but when gone it leaves no bad effects. But fever-and-ague once in the system launches you on a life-long warfare with an enemy with whom you can never fairly grapple and have done with; but who keeps up an incessant guerrilla strife, in which he has always the advantage of the choice of position; an enemy equally skilled in retreat as in attack, and one whose complete rout need never be expected.

THE MAMMOTH.

In one of the geological galleries of the British Museum there is to be seen the skull of a now extinct elephant called the mammoth, with two splendid curved tusks arising from the upper jaw, these tusks being ten feet eight inches long. When we remember that the tusks of a fine Indian elephant are about four or five feet in length, we can imagine what must have been the size of its extinct relative, who could move about carrying a pair of tusks nearly eleven feet long in front of him. When we ask where this skull was found, we are told that it was dug out of a brick-field at Ilford a few years ago. In fact this great elephant died or was at least entombed by nature in what is now the county of Essex! Beside this mammoth skull, there is another skull and pair of tusks of an ancient elephant from the Sivalik Hills in the Himalaya. The story of their discovery is an interesting one. An English engineer was superintending some blasting operations; and after one explosion he was struck by seeing two large round spots of a dark colour side by side in the face of the precipice from which a mass of rock had been brought down. On searching amid the *débris* he discovered two corresponding spots on a block of stone among it. He at once suspected that these spots indicated the place of entombment of a pair of tusks in the rock; and as blast after blast was made, he watched the place, and took out of the *débris* all the blocks through

which the tusks ran; and then cutting away the soft stone, found himself in possession of a number of cylinders of fossilised ivory and a large portion of a skull. On cementing them together, they formed a magnificent pair of tusks, their bases very closely applied together, the shafts running nearly parallel for a part of their length and then diverging in graceful curves.

Near these skulls and tusks there is a complete skeleton of the mastodon, an extinct species of elephant; and round the walls of the Museum are to be seen detached tusks of mammoth and mastodon, most of them very sharply curved; while the wall-cases abound with bones and teeth of the same species. These remains, so far as their localities are concerned, are found in America and India, and range from Great Britain to Siberia; so that from this room alone we can form an idea of the wide extent of country throughout which, in ancient times, the mammoth was found.

The remains of the mammoth are found throughout Northern Europe, North America and Asia, usually near the surface of the ground; and of all large fossils, they are, we believe, the most common. Before the development of comparative anatomy, which now makes it possible to determine from a bone or a tooth the nature of the animal to which it belongs, the frequent discovery of mammoth remains was a continual puzzle to the unskilled naturalists of the time. The tusks were invariably referred to the common species of elephant, their occurrence in Europe being attributed to the use of the elephant in the Roman armies; but when there were no tusks, the huge bones were not unfrequently declared to be those of human giants, and strange and wonderful skeletons were constructed out of them. Thus an enormous skeleton, said to have been that of Orion, was to be seen in Crete in classic times. A skeleton was found near Palermo in Sicily which it was calculated belonged to a man four hundred feet high. Such a man would be a head and shoulders higher than the cathedral of St Paul's. It was gravely decided that he must have been one of the Cyclopes, 'most probably Polyphemus.' One of the supporters of the arms of Lucerne is a giant. The origin of this device is said to have been the discovery in 1577 of a number of large bones in the hole formed by the uprooting of an oak. Platen, a local physician, put the bones together, and declared that they were those of a man nineteen feet high. The bones were kept at Lucerne, and their supposed owner was given an honourable place in the city arms. For a hundred and forty years the people believed in their giant, until the anatomist Blumenbach showed that the bones were unmistakably those of some kind of elephant.

It is no longer possible for the voracious tyro in anatomy to mistake a mammoth bone for that of a human being. All our museums abound with them. England herself has supplied a large quantity of mammoth remains; but the great collecting-ground is Siberia; and consequently the

Imperial Museum of St Petersburg, which selects its specimens from this great field, has probably the best collection of mammoth remains in Europe, including some perfect skeletons.

The actual carcass of a mammoth was discovered in 1846 by Beekendorff, an engineer who was exploring the course of the river Indigirka, in North-eastern Siberia. The summer of 1846 was a very hot one, and the frozen marshes or bogs that cover most of the surface of the country were thawed to a considerable depth, so that as Beekendorff sailed slowly up the Indigirka in a small iron vessel, he saw the river swollen and overflowing the surrounding districts and seeming to him like a wide sea of dirty brown water, in which masses of logwood washed out of the thawing marshes were drifting down to the ocean. He noticed what he took for a mass of this driftwood rising and falling on the water at some distance from his little steamer; but a hunter in the exploring party declared it was a carcass of some animal. It sank as he called attention to it, but rose again close to the boat. 'A black, horrible, giant-like mass,' says Beekendorff, 'was thrust out of the water; and we beheld a colossal elephant's head, armed with mighty tusks, with its long trunk moving in the water in an unearthly manner, as though seeking for something lost therein. Breathless with astonishment, I beheld the monster hardly twelve feet from me, with his half-open eyes yet shewing the whites.' The body was secured with a rope. To take permanent possession of it was impossible; but Beekendorff, note-book in hand, made a rapid examination of it; and this is one of the best descriptions extant of the mammoth, a description agreeing well with all previous and subsequent information as to the appearance of the animal. 'Picture to yourself,' he says in his narrative, 'an elephant with a body covered with thick fur, about thirteen feet in height and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long and curving outwards at their ends, a stout trunk of six feet in length, colossal limbs of a foot and a half in thickness, and a tail naked up to the end, which was covered with thick tufty hair. The animal was fat and well-grown; death had overtaken him in the fullness of his powers. His large parchment-like naked ears lay turned up over the shoulders and head. About the shoulders and back he had stiff hair about a foot in length, like a mane. The long outer hair was deep brown and coarsely rooted. . . . Under the outer hair there appeared everywhere a wool very soft, warm, and thick, and of a fallow-brown colour. The giant was well protected against the cold. The whole appearance of the animal was fearfully strange and wild. It had not the shape of our present elephants. As compared with the Indian elephant its head was rough, the brain-case low and narrow; but the trunk and mouth were much larger. The teeth were very powerful. Our elephant is an awkward animal; but compared with this mammoth, it is an Arabian steed to a coarse ugly dray-horse. . . . The bad smell of the body warned us to save what we could, and the swelling flood too bade us hasten. But I had the stomach separated, and brought on one side. It was well filled, and the contents instructive and well preserved. The principal were young shoots of the fir and pine; a quantity of young fir-cones,

also in a chewed state, were mixed with the mass.

The mammoth carcass was then allowed to go down the stream with the flood—doubtless destined to add its tusks and bones to the immense accumulation of mammoth remains which are to be found in all the islands off the northern coast of Siberia. These remains abound also in the valleys of the Obi, Yenisei, Lena, and Indigirka; and the ivory of the tusks is in such good condition that large quantities are exported both from the islands and the mainland. Many a set of chessmen and many an ornamented miniature work of art in Eastern Europe is made from these gigantic tusks. The first mammoth was found in 1799 by a Tungusian fisherman near the mouth of the Lena. The astonishment of this rude observer on beholding the huge elephant may well be imagined. Other perfectly preserved specimens have been obtained, and even the delicate tissues of the eyes have been so thoroughly preserved that microscopic sections of these organs have been duly made by naturalists.

Another group of mammoth remains comes from the caves of the Dordogne, in South-western France. It is quite certain that these caves were once inhabited by an early barbarous race; and in one of them, the cavern of La Madeleine, there has been found a piece of mammoth ivory on which there is engraved in rude outline by some artist of this race an unmistakable sketch of the animal with his curved tusks, high shoulders, and characteristic mane, a sketch which, rude as it is, might well be taken as an illustration of M. Beekendorff's narrative. Another rude drawing of a mammoth done upon a piece of reindeer horn has been found in one of the caves of Bruniquel. The most characteristic point in this last sketch is the tail of the animal, long and with a tuft of hair at the end; in this respect completely different from the tail of the elephant, and exactly corresponding to M. Beekendorff's description. The discovery of these two sketches proves unmistakably that man and the mammoth once lived together in Southern Europe.

It having been generally assumed that the mammoth had become extinct in the most remote ages, the advocates of the remote antiquity of the human race have eagerly taken this contemporaneity of man and the mammoth as a proof of their theory. But it really proves nothing, until we know a good deal more than we do at present about the period of the extinction of the mammoth in Europe; and it may be that this huge animal lingered down to a much later period than has until late years been suspected. Thus the contemporaneity of man and the mammoth in ancient France may prove that the mammoth lived down to a recent period, just as well as that man lived in a very remote one. The fresh state of most of the tusks and bones points to its recent extinction, the bones often still containing a large amount of animal matter. In America its ally, the mastodon, lived down to no very distant period, for its form is to be seen carved in the Aztec cities. That there should be in Europe neither oral tradition nor written record of the mammoth is not surprising; for we have no records of any country north of the Alps that are not comparatively recent ones, and the memory of extinct animals soon dies out.

The question is an interesting one, and one on which we hope further evidence may become available as the exploration of Northern Asia is pushed farther forward. This much we may say, that thanks to the researches of comparative anatomists, and such fortunate discoveries as those of the dead bodies of the mammoth in Siberia, and the rude drawings in the caves of France, we know more of the mammoth than of any other of the extinct animals of the prehistoric period; and it is remarkable how fully these chance discoveries have confirmed the conjectural restorations of the huge animal made by anatomists on the basis of bones and skeletons collected in our museums.

OLDEN TIMES AND PRESENT.

Ancient days of chivalry,
Tournament and falceny;
Ladies fair and Barons bold;
Thrilling days, those days of old.
Battled towers and moated steepes,
Turret walls and donjon keeps,
Drawbridge closed and warler grave,
Retainers numerous and brave.
Mailled sentries keeping guard,
Troubadour and minstrel bard
Singing lays 'neath lady's tower,
Serenades at evening hour.
Thrilling days, those days of old,
For ladies fair and warriors bold.

See! a Pageant passes by,
In all the pride of chivalry;
Arm'd knights on chargers gay,
Warriors eager for the fray.
Darnished helm and glittering lance,
In the golden sunshiny glance;
Parting words from lady fair,
Tress of dark or golden hair.
Badge on arm, a woven band,
Parting gift from her fair hand;
The knight departs for fields of France,
To win his Fair by spear and lance.

Gone those days of pageantry,
Valour and knight-errantry;
Only battle, that of Life;
Race for wealth, the keenest strife.
Love and Truth and Honour sold,
Bartered for the gain of gold.
Fair ones' hearts not now are won
By deeds of daring nobly done.

Only battle, that of Life.
Need it be ignoble strife?
Human hearts are battle-plains,
Where passions rage and warfare reigns.
Foemen ranged on either side;
Hate and Love, Forgiveness, Pride,
Strength and Weakness, Dread and Might;
Direct battles those to fight.
Greatest victors those who win
Conquest over Self and Sin.

SENQA.

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IDLING AWAY EXISTENCE

A CRITIQUE.

THE plan of examinations for the civil and military service has had a sad effect on the fortunes of a vast number of youths, sons of noblemen and gentlemen, who in former times would, through favour or purchase, have been stuffed into situations where they were poorly qualified to fill. Deterred from submitting to the usual examinations, or rejected when they have the temerity to present themselves, what are they to do? Taught no useful trade, accustomed to a life of indulgent ease, and affected by notions of high caste, they are ordinarily spoken of as chargeable with idling away existence. Some few honourably try to adapt themselves to industrial pursuits; but the bulk of them seem to remain an encumbrance on parents, or are shipped off with a few pounds in their pockets to make their way, if possible, in the colonies. If they there sink and perish, or are driven to humble employments for a livelihood, nobody at least knows anything about them.

We have alighted on a book which professes to be the history of one of those who are despatched by relatives to grope their way as colonists. It is entitled 'A Search for a Fortune; the Autobiography of a Younger Son; by Hamilton Lindsay Bucknall' (Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1878); and has all the appearance of being a candid narrative of what is commonly endured by those who are forced by circumstances—or we might say by their own folly—into a life of adventure and self-reliance at the further end of the world. As a lesson that ought not to be thrown away, we shall glance at a few particulars in this strange revelation. Mr Bucknall, if that be his real name, was the son of an Irish landed gentleman, and had the reputation of being 'a good-hearted idle sort of boy.' He had a good education, embracing a short sojourn in France and Germany, and finishing off with instructions from a private tutor. Having to think about a profession, he chose the army; but being too young for the Horse Guards,

he spent some time as an officer in a regiment of militia, in which he learned his drill. The regiment having been disembodied, he now led an idle life, hunting and shooting, until he was urged to read for the army. Installed at a 'grinder's,' he entirely failed to acquire the knowledge which was attempted to be impressed on him; often he consumed his time in revelry with companions who were equally indifferent to consequences. He was of course 'plucked,' and alien to any expectation of ever entering the Guards or regular army.

Back to the parental home, he had splendid runs with the hounds, and was so successful as a sportsman that it would seem as if nature intended him for a huntsman. This kind of life was mighty pleasant while it lasted, but for a permanent look-out it only made matters worse. Now began a talk of sheep-farming in Australia or New Zealand, as being a thing well adapted for genteel young fellows with a love of frolic. Pleased with the idea, young Bucknall is shipped off for Melbourne with a trifle of money and some letters of introduction in his pocket. His destination was Auckland in New Zealand; and this he reached, after spending a few days at Melbourne, where he had the happiness of enjoying, with some friends, an excellent dinner at the 'Café de Parisien, Burke Street.' At Auckland he presented a letter of introduction to the Governor, who was very polite; but troubled, we suppose, with hundreds of such letters, could do nothing for him. In desperation, he takes service in a body of soldiers who are appointed to survey the lands of the natives for military settlements. This is an adventurous but toilsome existence. The party has to camp out at night, while no rest could be obtained on account of the legions of fleas which infest the dry fern and sand. 'I now,' says he pathetically, 'was beginning to receive a practical lesson in "roughing it," which was far different in practice from what it seemed in theory; and I thought what a goose I had made myself by not being more industrious when at home, and thus have avoided all this misery.' Eight months were spent in this state of wretchedness. It came to

an end only by a change in government measures. Thankfully the wanderer got back to Auckland; there he procured a passage in the mail-steamer to Sydney in New South Wales, with a view of trying his fortune at the gold-fields. On arriving in Sydney with no more than a few pounds in his pocket, Bucknall indiscreetly took up his abode in a superior boarding-house, where in a week all his money was gone; and requested to leave, he was now in the direst straits. The time had come when he would be glad to accept the meanest employment. Looking over the advertisements in a newspaper, he observed that a barman was wanted at Bradford's Freemason's Hotel, York Street. He had never sold drams or draughts of beer behind a counter, but having been a customer at sundry bars, he was not altogether without experience. The place was accordingly applied for. On going to Bradford's there were at least twenty others waiting in answer to the advertisement. A smart-looking girl, Mary, with an Irish accent, who helped at the bar, took compassion on our hero, and went off to speak to the master on his behalf. 'Who are you?' said the landlord; 'and what do you want?' 'I have come,' I replied, 'in answer to your advertisement in this morning's paper.' 'Very good,' said he; 'and what can you do?' 'I trust, sir, you will find me fully able for the duties you require, and I shall do my best to give you satisfaction.' 'Have you had much experience in the capacity of barman?' 'No; but I have been many times at a bar, and can well understand what I shall be expected to do.' 'Very well, you will do; come here in an hour. Wages two pounds per week, with pint of ale or glass of spirits per day.'

Set to work behind the bar, Bucknall did his best to serve customers; and as he had a good bed and plenty of food, he was pretty well off. The great drawback was the long hours from early morning to past midnight, during which he had to perform this horrid drudgery. He says: 'It was most wearying and distressing to me, tired as I was with my fair day's work, to remain in attendance on a lot of dissipated rowdies. . . . Having been now in this employment four months, I had saved some money, and determined to try my luck at something else, come what would, as the confinement of the house had now become intolerable to me.' Quitting the bar, he was once more at the mercy of the world. For a time he lounged about daily in the beautiful park at Sydney, enjoying the sight of the botanical and zoological specimens, and trying to hear of some situation that might suit him. He was offered ten shillings a week and board as a general servant on a large farm up-country; but the duties, which included teaching the children, assisting in the garden and stable, and if required, minding a flock of sheep, were too irksome, and the situation was rejected. Day after day passed, and still nothing to do. At length his funds were reduced to fourpence; he had

to quit his lodgings; and wandering about friendless, he was fain to appease his hunger by buying a roll and drinking water at a public fountain. He slept in the park under the canopy of heaven. Even this could not last. Downright starvation stared him in the face.

One day he observed two carts laden with logs of timber for firewood. Here was a chance of work. He offered to help to cut the timber; the drivers, however, had nothing to do with the cutting; but they would recommend him to the purchasers of the wood. 'Each cart held about two tons of wood, and on this occasion one customer took both loads. A bargain was soon made between myself and the purchaser. I should receive seven-and-sixpence per ton for cutting and stacking the lot.' This was very hard work, yet it proved a happy relief. After the work was over, there was again a fresh struggle to be encountered. Through the agency of the newspaper, he learns that a man is wanted to take charge of an eight horse-power steam-engine which moves a coffee-mill. 'Here was just the thing to suit me.' It was rather audacious to say so, for he knew nothing of steam-engines beyond seeing them working. No way daunted, he offers himself and is accepted. Wages two pounds a week and all found. The first directions given by the proprietor are to give the engine a thorough cleaning and overhauling; and he was to begin next morning.

On proceeding to his work, and ruefully considering how he was to take the engine to pieces, to clean it, and set it up again, he was addressed by a dissipated-looking individual, who said he would execute the whole job on the moderate terms of being taken to an adjacent tavern and given a skiful of drink—he would take off his coat and begin that moment. The terms were agreed to. Soon the two were hard at work, and dirty as a sweep Bucknall had the satisfaction of seeing the engine ready for a start by eight o'clock in the evening. He conducted the poor dissipated wretch to a tavern, and paying for what drink he might consume, left him to his wretched indulgences, and then went home and to bed. We doubt not the incident so recorded is true to nature. Next morning the fire was got up and steam raised. The proprietor and his wife were delighted with their new engineer, whom they complimented as 'a painstaking, industrious, respectable, intelligent, and remarkably civil young man.' But the 'young man' only viewed the situation as a make-shift. He expected a remittance from home, which would enable him to go off in quest of something better. The anticipated letter of credit arrived, and greatly to the chagrin of his employer, he departed with a young English friend, 'a very aristocratic and rather good-looking young fellow,' to Melbourne; the passage occupying two days and a half. The feeling left in our mind is, that this removal was an error. By assiduous attention and thrift, Bucknall might have gradually improved his circumstances, and

from less to more, risen to be the head of a prosperous manufacturing concern in Sydney.

From all we have heard, the true method of 'getting on' in Australia consists in taking the first situation that offers, though it be only that of a shoe-black at a hotel, and sticking to it till something better casts up. Diligent industry, and civility, along with prudent care of earnings, are sure in the end of finding their reward. We cannot, therefore, but deplore the unsettledness which on this as on several other occasions, shipwrecked the prospects of one who was by no means devoid of ability, and possessed an honourable desire to improve his circumstances. A case in point occurs to remembrance. Not long ago we were told of a young gentleman of good education and parts, but of a wayward turn, who after losing some excellent situations, one after the other, through sheer eccentricity, went as a last resource to Australia. Disappointed of there finding something suitable to his fancy, and left to his shifts, he from necessity took up the business of a fiddler, which he had hitherto practised as an amusement. It was somewhat of a downcome to high expectations; but worn out by his vagaries, his relatives were glad to learn that he had secured employment in an orchestra at thirty shillings a week. The hope is kindly expressed that having found the end of his tether, he will stick to fiddling, and remain for life in the enjoyment of the southern hemisphere.

At Melbourne, with the amount of his remittance Bucknall was all agog for fun and jollity. Misfortune had not taught him to take a sober and earnest view of life. Meeting in with 'two young fellows who had left England expressly for the purpose of purchasing a station and settling down in Australia,' and for which they possessed the requisite amount of capital, he attached himself to them, and entertained the expectation that when they settled as great flock-masters, he would accompany them into the bush, and there play the part of the 'gentle shepherd.' It is amusing to see under what agreeable delusions, certain wandering youths are pleased to indulge. The two young fellows fallen in with were members of 'a good old country family.' On arriving in Melbourne they deposited their capital with a banker, who advised them to look about for twelve months before fixing on a station. This was a sensible advice, but it should have been accompanied with the hint that all would depend on the way in which the twelve months were spent. Instead of living economically and making discreet inquiries regarding sheep-stations, the two young fellows, who were nicknamed Chalker and Smikes, set up housekeeping in splendid style. A handsomely furnished mansion was rented near St Kilda, a pretty watering-place on the sea-shore, six miles from Melbourne. They employed a German cook, bought carriages and horses, hunted with a millionaire in the neighbourhood who kept a pack of hounds, and lived in a style of princely profusion. Invited to take up his quarters with them, Bucknall was in his element. There was plenty shooting. The kangaroo hunts were delightful. When tamer pleasures palled, there was an excursion overland to Sydney, with the view of looking out for a station, and to assist in the choice a Scotch steward was numbered in the party. What ensues is the drollest incident in the book.

The two brothers having satisfied themselves as to the choice of an estate on which to begin a grand system of sheep-management, called on their banker to intimate their decision. The banker was glad to see them, but he feared that they had not been living in a very economical way; whereupon Chalker and Smikes assured him they had merely lived like gentlemen, such as they had been accustomed to all their lives. Not disputing the fact, the banker called on a clerk to show the state of their account. The result was startling, but only what might have been prognosticated. The entire amount at the credit of the brothers was under a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Their fortune had been squandered in idiotic extravagance. With heavy debts to pay and terribly depressed, the only solution of present difficulties was to sell horses, carriages, and everything else that could be disposed of. There was therefore a general clearance. Soberer if not wiser men, the brothers migrated to a small cottage to the north of Melbourne, where they could keep no servants, but do everything for themselves. The dullness of the place being intolerable, they shortly removed to a weather-boarded cottage at Queens-cliff, to which Bucknall accompanied them; and here their scanty means of living were supplemented by such wild-fowl as their guns could supply. A ray of hope supported them. The patrimony of the younger brother had not yet been realised; but as soon as its value reached them, they were to embark as sheep-farmers. What ultimately became of these hopeful scions of an old family, is not stated. On receipt of a second remittance from home, Bucknall left them and returned to England.

So ends what may be called the first part of this serio-comic narrative. Bucknall's family had buoyed him up with the notion of getting him a government appointment, such as a consulsip or something of that sort; but there had grown up a spirit of economy, very objectionable to families of distinction, and all hopes of quartering a son on the public revenue were ruthlessly stamped out. It was a bad business. For a while there was some flirting and nonsense, intermingled with the unpleasant reflection as to what was to be done for a livelihood. Bucknall had gained some years' experience, and was no longer a youth. Meditating on future prospects, he is relieved by a letter from a friend at Rosario, in Santa Fé, one of the South American republics, inviting him to come to be a partner with him in a large concern connected with horses; and he is earnestly counselled to bring with him a dog-cart and as much saddle as he has the means of purchasing. A more whimsical wild-goose search for fortune could hardly be conceived, yet he makes the venture; which turns out to be a distressing failure. He arrives in time to see his friend die of typhoid fever; the large horse-concern proved to be something of the nature of a livery-stable with a lot of horses for hire; and to crown the disaster, a foreman who had been employed during his master's illness, has robbed and broken up the establishment.

We have not space to follow our hero through his varied adventures in a country where law and justice are little better than a sham, where murders and assassinations are of frequent occurrence, and where no man thinks of travelling without loaded

revolvers. Discouraged, Bucknall does not give up the game. He contrives to start on his own account a horse-concern, which was dignified with the sounding name of the 'Caballeriza Central.' The hazard he had run is at length painfully demonstrated. Having returned home for a short time on a visit, he leaves everything in charge of a confidential friend, his countryman, with whom he has become acquainted. On his return, the Caballeriza is found in a state of desolation. The trusted confidential friend having lost his all at a gambling establishment, had sold off everything dead and alive in the stable, and vanished no one knew whither. Here was point-blank ruin; and the moral we gather is, that fortune should not be sought for amidst the social irregularities and deadly fevers of South America. Strangely enough, Bucknall did not learn wisdom by his misadventures in foreign lands. Proceeding to Brazil, he closes his book somewhat abruptly, telling us that he was contriving a tunnel-railway across the bay of Rio Janeiro, and hopes at some future day to present a sequel to 'A Search for Fortune.'

The story so far as it goes cannot be read without pity for the unfortunate writer, whose career, we think, offers a solemn warning to the young and inconsiderate, and to them especially we recommend the work for perusal. In the event of a new edition, a number of expletive circumstances might advantageously be omitted, and it would be an improvement to introduce some dates into the narrative.

W. C.

TWICE WOOD, TWICE WON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I HAVE frequently been asked the question—being in my thirty-fifth year, with ample means to marry—why I, Gerald Burgoyne, barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn, am still a bachelor. Even my dear mother, who in her inmost heart rejoices at having as yet no rival in the affections of her only son—even my mother asked me lately if I had never seen the woman I would wish to make my wife. But a few years ago I could not have borne to read the written record of my life's great sorrow, much less to write it with my own hand; but time having in some measure softened its poignancy, I feel as if the retrospect will soothe rather than distress me. My little sketch will be taken from entries in my diary—hitherto the sole depository of my secret thoughts—assisted by my vivid recollection of all that has occurred since my twenty-first birthday.

Up to that period my life was entirely uneventful. I was happy in having most kind and affectionate yet not over-indulgent parents. Every care was bestowed upon my education, and I believe I was well prepared for the university when I left home for Oxford. I was delighted at the prospect of college life. My rooms especially pleased me at Magdalen; they were situated in the quadrangle exactly opposite the grand old tower, then draped in its rich autumnal robe of vivid scarlet. The day after my arrival, a man about my own age, and whose appearance greatly interested me, took possession of the rooms immediately beneath my own. Indeed he was calculated to command universal admiration; his fine figure,

noble head, and perfect features formed the ideal of an Apollo. To these attractions were added a rich voice and particularly fascinating manners. He was universally admired by men; by women, alas, adored! I suppose contrasts are sometimes favourable to friendship as well as to love, for when we became acquainted, Roland Mornington took a great fancy to me—as unlike himself as one human being could well be to another. I was never, I believe, considered particularly good-looking excepting by my mother. He was gay; I was grave. He was never happy without excitement; my pleasures were calm and tranquil. Nevertheless we agreed very well. But as I saw more of him, I observed with pain the serious failings of his character. His temper at the least contradiction was uncontrollable; and having no sense of religion, he had of course no motive for restraint of any kind, only submitting to that imposed by the rules of the college as far as he was compelled to do so. He was an adept at all athletic sports; but in the mental race for honours he was the hare of the fable; I the tortoise. He trusted to his brilliant abilities alone; I to indefatigable study. The consequence was that I reached the goal, while he failed.

When the time arrived for our departure from the university, we parted with mutual promises to correspond; he to travel for two years or more before settling down in his ancestral home as a country gentleman; I, to immure myself in chambers with a leading Q. C. to study for the Bar. A few letters passed between Roland Mornington and myself; but by degrees our correspondence dropped. I was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-four, and at thirty found myself in capital practice. I was thoroughly interested in my profession, so much so indeed that I cared little for society; and that I might attend to it more assiduously, I left my father's pleasant house at Richmond to live in chambers at Lincoln's Inn, going home but once a week, and seldom entering the gay world of London.

I should have given up all visiting at this period of my life, but for a very fashionable relative of mine, who was constantly remonstrating with me upon this point. This was my aunt Lady M'Ivor. She was a widow, about my own age, and always protested that she was born an aunt, and was consequently my junior. Probably she was. I only know that she really looked years younger than she was—a fact probably due to a good figure, pretty piquante features, and a remarkably youthful style of dress. When very young she had married a Scotch Baronet, many years her senior, who left her with an ample jointure, a fine old castle in the Highlands, and a fair-haired little Baronet in the nursery, to whom I was both god-father and guardian.

It was my young aunt's firm resolve not to marry again. She used to say the freedom of widowhood was too agreeable to her. Still she liked the attentions of the other sex, and required an escort whenever she went into society. She even considered herself too young to be accompanied by any one except a relation; so it occurred to her that I was the very person most suitable for her purpose; and she was determined, as she said, to beguile me out of my shell. At last I quite dreaded the sight of her carriage at

my door, knowing it generally brought a summons to some tiresome soiree or to some place of amusement. Occasionally I was to escort her to the Opera; then, and then only I was her willing slave, music being my one delight, my passion.

With such feelings, it may be imagined how far from cordial my manner was, when one afternoon towards the end of May, which I had devoted to the study of an important case—a day ever to be remembered by me; therefore I can recall, I think, every word that passed—my clerk announced Lady M'Yvor.

'My dear aunt!' I exclaimed as I rose to receive her. 'This is really extremely kind; but I am just now immersed in—'

'In fiddlesticks!' she replied. 'You must not refuse to accompany me to-night to a most charming *réunion*. Not a crush, which I know you abominate; but quite a select circle—under two hundred, I am told—which is, you know, a mere handful in Lady Follibank's great rooms. And the music is always so good there,' she added in a coaxing tone.

'My dear aunt,' I replied, 'if I do go, I should probably avoid the music-room.'

'And yet, Gerald, you pretend to be fond of music.'

'The very reason I do not care for what you call drawing-room music. It is an art which requires a life devoted study.'

'Upon my word,' remarked my aunt, 'you have grown amazingly fastidious. But in this case your fine taste will certainly not be offended, as Lady Follibank always engages the first artists for her parties.' And thus my persevering companion talked on till she gained her point. She had effectually interrupted my train of thought; so I resigned myself to the inevitable, and put away my papers with a sigh of regret, little dreaming that I should never resume my occupation with the same zest, or take the same pleasure in it which it had hitherto afforded me.

At the appointed hour I duly made my appearance in my aunt's drawing-room. She was already dressed; and the perfection of her evening toilet, with the addition of the slightest *souffçon* of rouge, made her look wonderfully girlish. On our arrival at Lady Follibank's spacious mansion in Park Lane, I found, as I expected, the usual crush; and as soon as I had found a good listener for my aunt, I made my escape as speedily as possible into an apartment at the end of the suite, which appeared to be nearly unoccupied. I saw at a glance that it was the music-room. Here I amused myself for some time by looking over the programme and idly scanning some of the music which was new to me. Among the few artists engaged there was one name only with which I was quite unacquainted; it was that of a singer, Mademoiselle Francini. 'Some new protégée of Lady Follibank's,' I thought. 'I may as well secure a good position for both seeing and hearing, as I am here.'

Presently several persons entered the upper part of the room exactly opposite to the place I had selected, so that I had a full view of the group. A lady, still very handsome, though probably approaching middle age, was conducted to the piano, followed by a youthful copy of herself, a lovely girl, who took her position beside her elder sister, or mother, as the case might be, while that lady

played a symphony in grand style. Then the girl commenced her divine song. From the first thrilling note to the last I was spellbound! That voice, so sympathetic, that perfect intonation and faultless style, would have been captivating to me had she been the plainest of women. But when to these glorious gifts was added beauty of a very unusual order, no wonder that she commanded universal admiration. I thought then that I too was an admirer, only. It was from this delusive dream that I was doomed to be cruelly roused. Yet before I write of feelings so long buried in my own heart, I will describe her who was their innocent cause.

Tall and graceful as an arum lily, her figure only wanted the additional fullness of riper years to make it perfect. The glossy black hair was simply coiled round her elegantly shaped head; the eyes were so thickly veiled with lashes of the same hue, that it was difficult to ascertain their colour. I know now that they were of that darkest deepest gray which looks black by artificial light. The other features were equally fine; the complexion of that creamy white which distinguishes fair Italian women. Yet even all this loveliness would scarcely have affected me had expression been wanting. It was the soul shining through all which first attracted and finally enslaved me!

When the song ceased I eagerly asked the man next me for information beyond what the programme told.

'The widow and daughter of the tenor Claudio Francini, who sang here some years ago,' was the reply.

I had never heard of him.

'I do not think he sang much in public,' continued my informant; 'but he taught in very fashionable circles—Lady Follibank's daughters among others; and she is now patronising the girl, who has beauty enough to get on without her. But hush! She is going to sing again.'

This time she surpassed herself. The slight embarrassment apparent on the first occasion was now succeeded by that confidence in her own powers which can alone insure perfect success. Then her complete abnegation of self in her love for her art, which she evidently possessed, and the deep feeling she threw into every phrase of the music, would, I repeat, have caused my heart to surrender at once, even had she been without personal beauty. As it was, I may as well confess here that she was my first, my last, and only love!

As the last notes of the song died away, a voice near me, which seemed familiar, exclaimed, above the gentle movement of gloved hands, and the faint fluttering of fans which is permitted by society to express approbation—'Brava! bravissima!' Then in a low tone of rapture, the words 'Divinely beautiful!' I quickly glanced around me, and beheld my old college friend Roland Mornington! At any other time this meeting would have given me real pleasure, but at that moment I could scarcely greet him with cordiality. He seemed delighted to meet me however, and asked me a dozen questions before I had time to answer one. The only one to which he really seemed to care for a reply was: 'Who is that lovely girl?'

I handed him my programme, pointing to her name.

'Did you ever see anything so beautiful in your life?' he continued, gazing at the fair singer, who was now smiling and blushing at the compliments and thanks she received from those who were able to approach near enough to offer them.

'I think I never heard such a voice,' I replied as calmly as I could.

'Ah, Burgogne,' he exclaimed, 'I see you are not changed. Beauty has no more charms for you than of old. But I shall not rest till I am introduced.' As he said this he disappeared in the crowd; and I saw him no more till he had effected his object. Then my very soul sickened as I watched him exerting every art of which he was master to please his fair companion, while she listened with evident pleasure, even as Juliet might have 'drunk the utterance' of young Montague's fatal love in just such a scene as this. Roland's handsome person and winning manners were only too likely to fascinate her. Would she withstand him? And why should she? I could not help asking myself this last question. Then again he might be greatly changed, his youthful faults and follies corrected. Alas! unless such were the case, he would make no woman happy. While I would have given years of my life for such a smile as I then saw her bestow upon him!

Presently the mother interrupted their *tête-à-tête*, and I saw him accompany them from the room. I quickly followed, watched them descend the stairs, and accept his escort to their carriage, at the door of which he stood bareheaded for some minutes, talking with great animation. As he returned, still watching him, myself unseen, I saw that his face was flushed, his eyes brilliant with excitement; and from that moment I knew that he was my rival. This conviction agitated me to such a degree that I quite forgot my aunt, till her footman informed me that her Ladyship was waiting to go home.

I found her quite cross, as well she might be, at my inattention. Of course I made a thousand apologies, and was graciously forgiven—more readily than I deserved. As we were going home, my aunt asked, in the most indifferent manner, what I thought of the artistes we had met.

'I think Lady Follibank was most fortunate in her choice,' I replied.

'Is that all, Gerald? Then you do not think them so wonderfully handsome? Every one was raving about *la belle Claudia*, and some of the men admired the mother's English complexion the most.'

'Is Claudia, Mademoiselle Francini?'

'Of course,' replied my aunt. 'She is named after her father Claudio, who died about five years ago.—By-the-bye, who was that handsome fellow who was with her nearly all the evening?'

'A college friend of mine.' I then told her of our former friendship, the years which had elapsed since we parted, and our unexpected meeting that night.

'Mark my words!' said my aunt—and they seemed to stab me to the heart—'that man will marry her—and perhaps!—'

'Aunt Fanny!' I exclaimed, starting up in the carriage, 'you are hinting at unhappy consequences!'

'Good gracious, Gerald! I have hinted at nothing of the kind.'

'Well, aunt, I think it unfair to prejudice the future of others.'

'My dear Mentor,' she replied, 'my words referred more to your friend than to the lady; and I must confess, at the risk of offending you again, that handsome as he is, I dislike the expression of his countenance exceedingly.'

This was the opinion of a shrewd woman of the world; and I could not contradict it. The reflections it gave rise to made me sad and sick at heart.

From this memorable evening the first use I made of my *Times* each morning was to look with care down the column devoted to notices of forthcoming concerts. The name I so anxiously sought did not appear for a fortnight; then to me it seemed printed in letters of fire, so distinctly it stood out from all others. The advertisement was long, announcing the 'First appearance in London of Mademoiselle Claudia Francini,' who was to sing in a grand operatic recital at Exeter Hall, in Gounod's *Faust*. I threw down my paper, took a single cup of tea by way of breakfast, and jumping into the first hansom I met with, hastened to secure my stall, though the concert was not to take place for another week.

Would Roland be there? I had not seen him since we met at Lady Follibank's, though he then appeared so pleased to renew our acquaintance; yet though he knew where to find me, he had not given me his temporary town address. It was hardly likely that he had left London in the height of the season. What was I to think? Alas! I had little doubt, from my knowledge of his character, that he was completely engrossed by his pursuit of the lovely Claudia.

The night of the concert arrived, and with feverish impatience I drove to the Hall, and arrived there before the doors were opened. This night I felt sure would determine my fate. Should Roland be there, it could only be with the one object. When at length I gained my seat, it was still so early that I had time to watch the audience as the room filled. I thought I could not fail to see Roland had he been present; his unusual height made him always conspicuous. I began to breathe more freely; my spirits rose as I looked for him in vain. It was even possible that the attentions I had so jealously watched were only the result of a passing fancy, one of his old flirtations. With this soothing idea—scarcely a hope—I was able, contrary to my expectations, to enjoy the introduction to the opera, that mysterious unearthly music which so well prepares one for Goethe's solemn story.

How I longed yet dreaded to hear Marguerite! The moment was at hand. She appeared. No wonder she met with a reception so rapturous. I can remember every detail of her dress and appearance. As on the first evening I beheld her, she wore clouds of some clear white material over gleaming satin. I had then admired the elegant simplicity of her attire. There was an addition to it now, which to my mind was no improvement. A diamond spray trembled in her hair; a necklace of the same gems, with other dazzling ornaments, encircled her ivory throat; which were to my jealous heart as so many Satanic temptations, even as were Marguerite's jewels of which she was about to sing. All my hopes were at an end.

The diamonds were, as I heard a lady remark, 'fit for a duchess.' It was clear that they must be a gift, for she was not sufficiently known to have received them as a tribute to her talent. No doubt they were the gift of Roland Mornington; and I knew that he had so much the more the advantage of me.

Still I remained drinking in the delicious tones of that voice to the end; then I resolved to make my way round to the artists' entrance, in the mad hope of seeing her, even with the dreaded lover. I selected a convenient spot where I was not likely to be observed, and had not long to wait before I saw Mademoiselle Francini approaching—yes, leaning on the arm of Roland Mornington. He was bending down to her whispering words which called up a lovely blush to that fair face, now looking so proud and happy. Thank heaven, her mother was with them! I still watched them, saw Roland hand his companions into their carriage, and—oh, the anguish of that moment!—he this time accompanied them.

The following day I was too ill both in body and mind to see any one, and gave orders accordingly. My soul was filled with an intense desire to see Roland, and discover his intentions towards Mademoiselle Francini. But I had no idea where he was to be found in the wilderness of the metropolis. I was acquainted with his address in Yorkshire; but I also knew that his grand old place there was seldom honoured with his presence, much less likely to be so now. And after all, what had I to do with this affair? In my cooler moments I saw clearly that I could not interfere unasked. In the afternoon I was sitting alone still absorbed in these conflicting thoughts, when a knock at the outer door of my chambers roused me. It was too late for a client, even if I had not given strict orders to be denied. But I had little time for doubt. Another knock, and the door of my room was almost burst open by the very person I most wished to see—Roland Mornington! I consequently welcomed him most cordially, which apparently surprised him, for he exclaimed: 'This is really kind, old fellow. I assure you, I expected a very different greeting; I have behaved abominably to you. But I know you will forgive me for not calling when you know my excuse. You will never guess!'

'Tell me then at once.'

'I am going to be married.'

Sick and faint as I turned at these words, I nevertheless contrived to congratulate him.

'And now,' he continued, 'you will be still less likely to guess to whom.'

'Yes,' I calmly replied; 'I know. Mademoiselle Francini.'

'Who, in the name of all that's wonderful, told you?' he eagerly asked.

'My own observation,' I replied.

'Ah; I forgot you saw us together at Lady Tollbank's; and you always were such a fellow for finding one out. It is strange too that you should, for I do not believe that you have any personal experience of the tender passion. But be very sure, Mr Gerald Burgogne, that your own turn will come.'

'I am quite sure it never will,' I replied.

'No? How grave you look about it. I suppose you think I am sacrificing myself?'

'Indeed,' I interrupted, 'I think no such thing.

On the contrary'— I stopped, fearing I should say too much and betray myself.

'Of course,' he continued, 'it is far from a good match for me; but you know I have no one to please but myself.'

'And her,' I observed.

'Hang it all!' he exclaimed. 'She ought to be satisfied. Ten thousand a year and not a bad-looking fellow for a husband; I call her decidedly lucky.'

'Most men will call you so,' I said, trying to curb my indignation.

'Well, I am not so sure of that,' was his answer.

'If I had not seen this little witch, I should have proposed for Lady Barbara Gauntlet. She would have me to-morrow, if I chose to ask her.'

'Then why didn't you?' I exclaimed angrily.

'My dear fellow, don't you see that I am over head and ears in love with Claudia? I positively could not live without her; so I can't help myself. And that being the case—as Claudia has no male relative—I want you to do me a favour; which is, to act the part of father and give her away on the occasion.'

I started from my seat, and pacing the room in my agitation, asked him if he had no relation he could apply to for that purpose.

'No. The fact is,' he replied, 'I do not want to be bothered with any of my own people, for though they have no right to interfere, they would try.'

'I am afraid however, you must find some one else, Roland; for like them, I have my doubts about this marriage being a prudent one.'

'Of course I know that,' was his answer, quite misunderstanding my meaning. 'But as I intend to marry Claudia, some one must give her away. So once for all, Burgogne, will you?'

Certainly this was the irony of fate—that I should be coolly asked to give the woman I could have worshipped, to another. No! I could at least avoid that climax to my misery. I was therefore on the point of repeating my refusal, when it suddenly occurred to me that I might be of some little service to my heart's idol if I accepted the office assigned to me; so, after a long pause, during which Roland was evidently with much difficulty controlling his temper, I said: 'I will consent to do this for you, Roland, on one condition only—namely that you will make a liberal settlement upon her.'

'What nonsense!' he exclaimed. 'Why, that will cause no end of delay; and Claudia does not expect anything of the kind.'

'I daresay not,' I replied; 'but that does not alter my decision. When is the marriage to take place?'

'This day three weeks if possible; it is all but fixed.'

'There will be time then for all that is required,' was my deliberate reply; and I asked him what would have been done about settlements had he married Lady Barbara.

'Oh, that would have been a very different affair. She has fifty thousand pounds of her own; and I could have waited the law's delays with the utmost resignation, I assure you. Now, I cannot—in fact I will not.'

'Then you must ask some one else to act for you,' I replied; 'for I consider that Mademoiselle Francini has as much right to a settlement as

Lady Barbara. For your sake she gives up a profession which promised a brilliant career; and there is great fascination in professional life for those who can command success. The least you can do in return is to insure her a certain degree of independence of you.'

'Well,' said he somewhat reluctantly, 'I consent, if you will be her trustee. I will see my solicitor directly upon the subject, and tell him to call upon you.'

I have given this conversation in detail, to shew how almost unavoidably I was drawn into an arrangement which subsequently brought me into constant communication with Claudia Francini.

Roland did not suffer much time to elapse before he brought his intended bride, accompanied by her mother, to my chambers. The beauty so brilliant by the artificial light in which I had hitherto seen it, was not diminished by the bright summer morning, while occasionally an involuntary glance at her lover immeasurably enhanced the expression of that perfect face. Ah! she had then given her heart of hearts to this volatile unstable being. Would he prove worthy of such a treasure? Alas! I feared exceedingly for her future peace and for that of the fond mother, who now looked so proud and happy.

I took an early opportunity of asking Roland what arrangement had been made for the mother. 'Ah! that is the chief drawback to the affair,' he replied. 'Being both almost dependent upon their profession, she must live with us, as of course I could not allow my wife's mother to teach.'

'No indeed; you ought not. But have they nothing beyond it?' I asked.

'Only about enough to buy bonnets, I should think,' was his flippant answer; 'and that is Madame Francini's.' It seems 'Squalini' left his wife his savings; his daughter, his profession, which he expected would make her fortune. But after all, I do not mind very much having the mother to live at the Hall. There is plenty of room. She will be useful in helping Claudia to manage a large household; and she is a lady.'

'In every respect,' I replied.

'But I mean by birth,' said Roland. 'She is of good family (the Lascelles of —shire), and despairing of obtaining their consent, she ran away with and was married to Francini, her Italian singing-master, when only seventeen, he being two or three years older. They lived for ten years in Naples, where Claudia was born. Then they fell in with Lady Follibank, whose daughters were Francini's pupils. She advised them to come to England, where she promised to introduce him to a good connection. This she effected; and he was getting on rapidly, when he was taken ill, and died about five years ago; Claudia being only fourteen at the time. She, at her father's request, continued her musical education till she was eighteen; and in the meantime helped her mother by giving lessons to the younger pupils.' And to think that this must have gone on to the end of time if Claudia had been ugly.'

I groaned in spirit. How little she knew him. On ascertaining that Madame Francini had about a hundred a year, I insisted upon five times that amount being settled upon her daughter absolutely, without reference to children, as the

Mornington estates were strictly entailed upon the male heir, and daughters well provided for by the late Mr Mornington's will.

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT LEICESTER SQUARE

IN old-world London, Leicester Square played a much more important part than it does to-day. It was then the chosen refuge of royalty and the home of wit and genius. Time was when it glittered with throngs of lace-bedizened gallants; when it troubled beneath the chariot-wheels of Beauty and Fashion; when it re-echoed with the cries of jostling chairmen and link-boys; when it was trodden by the feet of the greatest men of a great epoch—Newton and Swift, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a host of others more or less distinguished. Mr Fom Taylor, in his interesting work entitled *Leicester Square*, tells us that the vicissitudes of a London quarter generally tend downwards through a regular series of decades. It is first fashionable; then it is professional; then it becomes a favourite locality for hotels and lodging-houses; then the industrial element predominates, and then not infrequently a still lower depth is reached. Leicester Square has been no exception to this rule. Its reputation in fact was becoming very shady indeed, when the improvement of its central inclosure gave it somewhat of a start upwards and turned attention to its early history.

Of old, many of these grand doings took place at Leicester House, which was the first house in the Square. It was built by Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, a staunch Royalist, somewhere about 1636. His sons, Viscount Lisle and the famous Algernon Sidney, grew up less of Royalists than he was; and to Leicester House, with the sanction and welcome of its head, came many of the more prominent Republicans of the day, Vane and Neville, Milton and Bradshaw, Ludlow and Lambert. The cream of history lies not so much in a bare notation of facts as in the little touches of nature and manners which reproduce for us the actual human life of a former age, and much of this may be gleaned from the history of the Sidneys. They were an interesting family, alike from their rank, their talents, their personal beauty, and the vicissitudes of their fortunes. The Countess was a clever managing woman; and her letters to her absent lord when ambassador in France convey to us many pleasant details of the home-life at Leicester House. Still more charming is it to read the pretty little billets addressed to the Earl by his elder girls. Of these six beautiful daughters of the house of Sidney, four were married and two died in the dawn of early womanhood. Of the younger of these, Lady Elizabeth, the father has a touching entry in his journal. After narrating her death, he adds: 'She had to the last the most angelical countenance and beauty, and the most heavenly disposition and temper of mind that I think were ever seen in so young a creature.'

With her death the merry happy family life at Leicester House drew to a close. The active bustling mother, whose influence had brought the different jarring chords into harmony, died a few months afterwards; and the busy years as they sped onwards, while consummating the fall of

Charles and consolidating the power of Cromwell, also put great and growing disunion between the Sidney brothers. At the Restoration, Algernon was in exile; Lord Lisles's stormy temper had alienated him from his father; the Earl's favourite son-in-law was dead; of the three who remained he was neither proud nor fond; and lonely and sick at heart, he grew weary of the splendid home from which the fair faces of his handsome children had gone for ever, and made preparations to leave it. He was presented to Charles II.; and immediately afterwards retired to Penshurst in Kent; and Leicester House was let, first to the ambassadors of the United Provinces; and then to a more remarkable tenant, Elizabeth Stewart, the ill-fated Princess and Queen of Bohemia. She had left England in 1613 a lovely happy girl, the bride of the man she loved, life stretching all rainbow-hued before her. She returned to it a weary haggard woman of sixty-five, who had drunk to the dregs of every possible cup of disappointment and sorrow. Her presence was very unwelcome, as that of the unfortunate often is. Charles II., her nephew, was very loath indeed to have the pleasure of receiving her as a guest; but she returned to London whether he would or not, and Leicester House was taken for her. There she languished for a few months in feeble and broken health, and there, on the anniversary of her wedding-day, she died.

The house immediately to the west of Leicester House belonged to the Marquis of Aylesbury; but in 1698 it was occupied by the Marquis of Caermarthen, who was appointed by King William III. cicerone and guide to Peter the Great when he came in the January of that year to visit England. Peter's great qualities have long been done full justice to; but in the far-off January of 1698 he appeared to the English as by no means a very angust-looking potentate; he had the manners and appearance of an unkempt barbarian, and his pastimes were those of a coal-heaver. His favourite exercise in the mornings was to run a barrow through and through Evelyn's trim holly-hedges at Deptford; and the state in which he left his pretty house there is not to be described. His chief pleasure, when the duties of the day were over, was to drink all night with the Marquis in his house at Leicester Fields, the favourite tipple of the two distinguished toppers being brandy spiced with pepper; or sack, of which the Czar is reported to have drunk eight bottles one day after dinner. Among other sights in London, the Marquis took him to see Westminster Hall in full term. 'Who are all these men in wigs and gowns?' he asked. 'Lawyers,' was the answer. 'Lawyers!' he exclaimed. 'Why, I have only two in my dominions, and when I get back, I intend to hang one of them.'

In January 1713 Leicester House, which was then occupied by the imperial resident, received another distinguished visitor in the person of Prince Eugene, one of the greatest captains of the age. In appearance he was a little sallow wizened old man, with one shoulder higher than the other. A soldier of fortune, whose origin was so humble as to be unknown, his laurels were stained neither by rapacity nor self-seeking; and in all the vicissitudes of his eventful life he bore himself like a hero, and a gentleman in the truest and fullest acceptance of the word. Dean Swift

was also at this time in lodgings in Leicester Fields, noting with clear-acute unpitying vision the follies and failings of all around him, and writing to Stella from time to time after his cynical fashion, 'how the world is going mad after Prince Eugene, and how he went to court also, but could not see him, the crowd was so great.'

A labyrinth of courts, squares, and stable-yards had gradually filled up the space between the royal mews and Leicester Fields; and between 1680 and 1700 several new streets were opened through these; one reason for the opening of them being the great influx of French refugees into London, on the occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Many of these exiles settled in and around Leicester Fields, and for their use several chapels were built. The neighbourhood has ever since been a resort of French immigrants.

In one of these streets opening into Leicester Square, St Martin's Street, Sir Isaac Newton lived for the last sixteen years of his life. The house in which he lived looks dingy enough now; but in those days it was considered a very good residence indeed, and like Leicester House was frequented by the best company in the fashionable world. The genius and reputation of its master attracted scientific and learned visitors; and the beauty of his niece Mrs Catharine Barton, drew to her feet all the more distinguished wits and beaux of the time.

Between 1717 and 1760 Leicester House became what Pennant calls 'the putting-place of princes,' being for almost all that time in the occupation of a Prince of Wales who was living in fierce opposition to the reigning king. In 1718 the Prince of Wales having had a furious quarrel with his father George I., on the occasion of the christening of the Prince's son George William, left St James's, and took Leicester House at a yearly rent of five hundred pounds; and until he succeeded to the throne in 1727, it was his town residence.

Here he held his court—a court not by any means strict-laced; a gay little court at first; a court whose selfish intrigues and wild frolics and madcap adventures and humdrum monotony live for us still in the sparkling pages of Horace Walpole; or are painted in with vivid clearness of touch and execution, but with a darker brush, by Hervey, Pope's Lord Fanny, who was a favourite with his mistress the handsome accomplished Caroline, Princess of Wales. Piloted by one or other of these exact historians, we enter the chamber of the goddess-in-waiting, and are introduced to the maids-of-honour, to fair Mary Lepell, to charming Mrs Bellenden, to pensive gentle Mrs Howard. We see them eat Westphalia ham of a morning, and then set out with their royal master for a helter-skelter ride over hedges and ditches, on borrowed hacks. No wonder Pope pitied them; and on their return, who should they fall in with but that great poet himself! They are good to him in their way, these saucy charming maids-of-honour, and so they take the frail little man under their protection and give him his dinner; and then he finishes off the day, he tells us, by walking three hours in the moonlight with Mary Lepell. We can imagine the affected compliments he paid her and the

burlesque love he made to her; and the fun she and her sister maids-of-honour would have laughing over it all, when she went back to Leicester House and he returned to his pretty villa at Twickenham.

As the Prince grew older his court became more and more dull, till at last it was almost deserted, when on the 14th of June 1727 the loungers in its half-empty chambers were roused by sudden news—George I. was dead; and Leicester House was thronged by a sudden rush of obsequious courtiers, among whom was the late king's prime-minister, bluff, jolly, coarse Sir Robert Walpole. No one paid any attention to him, for every one knew that his disgrace was sealed; the new king had never been at any pains to conceal his dislike to him. Sir Robert however, knew better; he was quite well aware who was to be the real ruler of England now; and he knew that the Princess Caroline had already accepted him, just as she accepted La Walmoden and her good Howard; and so all alone in his corner he chuckled to himself as he saw the crowd of sycophants elbow and jostle and push poor Lady Walpole as she tried to make her way to the royal feet. Caroline saw it too, and with a flash of half-scornful mischief lighting up her shrewd eyes, said with a smile: 'Sure, there I see a friend.' Instantly the human stream parted, and made way for her Ladyship.

In 1728 Frederick, the eldest son of George and Caroline, arrived from Hanover, where he had remained since his birth in 1707. It was a fatal mistake; he came to England a stranger to his parents, and with his place in their hearts already filled by his brother. It was inevitable that where there was no mutual love, distrust and alienation should come, as in no long time they did, with the result that the same pitiful drama was played out again on the same stage. In 1743 Frederick Prince of Wales took Leicester House and held his receptions there. He was fond of gaiety, and had a succession of balls, masques, plays, and supper-parties. His tastes, as was natural considering his rearing, were foreign, and Leicester House was much frequented by foreigners of every grade. Desnoyers the dancing-master was a favourite habitué, as was also the charlatan St-Germain. In the midst of all this fiddling and buffoonery the Prince fell ill; but not so seriously as to cause uneasiness to any one around him; consequently all the world was taken by surprise when he suddenly died one morning in the arms of his friend the dancing-master. After his death his widow remained at Leicester House, and like a sensible woman as she was, made her peace with the king her father-in-law, who ever afterwards shewed himself very kind and friendly to her.

In October 1760 George III. was proclaimed king; and again a crowd of courtiers thronged to Leicester House to kiss the hand of the new sovereign. For six years longer the Princess of Wales continued to live at Leicester House; and there in 1765 her youngest son died, and the following year she removed to Carlton House.

While the quarrel between George II. and Frederick was at its fiercest, the central inclosure of Leicester Square was re-arranged very elegantly according to the taste of the day; and an equestrian statue of George I., which had belonged to

the first Duke of Chandos and had been bought at the sale of his effects, was set up in front of Leicester House, where it remained, a dazzling object at first, in all the glory of gilding, which passed with the populace for gold; but latterly a most wretched relic of the past, an eyesore, which was removed in 1874 in the course of Baron Grant's improvements.

Leicester Square had other tenants beside Sir Isaac Newton, compared with whom courtiers and gallants and fine gentlemen and ladies look very small indeed. Hogarth lived in this street, and so did Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hogarth's house was the last but two on the east side of the Square. Here he established himself, a young struggling man, with Jane Thornhill, the wife with whom he had made a stolen love-match. In this house, with the quaint sign of the Golden Head over the door, he worked, not as painters generally do, at a multitude of detached pieces, but depicting with his vivid brush a whole series of popular allegories on canvas. When he became rich, as in process of time he did, he had a house at Chiswick; but he still retained the Golden Head as his town-house, and in 1764 returned to it to die.

In No. 47 Sir Joshua Reynolds lived, and painted those charming portraits which have immortalised for us all that was most beautiful and famous in his epoch. He was a kindly genial lovable man, fond of society, and with a liking for display. He had a wonderful carriage, with the four seasons curiously painted in on the panels, and the wheels ornamented with carved foliage and gilding. The servants in attendance on this chariot wore silver-laced liveries; and as he had no time to drive in it himself, he made his sister take a daily airing in it, much to her discomfort, for she was a homely little lady with very simple tastes. He was a great dinner-giver; and as it was his custom to ask every pleasant person he met without any regard to the preparation made to receive them, it may be conjectured that there was often a want of the commonest requisites of the dinner-table. Even knives, forks, and glasses could not always be procured at first. But although his dinners partook very much of the nature of unceremonious scrambles, they were thoroughly enjoyable. Whatever was wanting, there was always cheerfulness and the pleasant kindly interchange of thought. In July 1792 Sir Joshua died in his own house in Leicester Square; and within a few hours of his death, an obituary notice of him was written by Burke, the manuscript of which was blotted with his tears.

In No. 23, on the eastern side of the Square, the celebrated anatomist John Hunter lived. Like most distinguished men of the day, he sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his portrait; but was so restless and preoccupied that he made a very bad sitter. At last one day he fell into a reverie. The happy moment had come; Sir Joshua with his instinctive tact caught the expression, and presented to us the great surgeon in one of his most characteristic attitudes. Two other celebrated surgeons, Cruickshank and Charles Bell, also lived in this Square. The house in which Bell resided for many years was large and ruinous, and had once been inhabited by Speaker Onslow. Here he set up his Museum, and began to lecture on

anatomy, having for a long time, he writes, scarcely forty pupils to lecture to.

During all the later portion of its history Leicester Square has been famous for shows. In 1771 Sir Ashton Lever exhibited a large and curious Museum in Leicester House. In 1790 Charles Dibdin built at Nos. 2 and 3, on the east side of Leicester Square, a small theatre, in which he gave an entertainment consisting of an interesting medley of anecdote and song. In 1787 Miss Linwood opened her gallery of pictures in needlework, an exhibition which lasted forty-seven years, for the last thirty-five of which it was exhibited at Savile House, a building which was destroyed by fire in 1865.

After Miss Linwood's, one of the best shows in Leicester Square was Burford's Panorama, which is now numbered with the things that were, its site being occupied by a French chapel and school. In 1851 a new show was inaugurated by Mr Wyld the geographer. It consisted of a monster globe sixty feet in diameter, which occupied the central dome of a building erected in the garden of the Square. The world was figured in relief on the inside of it, and it was viewed from several galleries at different elevations. It was exhibited for ten years, and was then taken down by its proprietor, owing to a dispute concerning the ownership of the garden. Out of this case, which was decided in 1867, the proceedings originated which resulted in the purchase and renovation of the garden by Baron Grant, who having once more made it trim and neat, handed it over to the Board of Works.

AN AUSTRALIAN FRAUD.

'What can be keeping Davis to-night? Surely he is very late.' I had just made this remark when he knocked at the door.

'If you please ma'am, can I speak to you?' said he.

'Yes. Come in Davis. What has happened to keep you so late this evening?'

'I have been to see my grandfather, ma'am.'

'Well, how is he?'

'Oh, grandfather is right enough; but my aunt [so he called his grandfather's second wife] is very ill; and I've heard a queer story to-night. It seems I am likely to come in for a large fortune—if it's all true they say.'

'Why, how is that Davis? Tell us all about it.'

'Well ma'am, you see my grandfather has had a letter sent him to read, that the clergyman at Carsten has received from some lawyer in Australia. The lawyer wants to find the next of kin to Tom Harris, an old man who has died in L— in Australia, and has left a hundred thousand pounds; and my aunt thinks she is his nearest relation.'

'How is that? Who was this Tom Harris?'

'My aunt's name was Harris, and she says her father's youngest brother was named Tom; that he went to Australia a many years ago, and has never written home nor been heard of since; and she thinks he was the man because he was born in these parts. This lawyer has sent letters to all the clergymen near here to make inquiries and to search all the registers for the certificate of his birth.'

'Then what are you going to do Davis?'

'I don't know ma'am. I'll see what grandfather says next time I go in to Dewsford.'

'Very well. Be sure you tell us what you hear, for we shall be anxious to know.'

This was indeed extraordinary news. Even in these days of self-seeking there is occasionally to be found a servant of the Caleb Balderston type, and Davis was one of them; he had grown up in our service from boyhood to manhood, and had so identified himself with our affairs and interests that he always spoke of our belongings as 'ours' and 'my.' We had complete confidence in him, and in return took an interest in all that concerned him and his family; hence his coming to us with this wonderful tale, feeling sure of our sympathy. Although it seemed too strange to be true, there was nevertheless a certain amount of possibility in it which kept alive our interest; and from time to time we used to ask Davis how his fortune was coming on. But beyond hearing conflicting details, which he got from his grandfather now and again, the affair did not seem to progress in the least; so we came to the conclusion that we must set to work ourselves to help him, if anything was to come of it.

The first thing to ascertain was that such a town or district as L— actually existed in Australia; and for this end we wrote to one of the directors of a colonial bank in London, and had the satisfaction of being told that he not only knew that there *was* a district so named, but that a man of reputed wealth bearing the name of Harris resided there.

We next thought we had better see Davis's aunt and try to get certain facts from her. But here a difficulty arose, for the poor woman had been confined to bed for some weeks, and we knew she was dying of a painful disease. It seemed cruel to disturb her about such things; but Davis was her adopted son, and we knew she would gladly do what she could to further his interests. We found her very weak, and her face bearing an expression of suffering that was distressing to see, but perfectly composed and alive to everything. I went forward gently and said: 'Good-morning, Mrs Davis. How are you to-day?'

'Thank you, ma'am; I be poorly.'

'Are you no better?'

'No ma'am. I don't hops ever to be better; but I must bide my time patiently.—How is Davis ma'am?'

'He is very well, thank ye.'

'I have heard him speak of ye so often, ladies; he says you are all so kind to him, and that he could not have a better place.'

'O well, he is good and faithful to us, you know, so we may well be kind to him. But what is all this about this money? I fear you are too ill to be troubled about such matters, but we would like to help Davis if we could. Can you tell us anything about this man Harris?'

'Well ma'am, my father's name was Harris; and I remember hearing that his youngest brother was called Tom, and that he went to Australia.'

'Had your father any other brothers?'

'O yes. There was Henry. Then there were Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne.'

'What became of Henry?'

'I don't know; I know nothink about him.'

'Do you know where they were all born?'

'In the parish of Newcom; my father lived there when he was not at sea. There's a man who calls himself Harris, stays at Carsten now.'

'Do you think if we went to Newcom we should find the register they want?'

'Yes ma'am; I should think so.'

'Thank you Mrs Davis. I fear we are tiring you. It seems cruel to worry you with all these questions.'

'O ma'am, you are very kind to trouble yourself about it. I shall soon be where I'll need no money; but if Davis could get it and my poor old man, I'd be cruel glad. You see ma'am, he can't work as he used to.'

We left the poor woman, more anxious than ever to help to clear up the difficulty and, if possible, to secure some money to her husband and Davis, even if it were ever so small a share of the hundred thousand pounds. We therefore determined to drive to Newcom and Carsten; and accompanied by Davis, started for the latter place on a fine autumn morning.

The expedition proved most enjoyable. At first the road was a good one, just along the banks of the river, then ascending in zigzag for miles through rich woods, whose openings now and again disclosed magnificent views of country and river far below, with the blue sea in the distance; then out upon the moor, with its wealth of gorse and heather and its bracing air, making the search for a fortune an enjoyable thing in itself, independently of its result. At last we finally descended upon Carsten, an out-of-the-way village, lying on the slope of a hill.

Our first visit was to the Rectory, the servant informing us that Mr White the clergyman was out shooting, and the time of his return uncertain; so we resolved to ask about the old man Harris of whom we had heard. We found him in a field hoeing turnips, hale, hearty, and seemingly quite contented. At first he looked at us rather suspiciously, and was not inclined to answer questions. It then turned out that we were not by any means his first interviewers.

'There have been a many people here to see me,' said he. 'I wish now I had never said nothink about this man. I am not agoing to trouble myself; I have quite as much as I want. I am over eighty years of age. But you are all working for me. If there be any money, it *must* come to me in the end. And as you be all working for me, I beant agoing to trouble *myself*.' All this was said with the most indescribable air of self-satisfaction and complacency, the old man leaning on his hoe.

At last, by dint of a little coaxing, we got him to bring up some recollections from the depth of his eighty years. He stated that his cousin Tom Harris was the illegitimate son of Betty Smith, but that he was always called Harris; that he had gone to Australia; he recollected his having come over from the parish of Newcom to bid them good-bye, &c.

It was in vain we represented that the time he mentioned of this youth's departure did not correspond with the date required, and that Betty's son had no right to the name of Harris; he however, insisted that he was the man, and that he himself was his nearest heir, and that we were all working for him.

We then returned to the Rectory, in the hope

that the clergyman had tired of his gun, or had got hungry and come home to lunch. But no! In the meantime we got the parish clerk to bring the register, and we spent a considerable time poring over its faded old pages to try to find the date of Tom Harris's birth. It was no easy task; worn dirty old records of events nearly a century old, some in black-letter, with the signatures all but illegible. Page after page was patiently scanned; and births, marriages, and deaths of various Harrises were found; but either the Christian name was different, or if we did come to a Tom Harris, our excitement was speedily chilled by finding the date would not agree at all with the age of the man we sought.

Tired and hungry, we gave up the search, and went to find an inn and some refreshment. The inn we found; but as to the refreshment, that consisted of the perpetual bacon one is offered in village inns; not even the eggs were forthcoming. Not caring for bacon, we had to content ourselves with bread-and-cheese and milk.

It was now getting late; and the prospect of bad roads and crossing the moor in the dark was not inviting; so we had reluctantly to start without seeing the clergyman, though we had had the pleasure of a chat with his father, who was at the time on a visit to the Rectory. Soon we found ourselves at home, where we made up by a comfortable tea for our poor fare at dinner.

Of course we got laughed at for our pains; but that had not much effect. The dreary drive had more; and it was some time before we resumed our attempts. One thing we gained by our visit to Carsten; the clergyman's father advised us to get Davis's aunt to make a deposition before a magistrate of all she had told us. The poor woman was far too ill to be out of bed, and it seemed very unlikely she would even be able to do this unless it were done at once. So we persuaded my brother, who is a justice of peace, to go with us to see her, and write it all down from her own lips. A sad and solemn scene it was—the low-roofed room with only the most necessary furniture, yet clean and comfortable; the woman, slowly dying, speaking with difficulty, yet clear and collected, and exerting herself to recollect the scenes of her childhood and youth. Not for herself—for very soon she would be beyond all earthly need—but for her husband and her adopted son. An unlikely place in which to find the heir to a hundred thousand pounds.

Some time before, it had occurred to us she had better make a will, in case of the money coming after her death. We had tried to persuade her to get a lawyer to draw out one; but this she would by no means consent to do, on account of the expense, so the only thing left was to try to write one out for her which should include all possible contingencies. This we managed to do. She was quite satisfied with it, and her husband also. (What was more to the purpose, a lawyer friend afterwards told us it would 'stand.') We now took advantage of my brother's presence to get Mrs Davis to sign this will; and we all signed it as witnesses. It occurred to me that it might be disputed on the score of her not being in a fit state to make one; and I thought that if I could get the medical man who attended her to see her, it might be useful; so I went in search of him. I was fortunate enough to find him, and explained

matters, and said I was anxious he should be able to say that Mrs Davis was in a capable state when she made her will. He very good-naturedly went with me at once, and pronounced that she was perfectly collected, quite fit to understand and make any arrangements she wished. So that was settled.

Poor thing! we had not taken the precautions much too soon. Not many more visits to inquire for her, when the end came, peacefully and longed for. Whether or not the heiress of a hundred thousand pounds, she was an 'heir of God,' and His heirs are often found in the poorest of earthly homes.

We now determined to search the registers at Newcom. Here we found a rather disconsolate-looking Rectory. The door was opened by an old woman, who seemed to think we had better have stayed away, but who conducted us to her master because she could not help it. The rector was a nice old man who, when we explained our object, seemed anxious to help us. He said he had an old man in his parish who was one of that family, and would likely know all about it. So he rang the bell.

'Marry, where is old Harris working to-day?'

'I think sir, he is in the back-field digging potatoes.'

'Very well. Please go and tell him to come here.'

She disappeared, looking rather unwilling to do his bidding; I sometimes wonder if she ever did. Anyhow, the old man did not come. She was one of those servants who have been with one master till they get to believe themselves mistress, and more. She reminded me of an old Scotch servant who was in the service of a friend of ours in Edinburgh, who when the lady rang for coals, would look in at the door, examine the fire at the distance, and say: 'Deed men, the fire doesna need mendin', and disappear without paying any further attention to the request.

As old Harris was not forthcoming, the clergyman next sent for the parish clerk and the registers. So here again we had a long search; this time with this success, that we found the register of marriage of the said Tom Harris's father and mother, and the births of all his brothers and sisters, but not his own—the only one which was of any use. We also found the register of the illegitimate Harris; and the date proved that he, as we had always thought, was certainly not the man. We had evidently got on the right track at last, for here were all the generations of Harrises, uncles, aunts, and cousins, but not the one. It was most unaccountable; but as there was nothing more to be done, we returned home still baffled.

We now began to wonder whether Tom Harris could possibly have been registered by some other name, not so unlikely a thing as it would be in our days. The clergyman told us that about the date we required, he knew there had been no resident clergyman in the parish; that the clergyman of another parish used to ride across the moor and take the duty, and that he often used to leave his clerk to fill up the registers. He had actually seen one register of marriage with a foot-note signed by the clergyman, to explain that the above couple had been registered under wrong names, and that he had married them over again a year after, to make sure!

Davis, thinking now, I suppose, that our amateur efforts were not succeeding, determined to apply to a lawyer in the village; so he and his grandfather consulted Mr Spiers, gave him all particulars, and got a promise that he would write to Australia to make inquiries. On Davis's return I asked him what Mr Spiers had said; but of course found that he had been too cautious to give an opinion; besides he had not been paid for it.

Some one now suggested that as Harris's father had been a sailor, perhaps Tom was born at sea. We discovered that there is a parish where such births are registered, and wrote accordingly to inquire. In a few days came a reply to the effect, that the books had been searched, but no such name was to be found.

We were getting in despair, beginning to think the whole affair a myth, when a fresh impetus was given to our energies by Davis bringing us the news that a gentleman was expected at the village in about two months who had actually known the said Harris in Australia; so for him we determined to wait. Meanwhile the cousins who were claiming the money through the illegitimate Harris were hard at work, writing and sending money to the lawyer in Australia, and receiving replies stating that he was doing all he could to elucidate the matter for them. Other cousins in the metropolis were also doing their best to establish their kinship and trace the pedigree of the Carsten Harris. It was quite wonderful how many relations started up in all quarters; and we used to get the most varied and perplexing accounts from time to time both from Davis and his grandfather, whom we often went to see. Poor old man! he had no money to send to the lawyer, which made us the more anxious to establish his claims, for it was clear that his deceased wife really was the nearest relative. He was a fine-looking old man, one of Nature's gentlemen, but very helpless in such a matter; and his gratitude to us was real and touching. He seemed surprised at the interest we took in it, and said: 'He could almost cry to think any one should take so much trouble for him.' To add to his disquietude, his cousins, who lived some miles off at a place called Everston, told him all sorts of bewildering things, and tried to get out of him what we were doing and finding out. He could keep his own counsel however.

It now seemed that the only remaining thing I could do was to write to a cousin of ours a banker in Australia, thinking that if such a very large sum of money was really unappropriated, a banker in the same district would be not unlikely to know something of it. I wrote accordingly, told him the tale, and asked him if he could tell me aught of either the man or the money.

The next event of interest was the arrival of Mr Brown the gentleman from Australia, who was said to have known Tom Harris. Strange to say it turned out that it was to Mr Brown's father that Harris had taken letters of introduction long years before. Mr Brown told us that he knew him perfectly well; that he was born in the parish of Newcom. (This was satisfactory, as it quite proved that our man was the right one.) He could tell us nothing as to his death, having lost sight of him for some years. He knew he was wealthy, but doubted his

having left any such sum as a hundred thousand, adding that the lawyer whose name we mentioned as our authority for the whole matter was, he knew, a great rogue. Mr Brown intended returning shortly to Australia, and promised to make inquiry for us, offering meanwhile to write to his own man of business there, who would do what he could to find out the truth. This we gladly assented to, and forwarded to him a small sum of money, which a relation of old Davis's had offered to spend in the cause.

Some time now elapsed, and we were almost forgetting the thing, when one morning Davis told me that two people wished to see me, and that he had shewn them up-stairs. Up I went, and found two women, perfect strangers to me, in possession of the drawing-room. One was big, fat, and vulgar, sitting very upright on the edge of her chair with her hands crossed in front of her. The other was a fashionably dressed woman, with an indescribably French air about her; due in part perhaps to a handsome lace tie she had arranged with French grace. We saluted each other, and I sat down wondering what they could possibly want. They seemed at a loss how to begin. At last the French-looking one said: 'I believe you know something of the Harris money. I have been told you are acquainted with a gentleman who knew Mr Harris, and we have come to ask for his address.'

I thought: 'You may have come for it, but you are not likely to get it.' (I fancied how Mr Brown would feel if he were to be suddenly appealed to by all the Harrises from all quarters!)

I said: 'I know of a gentleman who knew Mr Harris; but he is not here at present' [he had left], 'and I am unable to give you his address.'

'Oh! can you give me no idea where I could see him? I am a dressmaker in Paris' [that accounted for the lace tie]. 'I only heard of this money two days ago. I took the first train for England, and came over to help sister to get the money. I don't wish it for myself—I have a good business—but for sister and her children.'

'There are others besides your sister who seem to have a better claim to it,' I observed. 'How do you prove your relationship?'

'Sister knows all about that. She is related to an old man called Harris at Carsten; and the lawyer says she has only to send out ten pounds to Australia to him and he will get the money for her. I am willing to go the length of two hundred pounds to help sister.'

I was sorry that the poor woman should risk the loss of her money, so I said: 'I think you had better not send any more money till we know more about it. I have been told this lawyer is not to be trusted.'

'O dear, yes! It is all right. He says sister is sure to get the money. Besides, he is Sir George Sleigh.'

This she seemed to think was a conclusive argument, and that I must be convinced that 'sister's' claims could not be disputed, and that a lawyer with a title was beyond distrust.

I next took some pains to convince them that even if Sir George's letters were all right, and their being the next of kin to the Carsten Harris proved, still he was not the man; that the date of his birth did not agree with that required, by many years; that we had traced the whole family

of our man, and that his probable date of birth quite agreed with the date given. I rang for Davis, thinking they might perhaps believe him. He however, did not seem inclined to have much to say to them; a French dressmaker was out of his line altogether, and he speedily retired. It was all no use. They thanked me, and asked me to let them know if I found out anything more, which I promised to do. They then departed, with their ideas evidently quite unshaken; indeed I am not sure they did not think I was deceiving them from interested motives.

It was now a year and half since we first commenced this hunt for a fortune. We had often anticipated the pleasure we should have in getting even a small part of this fabulous sum for old Davis and settling him in some neat little cottage with a garden, where instead of his daily hard work, he might enjoy his favourite occupation of growing cabbages, &c. Alas for our anticipations! One morning a letter arrived with the Australian post-marks, and in my cousin's writing. I was all eagerness to open it, thinking I should get some decisive information at last. I did so. A peal of laughter was the result, which brought the others to inquire the news. I read them the following: 'I wrote to a friend of mine, a banker in the neighbourhood you named, to make inquiries respecting the Harris affair. I think you will consider his reply decisive at least, though perhaps not satisfactory.' Here was a quotation from the banker's letter: 'With regard to old Harris, he is alive and kicking; I saw him the other day. He is not like lying, as far as I see. When he does, there is no chance of his leaving a hundred thousand pounds, though he is a very well-to-do man. Besides, he has a family of his own, who would of course inherit whatever he may leave. Sleigh is a great rogue; he has been trying the same game here with old Harris, telling him that a relation of his in England has left him a property there.'

'Alive and kicking!' More decisive than elegant certainly.

So this was the end of all our hopes and all our trouble. There was nothing to be done now but to tell poor Davis, which accordingly I did as sympathetically as possible. He took it very quietly, saying he never did believe in it! The old grandfather was sorely disappointed, but very grateful that we had found out the truth, and so saved him from thinking any more about it.

My cousin's letter was shortly followed by one from Mr Brown, corroborating the facts, and returning the money which had been sent to his lawyer, minus a trifling sum which had been expended before the facts were ascertained. Besides all this, Mr Brown had actually met old Harris at an elegant wedding-breakfast in the house of one of the leading men in the colony, the bride being a relation of his. Of course in such circumstances Mr Brown did not think it expedient to inform him of the anxiety of his relations concerning him.

We had at all events found the right man; but after this dénouement we thought it only kind to let the Harrises in Everston, &c. know the facts of the case. To our amazement, we were utterly discredited both by them and the French dressmaker; and we are told that they are actually still sending out money to 'Sir George,' who

obligingly informs them that his investigations are progressing favourably, and that he hopes soon to establish their claim to the Hundred Thousand Pounds!

[The foregoing tale, which we are assured is perfectly true, shews how cautiously we should receive statements of windfalls, from unknown sources. We are told that there are certain would-be lawyers in the colonies (if not nearer home) whose nefarious business it is to obtain sums of money from those to whom they transmit the intelligence of friends deceased, and money going begging! Their *modus operandi* is to write for money to assist them in negotiating with the colonial government for the realisation of the deceased's capital, and its transmission to the lucky (!) heir in Great Britain. Sum after sum is thus written for, and probably sent, by the unsuspecting victim; and so it goes on till the bubble bursts and the fraud is discovered.—Ed.]

WILD-BEES.

No winged insect has been more frequently written about or is better known than the honey-bee, which may be considered a civilised animal, living in hives under general observation. Few know anything about other tribes of bees who pursue a wild existence, making for themselves holes for a residence in mossy banks and other places suitable to their nature. We propose to say something as regards those wild-bees, which are very varied in appearance and character.

Some wild-bees are what is termed solitary, others are social. Solitary bees pair, and each pair have a separate nest. Social bees live together in large communities after the manner so familiar to every cottage gardener. Solitary bees are often gregarious, that is flock together; in fact no insect is fonder of society. Sandy tracts are the most frequented by them, more especially commons and sand-pits. The most usual habitat for solitary bees is a sand-pit; there one may see them busily driving their fairy-like tunnels into the perpendicular face of the bank with an energy and perseverance well worthy of our imitation. It is a very pretty scene, and not soon to be forgotten. Thousands of little insects are ceaselessly toiling for the sake of their young ones; all over the face of the pit may be seen countless holes so beautifully rounded as to give the impression that they have been all formed by one tool. Here is a bright-looking little bee busily opening a fresh tunnel. Let us watch her for a moment. Such digging and shovelling as never was seen; whilst down below, there springs up a little mound of soft sand, scraped out of the burrow by the hind-legs of the toiler. A little farther on is another burrow; the hole is beautifully circular, and the little heap of sand below is larger and dirtier, shewing that some hours have passed since the nest was finished. Suddenly down pops a pretty female bee close by the entrance to the tunnel. How active she has

been! Her body and legs are covered with pollen dust, which gives her a yellow hue. She is a little tired after her morning's work, and rests awhile, sunning herself on the face of the bank; very soon she runs quickly into her burrow and disappears from view. At the farthest end of the tunnel is a circular cell, carefully hammered round the sides, and made firm by a kind of glue, to prevent a fall of sand. In the middle of this cell is a round pellet of pollen and honey, and on this ball of food is placed the egg, whence in time will emerge a hungry and ravenous grub.

Some of our wild-bees are called 'artificers,' and their life-histories are among the most interesting of all. There are the plasterers, who belong to the genus *Colletes*, a word signifying 'a plasterer.' The plasterer bees burrow in sand or in the interstices of old walls. They are pre-eminently gregarious insects, enormous multitudes congregating together in one spot. They drive tunnels slightly larger than their own bodies; and having excavated the material in which they burrow to the depth of eight or ten inches, they begin the task of furnishing. They possess beautiful, two-lobed, flat tongues with rounded ends. These tongues serve the purposes of trowels, and by the help of them they plaster the interior of their tunnels with a peculiar fluid secreted in their glands. This soon hardens, forming a membrane more delicate than the thinnest gold-beater's skin, and resembling in its glitter the silny track of a snail. Three or four of these membranes are successively formed, one inside another, and the cell is then stored with honey and pollen. An egg is laid, and the cell is sealed up with a cap of the same material. When completed, each is somewhat thimble-shaped; and several being formed in the same burrow, they fit most beautifully into each other, and furnish us with a most interesting illustration of insect architecture.

Then there are the mason bees, belonging to the genus *Osmia*. Although they are called mason bees as a group, some burrow in the earth, and others in the pith of bramble-sticks; but nearly all of them construct a kind of stone for the purpose of making their cells. They are pre-eminently spring insects; the commonest species, *Osmia bicornis*, is often abundant when the laburnum is in flower. Its habits vary according to circumstances, and its nests are found in nearly every imaginable situation. Two kinds of mason bees choose empty snail-shells for their homes. In selecting a shell, the bee sometimes pitches upon an unusually large one with a very roomy whorl. In such cases she fills the space by forming two cells side by side; and when she reaches the opening of the shell, and finds the mouth of the whorl too large for even this device, she constructs a couple of cells transversely. One species of this interesting genus, found in Perthshire, forms its cocoons in the hollow cavities beneath flat stones. A stone was once found at Glen Almond the size of which was ten inches by six; and no less than two hundred and thirty cocoons were found adhering to it.

From the masons let us turn to the upholsterers or tapestry bees, a very interesting race of little creatures, which cut with singular agility circular pieces out of the leaves and flowers of trefoil poppies and scarlet geraniums. Their jaws are robust and specially fitted for this purpose. These pieces of floral upholstery they use for covering in their cells, which are formed sometimes underground and at others in decayed wood. They belong chiefly to the genus *Megachile*; but there is one not belonging to this genus which is of equal interest with them, whose habits are thus quaintly but accurately described by White in his *Natural History of Selborne*. 'There is a sort of wild-bee frequenting the garden campan for the sake of its tomentum, which probably it turns to some purpose in the business of nidification. It is very pleasant to see with what address it strips off the pubes running from the top to the bottom of a branch, and shaving it bare with the dexterity of a hoop-shaver. When it has got a vast bundle almost as large as itself, it flies away, holding it secure between its chin and fore-legs.' This pretty bee has often been noticed by observers. The woolly material she gathers for the protection of her nest, for the latter is usually fixed in some exposed position, needing not only secrecy but protection from foes and storms.

Some of our wild-bees do not make any nests of their own, but inhabit the homes of other species, though whether they pay any rent for the accommodation they obtain is to say the least doubtful. Such bees are called parasites, a name borrowed from the well-known social character sometimes called a sponge. Whether these insects are really parasites in the sense of getting as much as they can out of other people, is not known. Some parasites habitually accompany particular species, in whose nests they are invariably found; others frequent the nests of a variety of species. Again, some of the 'parasites are so like their landlords, that a suspicion attaches to them that they deceive them by the similarity of their appearance; whilst on the other hand some are so different that no industrious bee with any *nous* in its head could possibly mistake them for its brothers and sisters. The most probable use these parasites serve is to prevent the waste of surplus food, as Nature everywhere provides scavengers. Some of them are dowdy in their appearance, and others are gaudily dressed, rivalling the colours of the wasp. The most gaudy are those belonging to the genus *Nomada*. These insects are true nomads, for we find them everywhere in the bright days of May wandering at their own sweet will over the fields, lanes, and woodlands. Industrious bees vary in the manner in which they treat their lodgers. Some live with them on very friendly terms, but others never meet them without picking a quarrel.

The beautiful brushes with which female bees are provided either on their hind-legs or on their bodies are entirely wanting in the parasitic species; but it is curious to note that the absence of these brushes does not always denote that the insect is a parasite, for several genera of industrious bees are quite destitute of them.

We cannot stop to describe at length the interesting carpenter bees; the singular long-horned bee (*Eucera longicornis*), the only British representative of a tribe very numerous abroad; or

the fantastic *Dasygaster hirtipes*, with its densely tufted legs; or the interesting genus *Anthophora*—one or two species of which are the harbingers of spring, and the males of which have their legs feathered like a spaniel's; and we have only room to glance very superficially at the well-known and fine insects known as 'humbl' or more correctly 'hummel' bees. These insects abound in every part of our land, and in fact inhabit nearly every portion of the globe except Australia and New Zealand. They are most abundant in cold climates, and many of them inhabit the Arctic regions. Each community is composed of three classes of individuals, males, females, and workers. The females or queens are immediately recognised by their large size; and as a rule the workers closely resemble them in colour, but are much smaller. The males are usually larger than the workers, and have bigger heads; but they differ from them very materially in personal appearance, and are generally brighter and more active. Amongst hummel bees the males often vary to a marvellous extent. Worker bees are really inferior females, and have stings and lay eggs.

Their life-history is as follows: At the end of autumn all the males and workers die. The females hide themselves in crannies, where they pass the winter in a state of torpidity called hibernation. As soon as the spring has fairly set in, and almost before the hedges have sprung into leaf, they emerge from their hiding-places; and after a few hours of idleness, they commence the work of fixing upon a home. Each female selects a suitable spot, and having furnished the retreat with wax and honey, she lays eggs, which invariably produce workers, who soon arrive at maturity and assist their parent in the building and completing of the nest. More eggs are laid, and more workers appear. By-and-by male bees are developed, and the nest is by September pretty well supplied with occupants. With the first cold days at the end of autumn the males and workers die off, leaving the females to survive the winter and start a fresh circle of bee-life. A hummel bee's nest is a kind of hostelry, whereunto all kinds of insects resort. Mites, beetles, moths, worms, caterpillars, and two-winged flies often swarm in them. Hummel bees who build their combs in moss are called carders. Although they usually construct their nests of moss, they do not hesitate to use other substances when they are more handy. Cases have been known in which they have diligently collected horse-hairs from stable-yards, and they have repeatedly been noticed to take possession of birds' nests, and once even to build up their combs round the eggs which a robin had but just laid.

Such are our British wild-bees. A large volume might be written on their habits and the structure of their nests; but we have done the best we can with the limited space at our disposal to give the reader a general knowledge of these little creatures, which if superficial, may yet perhaps incite to a study of their economy; and if so, this little article, humble as it is, may be the means of introducing some one to a most entertaining field of study in the coming spring.

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TALKERS.

Who does not like to hear a really good talker—whether in the public room or the private circle? Men may glibly quote the adage, 'Speech is silver but silence is golden;' yet it must be acknowledged that the silent man is, as a rule, at a great disadvantage, compared with his neighbour who can use his tongue well, and is as the phrase goes 'good company.'

But how comparatively few are the talkers with whom we can find no fault! Some are too egotistical, others too censorious. One man annoys us by being too argumentative; another by assenting too readily to all that we say, and thus, anomalous as it may seem, blocking the road to conversation, by sheer want of obstruction. Then there are the double-tongued talkers, the inquisitive, and the grandiloquent; all of whom are objectionable.

On the subject of 'talkers,' an interesting book has been recently written by Mr Bate, and in it we find the above classes and many others dwelt upon. Of most varieties, illustrations are given, and without attempting to enter into the subject further, our purpose is simply to bring a few of these illustrations before our readers. In the chapter devoted to 'the egotist' we have an excellent example of how one of those worthies was served:

"I was to dine with the Admiral to-night," said a naval lieutenant once; "but I have so many invitations elsewhere that I can't go."

"I am going, and I'll apologise," said a brother-officer.

"O don't trouble yourself."

"But I must," said the officer; "for the Admiral's invitation, like that of the Queen, is a command."

"Never mind; pray, don't mention my name," rejoined the lieutenant.

"For your own sake, I certainly will," was the reply.

'At length the hero of a hundred cards stammered

out: "Don't say a word about it; I had a hint to stay away."

"A hint to stay away! Why so?"

"The fact is I—wasn't invited."

Egotists are an intolerable set of bores. Everything they say is interlarded with 'I'; it is I, I, throughout. Into all conversations they drag allusions to themselves. In some cases their egotism is grotesque, but usually offensive. It should be part of education to put young persons on their guard against interlarding their conversation with 'I.' Lord Erskine was a great egotist. One day in conversation with Curran, he casually asked what Grattan said of himself. This was a splendid opportunity for Curran giving Lord Erskine an indirect set-down.

'Said of himself!' was Curran's astonished reply. 'Nothing. Grattan speak of himself! Why sir, Grattan is a great man. Sir, torture could not wring a syllable of self-praise from Grattan; a team of six horses could not drag an opinion of himself out of him. Like all great men, he knows the strength of his reputation, and will never condescend to proclaim its march, like the trumpeter of a puppet-show. Sir, he stands on a national altar, and it is the business of us inferior men to keep up the fire and incense. You will never see Grattan stooping to do either the one or the other.'

Curran objected to Byron's talking of himself as a great drawback on his poetry. 'Any subject,' he said, 'but that eternal one of self! I am weary of knowing periodically the state of any man's hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I would as soon read a register of the weather; the barometer up to so many inches to-day, and down so many inches to-morrow. I feel scepticism all over me at the sight of agonies on paper—things that come as regular and notorious as the full of the moon.'

How a simple statement may be twisted, turned, and magnified by the tongues of tale-bearers is well illustrated by the following, which is said to have actually occurred:

'The servant of No. 1 told the servant of No. 2 that her master expected his old friends the Bayleys to pay him a visit shortly; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the Bayleys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being taken in execution, and that it was nearly killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing and increasing until it got to No. 32, who confidently assured the last, No. 33, that the Bow Street officers had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1 for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed!'

The most amusing chapter in the book is that devoted to the 'inquisitive' talker, and, as a matter of course, our author crosses the Atlantic for some of his specimens of this kind.

'A genuine Yankee in San Francisco having bored a new-comer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his hopes, his means, and his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family.

"Yes sir; I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

'After this reply the couple sat a few minutes in silence, then the interrogator again commenced:

"Was you ever blind sir?"

"No sir."

"Did you marry a widow sir?"

"No sir."

'Another interval of silence.

"Did I understand you to say sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes sir; I so stated it."

'Another and a longer pause. Then the interrogator again inquired: "How can it be sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

We are not told to what country the individual belonged who got so well matched in the following story, but we will hope that he was not English or Scotch. 'A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than good-breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuff, pry into everything—took the liberty to question Alexander Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadron, Mr Dumas?" he began.

"I am sir," replied M. Dumas, who had seen enough not to be ashamed of a descent he could not conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning.

"And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape sir!" thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass—"an ape sir! My pedigree commences where yours terminates."

We next give two specimens of the 'pleonast,' whose conversation is full of inflated expressions.

'A certain gentleman was once speaking to a few friends on the subject of happiness, and in giving his experience as to where it could not be found, he is said to have spoken thus: "I sought for happiness where it could not be found; I looked for felicity where it could not be discovered; I inquired after bliss in those places, situations, and circumstances which neither bliss, nor felicity, nor happiness ever visited. Thus it remained with little change, and continued without much alteration, all through the days of my youth, the years of my juvenility, and the period of my adolescence."

"Is that really your experience?" said one who was listening; "and do you intend that as a caution to us against seeking happiness in the same way?"

"Most positively and assuredly I do. Profoundly impressed with the veracity of these sentiments, deeply sensible of their correctness, and heartily persuaded and assured and convinced of their consonance with truth, I urge and press upon your attention what I have above and before couched and expressed in such simple and plain and intelligible language, and language easily to be understood without."

'Another of these talkers who encumber their ideas with such "a plethora of words" was once speaking of a man who was found drowned in a canal in the neighbourhood where he lived, and expressed himself thus: "He is supposed to have perpetrated, committed, and done voluntarily, willingly, and of himself, destruction, suicide, and drowning, while in a mood of mental aberration; superinduced, brought about, and effected by long indulgence in and continued habits of *inhaling*, drinking, and swallowing, to inebriation and drunkenness, intoxicating fluids."

These specimens are only exaggerations, for it is difficult to believe that any one would speak in such a ridiculous fashion. We do not however, experience the same difficulty in accepting the following illustration of the double-tongued talker.

"What darling little cherubs your twins are," said Mrs Horton to Mrs Shenstone in an afternoon gathering of ladies at her house. "I really should be proud of them if they were mine; such lovely eyes, such rosy cheeks," &c. Adding: "Dear darlings! come and kiss me."

'Mrs Shenstone smiled complacently in return, and shortly after retired from the room, when the two "little cherubs" approached their prodigious admirer, with a view to make friends and impress upon her the solicited kiss. Instantly however, she put them at arm's-length from her, saying to the lady who sat next her: "What pests these little things are, treading on my dress and obtruding their presence on me like this! I do wish Mrs Shenstone had taken them out of the room with her."

The following are amongst the illustrations of the grandiloquent style of talk, and with these we conclude our paper.

A minister—and one of the fraternity, namely the Rev. Paxton Hoel, is quoted as the authority for the story—described a tear as 'that small particle of aqueous fluid, trickling from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, betokening grief.'

Another minister, speaking in the presence of a few friends, who had met for the purpose of promoting the interests of a certain Young Men's Christian Association, relieved himself in the following manner: 'When I think of this organisation with its complex powers, its reunits me of some stupendous mechanism which shall spin electric bands of stupendous thought and feeling, illuminating the vista of eternity with coruscations of brilliancy, and binding the mystic brow of eternal ages with a tiara of never-dying beauty; whilst for those who have trampled on the truth of Christ, it shall spin from its terrible form, toils of eternal funeral bands, darker and darker, till sunk to the lowest abyss of destiny!'

A certain American was once talking of Liberty, when he said: 'White-robed Liberty sits upon her rosy clouds above us; the Genius of our country, standing on her throne of mountains, bids her eagle standard-bearer wind his spiral course, full in the sun's proud eye; while the Genius of Christianity, surrounded by ten thousand cherubim and seraphim, moves the panorama of the milky clouds above us, and floats in immortal fragrance—the very aroma of Eden through all the atmosphere!'

TWICE WOODED, TWICE WON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE day fixed for the marriage was the 18th of July. The weather was lovely; my heart heavy when I stepped into the carriage which was sent to convey me to the church. Roland was already there. A few minutes afterwards, the bride, accompanied by her mother, joined us. Claudia was white as marble till her eyes met those of her enamoured bridegroom. She was elegantly yet simply dressed for travelling, as they were to leave town for Dover immediately after the ceremony. Roland's carriage was standing at the church door waiting to take them the first stage of their journey. And yet I was outwardly calm. I heard the words of that solemn service as one in a dream. It was over; and I was awakened by Roland gaily introducing Claudia as 'Mrs Mornington.' He looked radiant, and would have hurried her from the vestry to the carriage; but the mother and daughter, who had so far borne up bravely, now fairly broke down, and wept in each other's arms. Roland's countenance instantly changed; the forbidding expression I knew so well, stole over it; his face flushed darkly, and he made a sign to me to put an end to this affecting scene. I obeyed, and gently drawing Claudia from the mother's arms, I placed her in charge of her husband, who in his vexation scarcely offered his arm to receive her.

'Ah! how much safer,' I thought, 'was she in that tender maternal embrace than with one who could already feel displeased with his gentle bride.' Happily she knew it not; and by the time they reached the carriage Roland was again radiant, Claudia smiling through her tears. Then came more fond adieux. Another moment, they were gone.

It had been arranged that Madame Francini should go at once to Mornington Hall, and superintend the alterations and improvements

which were to be made during the absence of the newly married pair; so my next task was to escort that lady to the station, from which she was to start for her journey to Yorkshire. We parted with a promise on my part to pay her a visit on my way to the moors in August. It was fortunate for me that I was more than usually engaged for the remainder of the term. I had scarcely time to think. By degrees however, I became more reconciled, even trying to persuade myself that the woman I loved was happy.

The first week in August brought me a characteristic missive from my aunt, summoning me to M'Ivor Castle. 'In a few days,' she wrote, 'the house will be full of men. How is a poor lone woman to cater for their amusement? Pray, come at the very earliest date.—Arlchie is quite well, and joins in best love with yours distractedly,

FRANCES M'Ivor.'

My arrangements were accordingly made for my annual visit to the north, this time varied by the short one I had promised to Madame Francini. I arrived at the *Mornington Arms* early on a lovely evening, which tempted me to stroll across the park to the Hall. It was a stately old mansion, approached by a magnificent avenue of chestnuts, the extent of which gave me a longer walk than I expected. Madame Francini received me most cordially; and when I had done justice to the hospitable fare provided for me, she asked me if I would inspect the improvements, which were now completed, for the reception of the wedded pair. She showed me with evident pride and satisfaction the elegant suite of apartments which had been appropriated to her own use.

'I must say,' she cheerfully remarked, 'that my son-in-law has done me much honour—these beautiful rooms having been his mother's.'

I observed that these were in the opposite wing to that which would be occupied by Roland and his wife. 'Where were they when you last heard from them?' I inquired.

'Claudia last wrote from Rome,' was the answer. 'At first, I received a letter nearly every day; latterly, not so often. They were going to leave when she wrote, which she seemed rather to regret; her artistic taste would, I know, be so charmed there. But they have never stayed more than two or three days in one place, Roland seems so to like change.'

I sighed, for this disposition seemed to me far from favourable to domestic happiness; but left Madame Francini full of the joyful anticipation of receiving her daughter in the splendid home which was prepared for her.

The following day I arrived at my aunt M'Ivor's Highland castle, and was soon immersed in all the arrangements for the forthcoming Twelfth and the guests the day would bring. The lively party, the shooting, and above all the thorough change of scene and occupation, were of great service to my health and spirits. This and my aunt's urgent request induced me to stay to the very last day of the long-vacation, or I should again have broken my journey home at Mornington Hall; not that I should have seen the newly married pair, for Madame Francini had written to tell me they were still abroad—she believed in Paris; but Claudia wrote so very seldom, that she could not be sure. She was almost tired, she

said, of expecting them, they had so often disappointed her. Poor mother! I know what the hope deferred must be to her. I was not much surprised at Roland's silence, for I knew it was his nature to be completely engrossed by the one object which interested him, whatever it might be, for the time. I sincerely hoped that this engrossing object of interest might still be his young wife.

They remained on the continent—as I heard from Madame Francini—still constantly travelling from place to place till November. They had then written to announce their intended return to England; but a second letter—this time from Roland—told the anxious mother that Claudia not being well enough to travel, they would delay their return home till nearer Christmas, and remain at Paris quietly on her account for the ensuing six weeks.

In vain Madame Francini pleaded that if her daughter were ill, she would be better under her care. A short and constrained letter from Claudia told her that she had no doubt Roland was right, and that she hoped to be quite well by the time now finally fixed for their meeting.

About the same time I received a short note from Roland, slightly alluding to his wife's delicate health. 'She is however, much better in Paris than cooped up in a country-house where there is nothing to amuse her. For my part,' he wrote, 'I quite dread the dullness of Mornington. But I suppose we must be there before Christmas. I hope you will be charitable, and spend the so-called festive season with us.'

It was quite impossible for me to accept this invitation. In the first place, my father and mother would have felt themselves slighted had I done so; and secondly, I had resolved not to throw myself voluntarily into Claudia's society; so I at once declined it. The next note I received from Roland told me that they were at length at home, and that he was much vexed at my refusal to join their party. But not a word from either Claudia or her mother; which struck me as being singular. Still I hoped that all was well.

After this, I heard nothing whatever from the family at Mornington Hall till the end of May, when Madame Francini wrote to inform me of the birth of a grandchild; that the young mother's life had been in extreme danger, but that she was slowly recovering, and that Roland was much vexed and disappointed that the infant was a girl.

'Ungrateful wretch!' was my heart's bitter cry. 'Why should this man have the choicest blessing heaven can give heaped upon him? all undeserving as he is—so incapable of appreciating so precious a gift!'

I wrote a few lines of genuine congratulation to him; which elicited the following heartless reply:

DEAR GERALD—Thanks for your good wishes and felicitations. They are well meant, I know; but when you have been married a year, if you do not wish yourself well out of the scrape, you are very unlike yours always,

ROLAND MORNINGTON.

The blow had fallen upon her then. His fickle shallow nature had tired of the rare flower so recklessly culled. He had hurried into a marriage which he now deplored as an inconvenient restraint, and for which he blamed his

innocent and unoffending wife. This then was the reason of the mother's silence. I saw it all. It was clear that situated as she was, she could not betray the secrets of the household; yet something must be done to rescue that young life from misery, if possible. I used to have some little influence over Roland; so I resolved to propose a visit to the Hall, that I might judge of the real state of affairs there. I addressed my note to Mrs Mornington, in case he should be from home. A rather formal reply from Claudia informed me that her husband was in Paris, and that glad as they would be to see me, she and her mother thought it would be more agreeable to me to visit them when he was at home.

I was much disappointed. I could not force myself upon them; still my anxiety for Claudia's welfare induced me to make another effort to see her. I wrote once more from M'Ivor Castle in the autumn, proposing to take Mornington on my way home, should Roland have returned by the end of October and I hear nothing to the contrary. But at the time I should have left Scotland for this visit, Madame Francini wrote to say that Roland was still on the continent; adding that Claudia and the baby were well.

'Thank God for that!' I sighed. 'But still something must be terribly wrong.'

Months rolled on; my thwarted love and the sorrow which it brought were gradually yielding to the healing influence of time; my profession, ever increasing, was more and more absorbing, and my young war at M'Ivor Castle becoming more interesting to me. During my last visit to his mother, Archie and I had become fast friends, and now we corresponded. It was early spring; the great square inclosure before the windows of my business quarters—so misnamed 'fields'—was for a brief period looking fresh and verdant. The fine genial weather had raised my spirits, and I was smiling over the little Baronet's last epistle, in which he informed me that he now knew the Church Catechism, when my clerk handed me a card, saying that the lady wished to see me. Ah, that name! The revulsion of feeling it caused was so overwhelming that then, then I knew my heart's dear love had only slumbered. It was not dead.

My visitor was Madame Francini. I received her with suppressed emotion. She was pale and breathless.

'I fear, madame,' I said, 'my stairs have fatigued you; pray, be seated.'

'It is not your stairs, dear Mr Burgogne, which have affected me; it is the painful nature of my errand to you.'

I started. 'Your daughter is, I trust, well?' 'It is indeed of my Claudia I would speak,' she sobbed.

'Pray, dear lady, be composed, and try to allay my fears. She lives!' I hoarsely whispered.

'She exists,' was the answer.

I drew a long breath of relief. But she mournfully continued: 'Her life is a living death. You know her well enough, Mr Burgogne, to be sure that it is for no trivial reason she wishes to be separated from her husband, and for that separation to be if possible a divorce.'

I started from my chair. 'Has it really come to this?' I asked, trembling with indignation.

'I repeat it,' said the agonised mother; 'for

Claudia there remains but divorce, or death.' She pointed to a carafe of water which stood upon my table. I hastened to add some wine, of which she was greatly in need. As she returned the glass, she said: 'Now I will try to tell my miserable story.' With great difficulty controlling her emotion, she reminded me of our last meeting at Mornington Hall. 'You found me,' she said, 'preparing for the reception of my beloved child and the husband of her love, at their home. You left me anticipating with all a mother's joy the great happiness of that meeting, indulging the fond hope of passing the remainder of my life in that home with my children. That dream was short—the awakening, the night of their arrival. The moment I saw my Claudia in a well-lighted room, I was painfully struck by the sad change in her. She looked worn and thin, with a vivid flush on her cheeks which made her eyes unnaturally bright. Roland had stayed at the hall entrance giving orders to his coachman, as if he had merely been out for an ordinary drive. This surprised me. But my attention was at the moment arrested by Claudia's exhausted condition. She sank upon a sofa directly she was relieved of her wraps, saying she was so fatigued that she would rather go to bed at once, and have some tea taken up-stairs. Before I had time to answer, Roland threw open the door and entered with considerable noise. He took my proffered hand somewhat roughly; then immediately seating himself at table, expressed a hope that there was something fit to eat, for the voyage had given him a powerful appetite. I was thunder-struck by this behaviour. Was this the courteous gentleman who but a few months before had thanked me so affectionately for giving him my one treasure? I just managed to ask him to excuse us, as Claudia was unable to sit up any longer.

"Oh! tired as usual, I suppose!" he exclaimed with a sneer. "Your daughter, madame, has grown quite a fine lady."

"I should have answered him as he deserved, if Claudia had not given me an imploring look; so in silence I was leading her from the room, when he called out: "Mind, I won't be disturbed to-night."

"She made no answer. As we slowly ascended the stairs, she said in a broken voice which went to my very heart: "Take me to your room, dear mamma."

"I hesitated. "Is it wise to offend him, my darling?" I asked.

"I would not risk his displeasure for the world," she replied. "But this will not offend him; you heard what he said."

"I was greatly shocked. What could have wrought this change? Still," added Madame Francini, "I forbore to distress her with questions. I had a sensitive dread of anything like interference between the husband and wife.

"For the greater part of that night I sat up beside my darling long after she had sighed herself to sleep. Bewildered and sorely grieved at this unexpected downfall of all my hopes, one source of consolation was left to me. I found she was likely to become a mother. This circumstance somewhat allayed my first fears for her health; but others succeeded. I therefore sent for the family doctor the following morning, on my own responsibility. Never shall I forget

my anxious suspense during his searching questions. However, he at last gave his opinion that his patient was only suffering from excessive fatigue caused by over-travelling; and ordered that she should not leave her bed for at least a week.'

I have thus far, as well as I can recollect, given Madame Francini's account in her own words; but I must condense the sad recital. It was that of a succession of insults to both mother and daughter; the former enduring all for the sake of her child. At one time, the idea occurred to her that her presence in the house might be distasteful to her son-in-law, and she resolved, painful as the parting would be, to propose leaving. She entreated him to be candid with her on the subject. He then told her he preferred, as he expressed it, 'to have some one with common-sense in the house, one too who never seemed tired of being shut up with an invalid; an existence,' he added, 'which would kill him in a week.'

Thus convinced that she was necessary to her son-in-law as well as to her own child, Madame Francini took her position in the house with somewhat more comfort to herself. She was all in all to Claudia, who, after returning the calls of the neighbouring county families, was unable to go more into society. The only peace she enjoyed was during her husband's frequent absences from home. At such times the mother and daughter enjoyed each other's society, by tacit and mutual consent avoiding all conversation relating to Roland, who now scarcely took the trouble to conceal his aversion to all connected with his unfortunate wife. It had absolutely become necessary that a separation should take place; and it was imperative that the assistance of the law be now sought.

"I can prove gross acts of cruelty," said Madame Francini. "It was he who endangered her life before her child was born, and frequently since, in his rage."

"Good heavens, madame," I interrupted, "have you then ventured to leave her with him?"

"No. He left home yesterday for Paris."

I was pacing the room—my way when agitated. Now I sat down again, and prepared to take notes of her communication.

"I know," continued Madame Francini, "that Claudia could tell of many acts of violence which she kept from me. I was witness to some. The first was that to which I have just alluded."

She then told me that one evening when Roland was as usual from home, she and her daughter were together in their usual sitting-room, which opened with French-windows upon a terrace overlooking the park. Their conversation turned upon the old days when music was at once their chief occupation and pleasure.

"Now," said madame, "we never hear a single note. Do, my child, sing for me this evening."

"Do not ask me, dear mamma," said Claudia;

"I really dare not."

"You dare not! What can you mean?" asked the mother.

"I mean," was the reply, "that Roland never allowed me to sing before his foreign friends, in case they should discover that I had been a professional singer. I conclude he would be equally averse to it here."

But Madame Francini, accustomed as she was to his whims and inconsistencies, naturally imagined that the prohibition could not extend to them when alone; so she repented her request still more urgently. Claudia at last consented, and timidly at first tried one of her mother's favourite songs, then another with more confidence, till with the renewed enjoyment of the music she loved, her voice resumed its old power, and she was singing as exquisitely as ever, when the glass doors from the terrace were violently burst open, and Roland, trembling with passion, stood before them. 'What do you mean, Claudia,' he raved, 'by presuming to sing against my wishes? The servants all listening and gaping round the house. Do you think the greatest fool among them can mistake your professional style?' Saying which, he pushed her, unprepared as she was, from the music-stool; and she fell heavily to the ground.

Her mother rushed to her side as she lay there a lifeless heap, and found that she had fainted. In her terror she branded him with having killed her child. He appeared frightened; and taking his young wife in his strong arms, without an effort he placed her upon a sofa, while her distracted mother rang for assistance, and made use of such means as were at hand for the restoration of the unconscious girl.

On the arrival of the doctor she was carried up to the bed which was well-nigh that of death, and from which she did not rise for many weeks after her little girl was born. Madame Francini hoped on that occasion to awaken the newly made father to something like tenderness; but his only reply to news which, under the circumstances, might have touched a heart of stone, was that he would have thanked her for her information had the child been a son.

After Claudia's recovery, Roland's conduct became more reckless than ever, and worse than all, he made no secret of hating the child. As it was delicate at first, he was asked a few hours after its birth by what name he would have it baptised. 'Anything, as long as it is decidedly English,' was his answer—thus prohibiting the name of Claudia.

Madame Francini knew that it would gratify her daughter to name the infant after herself; it was therefore christened Beatrice Lascelles. To this little creature Claudia attached herself with more than a mother's ordinary love. Aware of her husband's feelings towards the child, she scarcely allowed it out of her sight. This great anxiety, the undefined dread which possessed her, added to his violence, and to grosser acts which I will not pain the reader by mentioning, were at last too much for nerves and health so cruelly enfeebled; and it was quite evident that nothing short of being placed legally and completely out of her husband's power, would save Claudia. The doctors talked of ineffectual consumption, and recommended the south of France; but only those who knew the truth, knew also the remedy. Not to fatigue the reader with unnecessary details, I will shortly state that the solicitor I employed wrote to Roland on the subject. I soon received the following lines from him:

DEAR BURGOGNE—I am sorry to find that you are mixed up in this most unpleasant affair. You will say that I ought to have followed your advice,

You disapproved of my foolish marriage from the first; and my best neighbour and old friend Lord Loftus has cut me, because I did not marry his daughter. The fact is Lady Barbara and I were all but engaged; I may say it was quite an understood thing in the family; so I have lost his friendship, worse still, his parliamentary influence as well, by my folly. Of course I shall not attempt a defence.—Yours as ever,

ROLAND MORNINGTON.

A decree for the divorce was pronounced. Ah, why did my every nerve quiver, my every pulse beat with tumultuous emotion when I knew that Claudia was free! True, she was no longer a wife; but to her pure mind that kind of freedom did not signify the enfranchisement which would permit her to seek happiness in the love of another; nor would my own principles, I trust, have allowed me to offer it under the circumstances in which she was now placed. Then why should the words 'Claudia is free,' in spite of my earnest endeavours to banish them from my mind, haunt me like the refrain of a song? I know not; I can only state the fact.

I was to see her once more only before she left England. It was arranged that she with her mother and child were to start for the south of France almost immediately; the precise locality only remained to be chosen.

I dare not trust myself to describe that last interview. Claudia looked more like some beautiful marble statue of her former self, than the bright original, excepting when her eyes rested upon her child; then a tender smile would steal over the passionless stillness of her features. It was evidently her one earthly consolation. I offered up a silent prayer that it might be spared to her; for I saw that in the separation from that blossom, the fragile parent flower would follow.

Soon a long and most interesting letter from Madame Francini, told me of their arrival at Villa France, of their picturesque and pleasant residence there, and of her daughter's improved health and spirits. The little one promised to be a second Claudia—and was well and happy. Two or three other letters followed, all containing the same satisfactory account. 'The life here,' wrote Madame Francini, 'is one of perfect peace. It is this peace which is, more than all the lovely scenery or the pure air, restoring to me my beloved child.'

Then came a long silence. I had written last, and felt vexed with Madame Francini for disappointing me. With my feelings towards Claudia, I would not have drawn Claudia herself into a correspondence with me for the world. So again I wrote to her mother expressing my anxiety. Her answer told me that I had indeed cause for it. Evidently written in great agitation, it began abruptly with these words: 'He is here!' The writer went on to state that Roland had first made his appearance at church the previous Sunday. As he never used to enter one, it could only be to throw himself in their way. Claudia nearly fainted at the sight of him. The next day he had discovered their peaceful abode, for he was seen near the house several times. Already Claudia had determined to give up her pleasant rambles with her child, and would not allow it to be taken out of the house without her. 'All our peace is at

an end; wrote the unhappy lady. 'Claudia is excited and restless; her eyes have already acquired the startled expression, her cheeks the vivid flush which before filled me with apprehension. Pray, write, and advise us if you can.'

I was terribly vexed and indignant. What counsel could I give? It was quite clear that Roland could not be compelled to leave the place. It was open to all who chose to go. The only hope was that he would soon tire of so quiet a spot. Formerly, he would not have endured it for a week. He had already been there longer. His design might be merely to annoy. But it was more probable that he had some ulterior motive for selecting it, as when a second week had nearly passed he still remained, while the little family at the villa still feared to venture beyond the garden, which fortunately was of sufficient extent to afford them daily exercise.

My advice was, that should Roland continue by his presence to keep them prisoners, they should make arrangements for leaving the place as soon as they conveniently could, even if they went for a time to a less agreeable locality. I thought he would scarcely so far disregard that proof of their wish to avoid him, as to follow them.

After this came another long silence. I forbore to write, as I thought they might possibly have been compelled to leave their residence on the coast. Still Madame Francini might write; though she could never guess the deep devoted interest I took in all that concerned her daughter. I knew not what construction to put upon her strange silence. At last my doubts were solved. A letter in Madame Francini's well-known hand was before me. I tore it open as if some presentiment of evil possessed me; but not for one moment did I imagine of what nature. These words informed me: '*Claudia and her husband are once more reconciled!*'

The letter dropped from my nerveless hands. For some moments, during which my brain seemed to be all but paralysed, I was unable to read it. At length I locked my door from all intruders, and nervously myself for the bitter task. The letter filled many pages, and might have been written with tears, so freely they had flowed from the eyes of her who wrote them. Here however, I can only give an epitome of the unhappy mother's pathetic account.

When the two ladies had remained resolutely confined to the house or garden for a fortnight, Claudia received a letter from Roland, which threw her into violent agitation. At first she would not open it; but the desire to know his motive for following her, induced her to do so. The letter breathed the deepest repentance, and the writer implored her to answer it, if even to tell him that it was of no avail. She thought it prudent to refrain from entering into a correspondence. But another letter from him more urgent than the first caused her to waver. She would have told him he was forgiven—as no doubt he was by that sweet saint—but for her mother's wise counsel. Then came a third still more penitent letter, imploring his 'once loving Claudia' to grant him a sight of the child. Surely that was a favour a father might reasonably ask even of the woman who had so much to forgive.

This quite broke down the young mother's reso-

lution. The daily walks should be renewed, which, after all, she thought necessary for her child's health; and the father should look upon her darling. Claudia asked her mother to accompany her to the trysting-place, for so it might be called; but Madame Francini declined to countenance the meeting in any way; so Claudia, wayward for the first time in her life, set out with the little girl and her nurse to meet him, who with all his sins against her, had been the husband of her youth. The interview was short, but had evidently made a deep impression upon Claudia. On her return, she told her mother that she was now convinced of the sincerity of his repentance—that he was in ecstasies with the beauty of their little daughter; and that he had by the tenderness which the sight of the child had awakened in him, made her feel as if she had been too hasty, in fact almost wicked in insisting upon a divorce!

Poor Madame Francini heard all this with dismay. She was a sincerely religious woman, and could not bring herself to trust one who had no faith. She dwelt upon this point most earnestly with her daughter; but in vain. Roland had resumed much of his old power over her, and her heart was filled with self-reproach for what she termed her desertion.

After this meeting, Madame Francini decided to accompany her daughter in her walks, in the hope that the man she dreaded would not venture to molest them in her presence. At such times he would bow with the utmost respect to the ladies, and never failed to caress the child. From these walks, which used to bring back the glow of health to the cheek of the invalid, Claudia now returned feverish and unhappy. Her peace was at an end. The crisis was at hand. One morning, when Madame Francini had gone to early service as usual, Claudia was at home alone preparing breakfast. She heard the garden-gate swing to, and thinking it could only be her mother—though considerably earlier than usual—returned from church, she ran to open the door for her. The surprise was almost too much for her when she beheld Roland; and in her agitation she would have fallen but for his supporting arms. He had doubtless called to his aid all his subtle power of fascination; for when Madame Francini returned—her entrance being unobserved—he was kneeling before Claudia, calling her by every endearing name and imploring her forgiveness. Quite unabashed, he turned to her mother, and entreated her to speak for him; but she indignantly reproved him for his intrusion; and while he poured forth the most vehement protestations of repentant sorrow for the past, she heard him with increased distrust; Claudia alas! with that pity which too surely was fast melting into rekindled love.

The distressing letter concluded with these heart-rending words: 'I have reasoned with my child; I have used every argument I can think of; but all alas! in vain! In all probability, by the time you receive this, Roland Montington and Claudia will again be solemnly betrothed.'

The mother's fears were realised. The daughter's heart, full of divine compassion, returned to its first love, and in less than a month from the date of Madame Francini's foregoing letter I received the fatal news of their re-marriage. Yes! at the

end of one year from the date of the divorce, Roland and Claudia were again man and wife.

'They were reunited at the little church,' wrote Madame Francini, 'which my poor child and I have attended ever since we came here. The good priest who has been so valuable a friend to us became also the friend of Roland; his mission being one of peace, his creed against divorce, no wonder he took the part of the repentant husband. God grant he may be right. But he saw not as I saw, the sinister smile of triumph which curled Roland's lip at the very altar; he heard not the tone in which he said to me: "I know, madame, I have your good wishes. Believe me, they are reciprocal!"' Claudia looked as confidently happy as on the morning when she first became a wife. Her tears only began to flow when she took leave of her little girl. "Only for a few days, my darling!" she murmured as she fondly pressed the child to her heart; then kissing me affectionately, said: "I know I need not ask my dearest mother to take care of her till we meet again, for the sake of her Claudia!"'

It was arranged that the re-married pair should go to Montpellier for a week, during which time Madame Francini was to prepare for returning to England with them. She was comforted with one happy letter from her daughter. 'Have no fears for me, dearest mamma,' she wrote, after announcing their arrival at their destination. 'Roland loves me more devotedly than ever. But a few days more, and then I shall be with all I love in the world! Happy as I am now, I long to be again with you and my precious little Beatrice.'

The mother's heart was somewhat more at rest. She occupied herself in preparations for their return to Villa Franca and their subsequent departure for England. Her little charge was becoming daily more interesting, so that the days appeared to glide swiftly past, till the morning fixed for their meeting. It brought a letter, which to Madame Francini's intense surprise and disappointment was superscribed Mornington! It was but a few lines from Claudia to say that letters from England requiring Roland's immediate presence there, had obliged them to start by the first packet from Dieppe; not even giving her time to write before their departure; that she would again write when they were settled, to arrange for her mother and child to join them there.

AFGHANISTAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

AFGHANISTAN, which we hear so much about, is looked upon as the north-west 'gate of India,' and consists of two large districts or provinces, named respectively Cabul and Khorassan; the former being a mountainous region situated north of Ghuzni and the Sufed Koh or White Mountains, and bounded on the east and west by the Indus, and the expanse of country known as the Hazara; while the latter extends on the north to Hazara and Ghor, and on the south to Beloochistan, with the Suliman range on the east, and Persia on the west.

The scenery in Cabul, which is the chief seat of the Ameer of Afghanistan—Shere Ali Khan—is very grand, and consists mainly of lofty snow-

capped mountains, the lower portions of which are covered with pine-forests, while the vales and glens are enriched with luxuriant foliage, and watered by numerous mountain streams. Khorassan or the Land of the Sun is on the other hand almost the opposite of Cabul, for its principal features are long low ranges of rocky hills and elevated plateaus of sand and gravel; and while the summer in Cabul is rendered mild and bearable by the cool breezes wafted down to its plains from the mountains, Khorassan has to bear the full blaze of the fierce Indian sun.

In the Mohammedan cemetery on the south-east of the city of Cabul is a tombstone with the following epitaph: 'Here lieth the body of JOHN HICKS, son of Thomas and Edith Hicks, who departed this life 11th October 1666.' Perhaps some of our readers can inform us as to who John Hicks was, and what took him to Cabul in the days when Aurungzebe was Mogul of India, and Charles II. king of England.

The population of Afghanistan is composed of a variety of races or tribes, amongst whom are the Boddars, the Kutrans, the Kasrauees, the Murrees, the Cutchees, and the Bugtees, beside the wild and cruel Jajis who haunt the Khyber Pass and its neighbourhood. The dominant race in Khorassan is undoubtedly the Brahoe, which is supposed by some authorities to have come from Abyssinia, while others maintain that the tribes are of Mongol extraction. The term Belooch (for these tribes are also known as the Beloochees—Beloochistan being the original name of Khorassan), or *Bilueh* as it is written by the Persian scribes, is, according to Professor Rawlinson, derived from Belus king of Babylonia, the Nimrod of Scripture.

The government of each tribe is a most complete democracy, split up into as many factions as there are families. Each section of a tribe has its own quarrels and supports its own chief, whose tenure of authority is often of the most precarious nature, being raised to power one day to be overthrown the next. There are also blood-feuds of long standing between them, so that village is divided against village and house against house. It was to one of these terrible feuds that the late Lord Mayo owed his sad death; the man who assassinated him having been sentenced to penal servitude for life for killing another with whom he had a feud. He had once been servant to the Viceroy, and thought that he should have pardoned him.

The most numerous and important race are the Afghans proper, whose form of government and general customs resemble all other Mohammedan nations, and who, while proud of their Islamism, do not hesitate to break all its laws whenever their love of fighting, thieving, and debauchery makes it incumbent on them to do so. The absence from their midst of honour and patriotism is very remarkable; indeed they are a bigoted and treacherous race, stained by indescribable debauchery, and degraded to the lowest depths of infamy and corruption.

In spite of their debauched lives, it is remarkable to find that the Afghans and Beloochees are physically fine races, tall, robust, well-formed, and active. The former especially have extremely handsome faces; and the beauty of their women

has been noticed by all our travellers. The Afghans are great sportsmen, hunting and hawking being their favourite pastime, while in marksmanship and horsemanship they cannot be excelled. Strange to say, chess is one of their amusements; but what they most like is to lie and listen to stories of the *Arabian Nights'* style, though more interminable, and always of a more or less corrupt nature.

The females enhance their beauty by all the artifices so well known to the eastern peoples; and their hair, worn in long plaits, is often adorned with ornaments of a rough, yet withal of an effective character, composed of metal or glass. The women of the higher classes are however, kept in strict seclusion, and nobody is permitted to enter the harems, where they pass the greater part of their lives.

Perhaps the most lawless of all the Afghan tribes is the frontier tribe, the Waziris, who are born warriors, and splendid horsemen. It was these men who lately lined the sides and summits of the mountains in the Khyber Pass for the purpose of preventing the passage of our friendly mission and its escort. The head-men of the Waziris are, it appears, now periodically summoned to Cabul, whence they return bearing handsome presents from the Ameer. The members of the tribe are however, an antiseptic set of fellows; and it is not at all improbable that they may eventually desert Sher Ali in spite of his presents, in order to accept regular pay from the Indian government. For though essentially fighting-men, the Waziris are fond of money, and are not only dreaded by their neighbours for their ferocious bravery, but are likewise envied for their wealth. They possess a famous breed of horses, which they have managed very cleverly to keep to themselves. These horses are distinguished by a peculiar curve and twist of the ear, and are remarkable for their wiry hardy frame and high temper. The tradition is that the Waziris stole the royal progenitors of their studs from the stables of the Persian Nadir Shah when he invaded India; but the Waziris themselves assert that the Conqueror bestowed the precious animals upon their ancestors as a mark of his admiration of their brilliant horsemanship.

They never shoe their steeds, but ride them bare-loofed, and even at times bare-backed, up and down the dangerous mountain passes, as if they were veritable centaurs; and so highly do they prize their exclusive possession of the breed, that they will never sell a mare, though a market is held periodically at Thul for the sale of horses.

In some parts of the country so thievish are the propensities of the inhabitants, that while one man ploughs in a field another stands on the watch, rifle in hand. Indeed the Toris of Boghza, a large hamlet situated near Sadkhan, are all thieves; and when a male child is born, the baptismal ceremony consists in putting the infant burglar through a hole in the wall, while his relatives exhort him to be a thief 'heart and hand' as his father and grandfather were before him. A marline-spike, used for breaking holes through the mud walls of neighbours' houses, is part of the regular furniture of a Tori house, and is looked upon as a household chattel, especially in the home of a young couple about to make a start in life.

On the other side of the hill, or mountain, where these people dwell, exists a tribe called the Jajis; and the two tribes nourish such a hatred of each other that no member of either party dares to cross the barrier which thus separates them. These Jajis live in square structures of stone and mud erected on log platforms and profusely loop-holed. The entrance is from beneath by a trap-door and rope-ladder, which is drawn up when the inmate is housed. When neighbouring families are at feud, they keep such a strict watch on each other's movements that they are often confined to their 'shooting-boxes' for weeks together.

The Jajis are perfect savages in their habits and customs, and when they are pursued, they leap from rock to rock like a lot of monkeys; so that there is no possibility of punishing them for any act of savagery that they may have committed. When they are thoroughly aroused, they dance about the sides and summits of the hills, yelling fearfully, and brandishing wildly their terrible Afghan knives. Chanting a war-song as an accompaniment to pipes and drums, they endeavour to terrify an enemy to the utmost extent previous to attacking him. It is an astounding fact, however, that although they are deaf to every other appeal which may be made to them, they instantly submit to listen to one based upon their 'honour!' Savage and lawless as they are, they yet deem themselves the possessors of 'honour,' and an appeal based upon their honour as Afghan gentlemen is simply irresistible. Surely this is a remarkable psychological fact, and one that is worth inquiring into by students in the science of ethnology.

These then are the people with whom our troops will have to deal should England unfortunately be engaged in another war with Afghanistan; but the tribes are not *all* necessarily hostile to us. Though nominally owing allegiance to Sher Ali Khan, the Afghans, and especially the frontier tribes, are ever ready to sell their swords to the highest bidder; although perchance on this occasion the ruler of Afghanistan may have already made doubly sure their allegiance to him.

Afghanistan and British India are divided by a mountainous range, which reaches in some cases to an elevation of eighteen thousand feet, and which not only serves for a screen through which a secretly collected army could dash upon an unsuspecting foe, but also consists of a broad tract of mountainous land, inhospitable to the last degree, and inhabited, as we have already seen, by numerous savage and utterly lawless tribes. It is pierced by several passes, the most famous of which is the Kyber, or Khyber, of evil memory, near which, in 1839, a large English force was literally cut to pieces, one man alone escaping to Jelalabad to tell the lamentable story. There are now about seventeen well-defined roads practicable for the movements of lightly equipped columns, and four along which guns could be taken. These are annually traversed by Afghan merchants who bring the produce of Central Asia into Hindustan and take back English wares in exchange.

The great drawback to these roads being used in the time of war is, that our own means of communication with them are of the worst description, and would present as many difficulties to an expeditionary force moving within our own borders as it would find in the mountains them-

selves. Hence it will be necessary that the Khyber and Bolan passes should again be chosen as the routes by which the invading army must enter Afghanistan.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—ANTECEDENTS.

A SHORT time after one of those unhappy outbreaks which seem periodically to take place in Ireland, two members of the police force were sent down from the dépôt in Dublin to be stationed at the small village of Mullaghboy, near Dundalk in the county of Louth. One of them was the man who records this history; the other, his constant friend sub-constable Michael O'Dowd. Having but recently joined the ranks of the Irish constabulary, promotion was the ardent desire of us both; it occupied our thoughts the livelong day, and got mixed up with our dreams at night. But Mullaghboy was a very unsuitable district for such two enterprising members of the force. The opportunities it afforded for crime were ridiculously rare—one public-house, a market every Tuesday, and a fair four times in the year. Against such disadvantages we struggled untiringly during the space of two years, without gaining a single smile from hard-hearted Fortune. On one occasion it was announced that the magistrate's greatcoat had been stolen out of his hall, and I was the man who spent a whole fortnight in a painstaking investigation of the theft. It was, I confess, an unsatisfactory termination of my search to find that the greatcoat had in point of fact never left the magisterial residence at all, but had through mistake been put away in a wardrobe by one of the servants, who had left a short time before the hue-and-cry was raised. However, the process by which I led up to that discovery was quite beautiful, as all the barracks allowed, I bitterly felt the disappointment consequent on my failing to establish a case of burglary, which would certainly have insured for me the long-wished-for stripe.

Since that time I was familiarly known as Detective Dick. I gloried in the title, and was determined to establish my claim to it on a still more secure basis. A fire broke out in a farmhouse. O'Dowd and myself were the first on the spot, and strained every effort to establish out of it a case of malicious burning, and get the damages charged on the adjacent townlands; but the old couple who lived on the premises obstinately persisted in alleging it to be their own fault. Once too a wedding took place in the village, wherein the bride and bridegroom represented the two factions of importance. When the bride's treat came off at the public-house, there were reasonable hopes of a row; but though we kept out of the way most carefully, nothing came of it, and the party broke up in quite an amicable fashion.

We had come down to Mullaghboy at a very bad juncture. As often happens in Ireland, a

profound calm had succeeded a stormy season of political agitation. The people seemed bent on giving us no trouble, as if through spite. And yet we were in the very district where two murders of a dreadful character had been committed, for which sixteen men were committed and one hanged. But through the general gloom shone one ray of hope. Jimmy Lawless was a man whose vagaries pleasingly contrasted with the all-pervading quiet. He and his wife represented the lowest stratum of society in the place. They kept up no style, and lived a sort of Bohemian existence. O'Dowd and I had our eyes on them ever since we came down to that unfortunate neighbourhood. They were wily; so much so, that the only chances they ever gave us were when they came back tipsy from neighbouring fairs, or of a Saturday night, when they went down as a matter of course to the public-house. On such occasions we would descend with dignity and haul off both of them to barracks. Their mode of making a livelihood was precarious. A stranger, judging from the variety of trades in which they embarked, would conclude that they were hard struggling folks. But we knew them to be notorious thieves, and that their various trades were only a make-believe to blind the country-people. Lawless himself bought up decrepit old horses, whose hides and bones he used to sell to the dealers. He caught and trained singing-birds in the season. He made baskets, besoms, and beescaups. He sold greyhounds and terriers; in fact any kind of dog you might want, even though he should have to go ten miles off to steal it for you. His wife dealt in knitted socks, dandelion, apples, sweet-stuff, and the like necessities and luxuries of life. In fact they were employed in anything or everything except honest industry, and were designated as regular 'charuets,' though character they had none.

But as I said before, O'Dowd and I had our eye on them, and they could hardly turn for us. They lived a considerable distance out of the village, but were nearly always in it, hankering after a rich old relative of theirs named Peggy Malone. Peggy was a widow without any children, and pursued the lawful calling of a pedler. She was reputed to be very rich. Report said she had a stocking full of sovereigns hid in the thatch of her lonely cottage. In business she was quite indefatigable, despite her years; she had every day of the week except Sunday, occupied. Thus of a Monday she would go to Dundalk market, a distance of eight miles; having to rise for that purpose before the break of day. Of a Tuesday it would be her native Mullaghboy; of a Wednesday, Carrickmore; and so on to the end of the week. She used to carry about with her the money, oftentimes a respectable sum, which she realised at these markets. She was always averse to the advances of the Lawless family, and had come to an open rupture with them a short time before the deed of blood which I am about to record, took place.

CHAPTER II.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

One Monday evening late in December, O'Dowd and I were seated at opposite sides of the kitchen-fire in Mullaghboy barracks, waiting for the hour of ten, when we should go out on patrol along the

Dundalk Road. Seated on a chair between us, an old dissipated tinker named Walsh, whom we had picked up in the afternoon out of a ditch, was sleeping away his debauch. We found the poor soul in a drenched and helpless condition, and not having the heart to put him in the lock-up at once, allowed him to stay at the warm kitchen-fire. Soon the heat and thirst roused him from his torpor. Addressing me by the name of Lawless, he asked for a glass of something. I told him that he was in the barracks—a fact indeed which he ought to have known, for it was not his first appearance there—and threatened to lock him up if he were not quiet. He calmed down considerably, and asked me if Lawless had been arrested too. On receiving an answer in the negative, he muttered his annoyance, and informed us that Lawless was a rascal well worth watching, always up to some blackguard game or another, &c.

O'Dowd winked at me across the hearth to draw out Walsh more fully on this topic. As I considered myself pretty skilful at a cross-examination—I used to watch Mr Macwheeler the attorney at petty sessions—I proceeded at once to business.

'How did it come about at all, man, that we found you lying in that shocking puddle?' I asked.

'Begorra sir, I'll tell you that same,' said he, 'You see I done a good stroke of work all through the country last week an' made a pot of money. On Saturday evenin' I got into this town an' kem across Lawless down at the public-house—worse luck! We fell to the drinkin' from that on, an'orra a wau of us sturred till the last copper was split.'

'Is Lawless so strong in cash as all that?'

'Lawless strong in cash, did you say sir? Why, that fellow hasn't a brass farthing to bless himself with! It was me own money he was drinkin'.'

'But is not Mrs Malone doing something for him?'

'Och sir, shure you must have heard how she chased him an' the wife last week; an' you know that them as waits for dead men's shoes must go a long while barefooted. An' be the same token, I wouldn't like to be in ould Peggy Malone's shoes this mornin'; for Lawless is very hard on her. He tells me that if he can't get a share of the stockin' be fair manes, some other folks 'ill be takin' it from her be foul; an' I know what he manes be that. Be me faith, I wouldn't put it past the same bludy to give her an' her cart a cown [overset] some one of these fine nights!'

'Take care of what you are about,' I interrupted, 'for what you have just said might be twisted into a libel.'

'A lie, did you say? I'd take me davy that he'd do it if he got the chance. An' the blaggard rascal was wantin' money this mornin' from me to do a stroke of bizness, be your lave. Well thin, to make a long story short, I was lavin' him a bit of the road home this evenin', an' the thirist came on us very bad, an' I suk a bottle out of me pocket, an' we sat down on the mortal spot an' finished it. An' thin I suppose I fell asleep, an' he hooked it away; an' you found me lyin' in the ditch; an' here I am widorra as much as would jingle on a tombstone.' As he spoke, he pulled

out the lining of his pockets and displayed—emptiness.

Ten o'clock struck, and at the same moment the sergeant of the barracks entering ordered us out for patrol. Having equipped ourselves with our accoutrements, we went out together through the deserted streets of the village and along the Dundalk Road.

Peggy Malone's house was the last we had to pass in making our exit, and the recent conversation directed my attention towards it. I could see that she had not yet returned from Dundalk market: there was no light in the window, nor was her cart in its usual place in front of the door. I directed O'Dowd's attention to the fact. He thought it very strange indeed, as she had never, to his knowledge, been out so late before; and to-morrow would be the market-day in the village. He thought it probable however, that we would meet her somewhere on the road. The night was fine, though rain had fallen during the day, and the full moon shone at intervals through rifts in the clouds. We advanced at a leisurely pace, discussing constabulary matters in general and the freaks of Lawless in particular. At length we found ourselves at the end of our beat without observing any trace of Peggy or her cart. A simultaneous impulse urged us to continue our walk about half a mile beyond our accustomed limits. This brought us to a sequestered part of the road, where it ran through a deep glen for some distance, closed in on both sides and overarched by dense trees; a haunt vocal with crows in the daytime, but terrible in its stillness once night came on. The associations connected with the spot were none of the pleasantest, for a land-agent and his bailiff had been murdered there three years before. Altogether it was a very undesirable spot at about eleven o'clock of a dark night in the month of December.

When we reached the entrance of the glen, we paused to listen for the wheels of Peggy's vehicle, and thought at first we could discern the rumbling of a cart on the hill, at the other side of the valley; but it was apparently going in the opposite direction, as the sound became fainter and fainter by degrees, and at length ceased altogether. However, we resolved to go to the end of the glen at least, to see if all was right, and then turn homewards. We had proceeded a few paces further alongside the wood, keeping eyes and ears on the alert, when suddenly I heard O'Dowd utter an exclamation. Just then the moon came out from behind a dark cloud. Turning round, I observed O'Dowd, who had halted, stooping down in an attitude of horror towards some dark object on the roadside. I ran over, and in the clear moonlight I could see that it was a pool of blood! It was evident, from the disturbed condition of the mud and stones, that a considerable struggle must have taken place there. The body whose life-blood had been drained away was not to be found; but there were the tracks of a horse, of a cart, and of a human being. Those of the horse were very irregular, facing every direction, and tearing up the ground, just as if the animal had been turned round sharply or made to back against his will. Those left by the cart-wheels pointed to the former supposition, indicating as they did that the vehicle had come up to the spot from the direction of Dundalk, wheeled right about and gone back by the way it came.

'It must have been Peggy Malone's cart!' exclaimed O'Dowd excitedly.

I made him no answer, for I was now proceeding to examine the human foot-prints. In my eagerness I knelt down on the wet road and with the aid of a lighted match scrutinised them closely. I could see that they had been left by a man wearing hobnailed shoes, and also that each right foot-print had a deep indentation in the centre, from which I concluded—rightly as it turned out—that the wearer must have had a frost-nail in the centre of his right shoe. Country folks about used such nails to prevent themselves from slipping in frosty weather.

While I was making these important and interesting observations, O'Dowd had been searching the low hedges that bordered the road on both sides for traces of the victim. In this however, he failed; but nearly opposite to where the occurrence took place, he came upon an old clay-pipe lying on the grass beside the ditch. It bore a strong resemblance to the *dhudeen* which Lawless used to smoke, being short in the stem and begrimed with constant use. We failed to discover anything else in the vicinity calculated to throw light on the mysterious business, though we continued our investigations for a considerable time longer. The conclusions at which we arrived accorded in almost every respect. Lawless had parted from the tinker that evening, after having primed himself for the deed with liquor at the tinker's expense. He had come down to this lowly spot, thinking that it was most suitable for his villainous purpose, both from its seclusion and from the fact that our patrol never by any chance extended to within half a mile of it. Most probably he had been smoking his pipe at the adjacent hedge to while away the time until the unsuspicious Peggy should make her appearance. Then on hearing her approach down the hill at the other end of the valley, he had forgotten in his excitement to put the pipe into his pocket. When the cart came up to his place of concealment, he had started out, surprised the defenceless woman, and the deed was done. He must have come upon her unawares before she could leave her cart. The absence of foot-prints other than those of the assassin pointed to that conclusion. The distant lumbering of wheels which we had heard on entering the grove must have been none other than the noise of the cart containing the murderer, his unfortunate victim, and the wealth that had instigated him to the dastardly crime.

CHAPTER III.—CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

We saw that no time was to be lost, as everything depended on our promptness. Thus the chances of the assassin's escape would be lessened; besides, who knew but that some luckier member of the force might cross the scent ahead of us and succeed in bagging our own lawful game! We held a council of war on the spot, and concluded to return with all speed to the village, report progress at the barracks, and obtain a search-warrant to overhaul Lawless's quarters. We soon got back to the village, where, after a little delay, we succeeded in obtaining the warrant, and also the one available man left in the barracks as a reinforcement; the rest having been ordered away the day previous to another part of the

country on some rioting business. With great promptness we ordered out the only car in the village, jumped on it, and in quick time reached the entrance to the lane that led up to Lawless's hovel. This lane left the Dundalk Road on the right-hand side at a short distance beyond the scene described, and was extremely narrow and dangerous. Farther advance on the vehicle was not to be thought of; so we counselled the driver to wait where he was, at the entrance of the lane, till we came back; a thing which he was exceedingly loath to do. Then we pressed forward on foot.

We soon found ourselves floundering through a marshy moor, where at every step we stumbled against some projecting stone or clump of heather or plunged into a pool of bog-water. To add to our misery, a dense drizzling rain began to fall, and the darkness hardly allowed us to see objects five yards ahead. In the pursuit of fame other men have been known to wade through fire; we were wading through bog-holes. It was a tiresome business, yet we held on gallantly till we arrived within a short distance of the place where the house should be. Here we halted and divided our forces. We knew the Lawless family residence of old; how well it was provided against such sudden invasions. It was a mere cabin, with a small door and window in front, while in the rear, another door opened out upon a moorland district. Many a time had the wily Lawless given the Royal Irish the slip; for whilst they were haughtily demanding entrance in the name of the law at the front door, Lawless would be making his exit through the door at the back, and get clear off into the mountains. Thus his arrest or the detection of stolen goods was rendered very difficult indeed. Now however, under my directions, O'Dowd, our reinforcement, and myself arrived simultaneously at the front door, back door, and window. I knew Lawless to be a powerful determined fellow, not likely to surrender his liberty without an effort; so I screwed up the courage in my heart and the bayonet on my gun, resolved to secure my man or die in the attempt. All the dispositions having been satisfactorily made, I knocked, and demanded entrance in the usual form. At first, no response. All was as silent as the grave. During the few brief moments that ensued, I could almost hear my heart beat with nervous throbbings; for we policemen are only men after all. Then I knocked again; and this time heard a slight bustling noise inside. A low voice, that of Lawless's wife, asked who was there. I told her my name and mission, and that all resistance was useless, as we should have to break the door open in case she refused to admit us. The bar was immediately drawn back. I gave instructions to the reinforcement to follow me up closely, and entered boldly. The old woman at my direction struck a light, and revealed herself in—well, undress. I undid the bolt of the back door and admitted the dauntless O'Dowd. Then I searched the place from top to bottom, O'Dowd and the reinforcement keeping guard meanwhile at each door, to prevent an attempt at escape. But such precautions were useless; for after half an hour spent in a most painstaking investigation, I failed to discover any trace of Lawless, or anything which would lead us to believe that he had been in the house recently. During my search, the woman looked on in sullen silence.

At its conclusion I put the question to her point-blank: 'Where is your husband to-night, Mrs Lawless?'

'Well thin,' she answered in a tone of vexation, 'I'm thinkin' it's meself ought to be axin' you that same, seein' as how you kape a closer eye upon him than any one I know of.'

'At anyrate, Mrs Lawless, you know that we policemen must do our duty; and by all accounts, he's not giving yourself the best of fair-play.'

'Well, I suppose that's a matter betune me an' him. An' if he does go about the country squanderin' an' batterin', it's not at your expence any how.'

'Surely,' said I, pretending to be in noway anxious, 'but we want him down at the barracks about a little bit of business that he had a hand in. But never mind blaming us, who wouldn't allow a hair of your head to be touched. And this I will say, that it's the wonder of the whole country how you bear up with him, driving himself and your own respectable family to ruin.'

'In troth sir, that's thrue for you,' she replied, somewhat softened. 'An' it was an onlucky day whin I, a daycent Malone, tuk the notion of comin' in among the dirty Lawlesses, the thievin' pack! But shure, I was young an' innocent thin,' she added after a pause.

'There's no use in tellin' us what we know, Mrs Lawless, and that can't be helped now. It's time for us to be biddin' you good-night ma'am; and sorry we are for having had to disturb you.—By the way, here's a pipe that I think belongs to you: we found it outside.'

'No sir; it's not mine; it's Jack's; for it was him put that mark on the bowl wid his knife.'

'Well, in that case ma'am,' said I, smiling, 'I had better keep it till I see himself to-morrow. But if he ever gives you any trouble, just slip down to Mr O'Dowd and me, and I'll engage that you won't have to complain a second time.'

'Thank ye kindly for that same,' she replied; 'and I wish ye good-night an' safe home.'

'Talking about getting safe home, Mrs Lawless,' said O'Dowd, 'you haven't got the best avenue in the world for visitors on a dark night; and the rain has not improved it. I was hoping that the weather was beginning to harden when I saw last Thursday's frost.'

'Frost never lasts no time in December,' replied the unsuspecting lady.

'When I saw the people bringing their horses to the forge to get them sharpened,' said I, 'the idea struck me that they were only throwing away their time and money.'

'Well, jist think of that now!' she broke in with admiration. 'I ned the identical same remark to Lawless on Thursday, as he was sittin' in that corner there hammerin' a frost-nail into his brogue. But what I says is, Live an' learn.'

We failed to get anything further of importance out of the old dame, though she seemed to be in a very good frame of mind for affording information; so we took our leave with expressions of good-will on both sides.

The rain was still falling when we quitted the hovel. Our passage back was if possible fraught with increased discomfort and difficulty, owing to the completely saturated state of the ground. At length we emerged upon the high-road,

dripping from head to foot, but still not disheartened.

During our absence the carman had had his own share of vexation. It had rained on him continuously ever since; and the care of his horse had prevented him from seeking a more adequate shelter than that afforded by the neighbouring thorn-hedge. At the sound of our footsteps he came out of his retreat, and glad he was to see us back again.

'Tare an' ounds, min,' said he, 'but I was jist thinkin' I'd never clap eyes on you agin, a scourin' the whole blissed country of a night like this. Fair, an' it's meself that's well pleased that you haven't come into any harm; for atune ounsels, I wouldn't jist like to be turnin' me daycent car into a hearse.' He was quite reeking with wet, much worse than any one of ourselves, and shook all over as if in an ague fit.

Whilst O'Dowd and I were resolving on the next move, our companion constable went up to him in a sympathising way. 'Is your coat very wet, Larry?' said he.

'Be the tarlins, sir, the coat surrindhered to the rain ages ago; but the shirt is houldin' out grand. It's caulkin' up the pores in me skin so cliver, that divil resave the drop of wet 'ud reach me bones till the morrow mornin'.'

Before the constable had time to reply, I turned round to the carman and asked: 'Did you see any person or persons pass by from the Dundalk direction, while you were waiting for us?'

'Not a livin' sowl, barrin' Pat Murphy, that's sarvint-bhoy to Mr O'Connor down at the Glen Mills there. An' savin' yer presence, I wish I was as near the kiln-fire as I expect he is this minit.'

O'Dowd here remarked to me: 'The night is young still. I think that the best course we can take is to drop down to the mills and see if the people there know anything, or if Murphy met any one to-night on his road home from Dundalk.'

I jumped at the suggestion, and reminded O'Dowd of the fact that the Glen Mills were the nearest human habitation to the scene of the catastrophe. The rain was now falling in torrents; the state of our clothes—it could not be worse. Our reinforcement, who was a raw recruit, and who doubtless was wishing himself back again in his native depôt, here feebly suggested the advisability of returning home. 'For,' said he, 'we will be able to see things better after daybreak.'

'A policeman must be a policeman when duty calls,' I replied haughtily; 'and Sub-constable Green ought to be more fully alive to the responsibilities of his position.—Drive on!' said I to the carman.

He obeyed promptly, looking forward with pleasure to an opportunity of drying his clothes at the kiln-fire.

In a few minutes we had reached the mills. At the sound of the wheels, O'Connor came out of his kitchen, where his servant-man Murphy was seated at his supper. He was surprised to see us stop before his door, and accorded us an Irish welcome to step in out of the rain. We did so nothing loath, as may be imagined, and proceeded to dry ourselves at the kitchen fire standing, for we were too wet to sit down. O'Connor and his man were the only persons in the house still up; all the rest had gone to bed, as we could judge

from the tell-tale snoring from an adjacent room. I told O'Connor our business; how that old Peggy Malone had been murdered down in the glen that night in a most shocking manner, and that we had dropped down to his place, hoping that he might be able to throw some light on the affair, as he lived so near the spot. He was quite horrified at the news, as also was his servant, who, from the moment he heard it, suspended his supper operations, listening with eyes and mouth wide open to the conversation. O'Connor told me that he had been engaged about the mill all the evening until a late hour. Returning from the kiln at ten o'clock or thereabouts, he had heard noises of a confused nature down the road, but had not paid much attention to them, thinking that they proceeded from some drunken party getting home from the market. He had heard the wheels of a cart too coming down the glen road from Dundalk direction; he was quite certain about that; and after a little time another cart, as he imagined, had passed, going in the opposite direction. The scuffling noises took place some time between the passage of the two carts. After that he had gone into his house, and heard no more.

When he had concluded his story, he asked me if I had reasons for suspecting any one in particular as the assassin. I told him we strongly suspected Lawless, and mentioned at the same time the several particulars by which we were led to conclude that he was the man.

At the mention of Lawless's name, the countenance of Murphy, which had all along been quite a study, assumed a frightful aspect; and he blurted out in a gasping tone: 'Why! why! I met Lawless on a cart just as I was lavin' Dundalk. Presarve us from harum! but I was jist goin' to spake to the villain, whin he turned away his head to the wan side. Murderer alive! jist to think of it!' After this fashion he continued to express his horror of the deed and the perpetrator of it. But the hearts of O'Dowd, myself, and possibly the recruit, rejoiced at the disclosure. Here was a fresh reliable clue, not only connecting Lawless with the act, but also affording most valuable information as to his whereabouts.

We hastened to express our thanks to master and man for their timely assistance in the matter, bade them a warm good night, and hurried out of the house. We roused our carman from the kiln-fire where he was drying himself, and told him to drive straight into Dundalk. He was disagreeably surprised at the order, but promptly obeyed; and soon again we were plunging on at a rapid rate through the darkness. On, on we sped. The driver was careful not to draw rein up hill or down brae. He knew now that we were after Lawless, became excited in consequence, and was in momentary fear of an attack being made upon us. I saw him anxiously scan the hedges as we scurried past them, and at intervals grasp his whip in a determined fashion. When we were in any particularly suspicious spot, I could hear him repeat his prayers in a hurried tone; and once he leant down from his seat to inform me that if he felt the horse and car were to go to his brother Mick, and the house and garden av coorse to the ould woman. Still onward we sped, every moment bringing us nearer the grand climax of our hopes. The links in the chain of evidence

were fitting in beautifully, and we were in high expectations of soon laying our hands upon the perpetrator of the horrid deed.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

A MUCH desired reform has lately been accomplished—namely, the freeing of two of the toll-bridges that cross the river Thames; the vested interests in each structure, or in other words the shareholders' rights, having been bought for this purpose by the Metropolitan Board of Works, in pursuance of an Act of Parliament passed during the session of 1877.

The bridges which are to be thrown open to the public 'for ever' are nine in number—the chief amongst them being Waterloo Bridge, which has quite a history of its own. It is built entirely of granite, and occupied six years in its erection, the cost exceeding a million sterling—a fact which will go far to explain its failure from a financial point of view, it being well known that the original shareholders have never been recouped, although the toll for many years past has amounted to the extraordinary sum of *twenty-two thousand pounds per annum*.

The opening of Waterloo Bridge, which took place on the 6th October last, is an invaluable boon to Londoners, as from the central position which it occupies it is exceedingly convenient for many thousands of persons whose business carries them backwards and forwards between the Strand and the southern portion of the metropolis, and a great number of whom purposely went round by London or Blackfriars Bridges, to avoid the nuisance and expense of the toll.

The Act of Parliament compelled the Waterloo Bridge Company of Proprietors, and also the owners of the other toll-bridges, to transfer their property to the Board of Works on payment by the latter of a sum representing the fair value of each structure—arbitration being resorted to in cases of disagreement; and the Waterloo Bridge Company having declined to accept the sum tendered by the Board, the latter course was adopted; the result being that this magnificent structure has been secured to the nation for the sum of four hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds, or about one-third of its original cost.

Waterloo Bridge has been in existence about sixty years. The first stone was laid on the 11th of October 1811, when a block of Cornish granite was laid over a cavity containing gold and silver coins; in 1817 the bridge was finished. Its architect was John Rennie, who built it from the design of Ralph Dodd; and it is notable as being the first bridge ever constructed with a perfectly level roadway from one end to the other. It should also be mentioned, in order to shew the costly scale on which the work was carried on, that the small granite pillars that form the balustrading of the bridge, and said to be three hundred and sixty-five in number, were all chiselled by hand, and cost five pounds each for workmanship alone. The approach to the bridge from the Strand was unfortunately not purchased until after the bridge was built, a mistake which added considerably to its cost.

This fine specimen of architecture, which bids fair to last as long as London itself, was opened as a toll-bridge on the second anniversary of the

great battle after which it is named, by the Prince Regent, assisted by the Duke of Wellington; and a silver medal—bearing on the obverse the heads of the Prince and Duke, surmounted by a wreath of laurel, and on the reverse a representation of the bridge with its name and the date of the opening—was struck to commemorate the event.

Many strange scenes and stirring events have taken place on Waterloo Bridge—things that have for the time being attracted the attention of the whole kingdom; and so gloomy a character did it bear at one period of its existence, on account of the numerous suicides which occurred therefrom, that it has been immortalised in one of Tom Hood's most pathetic poems as the *Bridge of Sighs*. Many an 'unfortunate' has passed through the turnstile to take a desperate leap into the gurgling waters beneath; and many a crime has been attempted, and perchance consummated, between its gloomy stone piers.

One terrible mystery took place in connection with Waterloo Bridge, which created great excitement some twenty years ago, and which will doubtless for ever be associated with its name. We refer to the finding of a carpet-bag containing the severed parts of a human body minus the head, which had been lowered by some person or persons unknown from the parapet, and had lodged on one of the abutments below, instead of going into the river, as was probably intended.

Of course the toll-gate Keepers knew little or nothing of what was taking place on the bridge at night, as they could not leave their posts; and the extent of the structure (about a quarter of a mile) was always a great aid to would-be-criminals. With regard to the mystery mentioned however, the man on duty at the gate on the night previous to the discovery of the remains, recognised the carpet-bag when it was shewn to him, and stated that he had himself lifted the ghastly burden over the turnstile for an elderly female of 'rather masculine voice and appearance,' who carried a large brown paper parcel under her arm. On searching the river this parcel was found, and it contained the missing head, but in such a condition that its identity could not be ascertained. All England rang with the details of this fearful mystery, which has remained unsolved up to the present time.

Until quite lately, this celebrated London structure boasted the presence at one of its gates of an old soldier who had in his day been somewhat famous as a sergeant in the Guards, and whose hand had taught General Wyndham, the hero of the Redan, how to wield a sword. This veteran, who had served twenty-one years in the army, also passed sixteen years of his life in alternate day and night work on Waterloo Bridge, until he was compelled at length by failing health to seek a retreat. While engaged as above, he yet managed to find time to write an essay on the best means for promoting the unity and organisation of the working classes, in competition for prizes offered by a firm of London publishers, and received an *honourable mention* for the same from the adjudicators, amongst whom was John Stuart Mill. He also studied the heavens at night in his quiet moments on the bridge, and jotted down his thoughts on the different planets and the relation of the heavenly bodies to each other in the planetary system. Dickens had many a chat with the

old sergeant, who is still living in the enjoyment of his army pension, and listened with eager curiosity to the story of his military adventures. Had the great delineator of human character lived longer than he did, the world would probably have learned far more about Waterloo Bridge and its visitants than we can pretend to give in this brief sketch.

Passengers who have gone backwards and forwards over the bridge cannot have failed to notice the old blind man who sits in one of its recesses day after day, reading aloud by the aid of his fingers from an embossed Bible. He has been at his post summer and winter for about twenty years, and is much respected and esteemed by all who know him. Many who objected to pay the toll, willingly transfer their pennies to him now that the bridge is free; and 'Old Blind George' finds his daily store considerably increased by the wise act of the national legislature.

The view of the Thames Embankment—one of the finest engineering feats in record—from Waterloo Bridge, embracing as it does the noble proportions of Somerset House, and further enhanced by the presence of 'Cleopatra's Needle,' is as fine as any in Europe, and will be enjoyed by many thousands of persons who have attained, on principle, from crossing the bridge while it was a toll-paying roadway.

The South-western Railway Company are already extending their terminus; and the tramway will no doubt soon be laid down from the old obelisk in the London Road to the foot of the bridge, thus connecting Brixton, Camberwell, Peckham, and even the 'metropolis of shrimps,' as Greenwich has not inaptly been termed, with the Strand.

The Charing Cross foot-bridge was freed at the same time as Waterloo; and the others, for which the valuation money has already been paid, or is about to be paid, are Putney, Old Battersea, New Chelsea, Battersea Park, Vauxhall, Lambeth, and Hammersmith Bridges; and of these we should say that those leading to Battersea Park are the most useful, though Putney Bridge is one of the oldest and most picturesque. Since the acquisition of its 'freedom,' Waterloo Bridge bids fair to become as great a medium of traffic between north and south London as London Bridge itself, and a constant stream of passengers and vehicles daily testifies to its enhanced value. It has been officially reported that in one week after the opening, the foot-passengers on Waterloo Bridge increased from 94,635 to 194,023; and the vehicles from 26,146 to 46,000; and that at the Charing Cross Bridge the foot-passenger traffic had increased from 41,038 to 87,959; the number being more than doubled since the bridges have been toll-free. There can be no doubt that the increased traffic must have a beneficial effect on that part of the metropolis on the south side of the river.

In conclusion we would suggest that this occasion of the opening up of all the toll-bridges in our great City gives England an opportunity of paying a very tasteful compliment to a neighbouring country, which would certainly be much appreciated, and would assuredly go a long way towards further cementing the bond of friendship between us. It is that the name of 'Waterloo,' as attached to the finest of our bridges, should henceforth be dropped, and give place to a more appropriate and inoffensive title. We are quite sure that every

loyal subject would gladly consent to a change, and acknowledge that no more graceful or appropriate name could be found for the famous structure than that of our good Queen 'Victoria,' preserving as it does the connection of a victory with one of peace and prosperity.

ZINC-DUST AND ITS DANGERS.

In former articles in this *Journal* we have directed the attention of our readers to various causes of fires, and have in certain cases endeavoured to suggest a remedy. We extract from our contemporary *The Insurance Record* a paragraph showing how zinc-dust may become an element of great danger, a hidden risk, under certain circumstances: "On the 11th of December 1876, twenty casks of a substance known as "zinc-dust," represented as so many casks of colours, and labelled "To be kept dry; liable to heat if damp," were handed over for shipment in the *Lord Clyde*, without, it is alleged, any notice having been given of the dangerous nature of their contents. The casks were put in the main hold of the steamer, and lay there overnight. On the next morning, smoke was seen to issue from the hold. Application of the hose however, extinguished the fire, which was found to have seized some of the goods on board, and to have proceeded from the neighbourhood of the casks of zinc-dust. Subsequent inquiry seems to have proved that while the casks lay on the quay awaiting shipment, one of them suffered damage, and some of its contents escaping, got wet with rain. The damp material was returned to the cask, which was repaired and sent on board with the rest. It is said that when the seat of the fire on board was examined, the contents of one of the casks was found to be at a red-heat. Scientific evidence was laid before the court to prove the dangerous nature of the goods; and the court being satisfied with the evidence, ordered the goods to be forfeited, and fined the parties concerned in the transmission.

It will no doubt be interesting to many in the profession to know more about this commodity, which may thus have already made, and may again at any time make, demands on the funds by fire-raising on its own account. It is a gray powder, in a state of extremely fine division, and is used in colour-works for making paints. Chemically, it consists of about forty per cent. zinc, two and a half per cent. lead, four per cent. cadmium, fifty per cent. zinc oxide, three and a half per cent. zinc carbonate, with a small portion of non-metallic matter. In consequence of its extremely fine division, rapid oxidation of the metals takes place in the presence of a little moisture at the expense of the oxygen in the water, while considerable quantities of hydrogen are evolved. At the same time, as in all such cases, a considerable rise in temperature takes place, which may, in favourable circumstances, be sufficient to ignite the evolved hydrogen, and so cause inflammable materials in the neighbourhood to be set on fire.

There is a commodity known in the trade as slate-coloured oxide of zinc, which is actually not an oxide at all, but purely pulverised metallic zinc, which in the process of the manufacture of white oxide has escaped combustion, and been carried over the bridge of the furnace while the

process of oxidation is carried on, and is deposited on the floor of the flues along with a little carbonaceous matter. This material possesses all the properties of the zinc-dust formerly mentioned, by virtue of its extremely fine state of division. It is used for similar purposes, and we believe also that it is sent to America to be employed in some indigo process, the nature of which we are not aware. Like many other things that are cheap in the buying, it may, from its fire-raising tendencies, prove costly in the using to some people; and it is a pity when insurance offices have to suffer risks they know nothing about, and so can neither charge for them nor cause their removal, and we trust that the contribution of facts may prove useful to some in the profession.

MY WIFE.

I held her, laughing, in my arms,
A blue-eyed child with curls of gold;
She stroked my boyish cheek and said:
'I'll marry you when I am old.'

We met again. Those pretty looks
Were combed and bound about her head,
A little school-girl, staid and shy;
She must not romp with me, she said.

A few more years, and then I found
A blooming maiden, sweet seventeen;
Few were her words and coy her looks;
And yet she loved me well, I ween.

Long did I woo 'mid hope and fear;
My lady was not lightly won;
She hid her love, and thought it shame;
At last my welcome task was done.

I held her, blushing, in my arms;
And then my bashful prize I told
How she had promised long ago
She'd marry me when she was old.

The blissful days sped quickly on,
And I had pledged her with a ring;
But ah! so much too large it proved I
My Love was such a tiny thing.

But yet she would not have it changed,
Though from her hand it oft would slip;
An evil omen, I would say;
While she but laughed with joyous lip.

I left my darling for a space
As nearer drew the wedding-day,
'One little week,' I said, 'and then
I never more need go away.'

I left her healthy, blooming, bright,
The rosy colour in her cheek—
I came to find her wan and white;
Alas! that fatal 'little week.'

Oh, fell Disease, now stay thy hand,
And leave me all I love in life.
In vain I cried; the touch of Death
Was on her, oh! my promised wife!

I held her, dying, in my arms;
The ring fell from her finger cold;
Weeping, I took it; and she breathed:
'I'll marry you when I am old.'

She knew not what she said, poor child;
Gone from her was bright Reason's ray—
But still I keep that ring, and wait
For an eternal wedding-day.

BRE.

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OBSERVATION AND MEMORY.

THE famous Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of England, was on one occasion complimented on his extraordinary memory. He said in reply: 'He had no merit in having a good memory, for memory was only a result of attention.' By this he meant close observation of what is seen, heard, or read. The answer was only part of the truth. To have a good memory, there must in the first place be a natural or acquired capacity for observing, and treasuring up observations. No doubt, the good memory demonstrated by Thurlow and other clever men has been greatly owing to a strict attention to what they have heard or read, or has passed before their eyes. The brain may be defined as a kind of photographic apparatus, which retains the impressions made on it through the eyes or ears. But then the apparatus must be of the right sort to begin with, and at all events, it must be kept in good order by exercise. The great thing is to begin young. One boy, for example, will notice all that takes place. He observes the look of people, their mode of speaking, their style of dress, the houses they live in, the anecdotes and stories they relate. Another boy going through the same routine, takes no heed of anything to be afterwards useful. He is thinking only of trivial amusements, what he is to have for dinner, his new suit of clothes, or something equally paltry and evanescent. His education is little better than thrown away, and he but dimly remembers anything that fell under his attention in youth.

Sir Walter Scott was as remarkable for a good memory as Thurlow, and in some respects more so. His power of observation was extraordinary. We have evidence of this in his popular fictions. The bulk of them are composed of scraps of remembrances, as to what he had seen, heard, or read, put together and embellished by the imaginative faculty. The sayings of his Scottish characters in humble life, such as of Davie Gellatley, Edie Ochiltree, Cuddie Headrig, and Davie Deans, are just what he had over-

heard in his youth. He had picked up what others allowed to pass unnoticed, and skillfully brought them out at the suitable opportunity. And so with his historical facts and apt poetical quotations. Nothing escaped him. If in walking out he accidentally overheard a peculiar vernacular phrase, down it went in his memory. Dickens had the same capacity and tact in observing and treasuring up the personal appearance and phraseology of individuals whom he chanced to encounter.

There are diversities in this exercise of memory. Some are good at remembering dates, some at personal oddities, some at languages, some at miscellaneous occurrences, some at recollecting sermons and conversations; the specialty in each case being due to a particular idiosyncrasy of character. Boswell's power of recording his conversations with Johnson, is perhaps the most marvellous thing of the kind ever heard of. The late Dr Robert Chambers had a memory so comprehensive and minute that he was never at a loss for the date of any leading historical event. He often referred to what he had been doing at a particular day and moment in the past years of his life. For example, we once heard him say: 'This day forty-seven years ago, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, I was passing No. 17 Princes Street, when I met old Wylie; and we spoke of the change of times within his recollection. He told me that he remembered the London mail arriving in Edinburgh one day about the middle of the last century with only a single letter; and now letters and papers arrive in tons.' In this way, by acute observation, a literary man gathers up materials to be brought into use on a future and proper occasion. It ought to be enough to inspire youth with a taste for cultivating powers of observation, to know that the greatest efforts of genius are mainly due to memory; for without that, thought would have little scope or value.

Most persons will have experienced a strange forgetfulness of names and circumstances until something occurs to bring them to remembrance. Sometimes the memory revives very curiously in

illness. There have been men who when ill have spoken a foreign language, which when well they had forgotten. Why this should be we shall probably never understand; but these revivals of memory seem to point to the conclusion that we do not really forget anything in the strict sense of the word. It may be that we cannot at a given moment recall this or that to mind, but still it is laid up we know not how in a secret storehouse of the brain, and when we least expect it, may suddenly be brought again to light. Sometimes the memory thus revived is one of early childhood, as in the case related by Dr Carpenter of a clergyman who on visiting Penvensey Castle felt convinced he must have seen it before, and that when he did there were donkeys under the gateway and some people on top of it. By inquiry he actually ascertained that he had been there with a picnic party, who made the excursion on donkeys, when he was only about eighteen months old.

Sir Benjamin Brodie in his *Psychological Researches* gives an explanation of one of the strangest freaks of memory by which at times we believe we detect a parallel between the passing event and something else that we have witnessed we know not when. But the case given does not fulfil all the conditions of this singular feeling. There are few who will not know what we here refer to. Dickens in his novels more than once alludes to this sensation, and describes it very accurately in the thirty-ninth chapter of *David Copperfield*. 'We have all,' he says, 'some experience of a feeling that comes over us occasionally of what we are saying and doing having been said and done before in a remote time—of our having been surrounded dim ages ago by the same faces, objects, and circumstances—of our knowing perfectly what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it. I never had this mysterious impression more strongly in my life than before he uttered these words.' The knowing of what is to come next is the strangest part of this feeling, and one quite absent from the alleged instance cited by Brodie. But recurring to our own experience, we are not at all certain that this supposed foresight is at all real. Rather the mind seems to get into a half-dreamy state in which it is strongly impressed with the idea that as it has heard every word before, so when the next word is spoken it will recognise it as having been heard before; and as phrase follows phrase and incident incident, this anticipated feeling of recollection gives the impression of a continuous foresight. This is of course only a suggested explanation of one portion of the phenomenon; and it is very possible that it does not fully explain even that part of it as experienced by others than the writer. An adequate explanation of the whole matter is certainly a very difficult problem. It has apparently been in all times remarked and wondered at, and its mysterious nature has caused it to exercise a strong influence in the Buddhist religious belief in transmigration.

There is a form of revived recollection which impresses one with awe rather than mere wonder. It is when the whole picture of a lifetime flashes at once into the mind. That this occurs sometimes when death or peril of death is imminent, is quite certain. It may be that it occurs very fre-

quently before actual death, but this we cannot know, as all the instances of which we have accounts are those in which a man has described his sensations after having been saved from dying. Most of the cases are those of drowning men. When all hope of being saved is gone, and the very struggle with the water is one made without conscious effort, it would seem that without being prompted by the will, the memory suddenly grasps at once the deeds of the life that now appears about to close, and at the same time—and this is the most singular part of the phenomenon—recognises the moral rectitude or wrong of each act. There is a case of this kind recorded of an English naval officer who thus remembered the events of his life at the moment when he was struggling hopelessly in the wake of the ship from which he had fallen; and he confessed that he had been especially struck by the sudden coming into his thoughts of a schoolboy lie that he had long forgotten; there it was with all its circumstances, so that he felt pained at the thought of the meanness and cowardice of the deceit.

There are a few cases where the peril was of another kind. Thus in one instance, a horse stopped suddenly in the darkness, and frantically resisted all the rider's endeavours to force him onwards; until the man peering through the night saw that he had missed his way and was trying to urge his horse over the sharp brink of a hidden precipice. As the danger flashed upon him, with the knowledge of it came in one rush the record of his life. This point is such an interesting one, that it would be well worth while to collect the materials for a wide comparison of cases in which it is known to have occurred. It gives rise to a number of important considerations as to the character of the memory, and especially it gives great force to the theory that we never really forget anything. It seems too to suggest that the power of the memory receives an access of strength in the last moments of life; and other facts point in the same direction. Thus Dr Carpenter tells us, on the authority of a German pastor in America, that numbers of German emigrants who have forgotten their native tongue, recover it and use it upon their death-beds; and the same writer quotes from an article in *Household Words* the touching story of an idiot who had been left an orphan in early childhood, and in boyhood had never known what a mother's care was, dying with a smile on his face, and with the words: 'My mother! How beautiful!' on his lips.

We have referred to the theory of our not ultimately forgetting anything; but the question arises, if this theory be true, what degree of advance is sufficient to impress a fact on the memory? We know how common it is for old people to be apparently quite unable to remember more recent events, while they have nevertheless a vivid recollection of those of earlier life. The reason of this clearly is, that in their earlier days their senses and faculties were more keenly alive to what they saw, heard, and felt; and thus things impressed the memory strongly, that scarcely touched it when they had to reach it through the medium of the decaying senses of old age. If this be the true explanation, memory must depend for its intensity on the degree of observation with which the record was made; but it may be that in the inner depths of the memory there are stored up recollections

of things that we never consciously turned the mind to, but heard or saw, hardly knowing that we did so. Every reader of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* will remember a notable instance of this actually occurring. A servant-girl in some German town full ill, and in her ravings began to speak Hebrew in plain connected sentences. She knew no language but her own; and the matter seemed an insoluble mystery, until inquiry revealed the fact that she had once been in the service of a Protestant pastor who was a good Hebrew scholar, and used often to read some Rabbinical treatises aloud, walking up and down the common room of the house while the servant was at her work. Now it is quite certain that any one who is ignorant of a foreign language cannot repeat even a dozen words out of a reading thus heard by chance; yet under peculiar conditions the fact was revealed under whole pages of a language, of which she knew not the meaning of a single word, had thus been accidentally stored up in this girl's memory!

We have only lightly surveyed one portion of the action of a single human faculty. There is indeed no more marvellous field of observation and discovery than that of the action of the human mind. The practical lesson we arrive at on this interesting subject is, that although all are not naturally blessed with a good memory, the faculty may in most instances be less or more improved by exercise, particularly in the young, when the brain is fresh and susceptible. Individuals may be heard complaining of a bad memory, who have never taken the trouble to keep it in exercise. It would be scarcely less absurd for a person to complain of being unable to walk, who for years had refrained from the use of his legs. Let us specify one or two examples. It is not unusual for people to put a mark in a book at the place they leave off reading. This is losing a chance of cultivating the memory. The right thing to do is to observe the number of the page, and endeavour to keep it in remembrance. The custom of taking notes as memoranda may in certain important cases be allowable for the sake of preservation and reference. But the practice of taking notes on all occasions has a seriously weakening effect on the memory, and should if possible be avoided. In short, the habit of keenly observing and remembering without note or mark is the secret—if there be a secret in it—of securing a good workable memory.

TWICE WOODED, TWICE WON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

WELL! shared the mother say that the divorce, the subsequent peace, and all that followed appeared like a dream. Roland and Claudia were not only again married, but again in their old home. Ah! that was no dream. 'Too soon I realised that this intelligence was far more painful to me than that of the divorce. No song-like refrain now rang in my ears. Now I knew how sweet, how precious to me had been those haunting words, 'Claudia is free.' Now, alas, an empty sound signifying nothing!

I shared in madame's uneasiness when she informed me that three weeks had passed since

she had heard from her daughter. The time for which she had taken the house at Villa Franca had expired, and yet no summons to Mornington Hall. She felt naturally disinclined to force herself upon her son-in-law. She had written to her daughter, and had received no answer. What was to be done? I was fairly puzzled how to answer this question. Claudia had voluntarily placed herself in an almost unheard-of position. As her trustee, I could only interfere, if necessary, with regard to her money matters. It was however, clearly desirable that Madame Francini and her daughter should meet. A means of effecting this must be through the child.

After much anxious thought, I advised her to bring the child to England; for though she doted upon the little one, she could not be compelled to keep it; therefore its restoration to its parents was an all-sufficient excuse for gaining an entrance to the house, from which her daughter's letter to postpone it virtually excluded her.

Madame Francini soon acted upon my suggestion. I secured her former apartments in Sicane Street, and called upon her as soon as she arrived. The following day she started for her journey to the north, all particulars of which I heard later. I will relate them as they occurred.

On arriving at Mornington Hall, her nervous feelings were almost beyond her control. It was an immense relief to hear in answer to her inquiry that 'master was from home.' It was also fortunate that the servant was a stranger. 'I wish to see your mistress,' said madame, who was already out of the carriage. The man told her he feared it would be impossible, as she was ill and in bed. This was almost too much for the poor mother, who at once entered the hall, and for an excuse to send him away, begged him to send the lady's-maid to her, that she might make further inquiries. The moment he had disappeared on this errand, Madame Francini, having desired the nurse to remain in the carriage with the child, rushed upstairs to her daughter's apartments. They were empty! Swiftly and noiselessly she then made her way to those rooms which used to be her own. At the outer door, which opened on to a long corridor, she stopped for breath, then knocked gently. Presently the door was quietly opened by a woman dressed as a Sister of Mercy.

'Are you Mrs Mornington's nurse?' she gasped.

'Yes, madame. She is ordered to be kept very quiet, and cannot see you,' was the reply.

'I am her mother,' said madame, 'and must insist upon seeing her. No orders can extend to me.' Saying these words, she passed the nurse and gently opened the bedroom door.

'Come in, Sister Monica; I am not asleep,' said a faint voice from the bed. The next moment mother and daughter were folded in each other's arms. What words can describe that meeting! For a few brief moments all was joy. Then suddenly disengaging herself from that fond embrace, Claudia exclaimed: 'But my child! Perhaps you have come to tell me she is dead. Tell me the worst at once, or I shall go mad.'

'My darling,' said her mother, 'I have come to bring her to you. Be calm, and you shall see Beatrice directly.'

Trembling in every limb, Claudia whispered:

'Will you fetch her yourself, dear mamma? Do not trust her to any one else.'

Alas! all the old fears had taken possession of her. Madame Francini hastened from the room, and presently returned with nurse and child. Leaving the former in the anteroom, she took the little one in her arms and placed her in her mother's arms.

The Sister gazed in wonder at this tender scene; but she felt in Madame Francini's presence that she was under the influence of a stronger mind than her own, and powerless to interfere. When tranquillity was restored, Madame asked her daughter when she expected her husband.

'I never know,' was her reply. 'I live entirely in these rooms, and seldom see him. I could have been resigned if he had allowed me to have my child; but he always says that is part of my punishment.'

Dreadfully shocked as she was, Madame Francini controlled her indignation, as she found Claudia most reluctant to speak against the author of all this misery.

'It is my own fault, dear mamma,' she would say. 'I would not take your advice, so I have no right to complain.'

But by degrees she managed to elicit the facts. When Roland informed his wife that instead of returning to Villá Francia, it would be necessary to return at once to England, Claudia had proposed going to fetch her mother and child, instead of writing as he suggested; but he declared that he could no longer live without her, that she should send for them to follow immediately, and entreated her to accompany him. During the voyage he paid her every attention, and continued the same affectionate behaviour till after their arrival at Mornington. There, to Claudia's surprise, she found the servants expecting them, and everything prepared for their reception, though their return was supposed to have been unpremeditated.

During dinner, to which they repaired almost immediately after their arrival, Claudia observed that Roland scarcely tasted anything except wine, of which he drank glass after glass, till his face flushed darkly and an angry light appeared in his eyes, which filled her with terror. Noticing the effect of the wine she pressed him to eat, and when he refused, tenderly asked if he felt ill. His replies were short, and only restrained by the presence of the servants from being rude. She began to think that the letters he had received to summon him home must have contained bad news—of ruin perhaps. She longed to be alone with him to assure him of her deep sympathy, and to comfort him if possible. The dinner seemed interminable. Then came dessert and coffee. She thought the servants were bent upon lingering about them. Roland became more and more gloomy; the strain on the young wife's nerves more than she could bear. The moment they were likely to be free from interruption, she started from her seat saying: 'What is it, dear Roland? I can bear anything but suspense, if shared with you. Tell your Claudia;' and she would have thrown herself into his arms.

But he pushed her from him, exclaiming: 'My Claudia indeed! Do you think a man of my temperament is likely to bear the treatment I have received, without retaliation?'

'Roland!' she gasped, 'what can you mean?'

'Do you not understand the meaning of this marriage then?' he asked with a sneer.

'I thought—I hoped—that you really loved me through all,' she faltered, 'as I have never ceased to love you.'

'Then it is time you should know the truth!' he furiously exclaimed. 'Yes; you may well cover your face with your hands while you hear it.'

His victim had thus hidden him from her sight, and tottered to the nearest seat, dreading she knew not what.

The man who had so lately renewed his vows to 'love and cherish' her, then approaching her with clenched hands, and breast heaving with passion, hissed these words in her ears: 'You dragged me through the disgrace of the Divorce Court. I made you again my wife that I might have my revenge!'

Claudia knew no more till she found herself in bed, a woman dressed like a nun standing beside her, bathing her face and hands with some pungent restorative. As her senses returned, she perceived that she was in the room which used to be her mother's. For some time she had no recollection of what had occurred, and asked her attendant why she was in bed and in that room. She was told that she had been insensible for nearly two days; but the doctor considered her pulse better that morning, and now she would doubtless do well. But she was not to talk; so she was to excuse Sister Monica from answering any questions.

'And ever since,' added Claudia, 'though very kind, she irritates me by treating me like a sick child.'

Madame Francini's feelings during this recital may perhaps be imagined, certainly not described. But above all her indignation, a vague fear was excited in her mind by her daughter's last words. She too had noticed a certain soothing tone adopted by this woman when speaking to her patient, talking down to her comprehension as it were, which was inexpressibly annoying to herself. She was determined to take an early opportunity of speaking to her daughter's attendant alone. It was however, then late; so she deferred doing so until the following morning. Claudia insisted upon having her child with her; and when Madame Francini retired to an adjoining room for the night, she left them both sweetly sleeping, the little one in the arms of its hapless mother.

Madame Francini passed a sleepless night trying to fathom Roland's motive in keeping his wife under this surveillance, and resolving to decide upon her own line of action, in the event of his return to Mornington. She rose very early; yet Sister Monica, who slept in the dressing-room, was up before her. This gave her the desired opportunity. She first inquired why her daughter had been for three weeks confined to the house, when it was obvious that she now required air and exercise.

'It was considered,' replied the nurse, 'that quiet was the most essential thing for her case.'

'Did Dr J—— recommend it?' asked Madame Francini, naming the family doctor.

'O no,' was the answer. 'He is a general practitioner, you know. Mrs Mornington has seen one from our establishment at Ashfield.'

Her hearer could with difficulty repress an exclamation of horror. 'You do not mean to say,' she exclaimed, 'that my daughter is insane?'

'Well, scarcely insane,' replied Sister Monica.

with professional coolness; 'but melancholy—in fact requiring attention.'

'Of course she requires attention when indisposed,' said madame; 'but not of the nature you hint at. I know my child's constitution better than any one else, and I am sure she only requires change of scene and air to restore her to health.'

But Sister Monica had passed so many years of her life in attendance upon the insane, that having been sent for to attend a lady of unsound mind, her own dwellt upon the one idea of insanity.

Madame Francini saw that it was useless to argue the point, and for reasons of her own, presently encouraged her to talk upon the subject. Could Sister Monica account for her patient's unhappy condition?

No; she could not; it was, she owned, 'unaccountable in her case. 'A lady with so many advantages. So rich! with so excellent a husband too.' Indeed Mr Mornington was so anxious, that he had determined to have the first advice for her, and intended to consult the great Dr Carden himself.

Madame Francini shuddered. 'When is the doctor coming?' she asked.

'He never visits patients,' was the reply. 'He receives them at his private asylum, either merely to give advice or as residents. Mr Mornington has made an appointment with the doctor for to-day, should the weather permit, as of course the dear invalid must not go out unless it be favourable.'

Now all was clear to the unhappy mother. Her daughter's perilous situation flashed upon her. She must save her, whatever might be the risk. Providence had surely sent her to grapple with the difficulty. But by what means? There was little time for deliberation. The appointment must be kept, for should it be necessary to arrange another, Roland would in all probability come home for the purpose. Never did storm-tossed mariner pray more earnestly for fine weather. So far her prayer was granted—a lovely morning raised her spirits and her hopes.

The good Sister was delighted with Madame Francini's ready acquiescence to the proposed consultation. She had been a little afraid of that lady at first, but now thought her charming, and readily gave her all the information which she required; first, that Dr Carden's asylum was situated in a lovely part of the country about ten miles from Mornington, in the heart of the Cleveland Hills, and about a mile from a little post-town called Ashfield, formerly a very quiet place, but now possessing a railway station.

This was enough for Madame Francini. Her plan was at once formed. Her first care was to ascertain what London trains stopped there. There was but one before night. The time was convenient. By this she was resolved she would travel with Claudia and the child.

Madame Francini then told Sister Monica that she would take an early breakfast in her daughter's room, that she might prepare her mind for the excitement of going out for the first time since her illness. Her next care was to pack a few necessities in her own travelling-bag, which later she placed secretly in the carriage, not daring to trust even the child's nurse with her intentions.

In due time the invalid, carefully shawled and veiled, was safely reclining in the luxuriously

appointed carriage, her mother by her side, and the little Beatrice in a high state of delight between them. On the opposite seat, the ever placid Sister Monica and baby's nurse, all, with one exception, prepared merely to enjoy a pleasant country drive. That one awaited with fearful anxiety the end. As they approached the town, Madame Francini proposed that they should alight at the principal inn for refreshment. 'My daughter looks much fatigued already,' she observed.

The unsuspecting Claudia assured her she was not, but was promptly told that invalids must not judge for themselves. They accordingly drove up to the hotel, and were soon provided with a light luncheon. Then came the moment for eluding the vigilance of one whose life's business it was to be ever on the alert! Madame Francini watched her opportunity when Sister Monica, having done justice to the luncheon, almost untouched by the others, rose from table and began to make preparations for their departure; then in a hurried whisper to her daughter, Madame Francini managed to make her understand that it was necessary to make some excuse for delay. 'Plead fatigue,' she said, 'and leave the rest to me.'

Claudia wondered, but obeyed. She trusted her mother now; and at once taking possession of a sofa, told Sister Monica, when she approached her armed with travelling wraps, that she must lie down for a time before she could proceed, she felt so tired. The anxious attendant now looked fairly embarrassed, and taking madame aside, entreated her to urge her daughter to keep both the effort, as it would be a serious thing to keep both the physician and Mr Mornington waiting.

Claudia caught the sound of her husband's name and turned deadly pale.

'Look, Sister!' exclaimed her mother; 'she is ready to faint now; and the gentlemen cannot complain if we let them know the state of the case immediately. If you will kindly take the carriage on and tell them, I will take care of your patient. You need not be away more than half an hour; and if convenient to Dr Curden, she may be able to see him later in the day. I am sure,' added Madame Francini, 'if you tell Mr Mornington that you have left his wife in my care, he will be perfectly satisfied!' As she rapidly said these words, the mother's heart seemed to beat audibly, so great was her apprehension of a refusal. Indeed Sister Monica seemed very unwilling to accede to the proposal; but now the carriage was announced, it was necessary to decide one way or another; and after considerable hesitation, she consented.

The moment the carriage was well out of sight, Madame Francini gently broke the news to her daughter that she was about to take her home.

'Without Sister Monica?' asked Claudia, misunderstanding the word home for her own at Mornington.

Glad of the mistake, for there was little time for explanations, her mother entreated her to rouse herself and prepare as quickly as possible. She desired nurse to be ready with her little charge, and ordered the fly, which she had previously bespoken, to be brought to the door immediately. In a few minutes after Sister Monica's departure they were all on their way to the station, which they reached but just in time for the 1.30 train

for London. A liberal fee to the guard secured their privacy during the journey; but they were many miles on their way to London before the sorely tried mother had sufficiently recovered from the suppressed agony of the last few hours to explain the situation to her astonished companions. Nurse was a faithful servant who had taken little Beatrice at her birth, and knew most of the troubles which had befallen her beloved mistress. There was therefore no further occasion for restraint, and a salutary flow of tears at length enabled Madame Francini to speak coherently. When Claudia fully comprehended that it was undoubtedly her husband's intention to have confined her if possible in an asylum for the insane, her agitation was terrible; at first quite inconsolable; but by degrees her bitter anguish yielded to a sense of fervent gratitude for her escape; and at last impulsively throwing herself upon her knees, with her wearied head on her mother's lap, she praised God for her merciful deliverance from so great a peril.

The day after their arrival in London, Madame Francini called upon me and informed me of the foregoing particulars; also that she had already consulted a physician upon the subject of her daughter's health, and that he had recommended a removal to a warm climate as soon as convenient—to her native air if possible.

I pass over my meeting with Claudia. I saw at once that her mother's fears were by no means groundless. She looked fearfully ill. I saw but little of them during the few days they remained in London. Our leave-taking took place on board the vessel which was to take them across the Channel *en route* for Naples, where they were to pass the winter. After their departure my thoughts were long with them—perhaps I should say with Claudia. Were that young creature's woes only to end in death? It seemed indeed but too probable. A wife at the age of eighteen; divorced at twenty; a year later, again a wife; a month of fear, and then a fugitive from her husband. My heart echoed her mother's prayer, that God in his mercy would now grant her that peace to which she had been so long a stranger.

This prayer was granted. Each letter contained improved accounts of the invalid, of whose restoration to health her mother would have despaired but for the little Beatrice; for that sweet solace she lived. So said Madame Francini when she wrote to ask me to visit them in the lovely spot they had chosen for their seclusion. But my unchanged feelings for her daughter prevented my giving myself so dangerous a pleasure; though we corresponded regularly.

Of Roland I heard nothing. He made no further attempt to molest his wife; and on no other subject would I have held any communication with him.

Thus two years passed away without the occurrence of any particular event. August had again come round, and I was preparing for my annual visit to the Highlands, when a startling announcement appeared in *The Times*. The paragraph was headed 'Death in the Hunting-field;' followed by an account of the fatal accident which had befallen Roland Mornington, Esq. while pursuing his favourite sport.

To say the least, I was considerably shocked.

My thoughts rapidly travelled back to the days of our early friendship. At such a moment, faults are forgotten, good qualities exaggerated, and above all sad reflections which must occur to the mind on such an occasion, is the deep concern for the spiritual state of one so suddenly called into eternity. Such were my feelings for Roland. How would the wife who once so truly loved him bear the intelligence? The shock would I knew be severe. I hastened to write to her mother, in the hope that a letter would reach them before the newspapers.

I received an answer as soon as possible from Madame Francini. My letter had given them the first information. Claudia was greatly affected, as might be expected, and wept bitterly for some hours. 'But,' said the writer, 'hers is not the grief which breaks the heart. It finds its vent in tears; unlike that which wrung my own when I found her calm and fearless, a statuesque delineation of Despair, after the discovery of her husband's treachery.'

The letter stated that they were already making preparations for their immediate return to England; that they would at once proceed to Mornington, as it was Claudia's greatest wish to be present at the last sad duties to the departed; in two, or at most three days they might be expected; and she begged me, as a personal favour to herself, to superintend the necessary arrangements.

My arrangements being already made for leaving town, I was able to comply at once with this request; and in a few hours I was standing beside the coffin of the once envied if not enviable Roland Mornington. Strange men awaited my orders, which were given according to my own ideas of what a Christian funeral should be, and in some respects differed from theirs; though of course consistent with the ample means and social position of the deceased. All the arrangements were completed before the arrival of the young widow.

On the day following, the travellers reached Mornington. I was pacing the corridors much more excited at the prospect of seeing Claudia than when she was a wife. Then, duty sternly restrained my passion. Now, indifferent as she was to it, she might at least be worshipped without sin! The sound of carriage-wheels on the gravel before the house brought me to my sober senses. I hastened to receive the travellers—two veiled women in sombre habiliments, followed by the lovely little Beatrice, led by her nurse. When I took Claudia's hand, I found she was trembling from head to foot. Her emotion at this solemn return to the home she had been compelled to leave under circumstances so painful, was intense; and I felt that she would be better that first evening alone with her mother; so after making friends with the little one by seating her at table before the supper which had been prepared for her, I retired. I fancied that Claudia's eyes thanked me for so well understanding her feelings.

A sleepless night but ill prepared me for the morning's trial. I met Madame Francini at breakfast; but Claudia, she told me, would not again leave her room until after the funeral. She had, alone, taken leave of all that remained of her once fondly loved husband. Possibly the sight of those calm features, so peaceful in death,

may have renewed the old tenderness, and with it bitter grief. But such sorrow was too sacred to be shared even by her mother. She passed the day entirely alone.

When all was over, there was much business for the young widow to attend to; for though the property was strictly entailed, the furniture, plate, &c. and all the house contained, belonged to her. It therefore required much consideration where to fix their future residence. Happily, it was no longer necessary for Claudia to live abroad, her health being perfectly re-established. Many plans were discussed, but nothing settled, until (as it frequently happens) unforeseen circumstances settled the matter for them.

Colonel Mornington, the successor to the property, was now in India; and in his reply to the information of his cousin's untimely death, appeared to be almost more perplexed than pleased with his acquisition. He stated that he should not have his leave for two years, at the termination of which period he might retire from the army altogether. He was therefore very unwilling to come to England before that time had expired. He expressed a hope that the widow would be able, conveniently to herself, to reside at the Hall until his return, all expenses to be paid out of the estate. He proposed this as a personal favour to himself, as unless occupied, the house might not be in habitable repair when he required it. He also begged that I would continue to act with his late cousin's solicitor in the management of the property. The Colonel was evidently a person who disliked trouble.

After due deliberation, the Colonel's offer was accepted. This state of affairs brought me inevitably again into frequent communication with the woman I loved; but I no longer shunned these visits. The delight of studying that sweet character, chastened and ennobled by former suffering, yet slowly recovering its serenity; the happiness of being in a position to save her some trouble, was happiness indeed for me. After the first arrangements were completed, it was hardly necessary for me to go into Yorkshire myself on business connected with the estate; but as I persuaded myself that no one could possibly take my place, I repaired thither whenever I could find an excuse. At each visit Claudia was more and more like her former bright self. The education of her child (a beauty by inheritance from both parents) was at once her chief occupation and delight, particularly as the little Beatrice evinced at a very early age a talent for music. Her own glorious voice was once more heard filling the house with melody, and dear madame's heart with gladness; while to me came back the refrain of a long-forgotten song, once more haunting me with the words, 'Claudia is free!'

From this time the entries in my diary were too monotonous to interest those who may read this sketch of my life. I have written enough to satisfy them why I still remain a bachelor; so I now bid my readers farewell, and close the book which has been my one faithful confidant for years.

Three years later.

At last an event has occurred which is indeed worthy of record, to be written in letters of gold, and read in sunshine if possible. Let me linger a

little over the details which preceded this event, so fraught with joy.

The return of Colonel Mornington from India hastened it, though he had remained there by choice six months longer than was absolutely necessary. His first visit was to my chambers, where he expressed a wish to go to Mornington Hall as soon as I could accompany him, and ascertain when it would be convenient to Mrs Mornington. I wrote to propose it; and a gracious answer being received, we were soon *en route* for the north. From the moment of the introduction I saw how much the Colonel was struck with Claudia. I knew by intuition that he would ask her to remain at the Hall as his mistress. I felt that no time was to be lost. He was rather a formidable rival; a remarkably fine man, with polished and attractive manners, while his every look manifested admiration for our lovely hostess.

When should I see her alone? Alas! not that night. But I knew she was an early riser; so I was up with the lark. I wandered into the gardens through the conservatories, but returned without meeting the object of my search. Each moment seemed an hour; yet I was unreasonable to expect her before the servants were astir. I thought I would try to read, and turned into the library for that purpose. Its half-open door commanded a view of the staircase. Was I dreaming? No; I was sure that I heard the soft rustle of some light material sweep over the thickly carpeted stairs, across the marble floor of the hall, towards the room in which I stood listening and breathless. It was she! I hastily advanced to meet her; but she started back in dismay. I knew afterwards that she was attired in a white muslin *robe de chambre*, her beautiful hair hanging at its full length around her. At the time I only saw Claudia. I caught her hands and implored her to remain.

She murmured something about a book her maid could not find; and not being dressed, did not expect any one would be up, or—

'Pray, pray, do not mind your dress,' I exclaimed. 'The few moments we may be alone must not be wasted upon trifles. Hear me, my beloved Claudia!' Then—then I told her all. She did not speak; but I still held her hands in my passionate clasp while I entreated her to reward my long patient devotion with one word of hope.

'You must let me go now,' she whispered. 'I will speak to you when I am—more—fit to be seen!' The words were almost inaudible; but the tone, the blush, and the trembling of the still imprisoned hands all answered me; and before I released her, I held her to my heart and passionately kissed her lips. And as the tears started to her eyes—not tears of vexation this time—she was gone. But I knew that she was mine.

Madame Francini rejoiced to hear of our engagement. 'I have long known your secret,' said this very clear-sighted lady, 'and I know that now my Claudia will be happy.'

Colonel Mornington was perhaps not quite so well pleased; but he resigned himself to the disappointment, if such it was, offered to be my best man at the wedding, and gave the bride a costly present.

I write now from M'Ivor Castle, my aunt—who declares that I am indebted to her for my wife—

having kindly lent us her Highland home for the honeymoon. Claudia is standing at the open window gazing with ever new delight at the magnificent scenery surrounding the castle, now bathed in the golden glory of the setting sun, as he slowly sinks behind the mighty Ben Nevis. She calls me to her side to share her enjoyment. But pausing for a moment I reflect that mine is the more perfect, for in addition to the glorious landscape, I see Claudia in the foreground. She turns to ascertain the cause of my delay. I need not tell her, for she knows that such love as mine is not only for all time but for all Eternity.

FUGITIVE FUN.

WITHOUT having or making any claims to being wits, there are a good many people who occasionally say a droll, humorous, or amusing thing. Many of these owe their point mainly to the circumstances in which they are uttered, and, when severed from these, either lose much of their freshness and appositeness or fall entirely flat. This however, applies more or less to all verbal wit; and diverting as are the *bon-mots* of such famous jokers as Sydney Smith, Charles Lamb, Douglas Jerrold and others, they must doubtless have been still racier on the occasion of their first utterance. Men of the same nimble wit and humorous fancy as those just named come few and far between; but everybody hears an original smart or amusing thing now and then—an epigrammatic saying, a queer pun, or a good story, such things as lend flavour and variety to talk, and agreeably bridge the pause between the *entrées* and the roast.

It has sometimes occurred to the present writer that if everybody were to keep a record of the best original sayings and stories he has heard in the course, say of ten years, an amusing little volume might be made out of the material thus got together. It would not of course be such a volume as could be placed alongside such budgets of wit as have from time to time been offered to the public, gleaned from the humours of all nations and times, but it might at least be such a one as would be quite capable of amusing one's leisure hours.

In 1831 appeared a collection of *Scottish Jest*s and *Anecdotes*, to which were added a selection of choice English and Irish jests. The book (now out of print) was edited by the late Dr Robert Chambers, and was the first of its kind to extend what may be termed the Geography of Fun, beyond the Tweed.

In recent years appeared, besides other collections, the admirable book of the late accomplished and genial Dean Ramsay; and we feel certain that if others had the same faculty for the work in question as that possessed by these two collectors, other volumes of hardly less diverting quality might from time to time be made. It is with some little diffidence that we offer this short paper to the reader, who may if he pleases regard it as a humble contribution to such a trial-volume as has been indicated.

As far as we are aware, nothing here set down has appeared in print before. The sayings and stories are original and true—that is, the sayings were said and the stories happened. The scene and the 'setting' have in some cases been slightly

altered, and names of course in every instance withheld.

Two friends, while spending some days in the country, on the Sunday attended the village church. They heard a long, and it must be confessed, somewhat tedious sermon. Moreover the preacher, in expounding his subject, seemed to the two strangers among his hearers to take an unusually narrow, restricted, and literal view of the text. While walking back to their lodgings, one of the friends remarked upon this; when the other said: 'The same thing struck me. The good man's sermon reminded me of nothing so much as of Euclid's definition of a line—*length without breadth*.'

A certain merchant in an English town recently failed. The failure was an honourable one, and had been caused through no fault, morally speaking at anyrate, of the insolvent. A friend of the merchant's talking over the matter to two others, was speaking in terms of high praise of the bankrupt—how just a man he had always been in business; how much his misfortunes had been due to the shortcomings of others; and how anxious he had shewn himself to render his creditors all the help in his power in regard to the liquidation; how in short his very failure had been a credit to him. All this was readily assented to by the other two; but one of them was a man who could not easily forego his joke, whatever the occasion. 'Ah yes,' said he, with a twinkle in his eye; 'poor J—— is like the parson in the *Deserted Village*—

Even his *failings* lean to virtue's side.'

There are those who despise or affect to despise all punning; see no fun in it whatever, and pretend to consider a pun a symptom rather of mental feebleness than anything else. These are not unfrequently persons who never made a pun or anything in the semblance of a joke themselves, and are not particularly quick in seeing the jokes of others. Such are fond of quoting Dr Johnson's saying, that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. But it is not improbable that the Doctor made this definition a good deal for the sake of the alliteration, a neat alliteration being itself a species of epigram. The saying of the great man is akin to that other in which he defines an angler as 'a rod with a hook at one end and a fool at the other,' and has about as much truth in it.

For ourselves, we at once confess to having no objections to an occasional pun. But when punning becomes a practice indulged on every opportunity in or out of season, it is simply a bore; and your inveterate punster, the man who can never let an opportunity pass of playing upon words, is a nuisance. A good pun now and then is a filip to conversation, a light diversion amid graver talk; and even a bad pun is provocative of much derisive banter, as everybody must have noticed. Indeed we have sometimes heard it affirmed that bad puns are more laughable than good ones. Probably the truth is that when a smart pun is made, one's amusement is often divided with a mild admiration, while a bad pun elicits our expostulations, but none the less compels our laughter. One thing is certain, that some of the best *jeux de mots* on record—made by the most famous wits—are nothing else than puns pure and simple.

The following quip will, we suspect, not be readily evident to readers south of the Tweed, unless to such as possess the necessary familiarity with the Scotch vernacular. Three friends were out in a pleasure-boat upon the Firth of Forth. As they coasted along before the wind, one of the yachtsmen noticed a quantity of turnips drifting past upon the tide, and called his companions' attention to the unusual sight; whereupon one replied: 'Of course; don't you see? It's *neap-tide*.'

Some acquaintances at a dinner-party—among them a Doctor of Divinity and a Doctor of Medicine—got into a discussion as to the respective services which the clerical and the medical professions gave to the world. The discussion was maintained with entire good-humour on both sides, but the clergyman naturally remained firm to his point, that great as was the physician's office, that of the cleric was still higher.

'Well, well,' said the physician with assumed gravity; 'after all, I think the issue of the whole matter may be put in a nutshell. The only difference between us is that you are the doctors that *preach*, and we those that *practice*.'

In a certain British colony in which there was a large Scotch community, it was proposed a short time since to organise a Highland Volunteer regiment. The idea was carried out, and a promising corps established, the uniform being in strict adherence to the 'garb of old Gaul.' The corps now desired a motto, but some difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable one. After drill one evening, several of the members were discussing the matter, when one quietly suggested, with an inclination of the head towards his kilt, the well-known lines of Goldsmith—

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

The following come under the head of 'stories.'

A certain Scottish minister of considerable force of character and vigour of expression was wont in his pulpit discourses occasionally to make somewhat vehement attacks upon the Church of Rome, as some conscientious clerics deem it their duty to do. One year Mr A— decided upon making Rome the scene of his annual autumn holiday. A member of his congregation, while calling upon the minister's mother, touched upon the subject of her son's projected trip, remarking that he would no doubt get a great deal of enjoyment from it. The old lady shook her head, and with an expression of much doubt in her face, replied: 'I've great fears about the whole matter. I doubt if it's safe his going to Rome at all. Everybody knows that there's few been so sair against the Pope as our Willy.'

A bull may be sometimes amusing enough, as witness the splendid blunders of Sir Boyle Roche. The following relates to a humble countrywoman of the inimitable baronet. A young medical man, with whom the writer is acquainted, was attending an old Irishwoman who lived in one of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh. She had been very ill, but was on the way to recovery, when one day she said to the doctor: 'Will ye tell me doctor dear, for certain, whether I'll get well again or no.'

'O yes; I think you'll be all right soon now,' was the answer.

'I wanted to know for sure, ye see, doctor, because I'm a lone woman, an' I subscribe to a buryin' society, an' I just wished to know if I was likely to be gettin' any benefit out of it or not.'

Everybody knows how dull the remarks of children often are. What capital fun may be made out of the sayings of young people is amply evidenced in that diverting little book *Helen's Babies*, which, however much it may be thought by some to be an exaggerated picture, has proved its entertaining qualities at least, by its popularity. But if everybody who has children, put together the queer things which their youngsters occasionally utter, we venture to think that a volume might be made little less amusing than the history of Budge and Toddie, and we have no doubt that that famous record is in some part a record of fact.

One day a little boy of about Budge's age strayed away from home, causing thereby much consternation in the nursery. After a considerable search, the truant was discovered in an adjacent square disporting himself with some street urchins, with whom he was happily fraternising. When once more recovered, he was seriously remonstrated with upon his conduct by an old nurse, who read Master Jack a long lecture.

'Supposing you had been run over by a big horse and cart, what would you have done then sir?' concluded nurse solemnly.

A gleam of sudden glee dispersed the gravity which had been slowly deepening in little Jack's face. 'Why, then I'd have a fun'al,' he answered triumphantly.

The following is 'far-fetched' only in the sense of its coming a distance of fourteen thousand miles. A certain part of Australia was recently suffering from a long-protracted drought. A day of prayer for rain was appointed and held, and as it happened the rain came on the following morning. A remote quarter of the same colony was at the same time being visited by a superabundance of moisture. A worthy magistrate of the district, on hearing of what was going on at C—, and fancying that the rain in his own neighbourhood was sensibly increasing, in haste despatched the following telegram to the authorities at C—: 'Stop praying now, or we'll be flooded in five hours.'

THE IRISH WIDOW.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MISSING LINKS.

It struck one o'clock as we entered the deserted streets of Dundalk. The morning boat for Liverpool would start at eight. It was probable that Lawless would take advantage of that means of escape. But might he not have some other tactics in view? Perhaps at that moment he was trying to dispose of his victim and of his plunder in some fashion that would baffle detection, and destroy irrecoverably the missing links of the chain of evidence. So, dismissing our carman with an injunction to hold himself in readiness at his usual baiting-house, we proceeded to knock up the inmates of all the third-rate lodging-houses

and places of low resort where it was likely that Lawless might have secreted himself. Into all of these we effected an entrance. In some cases we experienced undue opposition, which the dire threats of the law alone overcame. We ransacked each with care, but failed to discover any traces of our man. About three o'clock we found ourselves in a completely exhausted state at the last house of the series. In the kitchen of this house a fire was provided for us, around which we sat, drying our clothes and wishing for the day. The recruit soon fell into a sleep and talked incoherently at intervals. O'Dowd dozed off and on; but I did not once close my eyes. What man worth his salt could give way to slumber at such a critical juncture!

When day broke about seven o'clock, we squared ourselves anew and marched down to the docks for the purpose of reconnoitring the passengers who were to start by the eight o'clock steamer. We went down a little lane, at the end of which we debouched on the quay, and in the gray morning light discerned the boat at some distance on the right, getting up steam for her departure. Half way was a tan-yard, with its gate lying wide open. From that gate we observed emerging none other than the object of our search—Lawless! He did not observe us, as he was going in the opposite direction. We doubled rapidly till we came up to him. Just as I was about to lay my hand on his shoulder, he turned round sharply and confronted me. Never shall I forget his appearance. His face was of an ashy paleness and terror-struck at the sight of us. There were on his trousers and vest the unmistakable marks of blood. On his shoes there was none, or their muddy condition obliterated it. He trembled like an infant when we grasped him, and in an agony of excitement cried: 'I did not do it! I swear by all the saints that I am innocent of it!' His shouts could be heard over the whole quays, and were already attracting to the spot a considerable number of the steamer folk. So, fearing a scene and a possible attempt at a rescue, I grasped my musket resolutely and told him to be silent on the instant, or I would not answer for the consequences.

I then stated the charge which was laid against him, giving him at the same time the usual caution not to say anything that might compromise his case. Once more I saw him open his mouth, as if to renew his expostulations; but the words died on his lips as I gave him one of my fiercest looks (I am a terrible fellow when roused), and he subsided into a state of dogged indifference to his situation. O'Dowd produced the handcuffs; whereupon we wheeled about and marched our prisoner in triumph up through the town. I felt that the eye of the nation was upon us as we escorted him along in that triumphal progress. If he had stirred an inch I would have bayoneted him on the spot, I do believe. When we reached the place where our car had put up for the night, O'Dowd and myself hastened to get our prisoner under-weight with all speed possible. We left the recruit behind, to prosecute a search for the cart and the missing body, promising that he should be relieved in a short time. He started off with suspicious alacrity; and I am still of opinion that he went in pursuit of his breakfast, contrary to orders.

The car was got round, and our prisoner seated between us. Crack went the whip. Dundalk was soon far behind us, and we were speeding towards Mullaghboy. But what with the excitement and necessity of being constantly on the watch against any sudden dash of our wily prisoner, I felt every minute an age. He still retained that silent passive expression of indifference into which my threats had terrified him, or whereby he strove to cloak his real emotion. I anxiously awaited the moment when we should reach the glen, the scene of his so recent misdeeds. I felt that unless he had a heart of steel he could not, under the circumstances, resist some expression of his feelings. Entering the glen, he appeared somewhat fidgety; and as we passed the actual spot, I could observe an almost imperceptible tremor run over his face, just as if the chillness of the morning air had penetrated through him. I scanned him closely; and he knew it. He appeared determined to brave it out however; for we had not yet emerged from the glen, when he requested permission to light his pipe. He was lost for a smoke, and the morning was so cold, he said. Although I was sure that this was only by way of bravado, I consented; whereupon he directed me to pull the pipe out of his pocket, as his hands were confined. This I did, and found the said pipe to be almost new. This fact appeared very significant to O'Dowd and myself, as we expressed by nods over the stooping form of Lawless, now enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. Ah! how little he knew that the very act by which he calculated to evade suspicion, was striking as it were an additional nail into his coffin!

From this reflection I fell into musing on the different circumstances, trivial enough in themselves, which had led us on step by step to the grand result. The statements of the drunken tinker, let fall by chance in our hearing—Peggy Malone out later than usual—our beat prolonged up to the glen in consequence of an inference drawn from the two preceding facts—the pool of blood discovered—the marks of a struggle—the prints of the frost-nail—the tracks of a heavily laden cart—the old pipe of Lawless—the noises heard during the night by O'Connor—Lawless observed entering Dundalk with a cart—his detection on the quay at that early hour of the morning—the blood on his clothes—his frightened looks—his unguarded denial of a crime not yet alleged against him—in fine, every little circumstance, which had occurred from the time when we were first put upon the scent up to the present moment.

Such were the thoughts that coursed through my busy brain as the vehicle brought us every moment nearer to our destination. And now with a mind more at ease, I secretly chuckled at the vista of promotion I saw opening out before me. I saw myself a dignified head-constable in the village, ordering my men about in splendid style, and in a friendly fashion patronising a certain Sergeant O'Dowd of the same barracks. I also saw a certain rich widow of the neighbourhood eagerly closing in with a matrimonial proposal, of her own making; a retiring pension, &c.

From these delicious reveries I was roused by the gleeful shouts of Lawless, who was pointing excitedly ahead of us at an old lady seated comfortably on the top of a well-packed cart,

which was jogging along the road before us. Could my eyes deceive me? Or was it really Peggy Malone come back from the dead? There she was however, to all appearance alive and well, and labouring the old pony with all her accustomed vigour. In a few seconds more we were at hand. We pulled up as a matter of course, to obtain an explanation of the mystery.

Lawless at once appealed to her in an affectionate tone: 'Arrah, Peggy dear, is it yerself I see at all at all, or on'y yer ghost, that's drivin' the murdered corp back to berril? For if it's a berril, we'll push on ahead to get the bell rung an' the praste ready.'

'Go along, ye blaggard!' was the surly reproval made by Peggy to the foregoing eloquent appeal.

But Lawless, mentally transferring that reproval to her old nag, which just then exhibited an extra amount of laziness, proceeded to question the old lady still further: 'So ye woun't kilt afther all, as these gintlemen let on to me ye wor?'

'Give me no more o' yer lip, Lawless,' she replied curly; 'bekase I don't want to have no dallins wid ye, good or bad.'

'These gintlemen,' said the rascal, looking at the ruffal countenances of O'Dowd and myself, 'aren't half-pleased that you woren't murdered out an' out. An' bedad,' he added in an undertone to me, 'it's jist meself that wouldn't say wan word agin that same, seein' the fine bit o' money I'd be comin' in fur.'

I paid no attention to his remarks, which seemed extremely commonplace at the time, not to speak of their very bad taste; but whispering over to O'Dowd, I observed: 'As we have nothing further against Lawless, it's only fair to let him go home to his wife. I can call from the car and send it on into the village before us. I would prefer to walk in, as I feel rather stiff about the joints. What do you say?'

O'Dowd closed at once with the proposal, adding: 'I'm rather stiff myself, now that I come to think of it; and would be glad of an opportunity to stretch my legs.'

I turned round to Lawless, and remarked in a grand patronising fashion: 'Well, Lawless, you have given us the most satisfactory proof possible that you are innocent of the business. We will let you go home now, if you promise to do so quietly; and indeed it is only right and proper for you to do so at once, for your wife was very uneasy about you last night. By the way, take this pipe, that I found last night on the road; it belongs to you.'

But Lawless strongly objected to this way of settling the business. Said he: 'Ay, ay gintlemen, I'll not stir an inch off this blessed car till we git into town; for go before the madjistrathe I must, to clear meself an' remove all stains from me character.—Sure, Peggy darlint, they wor wantin' to make me out a murderer, an' of your own svats self, be yer lave. Ay! but I'll take an axshun agin the whole brigade o' thim for illaygal seizure an' defamathun of character, the character that I wouldn't let a stain on for all they're worth.—Drive on, Larry avick,' said he to the carman, who was enjoying the joke as only an Irishman can when the dignity of the Force is assailed.

We saw that there was no help for it; so in a state of despairing acquiescence, we allowed the

carman to drive on ahead. The carman, alas! seemed to have lost all that admirable spirit of obedience which distinguished him throughout the campaign. He was dilatory in setting off, probably from a desire to hear more.

Lawless kept up a galling fire of talk, directed straight at us. 'The name of Lawless,' he continued, 'has got a slight put on it be this thransaxshun! I'll never be able to hold up me head agin. The likes was never heerd tell of in this counthry before. But I'll spare no expinse; I'll sell me property out—lock, stock, and barril—to send the mane scoundrels across the say for raisin' sich a scandalous report. An' I wouldn't mind so much about meself; but it's the bringin' yer name, Peggy darlint, into the affair that kills me out an' out. But good mornin', arcon. They'll hardly git the stripes they're huntin' for this time at anyrate.—Drive on, Larry, to the madjistrathe. I want me character to be cleared.'

It was horrible to listen to him, and to think of eventualities. As we approached the village, Lawless continued to soliloquise audibly in a most uncomplimentary manner with regard to us; whilst the driver, before so respectful, now ignored us entirely, and actually dared to open a conversation with the wretched mule.—So we reached the magistrate's house.

After a short investigation, the whole mystery was successfully cleared up. It appeared that Lawless, on Monday evening, had in his capacity as knacker purchased a broken-down old mule, the price of which he most probably had extracted from the pockets of the inebriated tinker a few hours previously. He was taking it away to Dundalk to a dealer in hides and manufacturer of bone-manure. The animal however, exhausted by age and starvation, was incapable of the long journey, and had sunk down in the glen, positively refusing, and being in fact unable to advance one step farther. On this the resolute Lawless took out his knife and put an end to the wretched animal's sufferings by the simple process of opening an artery. The mule had thus bled to death. This successfully done, he proceeded at once into Dundalk, procured a cart at the slaughter-house, and brought it up to the place where the mule's carcass lay. Having successfully hoisted his cargo on the vehicle, he returned to the slaughter-house, and slept there that night. About daybreak, feeling very thirsty after his late debauch, he resolved to go out to town in search of a glass of something before his breakfast. On this quest he was just emerging from the tan-yard gate when we made the arrest. At this point of his statement I proposed to him the question: 'Why he had been so prompt in his declaration of innocence, before any offence was alleged against him?' He replied that at the moment when we laid hands on him the idea in his mind was that we suspected him of having stolen Walsh's money, and he could not restrain his feelings at the thought of that. He was poor, but he hoped that he was honest.

This concluded his explanation. Long before he had done, the real state of the case flashed across my mind like lightning across the heavens. I was morally certain that Lawless had robbed Walsh of the money with which he subsequently bought the old mule. But as in the case of the supposed murder, the less said about it the

better. So Lawless was dismissed by the old magistrate—who I am sorry to say treated the whole affair as an excellent joke—and dismissed too, as he had desired, without a stain on his character. He once more holds his head aloft among the neighbours, and still remains as great a thief as ever, I do believe.

As for Peggy Malone's mysterious disappearance, we ascertained subsequently that she had turned aside from her road to make a friendly call at the house of a distant relative who was unwell. Yielding to a pressing invitation, she had stopped there that night; and when we overtook her in the morning, was calmly returning to Mullaghboy with all her stock-in-trade.

Of course it's all as plain as a pikestaff to the reader now; but O'Dowd and I dare console ourselves with the hope that his first impressions differed not from our own as regards the supposed murder. If haply, such be the case, our injured vanity will be satisfied, and the object of this narrative amply realised.

By a tyrannical hand, for reasons not alleged, we have been transferred from the scene of our late exertions, and are at present stationed in County Tipperary, where there is every year a very satisfactory calendar of crime, what with landlord-shooting, threatening letters, arson, and all that. It is evident that we can't *much* longer be kept out of our promotion, unless indeed it fall to our lot to investigate such another deed of blood.

MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

On the above subject, which was lately noticed in this *Journal*, a correspondent sends us the following:

'A few years ago I removed into a new and larger house with a young family. Some nights after my removal I was awakened in the middle of the night by a distinct knocking twice or thrice repeated at my bedroom door. I called out: "Who's there?" There was no reply; but after an interval of a few minutes the knocking was repeated as distinctly as before. Again the same question: "Who's there?" and again no reply; but again came the knocking, if possible more distinct and louder than before, and just as if a person outside in the lobby had struck sharply and repeatedly with his knuckles on the door. I sprang rapidly from bed on its being repeated, and rushed to the bedroom door and opened it, determined to catch the knocker. But there was no one outside; and no one could have escaped down the staircase, which was what is called a well-staircase, brilliantly lighted with a flood of moonlight, which streamed through the skylight window. I am not and never was spirit-stricken or superstitious; but I will confess my sensations now became trying; my heart began to throb, and I returned to bed with ears painfully awake. Again came the knocking, clear and distinct and methodical as before. Although feeling very uneasy, I crept silently out of bed and stretched myself on the floor with my head on the boards and a few feet from the bedroom door, to find out if possible from what part of the door the knocking proceeded. Again it came as before, and I could distinctly refer it to the lowest part or panel of the door. I suddenly opened the door, but with the same result as before;

and again I lay in my former position. Again came the knocking, three or four distinct taps; and now fixing my eyes steadily on the spot from which the tapping proceeded, I saw the knuckle-bone of a leg of lamb, about the size of a very small walnut, jerked repeatedly against the skirting that lay alongside the door. The skirting was thinner than the sounding-board of a piano; and it was the sudden tapping of the little bone against the sounding-board that produced the repeated knocking. But how was the tapping produced? By a mouse that had found its way along the hollow space behind the wainscot. It had bored a hole in the very lowest part of the wainscot very nearly on a level with the floor, had found its little bone left after the children's dinner, and had dragged it to the entrance of its hole, but could not get it through. It had dragged through the tough bit of sinew which is attached to the end of the bone—popularly known in mutton as the Gentleman's Bone—and was trying by jerking it backwards to bring the bone itself through; and each jerk gave a blow against the thin sounding-board, and each blow gave out the sound or mysterious knock. Had I not discovered this, no reasoning could have convinced me that I had not heard knocks at my bedroom door; and I should in all probability have attributed them to what is termed supernatural agency.

'My next experience was if possible more puzzling. In the neighbourhood of Dublin, on the rocky sea-coast of Dalkey, there are several castles supposed to have been erected by the Danes for the protection of their traders. They are still in fair preservation, and have dwelling-houses of modern construction built against them. One of these old castles stands on the very verge of the sea, over what was once a rocky inlet, but is now a harbour called Bullock Harbour, along the opposite side of which is a row of fishermen's cottages, principally inhabited by men who earn their livelihood as pilots. The dwelling-house attached to this old castle I with my family occupied in the summer, for health's sake and to enjoy boating, of which I was fond. I observed some time after taking up my residence in it, that no matter at what time I retired to bed—and I generally set up one or two hours after the other members of my family had retired—the servants from the kitchen story selected the same moment for their departure.

'This unceasing regularity became at last annoying, and I insisted on knowing the cause. The information given to me was that the old castle and house were haunted, and that for no inducement would the servants remain after I had ascended from the parlour. I had now reason for thinking there was some ground for the fears. The pantry particularly, and the rest of the house with it, were walked over by footsteps at night. These were plainly heard; and there was added an additional aggravation; for, not content with this, the "supernatural" visitor began to do mischief, and generally in the gray of the morning made free with eatables and pots of jam on the shelves, occasionally breaking a glass or plate! To add to the mystery, though the pantry was carefully locked every night the depredations still continued, and at length the terror of each night's visitation became greater and greater, and various stories began to be circulated, one being that the visitant

was the spirit of a nun condemned to suffer the pangs of hunger for some transgression. This was supported by the circumstance of the old castle and grounds having been some years before occupied as a convent. The only opening into the pantry was through a ventilator in the roof, very high up, and adjoining one of the lofty walls of the old castle. Through this no human being could obtain an entrance; but it was entered by a *monkey*, who came to it in this way. One of the pilot-boats was taking off a pilot to a ship, to relieve the one on duty, when the monkey, nick I suppose of the sea, and determined not to lose the opportunity, jumped into the boat, and on nearing the shore, jumped out again, and sought the nearest shelter, which happened to be the old castle. The ship was from the West Indies, laden with sugar. The monkey, though missed from the homeward-bound, was unnoticed by the pilot crew, and finding his way from the castle to the ventilator of the adjoining dwelling-house pantry, sought to allay his hunger there when all was quiet at night. By day the creature lay hidden in the old castle; and it was only after a lapse of many days and nights that poor Jacko was discovered peeping out from his lodging in the old Norman keep!

It not infrequently happens that houses are haunted, and kept haunted, by certain persons who have a *direct interest* in keeping up the silly trick. In the same neighbourhood—the neighbourhood of the old castle—was a house reputed to be haunted, and which has maintained its reputation for more than two summers. Footsteps are heard at night, doors are slammed, and on one occasion, jugs of water have been poured upon some members of the family, to their great discomfort. The ghost has been clever, and has not yet been caught; but the solution is not far to find, as the care-taker has a comfortable residence gratis, which is lost when the house is let and occupied for the season!

[We gladly offer the foregoing 'ghost-stories unveiled' to our readers, as proving what we have over and over again maintained—namely that apparently unaccountable sounds or sights are, in almost every case, capable of being solved, and relegated to natural causes, by the exercise of a little perseverance and common-sense.—Ed.]

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Secretaries of the Royal Society have again announced that they are ready to receive applications for grants from the fund of four thousand pounds voted by parliament for the promotion of scientific research. This is the third year of the fund. In the two preceding years it has been found that there are earnest men who, if they can be kept alive, are willing to devote themselves to long-continued and laborious investigations, some of which are of a highly scientific character; and such men will no doubt come to the fore until the five years prescribed by the Treasury for the duration of the experiment shall have expired. Any one may apply who is really engaged in scientific research; but persons who are in want of a partner, or have invented a new polishing-powder, or who desire to give popular lectures,

have mistaken the purpose of the fund, and should address themselves elsewhere.

The Society of Arts are endeavouring to prepare a complete list of all the Reports of medical officers of health on the question of water-supply; and they have published the Reports of the Congresses held to discuss water-supply, health and sewage of towns, and domestic economy; and they announce that the Society's examinations in 1879 will comprise Commercial Knowledge—Domestic Economy—Fine Arts applied to Industry—Music—Technology of Arts and Manufactures, and Elementary. Besides all this, they have published Dr Richardson's interesting series of lectures on *Putrefactive Changes, and on the Preservation of Animal Substances*.

The Statistical Society offer their Howard Medal for 1879, and twenty pounds for the best essay 'On the Improvements that have taken place in the Education of Children and Young Persons during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.' Any one in any part of the world may compete, provided that the essay be written in English. The time allowed extends to the end of June next.

The Social Science Congress met at Cheltenham, and discussed many subjects regarding the welfare of the community—Prisons and prisoners; wages and savings; medical clubs; the best way of making art available to everybody; schools and teachers; overcrowding in dwelling-houses, and public health in all its aspects; moral influence of the drama. These are a few of the topics talked about; and readers desirous to know how they were talked about will be gratified in due time by the Association's annual volume.

With a view to spread and improve popular knowledge of meteorology, the Meteorological Society have arranged for a course of lectures on the Physical Properties of the Atmosphere—Air Temperature, its Distribution and Range—The Barometer and its Uses: Wind and Storms—Clouds and Weather-signs—Rain, Snow, Hail and Atmospheric Electricity—The Nature, Methods, and General Objects of Meteorology. From all this it will be understood that the Long Vacation is over, and that our learned and scientific societies are reviving their activity.

The extreme sensitiveness of the 'carbon button' used in the transmission of sounds by the microphone, has led Mr Edison to the invention of a new instrument, the *Tasimeter*, for the measurement of minute changes of temperature. The button is so placed that substances of different kinds may be brought near it; and when in operation, the instrument is connected with an electric battery and a very sensitive galvanometer. The slightest pressure on the substance taken for experiment, immediately deflects the needle of the galvanometer. Suppose, for example, that the substance is a small strip of metal; the pressure has altered its length, and consequently its relations with the button, and the sensitiveness of the button at once makes the fact apparent through the galvanometer. Similarly, changes of temperature and of moisture are indicated, and thus physicists are provided with an additional resource for experimental purposes. With the *tasimeter* it will be possible to measure with greater refinement than hitherto the temperature of the spectra of stars, and to determine the quantity, infinitely small though it be, by which a wire or

bar is lengthened or shortened by magnetisation ; and to ascertain many other facts which are of great importance in physical science. For instance, a tasimeter may be so fitted in the keel of a ship that when connected with a galvanometer in the cabin, it will indicate the temperature of the sea and the proximity of ice. Similarly, it may be used to give warning of excessive heat and of fire. To whatever purpose it may be applied, it remains a remarkable instance of Mr Edison's inventive genius.

The eclipse of the sun of July last still occupies the attention of astronomers. Professor H. Draper, who observed it with excellent instruments from a favourable spot near the central line of totality in Wyoming Territory, United States, anticipated that something new concerning the nature of the corona would be ascertained, in consequence of the eclipse occurring at a time when there were no sunspots, and the chromosphere was in a condition of minimum activity. In this he was not disappointed, for with an exposure of one hundred and sixty-five seconds, the whole time of the totality, he got a well-defined photograph of the corona.

From this photograph it is concluded that the corona is not a glowing gas, but that 'its light is due to reflection of sunlight by solid or liquid bodies surrounding the sun like a cloud of meteors.'

'There can be little doubt,' says Professor Draper, 'that during this eclipse we have observed the true nature of the corona, and that its light is almost entirely sunlight reflected from bodies of a size too small to be distinguished as individuals. According to this view, the light of the corona has on former occasions been infiltrated with materials thrown up from the chromosphere.'

Mr Edison, who was of the party, used his newly invented tasimeter to ascertain whether the corona gave indications of heat, and was answered in the affirmative, for no sooner was the instrument moved from the image of the dark moon to the image of the corona, than the index beam of light went entirely off the scale of the galvanometer, whereby the opportunity for exact measurement was unfortunately lost.

The discussion and excitement about electric light still continue, and holders of gas shares have not ceased to be timorous. But to make that light available for domestic, public, and manufacturing purposes will not be a quick operation. With a powerful steam-engine to drive the magneto-electric or dynamo-electric machine, it is easy to generate a powerful light suited say for a light-house ; but to subdivide and distribute that light to numerous points in a house or factory is a great difficulty. How to overcome that difficulty is the problem. The so-called current from a magneto-electric machine is not a current in the same sense as that flowing from a battery ; it is rather a series of exceedingly rapid impulses, and the farther they are transmitted the feebler is their light.

As many readers know, the focus of the light is two small cones of carbon with a stream of the rapid impulses passing from one to the other. The prime difficulty here is, the burning away of the carbon-points, and the corresponding derangement of the light. If the cones could be so contrived as to burn continuously at the exact distance from each other necessary for a steady light, this

difficulty would cease to exist. The 'Wallace lamp' is fitted with carbon-plates, which, as is said, will give a continuous light for a hundred hours ; Mr Werdermann makes use of a point and a disk. Professors Thomson and Houston of the Central High School, Philadelphia, taking advantage of the fact that a succession of rapid sparks appears as a continuous light, have contrived an electric light in which one of the carbons is made to approach and recede from the other so quickly that the light is apparently uninterrupted. There is economy in this ; for a comparatively feeble current will suffice where, with the usual arrangement, a strong current would be required.

In June of last year, Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., exhibited at a conversation of the Royal Society a 'regulator' by which the carbon-points could be regulated. He describes it as 'a thin strip of copper or silver, say six inches long and half an inch broad, stretched horizontally between two supports, with a weight or spring exerting a certain pressure in the middle. The branch-current to be regulated is passed through this strip of metal, which is thereby heated to a certain moderate extent.' When all goes well, the strip is unaffected ; but would increase in temperature, and consequently in length, if the carbons approached each other, and allow the weight resting in the middle to descend, thereby occasioning an increase in the resistance of a small rheostat, through which the branch-current in question has to flow. And thus are the carbons regulated. Upon this important subject we hear that a new invention has been patented for the subdivision of the electric light by two electricians named Sawyer and Man, of New York. The invention is said to be a very simple one, consisting of a small pencil of carbon, little larger than a pin, and connected by wires to an electric machine inclosed in a hermetically sealed glass globe filled with pure nitrogen gas. The new invention is known as the electric dynamic light, and is stated to emit a brilliant white light. The inventors assert their ability to fit up lights equal to thirty gas burners, and say that by a very small switch in the wall the current of electricity can be divided so as to supply any number of burners. The meter difficulty has been overcome by an invention which will register the number of burners, and the number of hours they are lighted.

We made known last year certain researches and inventions by Mr Siemens in connection with electricity ; and under present circumstances, we may venture to repeat his statement that 'natural forces, such as represented by large waterfalls, could be utilised for the production of motive-power and electric light, in towns at a distance even of thirty miles from the source, by means of a large electric conductor.'

Considering that the Metropolitan Board of Works have resolved to make trial of the electric light in different parts of London, and that Liverpool and other towns are following their example, we may hope that the difficulties above referred to will be overcome. If report from the other side of the Atlantic may be trusted, they have been already overcome by the ingenious Mr Edison. The particulars of his method will probably be made public by the time that these lines appear in print.

A few months ago we noticed Professor Osborne

Reynolds' observations and conclusions on the action of the rudder on screw-steamers, shewing that to reverse the action of the screw in moments of danger might produce, and not avoid a collision. From all points of view, the question is one of high importance, and it is satisfactory to know that a Report thereupon was presented at the late meeting of the British Association at Dublin, by a committee, whose experiments with ships verified the conclusions arrived at by Professor Reynolds with models. They found it to be an invariable rule that during the interval in which a ship is stopping herself by the reversal of her screw, the rudder produces none of its usual effects to turn the ship; but that, under these circumstances, the effect of the rudder, such as it is, is to turn the ship in the opposite direction from that in which she would turn if the screw were going ahead. And further, owing to the feeble influence of the rudder over the ship during the interval in which she is stopping, she is at the mercy of any other influences that may act upon her.

A ship with the screw reversed requires, in order to turn a circle, double the radius of that required while steaming ahead. If it is difficult to govern her direction, it is more difficult to predict what that direction will be. It is easy to see, therefore, that if on approaching danger the screw be reversed, all certainty of turning the ship out of the way of the danger must be abandoned. What is to be done?

A screw-steamer when at full speed requires five lengths more or less in which to stop herself; whereas by using her rudder and steaming on at full speed ahead, she should be able to turn herself through a quadrant without having advanced five lengths in her original direction. This is a noteworthy fact: steam ahead, and be quick with the rudder, and you escape the threatened collision.

But here we are told that quickness is impossible, for the steering-gear of ships is now so arranged that 'it takes a long time to turn the wheel round and round so as to put a large angle on the rudder.'

'The result is'—so say the Committee—'that it is often one or two minutes after the order is heard by the men at the wheel before there is any large angle on the rudder, and of course under these circumstances it is absurd to talk of making use of the turning qualities of a ship in case of emergency. The power available to turn the rudder should be proportional to the tonnage of the vessel, and there is no mechanical reason why the rudder of the largest vessel should not be brought hard over in less than fifteen seconds from the time the order is given. Had those in charge of steamships efficient control over their rudders, it is probable that much less would be heard of the reversing of the engines in cases of imminent danger.' Clearly this is a question which calls imperatively for regulation by the Admiralty or some other competent authority.

In former days the hand-grenade was used in war; in the present days we are told that a hand-torpedo is to be brought into use. The explosive substance in this new contrivance for killing and wounding is gun-cotton; and in the description thereof we are informed that one end of a long cord is attached to each charge, and at the other is connected with a 'kind of pistol,' held by the

man in charge of the missile. He throws the torpedo into the place required, touches the trigger, the cord is a conductor, and immediately the torpedo explodes with a force that even granite rocks cannot resist. Flung into a boat, such a torpedo would destroy the crew, and a daring company of torpedo-throwers might under certain circumstances attack a large ship and work much mischief.

In India, the ever increasing wants in the way of communications by rail, road, and river, and the rapid extension of irrigation and other engineering projects, as well as the ordinary military, administrative, and fiscal requirements, make the early production of accurate maps a matter of very great necessity and importance. Formerly, everything was sent to England to be lithographed or engraved; consequently, publication could not keep pace with the surveys, and the record rooms at Calcutta became filled with valuable materials which grew antiquated before they could be turned to practical use. But in 1867 the process of photo-zincography as practised in the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, was set going in India, and now the publishing departments follow the progress of the surveys so closely that as a rule each season's mapping is reproduced and published before the drawing of the next season's maps is taken in hand. A very large amount of work is thus done that could never have been undertaken by lithography and engraving alone; and not only are the ordinary departmental publications thus hastened, but a number of miscellaneous maps and drawings are reproduced specially for the use of other departments of the public service. The total number of sheets printed in 1877 was more than two hundred and forty-four thousand.

In photo-zincography the plan or drawing is impressed on a zinc plate by the action of light, or by transfer, which is obviously a quick way in comparison with lithography, and the plate is speedily handed over to the printer.

One of the consequences of occupying Cyprus is a necessity for knowing its extent and the nature and limits of its lands. The authorities have therefore resolved that a complete survey of the island shall be made by triangulation, and four officers of the Royal Engineers have been appointed to carry out the work. One of the four is Lieutenant Kitchener, who has already proved his capabilities in the survey of Palestine. In time therefore, we shall have accurate maps of Cyprus with particulars of its landscapes and geology; for the Ordnance surveyors go everywhere and see everything.

During some years past, ordinary tourists, as well as scientific observers of natural phenomena, have remarked that the glaciers of Switzerland have shrunk very much from their former imposing dimensions. Rosenlauri and Grindelwald are noteworthy examples. Professor Dufour, from a long series of observations on the Rhone glacier, has ascertained that the wasting process, whatever it may be, is active also in that region. In 1870 he made a map of the lower extremity of the glacier, and thereby was enabled to take definite measures; from which he found, in August 1877, that in the seven years the maximum waste or retrogression of the ice-foot was five hundred metres. This was accompanied by a corresponding waste at the sides, so that the total loss is

enormous. Is this loss to continue; and are we to understand that Central Europe has entered on a cycle of change of climate?

In a former Month (*Ch. J.* No. 766, p. 559) the Holstein churn is stated to have been the best. We are asked to explain that it is the best for producing butter from a given quantity of milk; but that the best churn, for cream is one constructed by Messrs Thomas and Taylor of Stockport. To this churn, as well as to the Holstein, a prize of ten pounds was awarded.

EDUCATION BY POST.

A great deal has been heard within the last few years of the efforts that are now being made for the 'higher education of women.' In nearly all our large towns there are lectures and classes for those whose school-days are over, but who do not for that reason look on their education as finished. And most of our universities offer certificates of one kind or another to women. But there is a large class of women who cannot avail themselves of these advantages, who may hear of lectures, classes, and certificates, but only to reflect that such things are out of their reach. Girls in small provincial towns or remote country districts; young mothers who perhaps only find out the deficiencies of their education when they have to teach their children; governesses, to whom a certificate would be valuable, for whom it is every day becoming more necessary—all these would prize good schooling if they could have it, and often find their solitary studies hard and discouraging work.

For the benefit of such solitary female students the plan of instruction by *correspondence* has been devised. There are different schemes for carrying out this system; but in all, the main outlines are the same. The instruction desired is given by able and competent teachers through the medium of the post. A student, no matter where her residence may be, becomes a member of a class of unknown companions, who work together according to a plan of study sent to each. Their progress is tested by occasional papers of questions, which they answer and return to their teacher, receiving them back again with corrections and explanations. The pupils may, if they choose, and have the opportunity, still further test their progress by entering for the Local University Examination with which their class is connected.

The primary object of all this is to prepare for the University Local Examinations, the subjects taught being those prescribed by the examiners of the respective Universities; such as Ancient and Modern Languages; History, Geography, Literature; Arithmetic and Mathematics. At the same time the system has been found useful by many who have not entered for the University Examination; and the occasional papers of questions are in themselves a satisfactory test of progress. The plan was first tried in connection with the Cambridge Examinations for Women. Two years ago it was begun in Edinburgh; and this year a similar system has been instituted in connection with the Glasgow University Examinations. Information with regard to the Glasgow Correspondence Classes may be had from the secretary, Miss J. S. MacArthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN!

And well do I remember still
How bright life was to me
When I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The earth was fairer then, I think,
Than e'er I see it now;
How softly blew the warm west wind
That listened to our vow.
We made it in the whispering dark,
Beneath our trysting-tree.
Ah! then I was but seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The river rippled soft and low
Its dear familiar song;
We stood upon the old stone bridge,
And all the world seemed young.
And there with one long lingering kiss
You took my heart from me.
Ah! well, I was but seventeen,
And you just twenty-three!

Far off the grand old hills arose;
The stars shone out above;
And all the night was fair and sweet;
The air was full of love.
I fondly wonder many a time,
If you think tenderly
Of what I was at seventeen,
And you at twenty-three!

It is not very long ago;
But bitter tears have wet
The cheeks you kissed so lovingly.
Ah! if I could forget!
Why were you faithless! O my love,
The world is changed to me,
Since I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

And often when the night-wind sighs
Along the river-side,
My heart goes back with longing pain
To that sweet even-tide.
But still, I love to think of it,
For nevermore, ah me!
Shall I again be seventeen,
Or you be twenty-three!

BEE.

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2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

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THE SCOTTISH BANKING SYSTEM.

GLASGOW BANK FRAUDS.

THOSE new and marvellously successful methods of depredation by wholesale, which we ventured to call *PLUNDERING à LA MODE*, had not when we wrote attained their full dimensions. The amount of plunder in the principal cases mentioned reached only hundreds of thousands of pounds. It is now made plain, by recent and startling disclosures, that in this singularly decent country of ours, in the very bosom of respectability and religious profession, it is possible for frauds to be committed to the extent of millions. Hundreds of families in good circumstances may be ruined, happy homes laid waste, and trade brought to a kind of paralysis, by a handful of men who affect to stand well with the community, but who in reality may be ranked among the least reputable in the population. Glasgow, which Scotland has reason to be proud of, as having risen from insignificance at the beginning of the eighteenth century to be the second city in the United Kingdom, unfortunately suffers the shame of having developed a system of fraud on a scale so gigantic as to exceed anything ever known or ever conceived by the imagination.

On the morning of the second of October the City of Glasgow Bank shut its doors and stopped payment. The event was wholly unexpected. Until that fatal morning, the concern had been universally trusted. Before going into the details of the catastrophe, we propose to take a slight survey of the banking system in Scotland.

The first bank established in the country was the Bank of Scotland, which was set on foot in 1695, by a charter from William III. and the Scottish parliament. Its original stock was £100,000 sterling, raised by shares; and it actually began business on a call of one-tenth, or £10,000. From the first it issued notes of various denominations from £5 to £100. One-pound notes were a more recent introduction. The

next institution of the kind was the Royal Bank of Scotland, established in 1727; and that was followed by the British Linen Company Bank in 1746. Subsequently, a number of private banks sprung into existence, a few of them remaining till within our recollection. They are now all gone. They were superseded by joint-stock banks with numerous shareholders and a large paid-up capital. The institution of these concerns was considerably hastened by the haughty way in which the officials of the older banks were apt to treat customers who did not happen to belong to the upper ten thousand, or whose politics were deemed objectionable. Lord Cockburn in his *Memoirs* has facetiously alluded to this strange phase in banking. The first to break down monopoly and liberality in dealing was the Commercial Bank, established in 1810; which was followed by the National Bank in 1825, both being incorporated by royal charter. The other joint-stock banks set on foot were the Union, the Western, the Clydesdale, and City of Glasgow—these four having their headquarters in Glasgow; also the Aberdeen Town and County, the North of Scotland, and the Caledonian—this last being established at Inverness. Striking off the Western, which failed in 1857, there were eleven banks in Scotland at the beginning of 1873; the more recent of them having the benefit of incorporation under the Companies Act of 1862. In all there is a proprietary of shareholders, and all in varying proportions possess the privilege of issuing one-pound notes and upwards. The total average circulation of the two previous years was £6,187,432. By law, each bank was bound to possess coin equivalent to any excess over a certain circulation, and to make a periodical return to government to that effect under a specified penalty. The annual profit to shareholders, as publicly announced, has latterly been 9½ from the Royal to 15 per cent. paid by the Commercial; that of the other banks was mostly 12 to 14 per cent. These dividends were of course on the original shares; and as the market price of shares had risen in some cases to about three times their

original value, the actual profits to very many of the shareholders must have averaged only from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent.; so that all things considered, recent investors in shares have enjoyed but a moderate return for their money.

It is but fair to state that bating the hauteur and illiberality above alluded to, and which have been long since thoroughly cured and extenuated, the Scottish banks, by the exercise of a proper degree of caution united with enterprise, have been generally well managed, and have been attended with well-merited success. No doubt, a material cause for their marked success has been the thrifty and saving habits of the people. From not long after their inception, the banks began to receive deposits, on which a small interest was allowed. There accordingly grew up a universal practice from one end of the country to the other of keeping all spare money in banks. Private hoarding became almost unknown. This was attended with at least two advantages. There was little temptation to robbery or burglary, and the bank deposits swelled the amount of money to be employed in furthering trade and agricultural improvements. Society at large was composed of lenders and of borrowers in whom confidence could be placed. Through the superfluity of private funds, the nation assumed the character, as it were, of a compact family system, tending to create mutual dependence along with general prosperity.

Obviously, no such splendid results could have been effected by only a few banking establishments situated in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and two or three other large towns. To bring every nook and corner of the country within reach of a bank, it was necessary to appoint agencies, under trustworthy and experienced officials, many of them local solicitors with an accurate knowledge of their respective neighbourhoods, and with whom dealings could be carried out as at the head-office. These agencies are a remarkable feature in Scottish banking. They crown the financial edifice. You will find them, often to the number of three or four, in every country town, and one in almost every village of only a few hundred inhabitants. You land in distant islands, and there they are ready to accept deposits, or negotiate drafts on the metropolis. Wherever situated, thither flock farmers to deposit money they have received for produce, or to draw sums to pay their rent. They are similarly centres of the financial operations of the landed gentry and tradesmen. We have known a small village which you would walk through in three minutes whose bank agent turned over eighty thousand pounds a year. We know villages not much larger where three times that amount passes through the hands of agents annually. At those cattle and sheep markets held at outlying places, bank agents from the nearest town set up tents in which to carry on business for the day, honouring cheques and receiving deposits, greatly to the convenience of store-farmers and purchasers. Every agency receives notes of all the banks, but pays away only the notes of its own bank, in order to maintain the circulation. Notes are payable in specie on demand, but unless by favour, only at the head office. Such is the

universal confidence in the note system that a demand for sovereigns is comparatively rare. If there be anything to complain of, it is that sometimes the notes become offensive by being kept too long in circulation.

The issue of one-pound notes by the Scottish banks has been represented by English bankers as an invidious and unjust privilege. We shall not argue the question. What we wish to say is, that this species of issue is ingrained in the usages and traditions of the country. The people prefer notes to sovereigns, not only from being more accustomed to them, but because sovereigns are liable to be depreciated by wear, and also to be counterfeited. Independently of these prejudices, it is very certain that a note circulation, under adequate restrictions, has largely contributed to the prosperity of the country. Were the one-pound notes abolished, at least a third, perhaps a half, of all the bank agencies would be withdrawn, greatly to the public inconvenience.

According to the latest published lists, the total number of agencies, sub-agencies, and branches of one kind or other was nine hundred and twenty-five. Nothing could give one a more impressive idea of the diffusion of banks in all quarters throughout Scotland, nor could we offer a more striking contrast in this respect with what prevails in England, where there are numerous populous villages with no bank of any description, and where at times the tourist has a difficulty in getting that small amount of accommodation, change for a ten-pound note.

With such an enormous machinery for collecting money, the aggregate amount of deposits in the Scotch banks has since 1844 increased from thirty-three to upwards of eighty millions; and if we include the capital of the banks, the sum-total engaged will be little short of a hundred millions. It has very justly been considered a sound principle for the sake of security in Scottish banking, that each bank should invest a proper proportion of its funds in government stock, Exchequer bills, and other readily marketable securities, to meet any sudden pressure on means. The principle is so rational, that one wonders how it should ever be neglected. Unfortunately, where directors exercise but a perfunctory supervision of affairs, reckless folly, blundering, and want of conscientiousness are apt to occur in bank management, as in other kinds of business. A notable instance of complicated neglect of the first principle in banking took place in relation to the Western Bank, whose manager and directors launched out all their available means on credits. Perceiving what must ensue, the correspondents of the bank in London finally refused to honour their drafts, and the Edinburgh banks refused their notes. Now came the end. With liabilities to the public of nine millions, a paid-up capital of a million and a half, and twelve hundred shareholders all liable without limit, the Western Bank had no alternative but to close its doors, 9th November 1857. The stoppage produced great consternation, and there was much pity for the unfortunate shareholders. The bank having gone into liquidation, the first call was for twenty-five pounds, and the second for a hundred pounds per share. A number of the shareholders were ruined, and many suffered much depression in circumstances. Luckily, by skill in winding up and in realising

assets, the shareholders had some money returned to them; and exclusive of the loss of stock, the absolute loss was a little over fifty-two pounds per share. All the creditors and note-holders were paid in full. The bank never resumed business, and the note circulation of Scotland was correspondingly reduced. The disaster and its consequences offered a salutary lesson to bank managers and directors, which, however, as will be immediately seen, some of them failed to profit by.

This brings us to the City of Glasgow Bank, which began in 1839. From the first it was a stirring concern, popular in its management, and through the means of agencies secured a large business. In its management, however, there had not been a strict regard to the primary precepts of banking. Weak in its reserve, it could not bear the strain arising from the failure of the Western Bank, and it too, in 1857, had to close its doors. After the panic had calmed down, it resumed business, and appeared to have outlived its difficulties. There is now reason to believe that from the period of its resumption it was guilty of trading beyond its means, and of rashly encouraging speculators, for the sake of keeping up a show of large business, and parading a handsome balance-sheet to its shareholders. It was just the story of the Western Bank over again, but considerably exaggerated. Its paid-up capital was a million, consisting of shares of a hundred pounds each. Some persons had two, four, or six shares, some as many as ten or more shares. Latterly, the number of shareholders was twelve hundred and forty-nine; besides trustees who had the misfortune to represent widows and children. In its eagerness in gathering deposits and doing business, it had a branch establishment in Edinburgh, and planted altogether a hundred and thirty-three branches, four of these being in the Isle of Man. The Edinburgh branch was eminently well managed and largely supported. The agencies were as well conducted as any in the country. The rottenness was at headquarters, in Glasgow, where there was an organisation of directors, a manager, secretary, cashier, and so forth, in whom there was a fatal degree of confidence. Everything was thought to be *en règle*. Yet for a number of years there was going on a system of deliberate frauds. The whole thing was a lie. We will not say that the frauds consisted of direct peculation for personal benefit; but nevertheless they were frauds calculated to impose on the public, and deceive the shareholders even to ruin.

The audacity of protracted falsehood and wilful imposition culminated in the balance-sheet presented for approval of the shareholders in July 1878. According to that deceitful document, the total liabilities were eleven millions and some odd pounds, while the assets were nominally to the same amount. Among the assets were recapitulated government stock, Exchequer bills, and other property to the value of above two millions. The bank was represented as prosperous, and a dividend of twelve per cent. was declared. The shareholders, if any shareholders took the trouble to be present, approved of the Report, and we dare say congratulated themselves on being partners in such a flourishing concern. A month or two afterwards—but of that the public and the shareholders knew nothing—the bank felt itself to

be in difficulties. Application was made to other banks for assistance; but on a private examination of affairs, it was refused. As a dying struggle to maintain its credit, the bank sent parcels of bills to London for discount, which bills did not belong to the bank, but had been left by customers to be collected and placed to their credit when they became due. These futile efforts were unavailing. The bank, as is said, had to shut its doors on the 2d October.

The dismay caused by the stoppage did not lead to panic. The nation was horrified, but calm. A reason for this tranquillity was partly owing to the judicious conduct of the solvent banks. They undertook the obligation of receiving and paying for all the notes of the City of Glasgow Bank that were in circulation. To further lessen the force of the blow, they offered, on certain conditions, to give ten shillings in the pound on the accounts of depositors, leaving the remainder for readjustment as the case might be. They likewise, where it seemed desirable, established agencies in place of those of the City of Glasgow Bank that had been closed. By these several means, the stinging effects of the disaster at the very outset were considerably mitigated. At any rate, no present suffering to speak of was experienced. People generally had time to reflect on ulterior probabilities.

The first thing obviously was to ascertain the extent of the calamity. Skilled accountants having been appointed to investigate the state of affairs, the sad truth came out. The City of Glasgow Bank was hopelessly insolvent. It had lost the whole capital stock, amounting to a million; it had lost its reserve fund, with five millions besides. The astounding fact was brought out that the bank had incurred bad debts to the extent of £1,733,537, consisting chiefly of money advanced to four principal debtors. As was well observed by *The Times*, October 19, after the statement of the investigators had been made public—"The story set forth is one of the most disgraceful in the history of banking. Accounts have been deliberately falsified, securities entered at fictitious values, bad debts taken as good assets, and the very gold which ought to have been held under the Act of 1845 against the note issue, deliberately squandered to the extent of over £1,300,000. The government has been deceived by false returns, the shareholders by "cooked" balance-sheets, and everything done in short that a perverse ingenuity could think of to conceal the bankrupt condition of the bank until it became a national calamity. The revelations of the investigators must shatter the mercantile community almost as much as the news of the failure, and ought to be the signal for many much-needed banking reforms. Here is a bank professedly occupied with the commerce of Scotland, a bank notable among Scotch banks for its pushing endeavours to establish branches all over the northern half of the kingdom, throwing away millions of the money of its depositors to support hopelessly rotten firms in the East India trade, investing in doubtful or altogether speculative securities, such as Erie shares and other American railway stocks, buying land in Australia and New Zealand, and generally behaving like an insane gambler mad to be rid of his fortune." The Western Bank failure was insignificant to this,

whether as concerns mismanagement or the losses to which the shareholders were exposed.

The course of falsehood and fraud pursued for years having brought the directors and leading officials of the City of Glasgow Bank within the scope of the criminal law, the crown authorities of Scotland acted with considerable promptitude. They caused the apprehension of all the directors of the bank, the manager, and the secretary, who were forthwith lodged in prison for examination. The whole of them were finally committed for trial on a charge of falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition, and theft. This latter charge of theft was due to the fact of appropriating the bills left for collection, and illegally discounting them for bank purposes.

A general meeting of the unhappy shareholders took place in Glasgow, October 22. Never perhaps was there a more mournful assemblage connected with a commercial calamity; certainly on no such occasion were nobler sentiments uttered. All the speakers deplored the dreadful loss which had befallen them, but all concurred in the declaration to meet their obligations, though ruin should be the consequence. One of the speakers, Mr Robert Young, said: 'I may take the opportunity of observing that our misfortunes are greater than our faults. We have reposed confidence in men who are unworthy of our confidence. We believed in the Reports and balance-sheets which had been falsified, fictitious, and misleading; but we hope that although losing our money, we have not yet lost our personal honour. I know that we have received sympathy from the public, and although we dare not ask to be relieved of any part of our debts, we must shew our creditors that we are determined to face resolutely our difficulties. We must put forth a strenuous effort. We must have the most perfect honour, and the determination that we shall if possible pay every one in full.' The Rev. F. L. Robertson also made some memorable observations to the like effect. As a clergyman, not afraid to inculcate a lesson in practical Christianity, he alluded to the dismally pharisaic character of certain directors, 'who trod the streets of the city arrayed in the garments of religiousness—making long prayers whilst they were devouring widows' houses, and erecting churches while they were wrecking homes.' These just and scathing remarks met with an echo in the public heart. There were clergymen in other parts of the country who denounced the degenerate Puritanism that, contrary to true piety, substitutes exterior religious profession for the consciousness of moral responsibility and sense of honour.

The heavy obligations imposed on the shareholders were materially aggravated by the circumstance, that for a period before its stoppage the bank itself had been secretly purchasing shares through an agent, in order to sustain the price of stock in the market. This necessarily limited the number of persons who could be made responsible, and tended to increase the amount of calls by the liquidators. The first call they made was for five hundred pounds per share. The demand was unavoidable, but it meant utter ruin to many, poverty and misery to all. Throughout the country there was a wail of sympathy and sorrow. The highest shareholder would have to pay £1,102,336. Many would have to pay from £2,000

to £10,000. The desolation that would take place among widows, aged unmarried ladies, and children was terrible to contemplate. Everywhere an attempt was made to assuage the anticipated distress of individuals by means of a national subscription, which we are glad to know has met with considerable success.

We have now arrived at that point in our narrative when the reader must be referred to the current newspapers. In a subsequent paper, we may be able to wind up with such fresh particulars as come to light. Meanwhile, we cannot close without making a few remarks that seem to be called for. As a whole, Scottish banking ought not to suffer in reputation by the failure of the Western and City of Glasgow Banks. Both these institutions were conducted in a headlong manner in violation of every sound principle of banking. In each case there was gross mismanagement, a weak sense of responsibility; and, to say the least of it, a culpable degree of negligence. Now the very serious inquiry arises, What guarantee have we that equally fatal errors may not take place again? Strictly speaking, there is no existing guarantee. As matters stand, all is left to directors, and these in their turn, as it would appear, trust to a manager and officials acting under him. Shareholders are the recognised masters; but is it not the fact that shareholders in banks are a very easy-going race, who rarely attend the annual meetings, and if things look square with a good dividend, quite as rarely call in question the veracity of the balance-sheets. All in a pleasant way is accepted as correct.

The primary blame, it is argued, lies with the shareholders. Depositors and other creditors are powerless. It might, however, be difficult and perhaps injudicious for a shareholder, or even two or three shareholders to insist on a scrutiny of the accounts and balance-sheets. Banks differ from ordinary mercantile undertakings. They are associated with delicate considerations, which it would be unwise to discuss publicly. So much may be admitted; but if shareholders as a body are not disposed to take any trouble to guard their own interests, as well as the interests and honour of the country, can they be held altogether blameless? In a spirit of routine, everything seems to be left to directors, who are presumed to know the state of affairs and to be the guardians of the concern. Unfortunately, as has just been seen, directors may abuse the confidence reposed in them, either by neglect of their proper duties, or by criminally sanctioning fraudulent representations. Possibly erring from indecision and weakness of character, they are too apt without inquiry to give their signatures to the statements that are laid before them.

There is something reassuring in the fact, that the older banks appear to have shunned that dangerous kind of business which has involved two modern establishments in destruction; and this may be imputed to the fact, that the directors of the older banks settled in Edinburgh have been disconnected with commercial circles which are signalised by a wild spirit of speculation. This, in our opinion, goes to the root of the matter. Where directors are in various mysterious ways connected, if not confederated, with men engaged in vast and extremely hazardous transactions, ruin may almost be predicted. In short, shareholders

ought to look to the character and social surroundings of directors. If they neglect that, they neglect everything. In a maze of perplexity, the public mind points for a remedy to the institution of qualified auditors by government. In that, if practicable, there might be some benefit; but we fear that nothing but the precautions now adverted to will sooner or later avert a sorrowful repetition of the City of Glasgow Bank frands. W. C.

HAROLD RIVERS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'In you have really made up your mind in the matter, all the arguments in the world would be of no avail.'

'Of very little avail in the present case, Lottie. But let us take your objections one by one and test their value. Miss Deane is a governess, but a very clever governess; were she otherwise, she would hardly have charge of Mrs Lottie Rivers's three children. Mrs Rivers believes in cleverness, and likes to have clever people about her. Nextly, Miss Deane is poor. Do you know, I'm rather glad of it. I shouldn't care to be beholden to my wife for pocket-money. Besides, I've enough money for both of us. Thirdly, as regards Miss Deane's antecedents—you admit yourself that Miss Deane is a lady—a lady who is compelled to earn her bread as a governess?'

'Yes; Miss Deane is a lady.'

'What more can a man ask that his wife should be? If she were Countess of Cawdor she could not be more; and being a governess, she is not necessarily less. So now, be a good kind sister-in-law, and get the young ones out of the way for a little while, so that I can have Miss Deane to myself for a short half-hour.'

'But you are not going to propose to her this morning?'

'With your leave and permission, I certainly am. Shall I go and send the youngsters into the garden, or will you?'

Mrs Rivers left the room, but was not long away. She came back in about five minutes. 'You know your way to the school-room,' said she. 'You will find no one there but Miss Deane.'

'I knew I might depend on your kindness,' said her brother-in-law with a squeeze of the hand. 'While I am away, if you have nothing better to do, you can be drawing up an advertisement for another governess.' He laughed lightly, and was gone.

He bounded up the stairs three at a time, and burst into the school-room as any boy of fourteen might have done. He took off his hat as he crossed the floor, and going up to Miss Deane, who was sitting by the fire with a book, he frankly held out his hand. He was a sunburnt long-bearded man of six-and-thirty; she was a tall slender woman some ten years younger than that. She coloured up painfully as he took her hand. Had she a presentiment as to the nature of the confession he was about to make?

When Harold Rivers found himself back in London, after several years of desultory wandering 'from Dan to Beersheba,' it was only natural that the hot afternoons should often find him at his sister-in-law's pleasant house by the river, where, seated under the chestnuts, with a novel, the claret

jug, and his favourite meerschaum, he could forget for a while the noise and the burning flags of Piccadilly. When tired of his own company, there was Lottie to talk to, or the children to romp with, or a moonlight pull up the river. But by-and-by, there grew a new pleasure out of these visits to Chestnut Bank. Lottie was sometimes out, visiting or shopping, in which case there was no one left to entertain him but Miss Deane the governess. He did not grumble; in fact, after a little time he ceased to regret his sister-in-law's absences. He even—so decided is the heart of man—would make artful inquiries beforehand as to when she was likely to be from home, and time his visits accordingly. Thus the affair went on from day to day, and day by day Harold Rivers floundered more deeply in the quicksands of love. It took but a little time and he was lost beyond recovery; but he had been looked upon for so many years as a man who would never marry, that his sister-in-law suspected nothing. To say that she was not chagrined when Harold told her, would be to say that she was not a woman. But Harold was his own master; and however much she might dislike such an arrangement, if Miss Deane were really about to become her sister-in-law, she could not afford to quarrel with her.

'What are you reading this morning?' asked Harold as he took up the book which Miss Deane had just laid down, and drew a chair up to the opposite side of the hearth.

'It is George Sand's *Consuelo*. I must keep up my French, you know; and the book is one of my favourites.'

'And one of mine too, although I have not opened it for a dozen years. It is strange,' he added, 'on how many points your tastes and mine agree. And not in books alone, but in other things. After sketching that pretty bit of riverside scenery the other day, with the big elm-tree in the foreground, and the quaint old gables of Vansittart House in the distance, what should I find, on turning over your portfolio, but the very same bit taken by you months ago! It's the same in music—what you like I like, and what I like you like; or at least you tell me so. Don't you believe after all, that the doctrine of Eclectic Affinities has some foundation in fact?'

'When two rather commonplace people fancy that they have certain aesthetic tastes in common, it is very nice to call it a case of eclectic affinity. It seems to put them on a pedestal by themselves, and that is always flattering to one's *amour propre*.' She spoke demurely, but there was a half-veiled smile on her lips.

'A hit, a palpable hit!' cried Harold languidly. 'However, I have not come here this morning to discuss aesthetics. My errand has an altogether different object in view.' He was speaking earnestly enough now, toying a little nervously with the book, and turning over its pages, but seeing nothing of the contents. 'I have come, Emilia, to tell you that I love you very very dearly, and to ask you to become my wife.' He looked up at her, and then drew his chair a little closer to hers. On her face the colour came and went fitfully. 'We have known each other only a very little while,' he went on, 'but quite long enough for me to feel sure that in you I have found the one woman who can make my life happy. You

too have seen something of me—the best side doubtless; we men always hide our worst side from the woman we love. In any case, you have had some opportunity for finding out whether you like or dislike me.’

‘Dislike you, Mr Rivers!’

‘Some opportunity for finding out whether you can learn to regard me with a still warmer feeling. I love you, and know of no reason why I should not tell you so. It is too much perhaps, to ask you whether you care for me in return; but I do ask whether you think you can learn to care for me in time to come. I do ask whether you can hold out to me any promise, however faint, that I may one day hope to make you my wife?’

‘You are very kind, Mr Rivers, very kind indeed.’

‘One is kind to one’s horse or one’s dog, Emilia.’

She looked up, and he saw that her eyes were wet.

‘You are both noble and generous,’ she said fervently.

‘No, no,’ he said with a pained look. ‘Indeed you must not talk in that way.’

‘What shall I say then? Shall I ask you whether you, a man of fortune, a man of family, a man who has seen the world, have duly weighed the full meaning of your words, have duly considered all you would sacrifice, all that you must inevitably lose, if you take for your wife the governess of your sister-in-law’s children?’

‘I should lose nothing that any man of sense would care a straw for, and I should gain what to me would be the dearest treasure on earth.’

She looked at him with still suffused eyes, but with a half-smile.

‘You talk as wildly as any boy of eighteen,’ she said softly.

‘Call my wildness sincerity, and then you will be right.’

‘Sincerity before marriage often becomes near akin to regret after marriage.’

‘Can you doubt that I love you, Emilia?’

‘I do not doubt you—I will not doubt you!’ she said earnestly. ‘But think what the world would say—think!’

‘I have thought; but such considerations have no weight with me. I am old enough to choose for myself; and I should indeed be a fool to miss my one chance of happiness because Mrs Grundy may choose to frown at me.’ There was a pause, which Harold was the first to break. ‘And now that your objections have been categorically disposed of,’ he said, ‘I must revert to the point from which I started. Will you take me for better, for worse? Will you take me with all my imperfections on my head, and give me a husband’s right to love and cherish you?’ He held out his hand, thinking perhaps, from what had gone before, that she would not refuse to take it. But she sat with her hands folded across her lap, and made no answering sign.

‘My darling, will you not speak to me?’ he said at last.

She roused herself with a sigh and turned her eyes full upon him: ‘O Mr Rivers, I hardly know what to say!’

‘Say that which your heart prompts you to say—neither more nor less.’

‘But I hardly know what that is. I respect and esteem you very much indeed. No one who knows you as I know you could help doing that.’

‘But I want more than respect and esteem, Emilia—far more than that.’

‘Whether out of that esteem, and encouraged by your words, any warmer feeling would ever grow, is more than I can tell. Possibly it might, were I to allow it to do so; but that would simply be madness on my part.’

‘Madness, Emilia! Why should it be that?’

‘Listen, and I will tell you.’ She was silent for a few moments, as if debating something in her own mind. Harold did not interrupt her. ‘I am going to reveal to you the one secret of my life,’ she said at last. ‘My name is not Miss Deane. I have been married already. I am a widow, and I have one little daughter, who is nearly five years old.’

To say that for the moment Harold was stunned is to say no more than the truth. It is not a pleasant surprise to find that the woman with whom you have fallen in love has previously been joined in the closest of bonds with some one else, even though that some one be now dead. Had Harold Rivers known from the first that Miss Deane was a widow, that fact would certainly not have kept him from loving her, and loving her just as well; only there would have been a slightly different feeling mixed with his love. As it was, the news came upon him with all the effect of an unpleasant surprise. It was like the shock of a shower-bath when one least expects it. ‘I wish I had known it from the first,’ was all he could say to himself as he sat staring into the fire. ‘I wish I had known it from the first.’

‘My story is a simple one,’ resumed Emilia in a low voice. ‘After my husband’s death, when the necessity for earning my bread was forced upon me, one or two friends, who had been very kind to me in my trouble, persuaded me to re-assume my maiden name, on the plea that it would be very much easier for me to obtain a situation as a single woman than as a widow. I acceded to their wishes. You know the rest.’

He was still staring intently into the fire. Unknown to him, Emilia’s large melancholy eyes were watching every varying mood that flitted across his face. Suddenly he turned and caught her eyes fixed full upon him. Something—an unspeakable tenderness, love beyond words—that he read, or fancied he read in their depths, sent in one brief moment the hot blood bounding through his veins. Starting from his chair, he caught Emilia in his arms and kissed her again and again. ‘My own love!’ he whispered. ‘You are mine, and I am yours for evermore!’

She lifted her burning face from his shoulder and disengaged herself from him gently. ‘O Mr Rivers!’ she cried, ‘what have I done that you should treat me thus?’

‘In what other way would you have me treat the woman I am going to make my wife?’

‘I have not promised to become your wife.’

‘But your eyes have promised for you, or else I misread them strangely. Have I misread them, Emilia, or did they speak the truth?’

‘I refuse to answer you. It is time this interview were at an end. You have been here too long already.’

'I positively decline to be got rid of in any such off-hand fashion.'

'Listen. You must go now. But this day month, having meanwhile carefully weighed and thought over what I have told you, you shall, if you are still so minded, come to me again, and I will then hear what you have to say. From now till then we will not see each other again.' She rose from her seat, as an intimation that it was time for him to go.

'What a cruel sentence!' he said, rising also. 'Have you no feeling? A month! Surely a week is long enough to banish me from your side!'

'Not one day less than a month.' Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. 'I have loved once already, and Heaven knows, I never thought to love again!' she said. 'When they told me that my husband was murdered, it seemed to me as if my heart was dead for ever.'

'Your husband murdered!' cried Harold, horror-stricken.

'Murdered most foully; and his assassin walks the earth unpunished to this day. But leave me now, Mr Rivers. If you have any feeling for me, do not speak another word.'

Harold took her unresisting hand, pressed it twice to his lips, and then walked softly out of the room and shut the door behind him.

CHAPTER II.

Four months after the above conversation took place, Harold Rivers and Emilia Warrenner stood at the altar and were made man and wife. Emilia had strictly carried out her determination not to see Harold for a month. But at the end of four weeks he had gone to her, his love, if that were possible, burning more strongly than before, and had then and there proposed to her, and had then and there been accepted. Emilia told him frankly that her first love had been given to her dead husband, and that till he, Harold Rivers, had appeared on the scene, she had not deemed it possible that she could ever care for any one again. That she had, however, learned to love him, she confessed just as frankly; but it was with a feeling indescribably different from that first love which had lived so brief a time and had had so terrible an ending; it was the love of a woman who had lived and wept and suffered, not that of the girl just bursting into womanhood, over which linger as it were airs from Paradise, and the faint mysterious sweetness of an April dawn. Such as it was however, Harold was quite content to take it. 'She will love me far better six months hence than she loves me now,' he said to himself. The fire on the altar where had been nothing but a few dead ashes, was now rekindled; it was for him to tend and cherish it till its flame should shine brighter and stronger than ever it had shone before.

Harold's sister-in-law yielded to the inevitable with a good grace. She had always liked Emilia, and had treated her as few ladies do treat their governesses, so that the distance between them was far more easily bridged over now than it might otherwise have been. As soon as Harold was accepted, she sent her children away for a little while, and made Emilia her friend and companion. It was certainly awkward that Emilia

should turn out to be a widow and to have a little girl. The world would not unnaturally think that there had been deception somewhere—that some unworthy motive had been at the bottom of the concealment. Harold averred that it did not matter two brass farthings to him whatever the world might choose to think or say, and although Mrs Rivers could not go quite so far as that, she was woman enough to take the difficulty boldly by the hand and face it out.

One day all three of them, Mrs Rivers, Emilia, and Harold, went to see little Daisy at the farm where she was living with some of her mother's friends. She was a sweet little golden-haired pet, as fresh and innocent as a rosebud. A week later Mrs Rivers fetched her away to Chestnut Bank, and there she stayed till within a fortnight of her mother's wedding.

Harold often found himself thinking about Emilia's murdered husband, and he was possessed by a very natural curiosity to learn some at least of the details of so terrible a crime. On two occasions he ventured gently to hint at the matter when in conversation with his betrothed. The first time she turned away from him with tears in her eyes and said nothing. The second time she took his hand and laid her cheek caressingly on it and said: 'I cannot talk to you about it; it is too painful, too terrible. Some day perhaps, in time to come I may be able to tell you everything; but not now—do not ask me now.' After that Harold could say nothing.

The marriage took place from the house of an aunt of the bride, a point on which Emilia had insisted. This aunt was the widow of a solicitor, and was in pretty good circumstances, and she willingly placed herself and her home at the disposal of Emilia, when she found what an excellent match her niece was about to make.

At six o'clock that evening the newly made husband and wife stood by the window of their sitting-room in an hotel at Dover, gazing out at the cloudy sky and the stormy sea. 'It will be rough crossing to-morrow,' said Harold; 'unless the wind should go down during the night. It will not matter for myself; I like a wild sea; but I am afraid that you will hardly appreciate its beauty.'

'That has to be proved,' said Emilia with a smile. 'I have a great fancy that I shall enjoy being out in what the sailors call "a capful of wind."'

'And I have a great fancy that you will do nothing of the kind.' He had an arm round her waist, and as he spoke he stooped and kissed the cheek that he now might kiss without reproof.

Emilia put forth her hand to draw the curtains farther back. As she did so, the bracelet she wore on her wrist became unclasped and fell to the ground. Harold stooped to pick it up. As his fingers touched it, he saw that the lid of a locket which formed part of the bracelet had burst open through the fall. In this locket was the portrait of a man at which Harold's eyes involuntarily glanced as he picked it up. It was a peculiar face that was there pictured—handsome and yet sinister; a face such as few people who had ever known the original would be likely to forget. As that face met the gaze of Harold Rivers, his own face paled to a deathlike whiteness, while a sudden horror leapt to his eyes and stared wildly out at

the picture he was holding in his trembling hand. 'Whose likeness is this?' he said in a low hoarse voice. 'And why are you wearing it, Emilia?'

'It is the likeness of my husband, who was murdered. Have I not a right to wear it?' she answered in solemn tones, that sounded in his ears like a voice of Doom.

'O heaven! can this indeed be so?' cried Harold with a groan of bitter anguish as he dropped the bracelet on to the table.

Emilia gazed at him for a moment or two in silence. Then with a face as white as his own, she came a step or two nearer to him. 'Did you know George Warrenner?' she asked. 'If you did, you can tell me'—She paused. He was staring at her as a man might stare at some terrible nightmare. Then all in a moment she knew the truth. A low cry broke from her lips. She flung up her hands and shrank back as though some one had suddenly struck her. Then she said: 'I know now why you asked that question, Harold Rivers. You—you are the murderer of George Warrenner, and I—merciful powers that it should be so—I am your most unhappy wife!'

'Murderer! No, no, Emilia; you must not say that!'

'Assassin! stand back,' she cried sternly. 'Come not near me. The guilt of innocent blood is on your head.'

'This is madness, Emilia. I am no assassin. Listen to me. You cannot know all, or'—

'I will not listen to you. I do know all. Come no nearer, or I will ring the bell and denounce you to the world as the guilty wretch you really are.' She looked taller than she had ever looked before. There was a majesty of voice about her which, even at that bitter moment, Harold could not help noticing. All the softness had vanished from her face. Lines of sternness, of cruelty almost, unsuspected before, now shewed themselves in bold and startling relief. It was no longer Aphrodite, rosy with love and happiness, that stood before him, but a stern priestess of the Fates, to whom pity and ruth were unknown.

Harold with one hand pressed to his heart, as if he could thereby still its wild beating, paused for a moment or two. Little filmy motes were floating before his eyes. The window and the fireplace seemed strangely out of their proper positions. 'You must listen to me, Emilia,' he said at last. 'I have a right to demand that. You are my wife, and'—

'Did you or did you not kill George Warrenner?' No judge sitting in solemn state could have asked the question more coldly and sternly.

'I did kill the man whose portrait you wear in that bracelet, but'—

'That is enough. Your own words condemn you.'

'They do not condemn me as a murderer, Emilia.' Again he held out his hands in mute appeal.

'Keep away. Come no nearer. I am no longer your wife.' As she spoke, she pulled savagely at her wedding-ring and flung it at his feet. 'The husband of my only love cries for vengeance from his untimely grave. His blood is on your hands. I can see it now.'

He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips. He made one step forward and seemed

to be stepping into space, and then he remembered nothing more. For the first time in his life, Harold Rivers had fainted.

SOME RURAL ASPECTS OF CANADA.

RURAL life in Canada cannot fail to be of surpassing interest to many whose lot is to be cast in the Dominion. What the writer knows upon this subject may be inferred from the fact of his having the experience of a ten years' residence in Canada, a decade of varied fortunes and stern contest with the Titans of a new country, Toil and but too frequently, Disappointment.

Though much of the former has been his share, his rewards have not been wanting, in difficulties mastered and hardships braved. Usually, under proper management, this war of the Titans, which is ever waged in Canada against each money-lacking incomer, resolves itself into an intestine conflict between the two, giant Disappointment yielding to giant Toil. And lo! before the redoubled strokes of the doughty champion, barn and shanty rise into being, green acres and billowy grain stretching away to the limits of the primeval forest! 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' might aptly serve for the motto of many a hardy settler whose advent was sung by all the dolorous misgivings of grim poverty.

Not so long ago, and Upper Canada—since the confederation of the provinces in 1870, known as 'Ontario'—was a wild of pine-tree and swamp-cedar. Wolves sang chorus to the rustling of the autumnal leaf; the rustic sheepfold was with difficulty guarded from the sinewy arms of bruin, the grim Canadian ogre. Thus is it yet in the far-outlying settlements; but thus is it not in the snug and smiling hamlets of Ontario proper, comprised at its best within the peninsula formed by the great lakes Erie, Ontario, Superior, and Huron. Famous names are these; and the story of weighty and pathetic deeds has been lisped by the wavelets or thundered by the waves of this chain of Great Waters. By the banks of Superior, Père Marquette, with his confraternity of Jesuit missionaries and martyrs, moved long long ago; his bones have but recently been discovered, together with certain interesting archives pertaining to the missions amongst the Indians. Lake Superior is no longer shut out from civilisation; its mighty breast heaves beneath the keels of a schooner-service by no means contemptible; whilst a fleet of steamships during the summer months passes northwards as far as Thunder Bay, the starting-point for the newly created province of Manitoba.

Place yourself now with your guide, kind reader, in Toronto, the metropolis of Ontario, ere we set out together in search of some quiet retreat where Canadian Hodge—if his existence be not as problematical as that of griffin and unicorn—may be seen in his own native retreat.

'All aboard for the West!' You start rudely from the perusal of your morning paper; the gentleman sitting opposite you, armed with tooth-pick and guide-book, does the same. If you have not been inveigled into conversation with your neighbour—if you have not been beguiled into revealing name, pedigree, and occupation, depend upon it your neighbour is not in fault. No Canadian he; a regular 'Down-easter,' you can tell at

a glance. Your insular sulkiness has for once protected you. Rejoice and be thankful! 'All aboard for the West!' once more. Delay no longer. It is the driver of the conveyance who has come to convey you to the railway station. All hotels of the least pretension in Canada own these conveyances, ever at the service of the guests. Canada is the land of light carriages and small tough horses. The station is reached. The cars are not likely to be 'on time'; take your ease while you may. Toronto has very fine railway stations, and the facilities for procuring refreshments are better than in most English cities. Distances however, being so great and climatic hinderances too common, the railway system in Canada lacks the traditional punctuality of its European cousin.

Here she comes! A snoring, a ringing, of a big bell, the blowing of a deep-mouthed whistle, the rasping of ponderous brakes against the tires, and the cars come to a stand-still. A most sepulchral-voiced affair is this Canadian railway whistle. Your luggage is given in charge of a very civil official who, with an air worthy of the Grand Mogul, gives you a 'check' in exchange; and you step 'on board' free from hamper and with mind relieved from all anxiety. One feature this in Canadian railway management worthy to be copied by officials nearer home. The cars not being divided into compartments as in England, social intercourse is encouraged if not compelled. Iced water during the hot season is at hand; and boys traverse the entire length of the train vending periodicals, daily papers, sweets, and cigars. Of course smoking is confined to the smoking compartment, although the prohibition is not always observed. Very much to observe there always is in travelling by rail, peculiarly so to the newly arrived resident in Canada. We however, must onwards, having at present to deal with the phases of settled life.

At the station to which you have booked, a 'stage' is waiting; you arrange your luggage on it, and enter the hotel close at hand. Nothing is done here without due refreshment. That a train will meet a stage-coach at a certain point, is a fiction. The train will some time or other reach the point, no doubt; the stage sooner or later will be forthcoming; but precision is never thought of in travelling. So entirely different is the Canadian at home and in business from the Canadian *en voyage*, that you fail to recognise in him the same person. Perhaps it is better upon the whole thus. In transition by boat or rail from one point to another, whilst the one vortex of busy speculation is in process to be exchanged for another, should not the mind be suffered to relax, rather than be kept strung in tension, as is the wont of Englishmen?

You have say forty miles to travel by stage, and have now the opportunity to survey the prospect, and form your first impressions of the rural aspects of the country. The season is August, and getting towards noon. Shaded as you are from the fiercest heat of the sun, you yet find the air oppressive. Clouds of dust arise around and about you, covering your clothes with an impalpable white powder, for the rock formation is limestone. Upon the right and upon the left are dense masses of trees, with here and there a clearing. The foliage is of the most varied description. The maple, most graceful of North

American trees, stands in groups of a dozen or so, enlivening the landscape with the gorgeous colouring for which it is famed; not so gorgeous however, as will be its display in the two months to come, when, during the brief Indian summer, tree and shrub vie with each other in exposing hues of unexampled magnificence. Being August, the swarms of mosquitos rising in front before the steady tramp of the horses, form black clouds of animated malevolence. Grasshoppers mount upwards in coveys whose shrill clamours may be heard miles away. The whip-fly is cracking its wings; the bull-toad is croaking in harsh guttural accents from the swamps that line the highway. Besides the evergreen maple, you may remark the pine, typical of the New Dominion, overshooting all the punier fraternity. Beech is plentifully interspersed; whilst the aromatic cedar gives a character peculiarly Canadian to the swamps. This tree is put to many purposes of utility in Greater Britain. Split up into lengths, it serves for rails for fencing, whilst it is a staple material in the household for the lighting of fires. Hemlock, nearly as common as the cedar, is applied as a substitute for oak-bark, in the tanning of leather.

There would be a sameness closely trenching upon monotony in the boundless stretch of timber extending upon each hand, but for the great charred spaces marking the track of some fire. There stand the lofty trunks, charred yet unfallen, stretching spectral arms over the tangled undergrowth beneath. Many have fallen, and lie interlaced or broken, whilst clambering vine or graceful fern and moss have coated the prostrate monarch with verdure. In the track of the bush-fires, raspberry patches spring up, covering at times hundreds and thousands of acres. These wild raspberries are marketable, superior indeed in point of flavour to those of domestic culture. At this season the roads are good; dust enough to be sure, but no dangerous ruts, as in the late Fall, when the ground is frozen but no snow has as yet fallen. Show, the great leveller in more senses than one, is always welcome in winter. Your journey is not enlivened as it is in the old country, by many feathered friends. During the heats of August, birds remain concealed in the depths of the bush; but such as you chance to see must arrest attention by the brilliancy of their plumage. The fire-bird is a perfect beauty with its flame-hued feathers. The humming-bird, transient visitor from southern climes, glitters with all the sheen of the rainbow. But the most common of Canadian birds is the robin, a bird much larger than its English *confrère*, and capable of some very fair vocal essays. A good pet bird too, becoming very tame.

Beyond that bend in the road lies the village of B—, and coachee blows his horn, by way of announcing you in becoming style. You near it; the horses are whipped up so as to exhibit their very best paces, and you pull up before the little tavern. You are tired; coachee is tired; the horses are tired, and nobody save yourself has a thought of sentiment; but whilst seated at your frugal tea, you may, from the windows of your hostelry, indulge in many a romantic reflection. How long is it since this pretty village grew into being? Has yon gently gliding stream ever borne upon its

bosom the canoe of the Red Indian? Were lock-scalping and tomahawking amongst the items of the bygone current history of this quiet spot? You dream of Hiawatha and the gallant Brant, feeling yourself in a new and unexplored state of being. Hiawatha is a fiction; but Brant, most noble of Indians, in all probability trod this very neighbourhood; and such a thing as a tomahawk may have been unearthed only a day ago. A real Indian pipe is usually to be had for a trifle, and beaded and embroidered mocassins connect the present with the past. Looking from your window, your eye roams in search of those striking and charming adjuncts to English scenery, the hedges. In vain you seek; there are none.

You were tired, and retire betimes, sleeping well no doubt; since Canadian country taverns have no more than their fair share of parasites, and of species not unknown in England or requiring special study; these, kind reader, mosquitoes being excepted, a malicious and blood-thirsty race of native torments which would demand a chapter to themselves. Canadians rise early. By four o'clock, in the country and in the summer season, the good folks are astir. Mike goes to take the cattle to pasture; Bill looks after the horses; Sally milks the cows; and the 'boss' or master superintends the opening daily programme.

The mornings and evenings are the pleasantest times in Canada during the summer. Sunrise and sunset are gorgeous affairs. No sooner shines the first glimmer of dawn, than up mounts the sun; and after a brief display of truly regal splendour, day has fairly set in. Twilight is just as brief. For the rest, the clouds seem habitually higher in the sky and more massive than in England. There are many birds about in the early morning; some very large ones. Hawks may be seen wheeling aloft. The long-necked crane, shrilly screaming, with legs stretched out behind him, posts eagerly towards the far horizon. The big snowy owl flits moodily athwart the scene, to bury himself within the dark recesses of the neighbouring woods. Our host's barn-yard may have received a visit last night from his owliship, or those heaps of feathers convey no real history.

Mine host of the *Commercial Hotel*—they are all commercial hotels where there is very little real business—has not invested much in brick and mortar, as you perceive. His tavern is built of logs piled upon each other and filled in with moss. Very comfortable are these buildings, especially in winter. Question him, and he will admit that he could well afford a brick building; but he put this one up with his own hands thirty-five years past, and prefers it to another. 'Them new-fangled Yankee notions'—jerkng his head contemptuously in the direction of a pretty modern villa—a thing of beauty, hewn by the hand of a sturdy Canadian Phidias out of the limestone quarries adjacent—'ain't the thing for an old bush-slasher like me; no, not by a long chalk. I like something as I can whittle at.' Mine host is proud in his way.

Passing along the main street, you notice that the bulk of the houses are of wood; possibly even the little church and the town-hall. No village in Canada is complete without its town-hall, where meetings are held, concerts given, and the fire-engine is kept. With so many wooden houses,

the firemen form of course an important part of each little sequestered community. All are members of the brigade, both merchant and clerk, farmer and ploughboy; nor is it anything extraordinary for Farmer Giles's male 'help' to fill the post of captain of the brigade, Farmer Giles resigning himself to a subordinate situation. Truth compels the writer to state—and he has personally figured for several years in a local fire brigade—that the hook-and-ladder company are usually of the greatest service, for of ten wooden buildings attacked by fire, fully two-thirds are upon an average burnt down.

Apart from the long double row of wooden buildings, you will observe a little upon one side the road a lofty factory, the busy whirr of whose wheels and the steady wash of the water over whose dam, make you realise the presence within of a brisk industry. It is an agricultural-implement shop. Canada is the birthplace of modern improved machinery for reaping and mowing; the scarcity of labour and ruinous prices attached thereto during the short and busy harvest season having apparently sharpened the wits of Canadian farmers and mechanics, they have risen to meet the exigences. In farm-machinery, Canada stands ahead of any other nation, although it is probable Canadian machinery, like Canadian horses, might be found too light to perform paying work upon the heavy clayey soil of Old England. Once clear the soil of stumps and stones, and Canadian soil is easy enough to work. Nor are stones common, pebbles indeed being in many districts scarce. If you enter this factory, you will find everything well ordered, and manifest signs of prosperity on every side. Water-power is plentiful, yet many factories have an engine to fall back upon in case of unusual drought.

Here again is a flouring-mill; and very substantially built it is now, although if you care to listen, you may hear how twenty-five years ago, upon this very site stood a small wooden edifice, the only mill within a range of forty-five miles. Those were times when to have accomplished one's corn-grinding in safety was a feat worthy to be duly recorded; when men trudged thirty or even forty miles to the mill, their bag of grain upon their shoulders; when neither highway nor byway existed; when men being chased by wolf or bear, were fain to cast down their sack of bread-stuff and run for dear life.

And this is the school. Enter, for you are always welcome to visit the schools in Canada. The primitive days of birch and cane are no more; education in Canada is conducted by duly certificated men and women, whose qualifications, if they be not very high, are yet far above those which formerly passed muster in the back settlements. Even in the country, you will notice a certain smartness in the Canadian school-boys and school-girls beyond what is ordinarily met with in English children. More serious they are, perhaps preternaturally so; and if you saw them in winter, coming into school wrapped up in long homespun coats, their legs incased in diminutive Wellington boots, you would think them the strangest little epitomes of humanity it were possible to imagine. Human nature however, is the same everywhere, barring certain divergences, and longer acquaintance with the young people

of Canada would help to wear off your prejudices.

In the smaller villages, social distinctions are of course reduced to their lowest. The doctor and the clergyman take the lead in matters social, followed closely by the schoolmaster. The merchant in Canada has a tendency to assume a blue-blooded pre-eminence whether in town or country, not to be attained by the English shopkeeper. 'They have the money,' was the simple explanation of the matter, when once upon a time the writer ventured to inquire the reason.

A few of the rural aspects of Canada you have now, kind companion, helped to unfold; much remains to be said. Should we return together to the subject, it will be to examine the domestic life, in and out of doors, amongst the denizens of what has been well called, the Greater Britain.

'HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.'

THIS was the quaint title of one of Skelton's sermons, which would certainly cause a momentary cloud of indignation, not to say of alarm, to pass over the minds of a newly married couple, should they discover it when skimming through a collection of old volumes on the first wet day of their honeymoon. Such novices too often fancy that matrimony has a magic power of conferring happiness almost in spite of themselves, and are quite surprised when experience teaches them that domestic fidelity, like everything else worth having, must be worked for—must be earned by patient endurance, self-restraint, and loving consideration for the tastes, and even for the faults of him or her with whom life is to be lived. If however, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, they should convince their sanguine minds that the sunshine in which they are basking cannot always last; that their anticipations will not all be realised; and that there will be a thousand little rubs, cares, and troubles of which they are now taking little account. It would save much disappointment to reflect that the changes and chances of this mortal life are tenfold increased by marrying, and that these responsibilities must be met by fitting preparation. Before the first year of married life has ended, most people discover that Skelton's subject, 'How to be happy though married,' was not an unpractical one. Then they know that the path upon which they have entered may be strewn with thorns instead of with roses, unless mutual forbearance and mutual respect guard the way.

Like government, marriage must be a series of compromises; and however warm the love of both parties may be in the beginning, it will very soon cool unless they learn the golden rule of married life, 'To bear and to forbear.' The old bachelor who said that marriage was 'a very harmless amusement,' would not have pronounced such an unconditional judgment had he known more about it. Matrimony is only a harmless and happy state when the domain of the affections is defended from harshness and petulance, and when care is taken to avoid certain moral and physical pitfalls. In matrimony, as in so many other things, a good beginning is half the battle. But how easily may good beginnings be frustrated through infirmity of temper!

Unless a man or woman be of a very generous

disposition, they are liable when much loved to become bullies. So sure are they of affection, that they trifle with it, and even despise the givers of this precious gift of love. Dog-like natures behave best when not too much made of; they shew most affection after a flogging. And yet it never can be a trifling matter for any one to be the object of more affection than he gives. No doubt the selfish person it will seem a very convenient thing, and just as it should be, to be thus loved without loving again—to be considered, to be ministered unto, to be petted—for selfishness always holds it more blessed to receive than to give; but it is a very dangerous process. The law of the case will work on and on without the pause of a moment, without the deflection of a hair's-breadth, as laws do; and the selfish will be in the cold some day, with no one to minister unto them. In the domestic affections it is to be found the highest happiness, and they who fail to cultivate them lose half the joys of existence. Ignoring the great law of self-sacrifice that runs through all nature, and expecting blessedness from receiving rather than from giving, it is no wonder that such persons are miserable though married.

A habit of bothering and boring ought, one would think, to be a just cause and impediment why persons in whom it has become confirmed should not enter holy matrimony. 'That is only a trifling fault,' you say. Yes; but trifles produce domestic misery, and domestic misery is no trifle. No knowledge is so well worth acquiring as the science of living harmoniously for the most part of a life with another, which we might take as a definition of matrimony. Now this science teaches us to avoid scrupulosity or an exaggerated and tormenting regard for trifles. Husband and wife should burn up in the bonfire of first-love all hobbies and 'little ways' that could possibly prevent home from being sweet. How happy people are, though married, when they can say of each other what Mrs Hare says of her husband in *Memorials of a Quiet Life*: 'I never saw anybody so easy to live with, by whom the daily petty things of life were passed over so lightly; and then there is a charm in the refinement of feeling which is not to be told in its influence upon trifles.' Husband and wife should be 'all the world to each other.' Sydney Smith's definition of marriage is well known: 'It resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.' Certainly those who go between deserve to be punished; and in whatever else they may differ, married people should agree to defend themselves from the well-meaning perhaps, but irritating interference of friends. How many marriages there are, bitter as wormwood to both parties, which might be sweetened by a little common-sense. Is a wife living above her husband's income? Perhaps she is really ignorant of the fact. She has never been made a confidant as she ought to have been, and therefore she does not know the real state of his affairs. Had more confidence been reposed in her, she would have been careful in keeping accounts and would have shortened say her milliner's bills. It is provoking too when wives will give their husbands no other but the woman's reason: 'I think so because I

think so, and it is just because it is,' for their plans and actions. In marriage at least, we should not be afraid of 'the confidence trick.'

Why should love-making end with courtship, and of what use are conquests if they are not guarded? If the love of a life-partner is of far more value than our perverse fancies, it is the part of wisdom to restrain these in order to keep that. It is refreshing to read such a record as that which Mrs Hare makes in her journal on the anniversary of her marriage: 'We have reached the end of this happy blessed year. It has given to each of us, I believe, that which is more precious than any other gift of God, and not one anticipation of the happiness attending our union has been in vain. Not one cloud has come between us; each day seems only to draw us more closely together, and to unite our thoughts and feelings more intimately.' (*Memorials of a Quiet Life*, vol. i. p. 348.)

The man and woman who, to use a common expression, 'hang up their fiddle behind their door'; who, in other words, reserve all their sweetness for the outside world, and exchange it upon entering their homes for the peevish sigh and fault-finding sneer, are nearly as immoral if not quite as much so as the gambler or drunkard whom public opinion loudly condemns. These last Society punishes, because 'Mrs Grundy' is herself inconvenienced by them. But does Society feel for the wife who patiently does her best in her lord's absence, to be rewarded upon his return by a storm of undeserved abuse, or a short query as to why everything is not exactly as the task-master requires? The most loving and anxious-to-please wife cannot avoid making some mistakes at first; would not a kind smile and a word of encouragement be the wisest as well as the most manly way of meeting such accidents?

And the wife on her part ought not to be less desirous than she was in the days of courtship of winning her husband's admiration merely because she now wears upon her finger a golden pledge of his love. Why should she give up those pretty wiles to seem fair and pleasant in his eyes, that were suggested in love-dreams? Instead of lessening her charms, she should endeavour to double them, in order that home may be to him who has paid her the greatest compliment in his power, the dearest and brightest spot upon earth—one to which he may turn for comfort when sick of business and the weary ways of men generally. According to Dean Swift, 'the reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young women spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.' Certainly, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and we do not in the least blame young women for trying in all ways consistent with modesty and self-respect to net husbands. Still, she is a jewel indeed who not merely nets the affections of a husband during the honeymoon, but who cages and keeps them throughout a long married life. Such a wife can counteract the hardening effect of a push-and-pull world. She is the most certain softener of her husband's moral skin and sweetener of his blood. In days of sickness, disappointment, and of cynicism, when 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable' seem to him all the uses of this world, the husband who is in possession of such a cage-making wife will acknow-

ledge that 'her price is far above rubies,' for his heart 'doth safely trust in her.'

But besides mental and moral pitfalls, there are physical ones, to omit all allusion to which might seem more refined, but would really be the refinement of cruelty. 'The little health of ladies,' particularly of young married ladies, is in a great measure attributable to ignorance of the commonest laws of physiology. Many a young mother has brought upon herself a life of torture, and necessitated her husband's spending almost all that he had upon physicians, by transgressing some law of nature in reference to which she should have been warned. To be a mother, that 'holiest thing alive,' is the hope of all women worthy of the name; but it is very often disappointed through their own carelessness; and the disappointment renders hundreds of wives and even husbands miserable though married. Nothing, again, is better proved by medical science, or more generally ignored by young married people, than this, that the health and even the characters of children depend to a very large degree upon the health and cheerfulness of their mothers when in that condition which should bespeak the most loving consideration of husbands, and the most conscientious watchfulness on the part of women themselves.

It is beside our subject to enter into that very old controversy as to whether celibacy or wedlock be the happier state. Some people are very ingenious in making themselves miserable, no matter in what condition of life they find themselves; and there are a sufficient number of querulous celibates as well as of over-anxious married people in the world, to make us see the wisdom of Socrates' conclusion: 'Whichever you do, whether you marry or abstain, you will repent.' If matrimony has more pleasures, and celibacy fewer pains—if loving be 'a painful thrill, and not to love more painful still,' it is impossible exactly to balance the happiness of these two states, containing respectively more pleasure and more pain, and less pleasure and less pain. Those who marry with great expectations are as a rule dissatisfied, no less than celibates who win nothing but an insipid self-tormenting existence, because they would venture nothing for the sake of that 'more life and fuller' given to us by marriage.

We desire to speak with every respect of elderly men and women who, because they have not found their other selves, or because circumstances prevented the junction of these selves, spend their lives outside the temple of Hymen. It is both foolish and cowardly to ridicule those who, making use of the liberty of a free country, have abstained from marrying. The old lady of Scotland who said, 'I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw,' had an unqualified right to her private opinion. And who does not know many dear 'old maids'—maiden aunts for instance, who are a credit to humanity—whose useful and unselfish lives preach most eloquent sermons to us all, married as well as single? Married people may so abuse matrimony as to make it a very School for Scandal; but it may and ought to be what Sir Thomas More's home was said to be, 'a school and exercise of the Christian religion.' If husbands would 'give honour unto the wife,' many might say as Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that 'to have loved her was a liberal education.'

Dean Ramsay tells a story that may express the thoughts of some readers on concluding this paper. An old maid of Scotland, after reading aloud to her two sisters, also unmarried, the births, marriages, and deaths in the ladies' corner of a newspaper, thus mollified: 'Weel, weel, these are solemn events—death and marriage—but ye ken they're what we must all come to.' 'Eh, Miss Jeanny, but ye have been lang spared!' was the reply of the youngest sister.

PEEL AND ITS FISHERMEN.

EXCEPT to dine at one or other of the hotels (there are three of them), in order to taste fresh herrings in perfection, few visitors to the Isle of Man, after exploring the Castle, attempt to remain at Peel. The old red sandstone one-storied houses; the narrow streets rugged as cobble-stones and beach can make them; the 'ancient and fish-like smell' pervading the open gutters on each side; and the want of lodging accommodation, may have something to do with it, and may account for my having found myself upon a certain occasion the solitary remainder of a host of visitors—the one stranger in Holm-pile or Peel.

Rough built and ill constructed as are the majority of the houses in Peel, they offer quite a comfortable contrast to the old homes of the peasantry and fishers as they appear in ruin on the hillsides, and occasionally in actual use in the valleys. Always solitary, the presence of these deserted stone cabins adds to the desolation of the dark heath-covered heights. A mass of low gray stone walls bound together with mud, divided into two small rooms, with sometimes a third at the back (intended for the accommodation of cattle). For windows a foot-long aperture on each side of the door, once filled by a single pane of glass, which could have afforded but scanty light. The roof, where it has not wholly rotted, consisting of thick turfs covered with thatch, secured by ropes carried over and across it, and fastened by stones fixed into holes left for the purpose underneath the eaves. This precaution and the thickness of the walls were probably necessary in exposed situations, in consequence of the strong gales of wind, especially from the south-west, which occasionally sweep over the island.

At Peel there is a choice of upland walks, and one feels equal to the highest. Eminences have ever been irresistible to us, and the five hundred feet of altitude claimed for the hill on the southern side of the town, Peel Hill, decides us. Moreover, its summit is crowned like the brow of Cybele with a tower, a square gray-stone building fifty feet high. From this height the sea-view is superb, and the castle is seen in all its details: towers and vacant windows, painted gables, and ruined walls. If we turn our back on them or look straight across the wide valley, we see the river Neb winding through the midst and the many-tinted summer crops imparting a pleasant appearance to the landscape.

Its glens are as special a feature to the Isle of Man as its dales are to Derbyshire, and are in their way quite as beautiful; sometimes closed in by mountains, as are the Sulby and Aldyn glens, and usually tree-shaded with ash and hazel, the boughs of which frequently meet overhead, or bend

across some purling stream. Numerous as they are, each glen has a distinct character. All are romantic, and abound with wild-flowers and plummy ferns. Sometimes the stream winding through them falls from a height, say thirty feet, or gives itself cascading airs by tumbling over a projecting rock; but in dry seasons, visitors are apt to have their enthusiasm checked by the small volume of water and miniature force of the fall. Remarking the shallowness of the streams and the want of fishing in consequence, we were told by a visitor who had known the island for twenty years that the cause lay deeper than the season's drought, and that the growing shallowness of the streams and rivers had for some years been observable to old habitués of the island. Perhaps the cultivation of the mountains, which is extending from season to season, and the diversion of the drainage in consequence, may have something to do with it, as well as the continuous detritum of shale from the surface of the mountains from year to year.

On the shore near the seaward outlet of Glen Meay, one is struck by the metallic appearance of the smooth blocks and slabs of rock shining with the dull grayness and hue of lead. An opening in the rocks looks like the entrance to a disused mine. It may possibly be the opening to a cavern, many of which were utilised at that period in the history of the island when smuggling constituted the principal business of the inhabitants. A little distance beyond these gray metalliferous rocks, the softest undulating mounds, covered with short thyme-scented turf, run down into lovely little bays and creeks. The yellow sand, with the ripple of the last wave impressed on it, lies thick upon the sparkling floors of these miniature havens; while the cliffs that shelter them are hung with wild-rose, kidney-vetch, ivy, and waving grasses. The lilac flowers of sea-lavender bloom in their fissures, and their bases are rosy with pink thrift, great tufts of which cushion the black rocks above high-water mark. One would not be surprised on looking down into them to see Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess before the entrance to a sea-worn cave. Farther on, a low projecting tongue of land appears, covered with ripening corn-fields; while on the brow of the succeeding upland a mass of rock crowned with foxglove breaks through the midst of cultivated ground.

Pausing once more on the summit of Peel Hill, we see the great Mull Head looming opposite on the Irish coast, and the Welsh and Cumberland mountains towering above the horizon; and scattered over the wide bay, the fleet of fishing-boats that have gone out with the tide. Outside, the waves are shewing little frills of foam; but so much the better; it is *ill fishing in a calm*. By-and-by, when the sun goes down, and the Admiral, or his Vice (both these functionaries are appointed by the water-bailiff, has lowered his flag—the signal for shooting the nets—each little craft, with her mizzen-sail set, to steady her, will prepare for sea. Each boat carries a number of nets about twenty yards in length, which are fastened to 'warpages,' and when shot or cast into the sea, average a mile in length, sometimes more. The nets for mackerel-fishing are twice this extent. There are some persons in the island who possess one or two boats of their own; but the majority

of the Peel boats are shared, as are the nets, by several individuals.

The mackerel-fishing begins in March on the Irish coast; and the Manx men take their share of it, and return in June for the herring-season; the first shoals of these fish also appearing on the coast of Ireland, where the Peel boats meet them. Subsequently the fish arrive off their own shores in such numbers in good seasons, that the shoal often extends five or six miles, and darkens the sea with its depth and density. Formerly, a watch was kept from one of the hills for their expected approach, and a signal was given by sounding a horn, which was repeated from headland to headland, to call the men to their boats. Now the sea-gulls are found to be unerring guides, their appearance and cries indicating the whereabouts of the fish. These birds will follow the boats for miles; and the men not unfrequently keep them on their track for days by throwing a piece of fish to them from time to time.

The return of the boats is a pretty and interesting sight. Everybody seems busy; the women and children flock down to the port. Carts with horses, as amphibious as the fishermen, stand up to their girths in the sea; while the glittering fish are heaped into them, like silver at the Bank, by shovelfuls; and a steamer from Douglas with her blue-peter flying and her steam up, waits ready to land the fish alive at her own port or at Liverpool. I, an old sailor's daughter, am naturally concerned for those 'who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters.' And it was not only pleasant but profitable when some trivial question as to distance or weather led to a long talk with one or other of these shrewd yet simple Manx fisher-folk.

It is the ancient and solemn custom of the Manx fishermen never to cast their nets from Saturday till Monday morning. The fish failed a while back on the Irish coast, and they were saying, observed my informant, 'that it must be owing to the Irishmen going out on Saturday nights and Sundays.' What was gained that way, he thought was lost another. Looking at their poor homes and ragged clothes, it did not seem to do them much good.

'Drink was going out greatly amongst the Peel fishermen, and a good thing; it made the men saving and better conducted.

'The fishing on the western coast of Ireland was all through Mr. Corrin, who happened to be visiting there, and heard from a gentleman how much might be done there with good management in the way of fishing. Returning to the Isle of Man after his visit, he fitted out boats of his own; which succeeded so well that other owners did the same; and now the Manx boats go regularly for the mackerel season, which lasts from March to the beginning of June, when they come back to meet the herrings on their own coast. If a man is honest and industrious, Mr. Corrin will trust him with a portion of a net or part of a boat, and allow him to pay for it by degrees according to his earnings. Mr. Corrin has done great things for the fishery and the fishermen, and they have "made a gentleman of him." (True, to the conceptions of his class, my informant's idea of a gentleman was strictly monetary.) He is the best friend Peel ever had. It

was a pity he was not in the island; he would have been proud to have shewn me the factory, and to have explained everything; for Mr. Corrin has established a net-manufactory upon the model of Mr. Stuart's of Musselburgh, and brought young women from Scotland to teach their own people; and now the fishermen's wives and daughters weave the nets, and the children find employment for certain hours of the day in filling the bobbins. Oh! indeed yes; Mr. Corrin was very good and very sensible.'

Once a month the nets were barked (dipped in a preparation of catechu, I understood), which not only preserves but dyes them. And every fortnight they are brought on shore and dried in the fields, as I had seen them. With care in turning them from one hold to another, and this management, the nets would last for five years; whereas in Ireland the nets were often useless in a year, owing to the carelessness of the fishermen. But the example of the Cornish and Manx men was beginning to bear fruit, and the Irish fishers were being slowly inducted into their systems. There are three hundred boats belonging to Peel; all of them are numbered, and (at the time I am writing of) bore 'Do.' for Douglas, as the headquarters of the fishery, on their sails. This was shortly to be altered, and they would hail from their own port, Peel, and have the letters 'Pl.' marked on their sails instead.

The fruits of the simple but fervent faith of these Manx folks are seen in their peaceful, sober, and industrious lives. Crime is but little known in the island, and least of all amongst the fishermen, who pass six months of the year in the culture of their little farms or holdings, and the other six at sea. The cells of Castle Rushen rarely close on native offenders for more serious causes than debt or a wordy quarrel.

TELEPHONE CLAIMANTS.

SINCE printing the article entitled 'The Telephone Anticipated,' we find that a lively correspondence on the subject of the theory of the telephone has appeared in some foreign technical journals. The details of the disputes of scientific men are uninteresting to general readers, and the present case is no exception to the rule. Two or three facts of interest have however, transpired, and these we proceed to mention. In the first place, we are glad to see that both M. du Moncel and his friend the M. Ch. B. alluded to as having upwards of twenty years ago asserted the feasibility of the telephone, have lived to see its realisation and to take part in this discussion. It appears that M. du Moncel was asserted by M. Navez to have claimed (at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences lately held in Paris) the invention for his friend, who is, it seems, M. Charles Boursoul, Sub-inspector of Telegraphs at Auch; and to have stated that the telephone mentioned in the *Exposé* was 'exactly identical with the telephone of the present day.' M. Navez points out that M. Boursoul's idea was 'in fact making two plates distant from each other vibrate by means of electrical currents; the vibrations of the receiving part of the instrument being caused by producing breaks in the current. Now we know that this will not produce articulation. Introduced into the electrical current of the Edison Transmitter—a make-and-break telephone

constitutes an excellent caller—it sounds, but does not speak. M. Bourseul was on the right track; it is to be regretted that he did not meet with encouragement. The idea of making plates separated by distance vibrate, fairly entitles him to rank amongst the pioneers of the Bells and Edisons, but nothing more.

M. du Moncel writes as follows, repudiating that he claimed the invention for M. Ch. Bourseul: "By no means. When I mentioned the note published in 1854 by this learned telegraphist, my only object was to give an historically interesting document, and to point out that for a long time past the electrical transmission of speech had been engaging attention. So that there might be no ambiguity in interpreting my words, I had added at the end of my note presented to the Academy in November 1877, the following phrase, which is quite in accordance with the views of M. Navez: 'It cannot be denied however, that it is Mr Bell who is the inventor of the telephone, since there is a world of distance between the first idea of a thing and its definitive realisation; and it is simply through Mr Bell's having made the intensity of the currents transmitting the vibrations of the voice consolidated in their fullness and in their inflections, that it has been possible to solve the problem.'

Denying that he ever stated that M. Bourseul's arrangement of the telephone was identically the same as its present form, M. du Moncel goes on to say: "I merely stated that in M. Bourseul's note, the telephone pretty much as in its present form was indicated; and in fact he mentions the use of two vibrating plates, which is the special characteristic of the telephone as now adopted by Mr Bell. M. Navez affirms that M. Bourseul's idea did not compass more than the reproduction of simple vibrations, and that his system could not produce the reproduction of articulate words. Nothing in his note however, shews this positively to be the case; and on referring to a letter which M. Bourseul has written me, I see that he went deeper into the matter than this. Here is an extract from his letter. 'Long before 1854,' he says, 'I had occasion to study the mechanism of speech in detail. I had commenced these studies at Metz, and thanks to the courtesy of M. Ferdinand Denys, Librarian of Ste Geneviève, Paris, I was enabled to continue them there with advantage. Being in the telegraph service, the idea of utilising the result of these researches in the electrical transmission of speech occurred to me quite naturally.'

M. Bourseul then proceeds to give his reasons for believing his idea a practicable one; and it is interesting to observe that, like those of Professor Reis of Frankfurt-on-Main, who was engaged in the same direction about this very time, they are founded on the identical idea of imitating the human ear. "However complicated vibrations of articulated sounds may be, the tympanum receives them and transmits them to the auditory nerve. In order then to telegraph speech, we must make an electrical ear. I desire to make a tympanum vibrate by means of an electro-magnet; let us make an iron tympanum. And it is after having thus reasoned, that without any fear that I could be mistaken, I wrote in 1854 that the reproduction of speech by electricity was a certainty, and that it would be effected by means of vibrating

plates so flexible as not to allow any of the vibrations produced by the articulated voice to escape. One of the first things which becomes apparent when we study the sounds of speech, is that they are complex; that is to say, composed of musical sounds in a state of harmonious combination. The labours, now old, of Rameau, Willis, and Wheatstone have clearly established this point; and the primitive experiments, devoid of all scientific parade, made by such as occupy themselves with phonetics, lead directly to the same result. In order to make a vibrating plate speak, one must therefore superimpose upon it some vibrations, and consequently a vibration must be able to begin at any instant whatever. Produce the vibrations as you like at the departure, the line-current should certainly then be closed. The question to be solved is only a telegraphic problem. These were my views in 1854. Now, between the point at which I left matters at this period and the Edison telephone, what is there? *A bit of plumbago; and the part played by this substance is still an open question.*

It will be seen from this that while M. Navez thinks M. du Moncel has claimed too much merit for M. Bourseul, the latter deems his claims have been under rather than over stated. This is only natural under the circumstances. An expert in electrical matters assures us that nothing is more interesting, in looking into old works on electricity, than to see how near some of the writers have been to making valuable discoveries, and yet fallen short. The above is by no means the least curious instance in point; though no doubt other sciences would furnish plenty of parallel cases. We cannot however, resist the conclusion that the telephone, in common with other great discoveries of the kind, is not so much the invention of any one man—though the genius of one individual may be predominant in it—as the result of the accumulated labours of many men working in the same direction and for the same end.

POPULAR MEDICINE IN GERMANY.

THE lower classes of Germans, especially the country-people, have a medical science of their own, a strange arbitrary pharmacy—unacknowledged by any professional doctor—in the healing power of which they place the greatest faith. This popular science touches but a few maladies, such as fever, consumption, epilepsy, all rheumatic complaints, headache, asthma, &c., which, as well as all kinds of sores, are generally ascribed to witchcraft or some other supernatural power. In consequence of this common belief, the wise men—in most cases the shepherd or the headman—and old women who are supposed to possess the requisite skill, apply remedies chiefly composed of herbs grown in their own meadows; but each dose is accompanied by some mysterious formula, strange gestures, and words totally unintelligible.

But it is not the pronounced malady alone which is combated by these strange practitioners; they even pretend to be able to keep away illness from those whom their skill protects, who follow the rules they dictate, and—this may be the

chief condition—who believe in their protecting powers.

The directions prescribed as preventives against all sorts of witchcraft vary in different parts of Germany, and are generally limited to certain provinces. Thus, in Silesia, people carefully avoid swallowing a cat's hair or a fragment of thread, as this imprudence would certainly cause consumption. In the Tyrol, eating a sparrow is believed to bring about St Vitus's dance; and in Hesse, spitting into the fire will make the culprit's mouth sore, a belief which is probably a remnant of the time when fire was considered sacred. In Saxony, nobody ventures to wipe their fingers on the tablecloth, lest their hands become covered with warts. Throughout Germany, brooms play a large part in the tragedy of popular medicine, since they are the witches' favourite means of conveyance to their nightly feast at the Blocksberg. In Westphalia—that lumber-room of superstition—and Saxony, the unfortunate mortals who happen to have been beaten with a broomstick, firmly believe themselves doomed to die of consumption; and small children who have been chastised by means of a hazel or willow rod, are supposed either to be crippled or stunted in their growth.

Another strange notion prevailing throughout Germany is that no one should boast of good health, at least not without spreading out the fore and middle fingers of both hands, and saying the word *Unberufen* or *Unbeschieden*, which means unbewitched.

Many of these preventives are closely connected with church holidays and other religious concerns. Thus, bathing in the open air on Good-Friday or at Easter is supposed to keep the Silesians well and healthy the whole year; and in Saxony, the common preservative against ague is to eat nine different kinds of green vegetables mixed together on Maundy-Thursdays. In many parts of the German empire it is a custom to take a cold bath on Christmas-night, for during the following Twelfth-night the water is believed to possess magic powers. In Brandenburg, the old believers in these wonderful doctrines say that every illness becomes contagious to those who hear the sick person complaining about the disease; wherefore the individual thus addressed will most ungraciously retort:

Bear thy pains alone,
Or bewail them to a stone.

Three crosses painted over the house-door keep diseases and all other domestic disasters off the homes of true believers; for which the initials K. (Kaspar), M. (Melchior), and B. (Balthasar), or even the *pentalpha* (commonly called wizard-foot), may be substituted. This *pentalpha* consists of two triangles united in a manner to form a five-pointed star. It is strange to observe how in the above-mentioned customs Christian and heathenish elements are commingled.

Some customs are observed in memory of Donar or Thor—whose name is familiar to the Germans on account of the day which was consecrated to him, and which still bears his name—and other gods and goddesses whom their forefathers worshipped; while other prescriptions bear the unmistakable stamp of Christianity.

Some other usages are of a droll character, such

as kissing a donkey, which remedy is prescribed for toothache. Shutting up a spider in a nutshell and wearing it round the throat, will cure persons afflicted with sore eyes; and those who suffer from jaundice are enjoined merely to look intently into a barrel of tar if they wish to get rid of their complaint. Gout is annihilated by potatoes—simple raw potatoes—which however, must needs have been the produce of a begging expedition, and must be carried about suspended from the invalid's body until they are quite shrivelled and dried up.

A special chapter might be devoted to the supernatural healing powers attributed to the corpse or the separate parts of the body of a dead person, especially of one executed by the hand of justice; or of any young person who may have died suddenly (self-destroyers excepted); but the subject is too disagreeable to dwell on. We will merely mention that in Germany a coffin nail is not quite so dead a thing as Dickens believed it to be, for if properly used it serves as a remedy against gout, spasms, and other complaints. Epileptic persons are recommended to wear rings made of coffin nails; and strange to say, we have known even highly educated persons believe that this nostrum could rid them of their terrible complaint. As regards the practitioners of this mysterious science, we find that they are authoritative powers in their rural domains, and are regarded by their patients with awe and reverence as great as the Red Indians bestow upon their medicine-men, who, in fact, influence their savage followers much in the same way and by the same means as the practitioners of popular medicine in Germany.

FADING.

I WATCHED in the glad spring-tide
When buds were bursting forth,
The girl who should have been my bride,
The fairest gem of earth—
She faded like the tender leaves
When the frosty wind is north.

I watched her when the golden haze
Lay soft on bank and brake,
And in the summer of her days
She faded fast away—
The roses died from out her cheeks
Like a sunset's flush in May.

At last, when Autumn's withered leaves
Lay sere upon the ground—
The swallows long had left the eaves,
And night was closing round—
Her soul departed ere the dawn,
And her angel home she found.

When earth lay 'neath the early snow,
I stood beside her grave;
The funeral chant rang sad and slow
Throughout the ancient nave—
I mourned, but owned that God was just,
When He took back the soul He gave!

GEORGE HARNETT.

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DROLLERIES IN REASONING.

WHEN railways were projected about half a century ago, all sorts of whimsical reasons were given why they should not be tolerated. They would seriously lessen the number of horses; the noise made by the trains would so greatly terrify sheep and cattle in the adjacent fields as to lessen the breeding of these animals, and enhance the price of butcher-meat; they would ruin small towns; country gentlemen would have their peace awfully invaded, and their estates would be next to worthless. We remember all these and many other absurdities being uttered. How the fears apprehended by small-minded persons have been signally falsified! Horses are more in demand and dearer than ever. Sheep and cattle have learned to pay little or no attention to passing trains. Small towns are everywhere growing and becoming prosperous. Country gentlemen who once did all in their power—sometimes in a shabby way—to prevent railways coming near their properties, are now glad to have them in their neighbourhood, and have become quite alive to their value in raising the rent of land.

It is amusing to recollect that the learned authorities of Eton went the length of instructing Sergeant Merewether to oppose the passing of the Great Western Railway bill, on the ground that if the railroad were made, the Thames would be choked up for want of traffic, the drainage of the country through which it passed would be destroyed, and Windsor Castle itself be left unsupplied with water; while London would pour forth its most abandoned inhabitants to pollute the innocent miuds of the Etonians, and the boys would run up to town in play-hours to mix in all its dissipations, returning before their absence was discovered. The bill only passed by its promoters inserting a clause providing that no station should be built near Eton, and that men should be specially detailed to warn the schoolboys off the line. Even so lately as 1871 a Frenchman petitioned the Corps Législatif to refuse its sanction to the construction of any more railways,

because the smoke from the engines killed the roses, and neutralised the perfume of the acacia and jasmine.

Paltry fears, real or pretended, concerning progressive improvements have been demonstrated we suppose since the beginning of time. In all ages there are certain weak captious-minded individuals, eccentric in their notions, who seem to take a pleasure in differing from everybody else, and in opposing everything, no matter how advantageous it is likely to be to society. The opposition to railways was matched by the opposition to the use of carriages a hundred years earlier. The luxurious indulgence of keeping a coach was inveighed against as being destructive of good housekeeping and conducive to all manner of evil; and especially to be reprobated by reason of the new vehicles shattering the casements of the houses they lumbered by, and making such a confused noise that dwellers therein could neither sleep, speak, hear, write, nor eat their meals in comfort; to say nothing of their propensity for toppling their occupants down hill and over the bridges, breaking arms and legs, and running over the old, the young, and the crippled. The appearance of stage-coaches on the king's highway caused tradesmen and innkeepers to unite in petitioning the Crown to put down the monstrous innovation, on the plea that the new mode of travelling would lower the value of farm-produce; and, alarmed by there being as many as half-a-dozen stage-coaches on the road in 1762, John Croset of the Charterhouse insisted upon their summary suppression, arguing that they caused gentlemen to visit London upon every small occasion; nay, the convenience of the passage made their wives often come to town—who, rather than dare such a journey on horseback, would stay at home, instead of rushing to the capital, where they must don fine clothes, go to plays, and get such a habit of idling and such a love of pleasure as to make them uneasy ever after.

In all the juries we happen to have been upon, one or two persons have taken a pleasure in seeing things quite differently from the others, and been

a great plague in arriving at a unanimous verdict. Such cross-grained individuals usually hit upon some small point on which they say they are not clear, and appear to be incapable of judging from the leading and really important facts in the evidence. People of this obstinately eccentric nature are often seen to explain events by far-fetched causes, instead of by the plainest deductions of common-sense. We once heard a crotchety individual observe that there had been no good weather since the passing of the Reform Bill. That measure finished the good old English climate. Just as wisely did the journalists of Vera Cruz lay the rising of the red men in Eastern Yucatan to the account of the government for permitting freemasons and spiritualists to live in the state. But reasons of this sort are common everywhere. The fetish priests of the Gold Coast looked upon the small-pox as the outcome of the people persisting in cracking palm-nuts in order to extract oil from the kernels; as some folk in England believed the cholera was invited here by the issue of the so-called godless florin; and the old Scotswoman insisted that the grouse disease was heaven's retribution on the lairds for letting their moors to the Southrons.

An inconsequent reason has the advantage of being unanswerable. The lady who preferred sculpture to painting because it took a better polish; the old captain, certain of experiencing nasty weather because one of his male passengers parted his hair in the middle; and the stage-carpenter who declared they might talk of Henderson, Kemble, and Kean, but give him Bannister as Hamlet, 'he was always done twenty minutes sooner than any one of 'em,' as effectually precluded contradiction as the Detroit buttermilk who, upon a fair customer inquiring how he could have the conscience to charge her thirty-two cents a pound for butter, replied: 'Well ma'am, you see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the government calls in the bonds due this year, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money-market, butter must find its level, like everything else. It is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over.' The lady was satisfied. That is more than could be said of Captain Speke, whose complaint that his servants were charged more for tobacco than any one else, was met by Sheikh Said with the remark that his friend was a big man, and therefore ought to pay a big price.

The Sheikh thought the compliment would make amends for the robbery, as did Captain Burnaby's Osman in a similar predicament. Reproached for charging his master shillings for what he had paid pence, the artful rogue said: 'The Effendi's horses are not like other horses; they eat more and work more. We, and he too, like large chickens. The Effendi is rich and he pays; he is big and he eats a great deal. I give the people what they ask; it would not do for me to be mean with my lord's gold.' Upbraided respecting the consumption of sugar, Osman replied, 'Effendi, I like tea, I like sugar; but what I like most is to hear my lord's liberality praised. Whenever I am drinking tea, and the village people see me putting much sugar in my glass, they honour me; in this manner they honour my

lord.' Your Eastern Christian is not easily disconcerted. 'How is it,' asked Mr Kinglake of his servant—'how is it that you, a Christian, lie to me, and rob me on every occasion, while my Turkish servants neither lie nor steal?' 'It is probably because their religion does not permit them those advantages,' was the prompt reply of the unabashed rascal.

Men, and women too for that matter, never want for reasons, more or less excellent, for perpetrating matrimony when they have a mind that way. But of all reasons ever given for entering the holy state, the oddest is that of 'A Sufferer,' who thus airs his particular grievance in the columns of a country paper. 'My first wife,' says he, 'was a worthy member of the Church of England; she died, and was buried in the consecrated portion of our public cemetery. My equally worthy second wife was a Roman Catholic; and of course I laid her remains in the Roman Catholic portion. I am neither a Churchman nor a Romanist, yet I would like to lie in the grave with my first or second wife; but our local authorities say no, unless I agree to the religious ceremony. Must I buy a third grave, and lie buried alone in a cemetery where I have already purchased two graves, and in which are my two deceased wives? I would be thankful for a silent burial in either of my wives' graves. If there is no relief, I must marry a Dissenter, and then in our deaths we shall not be divided.' This worthy, who so strongly objects to lying alone, makes sure apparently of surviving his third venture, and would scout the possibility of the lady perversely frustrating his pretty plan by burying him instead, and electing to share the grave with her second choice.

An Irish member opposed the Peace Preservation Act of 1875 on the ground that it encouraged murder, by granting compensation to the relatives of the murdered. Not much better at argument was the Scotch gentleman advocating the abolition of marriage by banns because the practice prevented people marrying; and proved his case by telling of a couple dispensing with all ceremony because the man could not raise sufficient cash to pay the fees and give the usual entertainment. That the impecunious pair might have foregone the usual entertainment instead of the marriage ceremony seems not to have entered his head. He proved too much; like the Brooklyn boy who inveigled another to go fishing, and then sent a letter to the schoolmistress as coming from the truant's mother, running: 'Miss DAX. Please excuse Sam as he has a stummick ache, thought I would keep him home to mind his littel sister who is awful sick with the kolera infanticide, and he has to taik her to the dokter to be vaxinated, besides i don't feel well myself, i hardly kno what ails me 'cept its worrit about Sam who sais he has a awful pane.'

When the good people of Slickville proposed to raise their minister's salary, the honest man would not listen to the proposition, saying: 'First, you can't afford it, nohow you can fix it, and I know it. Secondly, I ain't worth it, and you know it. Thirdly, I am nearly tired to death collecting my present income; and if I have to dun the same way for that, it will kill me'—silencing his would-be benefactors as effectually as the Icelandic silenced an inquisitive traveller, who not satisfied

with the information that there were no carriages because there were no roads, asked why they had no roads. 'Because,' replied the badgered man, 'we have no carriages.' The Islander would have held his own with the lady clerks of the Treasury at Washington, whom General Spinner declared to be ten times as acute in detecting bad notes as the male clerks. 'A man,' said he, 'always has a reason, forty maybe, for pronouncing a note bad, and is wrong half the time. A woman is always right, but never has a reason for it. She says it is counterfeit because it is counterfeit; and couldn't tell how she knows it, if she were to be hanged for it.'

HAROLD RIVERS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

It is not every woman who on the day of her marriage to her second husband would wear a bracelet containing a portrait of her first husband. But in so doing, Emilia Warrenner had intended no disloyalty either to the living or the dead. She loved Harold Rivers better perhaps than she herself was aware of, and she was quite prepared to enjoy a happy future as his wife; but that in nowise prevented her from cherishing a tender and reverent recollection of the dead. Her first husband had been torn from her in a way so tragical and sudden, that it was perhaps only natural that in her thoughts of him a brighter halo should encircle his memory than if he had died quietly in his bed, like the generality of commonplace mortals. But be that as it may, when on her wedding morn Emilia turned over her little stock of jewellery, as hesitating what she should wear, the bracelet was the first article that presented itself. Before clasping it on her wrist, she had opened the locket and kissed the portrait. 'Never can I forget you, my darling—never!' she murmured, and then her eyes blinded with tears. But for all that, her heart went out towards Harold Rivers, and she looked forward to years of happiness in the warm shelter of his love.

When Harold came back to consciousness, he found several people connected with the hotel round the sofa on to which they had lifted him. 'He'll do now,' said one. 'Yes, he'll soon be all right,' said another. 'It's a mercy he didn't cut his head against that table,' said a third. Then they all left the room except the waiter, who had attended to Harold before. 'Is there anything I can get you sir?' said the man. 'A little brandy or anything?'

By this time everything had come back to Harold's recollection. He sprang from the sofa. 'Where is the lady? Where is my wife?' he cried.

'The lady is gone sir.'

'Gone! Gone where?'

'When you were taken ill sir, the lady rang for assistance. Then she sat down at the table and wrote a note. Here is the note sir; and here is a ring which I picked off the floor. After that sir, the lady went into her room, and in a few minutes she came out dressed for walking and with a small bag in her hand; and without

saying a word to any one she went down stairs and out of the house. But you look ill sir. Had I not better get you some brandy?'

'No. Yes. Get me anything; only leave me alone for a little while.'

Gone! He sat staring blankly at the note and the ring with eyes that seemed to see neither one nor the other. Then he laughed aloud—a short bitter laugh. 'It must be all a dream—a horrible nightmare,' he said. 'Or else I'm going mad.' Still holding the note and the ring, he pressed his hands to his temples, and strove to steady and concentrate his mind.

The waiter came in with a decanter of brandy. He poured some into a tumbler and took it to Harold. 'Pardon me sir,' he said; 'but if you will only drink a little of this, I think it will do you good.' Mechanically Harold took the tumbler and drank. The man bustled himself for a few moments with the fire and the curtains. Harold felt that the liquor was doing him good. The power of thinking as well as of feeling was coming back to him. 'Can I do anything more for you sir?' said the man, not without a touch of sympathy in his voice.

'No; not now, my good fellow,' said Harold. 'When I want you, I will ring; but when I do ring don't let any one but yourself answer the bell.' What a confession of loneliness and misery! Two hours ago he had never set eyes on this man, yet now it seemed to him as if he was the only friend he had near him.

Gone! The word rang like a knell through his heart. There was the ring that he had put on her finger only a few short hours ago. The echoes of the solemn vows she had taken seemed still to linger in his ears; and yet she was gone already, gone perhaps for ever. He had opened her note by this time; but he dreaded to read what he might find there. At length he nerved himself, and read as follows: 'I leave you for ever. I can never bear to see you again. I cannot reproach you. Words are empty in such a bitter strait as mine. The blood of my poor murdered darling cries aloud for vengeance; but you are my husband, and my hand must remain unlifted. What a terrible fatality was that which, out of all the wide world, brought you and me together! Farewell. Try to forget your most unhappy wife, as she will pray for and try to forget you.'

He wrapped the ring up carefully in the letter, and put them away in an inner pocket. Then he sat quite still for a long time, thinking, his eyes bent on the ground, and one hand clasped tightly in the other. He sat for so long a time that his friend the waiter becoming alarmed, ventured to open the door very gently and peep in. Slight as the noise was, it sufficed to break Harold's reverie. He beckoned to the man to enter. 'I think you told me a little while ago,' he said, 'that the lady who was with me left the hotel without saying a word to any one?'

'Yes sir; without a word to any one.'

'Fetch me my hat and overcoat.' He would go out and search for her. It might be that he should find her, and succeed in persuading her— In persuading her to do what? he asked himself. Was it possible that she could ever live with him as his wife after his confession that it was his hand that had slain George Warrenner (whom however, he had known under another

name). But in any case, he must find her; that was the first thing to do. The next thing would be to insist upon her listening to the truth—upon her listening to his version of the dreadful business. At present she was evidently the victim of some strange hallucination. He sallied forth from the hotel, and went first of all to the police station, where he explained sufficient of his story to induce the inspector on duty to place a man at his disposal.

It was not till long past midnight that Harold Rivers got back to his hotel. In company with the policeman he had visited every likely and many unlikely places in a vain search for his missing wife. The railway station, the steam-boats, the hotels, and the lodging-houses had all been visited; and every constable and detective in Dover had been put on the *qui vive* by the promise of a liberal reward in case their inquiries should be crowned with success. Then utterly worn out, Harold flung himself on his bed without undressing and slept till broad daylight.

He lingered in Dover till noon; but when the morning had passed without bringing him any tidings of his wife, he determined to go back to London without further delay. As soon as he reached Victoria Station, he drove straight to the house of Emilia's aunt. But that worthy lady's astonishment at seeing him was too genuine to admit of his doubting her word when she averred that she had neither seen nor heard anything of her niece.

Evidently there was nothing more to be done till the morrow. After a most wretched night, he started next morning for the farm to which Daisy had been sent only a week ago. Emilia would naturally flee to her child first of all. Here, if anywhere, he should find his wife. But he was mistaken. As yet, Emilia had not been seen there, and he went back to town more miserable than before. Then he asked himself what more it was possible that he could do. He could only answer: 'Nothing.' All that he could do was to go back to his cheerless bachelor chambers in Bruton Street and there await the course of events.

A week, a month, six months passed away without bringing to Harold Rivers any definite tidings of his wife. For three months he advertised daily in the second column of the *Times*; but without the slightest response. For a month he went once a week to the farm. On the occasion of his fourth visit he found that Daisy was no longer there. Her mother had come suddenly one afternoon and had claimed her. Then the two had gone away, leaving behind them no clue by means of which they could be traced.

Before this, Harold had written a long letter to his wife, sending it under cover to her aunt. Six weeks later his letter, with the seal unbroken, came back by post in an envelope directed to him in his wife's handwriting. The envelope bore a London postmark; and he at once went to Mrs Backhouse with the view of persuading her to supply him with her niece's address. But the sturdy old lady was not to be cajoled. She averred that her niece had only communicated with her within the last fortnight, and that she had given a solemn promise not to reveal her address to any one. All Harold could get out of her was that Emilia and Daisy were quite well, and that they were living somewhere 'down at the sea-side.'

This was sufficiently vague to be highly unsatisfactory, and Harold began to despair of ever seeing his wife again. Time had evidently in nowise softened her determination not to see him or communicate with him in any way. If she would neither see him nor read what he wrote to her, how would it be possible for him to disabuse her mind of that horrible belief in his guilt to which she clung so tenaciously? He had of course been obliged long before this to tell his sister-in-law everything. He had persuaded her to write to Emilia; but Emilia knew Mrs Rivers's writing even better than she knew Harold's, and her letter also came back unopened. More than once Harold was minded to give up his pursuit in despair, and go and live abroad. But by so doing he knew that he should break the last frail link that bound him to his wife, and if that were once snapped, all hope of their meeting would be at an end for ever. He still loved her so tenderly that he could not bear to think of her as altogether lost to him.

'Somewhere down at the sea-side.' He could not get those words out of his thoughts. He remembered Emilia telling him that she had been born and had lived for several years at a certain small sea-side town, and how fond she was of being anywhere near the water. It struck him one day as being not at all unlikely that she might be living at this same little town at the present time. But for the life of him he could not recollect its name, nor even the county in which it was situated. In this dilemma, he went to his sister-in-law. For once Fortune befriended him. Mrs Rivers had often heard Emilia speak of her native town, and she recollected its name. It was situated in Norfolk, and its name was Spindylke.

At four o'clock next afternoon Harold Rivers and his portmanteau were deposited on the platform of the little station at Spindylke. Harold drove at once to the one good hotel of which the place could boast; and while his dinner was being got ready, he lit his cigar and strolled out. In less than an hour he had seen all over the place, and seemed to know it as well as if he had lived there for a year. After dinner he went out again just as the shades of evening were deepening into night. But his walk was unrewarded, and he retraced his steps to his hotel in a despondent mood, and rather inclined to write himself down a fool for having adventured so far on such a wild-goose chase. Next day was wet and stormy, and the Parade was deserted by all except a few of the rougher sex, who wandered aimlessly to and fro in mackintoshes and thick boots. On the third morning after breakfast, Harold set out for a ramble into the country. On his way back, when about half a mile from the town, he encountered a tiny procession, consisting of a nursemaid, a donkey-boy, and a donkey. On the last was seated a child. That child was Daisy. Harold's heart seemed to stand still when he first set eyes on the child, so utterly unexpected was such a meeting. After a brief pause to recover himself, he stepped across the road and touched Daisy on the shoulder. The donkey stopped—any excuse, and often no excuse at all, is sufficient to bring a sea-side donkey to a stand—and the child looked up.

'Good-morning, Daisy!' he said with a smile as

he took her hand. 'I hope you have not quite forgotten me?'

The sweet blue eyes looked puzzled for a moment, and then came a smile of recognition. 'I remember you now,' she said, clapping her hands. 'You are Mr Wivers. You bought me a big doll that could open and shut its eyes. Oh, such a booty! I don't think I should have remembered you if you hadn't bought me that doll,' added the candid Daisy.

'And your mamma, Daisy, is she quite well?'

'Y-e-s; I think mamma is quite well,' answered Daisy hesitatingly. 'But she can't always eat, which is a gait pity. Yesterday we had such a lovely pudding, but she couldn't touch a bit of it. Wasn't it a shame?'

'A shame indeed,' answered Harold. 'How long have you been in Spindylke, Daisy?'

'Oh, a long long time! weeks and weeks. Now is it twelv, Mr Wivers, that the donkeys go to sleep all thwew the winter? Nurse says it is; but I don't believe her.'

'Mrs Warrener sir, has been living here since last February,' said the nurse, totally disregarding Daisy's statement as to her unveracity.

'Can you oblige me by giving me her address?'

'She is lodging at No. 7 Duke's Terrace.'

Harold registered the address in his memory; and after promising to meet Daisy on the sands next morning, he went his way.

No. 7 Duke's Terrace. He knocked at the door within half an hour of leaving Daisy. He had made up his mind to call at once, before the child could get home and tell her mother that she had seen him. His only chance of obtaining an interview with Emilia was to take her by surprise. 'Is Mrs Warrener at home?' he asked of the girl who answered his knock.

'Mrs Warrener is in the front drawing-room sir. What name shall I say?'

'Never mind my name. I am a relative of Mrs Warrener. Shew me her room.' A minute later he stood in the presence of his wife. She was writing a letter at the moment he walked unannounced into the room. He took off his hat and advanced as far as the large table on the opposite side of which she was sitting. She put her hand quickly to her heart, and stared at him for a moment or two with dilated eyes, as though she saw before her some messenger from the dead. Then she rose slowly to her feet, and her face seemed to turn as white and cold and hard as marble.

'Emilia,' said Harold, 'at last we meet again. I have sought you and found you. When last you parted from me you called me a murderer—a word that you would never have applied to me had you known the story as I know it—had you known the truth!'

The room in which they were had folding-doors that opened into another room. While Harold was speaking to her, Emilia, with her cold relentless eyes fixed full upon him, was moving slowly step by step round the table in the direction of the doors.

'Emilia, you are my wife, and you must hear me!' continued Harold. 'Whether you can ever learn to care for me again as you once cared for me, is more than I can tell; but the least you can do is to allow me to justify myself to you.'

He waited as if he expected her to speak; but no sound came from her lips. She still held him with her eyes, and she was still drawing nearer to the folding-doors.

'Listen!' began Harold, and he advanced a step or two nearer. But before he could say another word she had stepped quickly backward over the threshold of the other room; and then without once turning her eyes from his, she thrust the folding-doors from her, as though it were he whom she was thrusting away. Next instant the doors softly closed and shut her from his sight. Then he heard a key turned, and a moment or two later the key of some more distant door, and then all was silent. She had gone without speaking a single word.

How long Harold stood there by himself he never knew, but he was roused at length by the entrance of an elderly lady. 'Mrs Warrener sir, desires me to say that she cannot see you again, not even if you wait here all day. She wished me to say further, that it would be useless for you to write to her, as your letters would only be returned unread. The one kindness you can do her is never to seek to see her or to communicate with her in any way again.' Then the bell was rung, and the servant was desired to shew Mr Rivers the door.

When Daisy reached home she had much to tell her mamma about her meeting with Mr Wivers. 'He kissed me once, twice, three times,' said the unabashed Daisy.

'Where did he kiss you, darling?' said her mother. 'Shew me the exact spot.' Then Daisy dimpled her cheek with her fat little finger, where Harold had kissed it, and then her mother kissed the place not three but thirty times.

CHAPTER IV.

That same afternoon, after getting back to his hotel, Harold telegraphed to the chief of a certain Private Inquiry Bureau in London. Before noon next day he was waited upon by an individual who in dress and general make-up was a curious compound of the clerical and sporting professions, so that you might have taken him either for an athletic curate out for a holiday, or for a Newmarket trainer who had just returned from a funeral. With this person, whose name was Chufney, Harold had ten minutes' private talk, after which he paid his bill and went up to town by the next train. He slept that night in Bruton Street and next morning he went to Chestnut Bank.

When Harold wrote that letter to his wife which was returned to him unopened, he inclosed in it a cheque for three hundred pounds, which of course was returned with the letter. From the day of her marriage till now Emilia had not had a penny of his money. But now that he had found her living at Spindylke, renting good apartments, keeping a nursemaid, and apparently in no want of money, the question not unnaturally arose in his mind, Whence or by whom were the funds needed for all this supplied? He knew that before her marriage Emilia had had no resources beyond her salary as governess to Mrs Rivers's children, out of which, with Daisy to keep at the farm, it was impossible that she could have saved more than a very few pounds. How then was the

apparent ease of her present circumstances to be accounted for? The oftener Harold asked himself this question, the more anxious and uneasy he became—he hardly knew why. This it was that took him to Chestnut Bank the morning after his arrival in town. He felt the need of advice; but the case being such as it was, there was only one person whose advice he could ask; that person was his sister-in-law.

Mrs Rivers's advice was that she herself should go to Mrs Backhouse, Emilia's aunt, and ask that lady to communicate to her niece what Mr Rivers was anxious and willing to do in the way of monetary arrangements for his wife. Mrs Rivers's idea was that such an offer would in all probability elicit some information as to Emilia's present means of living. Nor was she wrong in her surmise. On stating her errand to Mrs Backhouse, that lady at once informed her that Emilia was in no want of means, and that she would most decidedly refuse to accept of any assistance whatever from her husband. It appeared that within a month or two of her marriage, the death of a rich cousin had put her in possession of an income of about a hundred and seventy pounds a year. This, considering her quiet and frugal mode of life, was amply sufficient for all her wants. This information, while setting Harold's mind at rest on one point, yet seemed to remove him farther than ever from his wife. She was independent of him in every way, and had evidently made up her mind to remain so. What to do next he knew not. What indeed was there left for him to do?

Meanwhile he was not left by Mr Chufney without information. That individual wrote to him by post that Mrs Warrener, her child, and the nurse had all left Spindylke together, and were now located at No. 18 Bellevue Crescent, Sandport. Harold was not surprised to find that Emilia had left Spindylke. He had quite expected that after his visit she would do so. But having once found her, he was determined not to lose sight of her again.

In spite of the resolution he had made that he would not haunt Emilia any more, but merely keep himself informed of her movements, Harold found himself down at Sandport one sultry afternoon in July. He would not intrude upon her—on that point he was quite positive. Only to be near her, only to see her now and then from a distance, himself unseen, was all that he now asked.

It was a gloomy overcast evening when Harold started out for a walk on the pier. The lamps were lighted here and there, and great numbers of people were walking or sitting about. Harold pulled up the collar of his light overcoat, and slouched the brim of his felt hat over his brows. He had taken two or three turns, and was still strolling slowly along, when suddenly from close behind him came the shrieks of two or three women. All within hearing rushed to the spot, Harold among the number. A child standing on one of the seats and craning over to look at the water, had overbalanced herself and fallen in.

'Where is she?'

'There she is.'

'The tide's going out, and will carry her with it!' cried a score of eager tongues. Meanwhile Harold's keen eyes were scanning the dusky

waters. Suddenly, some dozen yards or more away, and just on the verge of the dim circle of light cast by the pier lamps, he thought he saw a tiny speck rise to the surface for a moment and then disappear. It was the work of another moment to dash hat and coat to the ground, to spring on to the wood-work of the pier, and dive swift as a gannet into the dark waters below. Fifty hurrahs rang in his ears as he came to the surface and shook the water out of his eyes, and then fifty tongues began to shout almost as many different directions. Without heeding any of them, Harold looked quietly about him. For a moment or two he saw nothing, and his heart misgave him. But suddenly, and no great distance away, a little white hand and arm rose to view, and seemed to beckon to him in mute entreaty. Half-a-dozen strokes carried him to the spot; but hand and arm were no longer to be seen. Another dive, and when next he came to the surface he brought the child with him. Supporting her with one arm, her white face resting on his shoulder, her yellow hair streaming behind, he swam back slowly to the pier. There had been fifty hurrahs before; there were hundreds now. Harold made for the stairs where the pleasure-boats landed their passengers. Eager hands went forth to grasp him. They would have carried him and the child bodily up the stairs if he would have permitted them. At the top stood a white-faced woman with hungry outstretched arms. As Harold reached the topmost step his eyes and those of the woman met under the lamp-light. Then he knew the deed he had done, and blessed God in his heart. With one kiss pressed to the child's unconscious lips, he laid his burden in the mother's arms. Still calmly regarding him, she took it. Then when she felt the child against her heart, her eyes glazed, she tottered, and would have fallen, had not the by-standers caught her. Others took the child and swathed it in wraps. Harold meanwhile clove his way through the crowd, and was lost in the darkness.

THE TAMBEYS OF CEYLON.

THE Tambeys or wandering dealers in Indian wares are a strange race of beings. From the day the innocent traveller is first cheated by them at Port Said on his passage out, till the day when, grown wiser by many a smart lesson, he evades all their allurements at the same place on his road home again, a European in India or Ceylon never entirely loses sight of the Tambeys; or perhaps I should be speaking more correctly did I say the Tambeys never entirely lose sight of him; for they are most vigilant and industrious, and having their minds completely taken up with the one idea, that of making 'Master' buy, they are much better able for the struggle than the unfortunate individual they badger, whose efforts to get rid of or circumvent them are generally too hastily conceived to be other than futile.

I made acquaintance with these wandering peddlers first at Colombo a few hours after I had landed from the steamer, and since then scarcely a day has gone past that one or other of the fraternity has not paid my bungalow a visit. I say my first acquaintanceship; for though one does

see something of their ways at Port Said or Suez on the journey out, it is only when fairly ashore at Galle or Colombo that you behold the Tambey in his true character.

But however troublesome the Tambey may be at times, he is in his own way so useful that we could not well do without him, and one cannot be long in either India or Ceylon without appreciating his value. He goes all round the country with his wares, penetrating far into the jungle, visiting every bungalow near and distant, and driving a good bargain wherever he can. Were it not for him, ladies on the coffee estates, and bachelor planters not yet awake to the absurdity of attempting to darn their own socks, would be often badly off for needles and wool, and many other odds and ends which careful housekeepers are ever in want of. The pedlers so well known and warmly welcomed in the far-scattered farm-houses in Scotland half a century ago, are the only class of traders at home with which I could compare the Tambeys of India; but the latter are so far before their Scotch brother in fluency of tongue and that valuable quality known as 'cheek,' that even the 'pawkiest' pedler in Tweedsmuir would have opened his eyes at the manner in which they negotiate a bargain.

The Tambeys are as varied in their dress, personal appearance, and caste as the wares which they carry, and represent many different nationalities and religions. Sometimes it is a Singalese man from Galle who comes to your veranda selling tortoise-shell ornaments and trinkets of the most paltry material, but always embellished with exquisite carving. He is generally poor or pretends to be, and goes on trying to make you buy long after a Madras or Bombay Tambey would have given you up in disgust; and he does a great deal more salaaming and cringing than they would ever condescend to. He is almost always dressed in a 'comboy' or native cloth, bright in colour, and fastened round his waist. Sometimes these Singalese men, if they are from the low country especially, have very pretty specimens of Ceylon work in ebony for sale; but that does not happen so often, now that ebony has become so difficult and expensive to procure. The ebony elephants one occasionally sees as drawing-room ornaments at home are all made by these men, and in older times could be got cheaply enough, I believe; but the value of all such articles has gone up considerably in recent years owing to the rarity of ebony, as I have mentioned, and perhaps also to the great increase in the number of European buyers in the country. Occasionally however, you may manage to get a good bargain, particularly if the man offering the goods has come up to Kandy to visit the temple, and is anxious to secure money to buy his present for Buddha. Indeed one can almost always, if he has patience to haggle long enough, buy cheaper from a Singalese Tambey than from any other of his class, for he is apparently more pressing in want of funds than most of the others.

Far above him in dignity and position is the Moorman Tambey, who marches into your veranda with all the gravity and solemn grandeur of a peacock. He is far too grand a man to carry his goods himself; he would not do so on any account; and accordingly he is always followed

by two or three coolies, who bear the boxes and bundles on their heads, and look humbly to the great man for all their orders. One Moorman who often comes to my bungalow goes by the name of 'Sam Slick' in the household, on account of the soft cunning manner in which he flatters unwary buyers into paying the most unheard-of prices for his calicoes and flannels. Sometimes they try higher flights than the mere selling of needles and pins, and will inform you in a confidential undertone that they have a carriage in hand, for which their price is three hundred rupees; but 'if Master buy, then I sell him fifty less.' On account of the extraordinary friendship, you are to understand, the Moorman has for you personally, he will give up so much in your favour, though he would not do as much for any other of his customers.

These are all amusing in their own way. But my great friend among the Tambeys is a man from Bombay, who visits me every second week or so. No description I could give would be half so good as just a single glimpse of him, as he enters the veranda and seats himself cross-legged on the floor. He is a Brahmin, a high caste; and the white chalk-mark on his forehead which signifies his rank to the world, and his closely shaven chin, give an indescribable strangeness to the whole of his face. He has very black eyes, out of which he shoots keen glances at his customers all the time he is talking to them; and when he smiles, he shows a set of white gleaming teeth that few Europeans could match. His dress consists of a pair of wide baggy white trousers; a loose white tunic coming down to his knees, and fastened round his waist by a red or black sash with long ends; a turban of white to correspond, arranged in a style known to Bombay men only; and sandals. His whole appearance is picturesque in the extreme; and I have sometimes thought our friend is not altogether unaware of the fact, from the grandiose way in which he carries his head.

Of all the Tambeys who visit me, this high-caste worthy is the one who tempts me most to buy; for though made of stern enough stuff to resist all extravagance in flannels or prints, I fall a victim at once and in the most humiliating manner to the ravishing nicknacks he produces from all sorts of queer boxes and packages. His wares comprise almost everything beautiful one could think of. Cashmere shawls, silver filigree-work from Delhi, goblets and cups curiously wrought in brass and copper from Persia, Chinese silk, and carved inlaid sandal-wood and ebony boxes, lie scattered on the floor on every side of him in splendid confusion. It would take far too long to tell of the lovely things he has for sale: the ivory chessmen, with every pawn a real soldier, with turban and tunic carved out down to the minutest detail, and each bishop's mitre and robe followed out in every particular; or the wonderful trinkets made of red gold and covered over with carved representations of Vishnu or some other of the many deities of India. One day among these I discovered several gold crosses worked in this fashion; and holding one up, I asked the Tambey what he called that.

'Swamy [idol] work, Inday,' said he, as he calmly turned away to unwrap what seemed merely a bundle of calico rags.

I had often seen him bring out beautiful things from as strange places before, so I eagerly watched him as he carefully took out from the middle of the rags a belt composed of a great many silver chains united together, and worked over with lovely arabesques and wreaths. 'Very pretty thing,' he remarked, as he held it up in the most advantageous light; 'very pretty thing; lady buy.' Then changing his tone to one of the greatest persuasion, he continued: 'Lady new come from England; lady not see before, now you buy.'

'Hem!' I answered in a hesitating tone; 'I don't know about that. How much is it?'

'Oh,' said the persuasive rascal with a twinkle in his eye as he saw how longingly I looked at it, 'what price you like. Lady, try on.'

'Yes, try it on,' said my husband, who had just come in. 'It is a pretty thing indeed, and the first of that kind I have ever seen.—How much, Tambeey?' he added, turning to the man, who was shrewdly watching our faces as I clasped the belt round my waist.

'Very cheap, master,' said he; 'only one hundred rupees' (about ten pounds in English money).

'What!' I exclaimed in horror, taking it off at once.

'Well! what lady give then?' he coolly inquired, having known all the time that nobody in his or her senses would have taken it at such a price.

'Nothing,' I answered sharply.

'O yes,' interrupted my husband; 'I think you might take it if he will give it for sixty rupees.'

'No indeed,' I replied firmly, economy having regained its sway once more in my mind. 'I don't want it at any price; so put it out of sight, Tambeey,' and I stoutly refused to have anything more to do with it, though every time I looked at it shining and sparkling in the Tambeey's hand, I felt strongly tempted to break my word. The Tambeey used all his powers of persuasion for some time further; but finding his words were being wasted, he reluctantly rolled it up among the rags, remarking in a meditative tone as he did so: 'Lady new come from England.'

'So I have,' I answered, smiling. 'But what has that to do with the belt?'

'O lady, new come, master very much like. I come, and master say: "Lady, buy." Lady say: "No buy. Why buy? Plenty got." I come bungalow one, two, three months more; then lady say: "Now very plenty want; must buy." Master say: "No buy—must not buy; plenty plenty got." At which smart comment on married life, my husband burst out laughing, and I finding it impossible to retain my gravity under the circumstances, had to join in as heartily.

In India, money payments are chiefly, for convenience sake, made by cheques; and in many mercantile houses doing a large business, coin is hardly ever seen from one year's end to the other. Of course it does happen occasionally that cheques are dishonoured; but there is a great deal of 'noblesse oblige' among Europeans there, and such a case is comparatively rare. Still one would hardly expect that a class of people like the Tambeys would ever be willing or able to put so much trust in the strangers who deal with them, and it is rather a surprise when you discover that they are not only ready to do that, but to go a

great deal further. Any of them will offer you almost unlimited credit; and they have often told me by way of inducement to buy, that I may take their things and keep them for a week or so, when, if I decide not to have them, they will take them back again and charge no price. In this respect their friendliness and good-nature are beyond all praise, and indirectly at the same time shew that the character of English people in India still, as in the former days, stands high for honesty and straightforwardness among the native population.

The first day that I bought from the Bombay man, whose views on matrimony are recorded above, the things he sold me were for sending home to England; and rather to my annoyance he called almost every two days for several weeks after to see if I did not want to send another 'parcel home.' At last one day, to get rid of him I told him I was too poor to send presents to my friends every week.

'O yes,' replied my visitor; 'lady very poor, I know.' A pause followed, during which he took a leisurely survey of my drawing-room from where he stood at the door, looking well at the pictures and other furniture; after which he startled me by asking abruptly: 'How much master pay for this bungalow?'

'Really, Tambeey,' I answered, a good deal taken aback by the question, 'I don't think you have any business to ask that, and I won't tell you.'

He considered my reply in silence for a few minutes, and then began again: 'Well then, lady, how much money master got in the bank?'

'I don't know,' I returned promptly; 'and if I did, I should not tell you; and I rose from my seat and moved away, to shew him I thought the conversation had gone on long enough. But my friend was not to be put down so easily, so he stepped forward into the room a little, and whispering in a confidential undertone, said: 'Lady not know. I know master got plenty hundred pounds in the bank. I see master great big cheque-book got. Lady say to master: "I keep cheque-book; then you no lose." Master say: "All right." Then I come, and lady many things buy. Send great big parcel home. She plenty money, give cheque; master no know.'

'And what would master say when he found out?' I ask.

'Oh, lady no tell. Master say: "Where all my money gone?" Lady say: "I don't know. I not humbugging. Take your old money."

'No, thank you, Tambeey,' said I, smiling. 'I'm much obliged to you; but I'm afraid that plan would not answer at all.' He seemed surprised I did not at once act on such capital advice, and regarded me rather mournfully as he made his salaam and said: 'Good-morning.' I believe I have come down in his good opinion considerably since that day.

You may wonder a little—thinking to yourself how you would annihilate a tradesman who should dare to ask questions like these about your house—how I could allow a man of a similar class to take such liberties in mine; but you must bear in mind that in this case, as in many others, the Tambeey considered himself quite equal, if not superior to me. He was a Brahmin, belonging to the highest caste in India; and I was only an English lady, of no caste at all

as far as the Tambeys knew; and he had no idea whatever that in speaking as he did he was being either impertinent or intrusive.

Much more might be written about the Tambeys, but the space is too small to admit of anything further being said. I have not, for instance, made any mention of the Madras men, whose stock of sewed muslins and other work is as fine in its own way as anything the Dombey Tambeys have to shew. The Madras traders have dresses for sale made of white net or muslin, and beautifully embroidered with wreaths and scrolls; and contrary to the general ways of Tambeys, they offer their goods at extremely reasonable prices. How they come to be so moderate in their demands, I don't know; but I should imagine it is that they prefer a rapid sale, even at low prices, to hawking their wares about, which, as they are so fragile and delicate in texture, would be apt to crush and spoil. These Madras Tambeys are very imposing in appearance, being tall and majestic in their manner of walking, and speak a dialect which seems different from any other of the many tongues one hears in Ceylon; but their visits to this part of the country are so much rarer than those of the other Tambeys, that I am unable to speak with any degree of certainty about them.

Just as I write these last lines, a Moorman has put his head, with his gay cap on, in at my veranda door and asks: 'Is anything required to-day, Missie?'

'No, thank you, Tambeys,' I reply, wondering much what he would think if he knew I am just at this very moment finishing this tale about him and his brother Tambeys.

THE FOUNDLING.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

'MIND you return home on the 22d or 23d, Janet. Don't wait to come on Christmas Eve; there'll be nothing but crowds and accidents then—there never is.'

I promised; and started for a fortnight's visit to friends, the Greys, at Newton, one cold raw December morning. I did not much want to go, but Amy wished me, and somehow I had got into the way of doing pretty much as Amy wished.

We were orphan sisters, Amy and Janet Scott; and we lived together on a small income, in a small house in Mudford, a dull miserable little town in the Midlands. What a mistake it is for two strong healthy women to settle down early in life, as we did. I say early in life; for when we first went to Mudford, two years before this December I tell you about, I was but twenty, and Amy twenty-nine. Of course if we had had any commonsense, we should have put by our money for a rainy day and worked for our living while we were able; but that would not have been 'genteel.' If there is one word in the English language I hate, that is the one, and it was for ever in Amy's mouth. No; work, real honest work, would not have been a genteel enough way of life for the two daughters of a military officer; so we settled down to Mudford and genteel idleness.

I used to think sometimes that I really could not endure it, that I must break out into something different, and more worth calling life than this bald arid monotony. 'Good gracious! I have said to myself, 'suppose I should live to be sixty or seventy! and as I am perfectly healthy and strong, so I may. Just fancy forty years of this!' But then again I was overcome by a long fit of idleness and indifference, and it seemed to matter very little where or how life went, so long as it went pretty quickly. And what made it so much harder for me was that Amy was utterly unsympathetic. She had plenty to do, she would say, and had no time to waste on fancies; and perhaps she had; for everything there was to do in the way of business, household affairs, or shopping, she did. By virtue of her nine years of adulthood, she looked on me still as a child, and took the entire control of everything, without a word of consultation with me. At one time I tried teaching in the schools and parish-visiting; but I did not very well like the work; and Amy shut it up entirely when some vinegary old cat or other remonstrated with her on 'letting that child run after the curate in such a flagrant manner.'

I enjoyed my visit to Newton very much, and was sorely tempted to yield to their persuasions and stay over Christmas; but the thought of Amy all alone, made me firm in my refusal. But I did not do as she told me about going home before Christmas Eve, for there were parties 'must go to both on the 22d and 23d; so it was Christmas Eve, and bitterly cold, before I was permitted to start on my homeward journey. Not very early in the day either, for we had been late the night before, and I had to finish packing after breakfast, so it was the 12.40 train I travelled by, instead of the 9.50 A.M.

'It will be quite dark before you get to Farway, where you have to change,' said Mary Grey. 'I do wish you were not so obstinate, Jenny. I am sure Amy would much rather you stayed another day or two, than go at this time of day all that way—just this day too, when there is sure to be a crowd.'

I laughed, remembering Amy's prophecy about crowds and accidents; but I was not a bit timid, so I said my good-byes with a cheerful mind.

It was considerably more than dusk when I got to Farway Junction; and if I had had any idea of the crush, the hurry and hubbub I there encountered, I don't fancy I should have started quite so bravely. The train was fifteen minutes behind time in reaching Farway, and I had only just time to rush across and into a carriage for Hilton, the junction for Mudford. The carriage was empty save for a bundle of wraps and rugs in the farther corner; and as no one got in before we started, I said to myself: 'Some one forgot their things in the hurry'; and before I had time to speak to the guard, the train was off. In all the loneliness and dullness of my life I had never felt so utterly lonely as then, rushing along through the gathering gloom. But at the moment this feeling of solitude was fast growing into something very like fear—though I should have been puzzled to say what I was afraid of—I was horribly startled by hearing a faint childish cry, apparently proceeding from the bundle of rugs. Just then we passed for a second or two at a small station,

and the light from the guard's lantern shining in shewed me a small pale face amongst the rugs; and at the same moment I caught a pitiful look from the big blue eyes of what I took to be a little child of about a year old.

'Now,' thought I, 'here's a fix for you, Janet Scott. The train does not stop again till we get to Swaffam, and by that time the child will either have fallen down and broken itself, or else screamed itself into a fit.' So I moved up opposite the bundle and put my hand amongst the rugs, till I felt a little cold clenched-up fist, which opened at the warm touch and seized my finger greedily. Presently the cries ceased altogether; and but that I was afraid to move it in the darkness, I would have taken the little thing into my arms. We had to wait ten minutes at Swaffam; and directly the train had stopped I opened the door and screamed to the guard.

'What now ma'am?' said that person sharply. 'Here is a baby left in this carriage,' I said. 'What shall I do?'

'Can't say, I am sure ma'am,' he snapped. 'Get out and give it to—'

What else he would have said I don't know, for some one spoke to him, and he moved away. Then the child set up a cry again, and began struggling about, so that I could do nothing but pick it up; and before I could get to the door again, in hopes of getting another word with the guard, three gentlemen got hastily into the carriage, the door was shut, and we were off into the darkness again, and there was but one more pause of three minutes till we got to Hilton.

'Sharp work to-night,' said one of the gentlemen; 'train didn't stay more than two minutes, if as much.'

'We are twenty minutes late as it is,' said another; 'it is as much as we shall do to get through.'

With all my might I tried to keep the child I held from crying; for though, if I had let myself think a moment calmly, I might have known it was impossible they should have any idea except that we were mother and child, or nurse and child of a most everyday pattern; still, I *felt* in such a doubtful position that I could not help fearing every one must know it. Then the thought of what I should do when I got to Hilton! What would be said or thought if I calmly put an infant down and left it in the cold to the tender mercies of three men? Looking at it only in that light, I felt it would be out of the question; and as I felt the poor little mortal nestling in my arms, I felt it would be quite impossible to do anything but take it home and care for it. It lay quite still in my arms till the train stopped at Hilton, and did not wake even when I rose to go out.

'You are leaving your rugs ma'am,' said one of the men, gathering them all up and handing them to a porter who stood near.

'They are not mine,' I said; 'neither is the child. I am going to take it to the station-master.' As I moved away, I overheard a laughing speech from one of them, plainly shewing they did not believe any such unlikely tale.

The porter had heard what I said; and as I knew him very well, I explained matters to him, and asked what I had better do.

'Blest if I know miss,' was his not very satisfactory answer. 'Mr Brand's gone home, and

there's only the clerk left—a lad as isn't likely to help you.'

'Can I telegraph up and down the line to say that the child is safe, if any one inquires for it?'

'Not from here, you can't miss; for the clerk always goes home directly this train's in. He may be late to-night though. I'll step in and see.'

'He's gone, sure enough,' he said when he came back. 'And if you mean to go on to Muddford to-night, you must come at once.'

'If I take the child with me now,' I said, 'may I depend on you to make all inquiries when the trains pass, and tell Mr Brand about it, so that he may do what he can?'

'To be sure I will ma'am. It's a rum start as ever I knowed on,' he muttered as he helped me into a carriage.

It was a 'rum start;' and such no doubt. Any thought it when I entered our little sitting-room with the child, now broad awake.

'Good gracious Janet! whose child is that?'

'I don't know,' I said helplessly, sitting down by the fire, towards which the child stretched its hands, cooing and smiling as it did so.

'You don't know what,' she cried.

'Whose child this is,' I said. And then I told her all about it. And of course I could not leave it there to perish of cold,' I said.

'Perish of fiddlesticks!' said my sister impatiently. 'Of course if you had left it alone some one would have given it to the proper authorities. But you are so childish; you never seem to know what to do. And if you had come home yesterday, as I told you, all this would not have happened.'

'Well, well,' I said; 'it is no good scolding any more. I have no doubt the child will soon be claimed; and I know you would have done just the same in similar circumstances.'

So a truce was proclaimed, and we agreed to advertise and make all inquiries we could, and wait the issue of events. Which we did; but no issue came; and though we continued to advertise for weeks and also to make all diligent inquiries up and down the line, yet very soon I for one came to look for any answer with dread instead of hope; and after a while, even Amy ceased to speak of the extra trouble and expense our little Christmas-box caused.

I quite forgot to say that neither on the child's clothes nor amongst the rugs could we find the least clue to her belongings.

CHAPTER II.—A VALENTINE.

Five years had passed since that Christmas Eve on which I had found little Lucy, for so we had the child named. Very little change had come to us, except that from the time that child came home, life had seemed to me quite a different affair. I had something to do now, something to take up my time; somebody to love, and somebody to dearly love me.

She was a pretty little child, as brisk and merry as a cricket. She was not a bit shy even at first, and as she got to run about and talk, oh, how she chattered! She made friends with everybody, and everybody I am sure made friends with her; and not a few with us, for her sake.

'How that child loves you, Janet!' said our vicar's wife when she was calling on us one day; and Lucy, coming in from a walk, began to call 'Aunt Jenny!' directly she was in the house.

'Yes, thank God! I think she does,' I answered.

'It would be hard parting, if her owners were to turn up now—eh?'

I did not answer, but I felt myself turn pale at the possibility of such a misfortune.

Well, it was a little more than five years since Lucy came, and the 14th of February—a dismal rainy morning, when Lucy came dancing into breakfast with something hid slyly under her pinafore.

'What have you got there Lucy?' asked Amy, seeing the little face so full of mischief.

'One valentine for Aunt Jenny,' the little rogue answered demurely.

'Nonsense!' said Amy sharply. 'Who told you such trash as that?'

'No-one-body. Mary had one valentine—oh, so pretty! I hope yours is pretty, Aunt Jenny; giving me a letter, and a sweet kiss with her little pouting mouth at the same time.'

Pretty! I opened my letter and sat staring at it, feeling as if my life had suddenly come to an end.

'What is the matter?' said Amy; and for answer I passed her the letter and a slip of newspaper that was inclosed in it. She read both, but did not speak. Our little pet looked from one to the other; and then two soft arms stole round my neck, and a tearful voice whispered: 'Was Lucy naughty to bring the valentine?'

I took her in my arms, and bowing my face on her soft curly head, cried as I had not cried since my mother died—more than twelve years ago.

'Don't be foolish Janet!' said Amy; 'perhaps it won't come to anything after all; and she again took up the precious valentine.'

This was what it was: 'The Editor of the *Swaffam Mercury* has sent the inclosed slip to Miss J. Scott, thinking—as it has now appeared so many days in the *Times*—that it may have escaped her notice.'

And what do you think was the slip inclosed? An advertisement to the following effect: 'If the young lady who found a deserted child in a first-class carriage on the Swaffam and Ildover line on Christmas Eve 187-, will send her address to Messrs Tucker and Rowe, Lincoln's Inn, she will oblige the father of the little girl.'

The editor of the *Swaffam Mercury* had taken great interest in the affair all along, for he was a Mudfordian by birth, and had several friends in the town. We did not take the *Times*, but some in Mudford did, and it was odd that no one had noticed it before, for now plenty did, and on that 14th of February I had no less than five copies of the advertisement, and three copies of the *Times* with a black line drawn round the hideous words. The number of friends who called to talk it over was almost unbearable, and the quantity of advice they tendered was utterly intolerable.

I felt grateful to Amy for taking so much on herself, and letting me be comparatively at peace with Lucy, who feeling something was wrong, would hardly leave me a moment.

'And now Janet, what shall you do?' Amy asked when post-time was getting near.

'I don't know,' I answered wearily. 'What do you think?'

'I think if I were you I would just write our address and send it with a copy of the advertisement, without any word at all.'

This I did; and then not another word was said about it till the next day, when Amy said: 'It is just possible that some one may come to-day Janet; will you see them, or shall I?'

'Oh, you, please, if you don't mind,' I answered, for I felt that I should only make an exhibition of myself if I undertook the task.

I had reckoned out each of the hours at which a Londoner would be able to reach Mudford; and as first one, then two, and three of them passed without an arrival, I began to hope for at least one more night's respite. But it was not to be; for just as we had said to each other, 'Now it is too late for to-day; the last down-train has been in some time,' a sharp ring came at the door bell, and a minute after Mary brought in a card and the announcement of 'A gentleman in the dining-room.'

'JOHN HOME,' Amy read aloud from the card. 'Not an aristocratic name at anyrate,' she said as she went out of the room, but somehow it struck pleasantly on my ear.

'Who is John Home?' asked my little pet, and I answered that I did not know. 'Is it John Home that sent the bad valentine that has made you sorry ever since?' she went on. 'If it is, why did Aunt Amy go down to see him? You ought to send for a policeman if he is a bad man.'

I told her to hush, for I could not bear to hear her speak so of one who might be her father.

Very soon Amy came back—came back actually smiling!

'Is the bad man gone?' cried Lucy before I could speak.

'No; he is not gone. And I don't think he is a very bad man. He wants to see Aunt Janet and you.'

'I shall not go to him,' she answered. 'I shall not go to any one who would make my own darling Aunt Jenny cry.'

'What did he say?' I asked. 'Do you think he is—has made a mistake?'

'No, dear Janet,' she said kindly; 'I am afraid there is no mistake. He thought there was at first,' she continued, smiling again. 'When I went into the room and announced myself as Miss Scott, he said: "I am afraid then there is some mistake, for you cannot be the lady I expected to see." I thought then that there must be some mistake; and I asked him if he had not come about the advertisement. "Yes," he said; "but the lady he expected to see was"— And he proceeded to give an exact description of you and your dress as it was when you found Lucy. But he will explain it all to you. Don't keep him waiting any longer.'

'Do you think he would know me if I changed my dress?' I said; for it had suddenly struck me that I had on a violet merino that eventful Christmas Eve, and my dress now was of almost exactly the same hue and texture.

'No, no!' said Amy. 'I think he would know you very well in any dress.'

So I went, taking the reluctant Lucy with me, she protesting with much vehemence that she was only going—to take care of Aunt Jenny.

I have only a very indistinct idea of a tall, large, bearded man coming up to me and clasping both my unwilling hands in his, while he said: 'Now I am safe at last. You have not altered one bit in all these five years. And is this my little girl—my little Isabel?'

'No; I am not!' answered my young lady promptly, 'I am Aunt Jenny's little girl, and I am Lucy.'

He laughed at her—a low mellow-toned laugh, very good to hear. He led me to the little sofa, and made me sit down. Somehow it never occurred to me to resist or to speak up in denial of having been, done, or suffered anything at all out of the common five years ago. Lucy was far more self-possessed, for when he sat down in a chair near and tried to draw her towards him, she resisted quietly but decidedly, and placed herself on a low stool on the other side of the fire-place.

'Now, I will tell you all about it,' he said; and I suppose he did, for he talked a long time; and I sat still, sometimes trying to listen and comprehend, but failing mostly; for the one thought that blotted out all other ideas and comprehension was, 'Now I shall lose Lucy'; and I knew that meant losing all the best part of life. However I did get some notion of the tale he was telling; and from many after-tellings I learned the following facts.

John Home, the only child of wealthy parents, had mortally offended them by marrying a pretty penniless girl of somewhat low origin. He said he was very happy till his little girl was born, then the young wife's health failed—failed gradually but surely, till she died when her child was ten months old. She had no relatives to whom he could appeal to take care of his child, and he had only his parents, who would answer none of his letters or help him in any way. So for a time he lived on in London, and the child, being healthy and well-to-do, seemed to prosper pretty well under the care of a nurse. Then, just before the time I found Lucy, he had been offered a very advantageous appointment in India; and on that Christmas Eve he and the baby's nurse were taking her down to his father's place, to try whether he could induce them to take charge of her while he was away. He always says he never knew what induced him to get into the next carriage when he saw me enter the one he had just for a moment vacated, at Farway Junction; but he did so; and it was not till after he had looked in at Swaffam and seen me with the child in my arms, that the idea occurred to him to leave it to me altogether and turn back without going home. So he and the mystified nurse, though ignorant of my destination, actually returned from Swaffam to London. When asked how he could do so without knowing at all who or what I was, he always said: 'I was perfectly sure you would take care of the child; I never felt an hour's uneasiness about it.'

It was hard work to make Lucy understand the state of the case. 'If he was a papa like Bertie Long's papa, where had he been all the time, and where was the mamma belonging to him?'

'Mamma was dead long ago.'

'Oh, very well; then she would stay with Aunt Jenny till there was another mamma found; 'cause of course if there was a papa, there must

be a mamma; else who's to buy new clothes or new shoes?'

Mr Home only laughed at her odd fancies, and told her she could stay with Aunt Jenny till he had bought his new house, and got it all ready, 'Then she must come home.' But she shook her head sagely, and answered, that it must all depend on what sort of a new mamma he found.

Old Mr and Mrs Home were both dead, and this Mr Home was a very rich man; for besides what his father had left, he had made much money in India. He had sold his old home, he said, and was now looking out for a nice place to settle down in.

He did not stay long in Mudford at a time, but was very often there. It was quaint to see the kind of feeling which soon came to be between him and his little girl. He always treated her with the utmost deference, very seldom offering caresses, and never presents; while she got to look out for his coming very anxiously, but whether with like or dislike, it was hard to tell, she was to him so totally different from what she was to everybody else. Sometimes I could see the pained expression of his eyes as he saw her leave off from overwhelming me with the most demonstrative affection; or rise flushed and tumbled from a romping game with our big dog or her chief friend Bertie Long, and advance to shake hands with him with all the demure dignity of a princess.

I know it hurt him; but he never made any remark except once, when seeing, I suppose, that I noticed his vexation, he said: 'It is no more than I deserve, but no more than I shall overcome.'

He would tell her all about how he had succeeded in finding a house, 'a beautiful house near the river Thames, with great gardens, and a big boat to go on the water in.' To all of which she would listen gravely, and scarcely ever failed to ask: 'And the mamma, have you found her? 'cause you know I cannot go to the big house 'less there is one, nor 'less she is a nice one too.'

OSTRICH-FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

CONSIDERABLE attention has of late (in England) been drawn to the comparatively new industry at the Cape, of farming domesticated ostriches. It is said to be a lucrative occupation, easily learnt, requiring no large capital to begin with, and though calling for close and patient attention, not laborious. It has for these reasons naturally attracted the notice of some of the many young men in this country who are on the look-out for some calling which may offer some prospects of success, and give scope for energy and enterprise. Though it is not the first time that this interesting subject has been noticed in these pages, a few further remarks by one who has had some experience in the matter, and who has recently arrived from South Africa, will probably not be unacceptable.

Up till about twenty years ago, it does not appear to have occurred to any one to make any attempt at domesticating the ostrich. Wild ones

were to be met with by the traveller, dotted about in little groups in all the less frequented inland plains both within and beyond the boundaries of the colony. These were, notwithstanding the laws forbidding it under a heavy penalty, ruthlessly shot for the sake of their feathers, and their nests robbed of the eggs for the purpose of being eaten. Thus hunted and persecuted, it is not to be wondered at that ostriches were greatly reduced in number, and would have ere long been entirely extirpated.

About this time it occurred to Mr Kinnear, a gentleman then resident at Beaufort-West in the colony, that it might be possible to domesticate the young of the wild birds, and that thus another valuable industry might be added to the colony's at that time somewhat limited resources. Beaufort-West being in the very heart of the country where the wild birds abounded, he was not long in obtaining from a farmer a few young birds which had been run down when only a day or two old. These were carefully tended and fed by him. When a few months old, they were allowed to run on the lucerne fields about the homestead. They thrive, and fully answered his most sanguine expectations. When eighteen months old, and every eight or ten months after, they yielded their beautiful crop of rich plumes. When three or four years old, they began to breed, laying on an average fifteen or sixteen eggs, and bringing out about twelve or fourteen young. Mr Kinnear thus demonstrated beyond a doubt the practicability of his proposal, and yet, strange to say, the public were so slow at realising the great advantages to be derived from following the enterprise upon a comprehensive scale, that years passed by without any one following up the example set. So little notice indeed did the matter attract, that as late as 1895 there were only eighty domesticated ostriches in the whole colony.

From that time, more attention was directed to the subject, the frequent recurrence of drought having shewn the colonists the uncertainty of the profits to be derived from sheep-farming—up to that time the chief industry of the colony—and the desirability of adding one more string to their bow, a demand arose for young birds, which suddenly increased in value from a few shillings each to ten and even fifteen pounds; so that by the year 1876, according to the census returns of that year, the domesticated birds had increased to twenty-eight thousand, and will no doubt by this time have reached fifty thousand at least. The feathers from these, together with some from wild ones beyond the boundary of the colony, realised last year, according to the colonial customs returns, but little short of half a million sterling, with apparently every prospect of an almost unlimited demand in the future.

In the commencement, the young of the wild birds were taken from the nest directly they were hatched, the parent birds having been carefully watched from a distance till incubation was completed; when as fast as the chicks emerged from the eggs, they were removed to the farmer's homestead, kept warm generally in a blanket-lined box, and fed with suitable food out up very fine. The first stock was obtained in this way; and in the remoter portions of the colony, where on the vast karroo plains the wild birds still rove and breed,

the same plan is adopted; though by this time there are some thousands of breeding-birds in a domesticated state, yielding most profitable returns to their owners. The value of a pair of good breeding-birds ranges now from one to three hundred pounds, and even more, as much as five hundred pounds having been more than once given for pairs of good and regular breeding birds.

Ostrich-farmers may be divided into two classes—first, those who buy the young birds from the breeders, when from four to twelve months old, keep them for the sake of their feathers, and sell them as breeding-birds when they have paired off, and are of a proper age, say three or four years, for 'breeders'; and secondly, those who give their attention to breeding birds only, selling the young as they are hatched or when they are a few months old.

At from four to six months old the young birds are worth at present about fifteen pounds; at twelve months their chicken feathers are clipped. These are poor shabby things, the yield of each bird being worth not more than about thirty shillings. In about eight months however, the first crop of good feathers is clipped, yielding according to the quality and sex of the bird from five to twelve pounds sterling; and this is repeated every eight months with like result, till the bird takes to breeding, after which it is not desirable to deprive them of their feathers, as they require them to cover the eggs on the nest, and to regulate the heat during the process of incubation. The feathers if taken at such a time are of less value than others, owing to their generally being shredded, dirty, and worn.

It is by no means certain that the result will be satisfactory if an adult male and female bird are told off for breeding purposes *without consulting their inclinations*; they have their preferences, their likes and dislikes; and unless they are mutually acceptable to one another, it is of no avail to urge them to be a wedded pair. There are instances where for months, and even years, they have been shut up to their own society alone and yet have not made friends. Paired ostriches are generally placed in an inclosure, the larger the better, by themselves; where, in addition to the food growing there, they are, if necessary, supplied with additional food, such as mangel-wurzel, lucerne, &c., or with some animal food and a good supply of bones, without which two last they do not thrive.

During the laying season the male is very savage, and will fearlessly attack any man or other animal coming within reach. One kick from his muscular leg has been known to kill a man. The hen lays an egg every other day, until there are from fifteen to eighteen in the nest, which is simply a shallow hollow scratched out of the ground, a sandy place being usually fixed upon for this purpose. Incubation takes six weeks, the male taking his turn to sit during the night, and the female during the day.

Wonderful intelligence is shewn by the birds in adjusting the amount of warmth necessary for the incubation of the eggs. During the night, early morning, and in the evening the body is rested fully on the bulk of the eggs, the outer ones being protected by the wing-feathers being spread over them. As the heat of the day increases, the body is at first slightly lifted,

and then more and more so, the bird resting over the eggs on its haunches. At noon, if the heat is very great, the bird leaves the nest, and feeds close by till the heat moderates, when she resumes her task, the male bird relieving his mate at dark. From twelve to fifteen chicks are generally hatched. A few years ago, artificial incubators were used, the eggs being removed from the nest as soon as laid. But it has been found better to allow the birds to hatch their own eggs. If properly fed on the nest as well as after the hatching, the ostrich will begin to lay again generally in three weeks or a month, and thus bring out three and even four broods in a year. If the incubator is used, there will be frequent failure from improper application of heat; and it is said that the young thus brought out are not so robust as those hatched naturally. The parent birds turn all the eggs in the nest very carefully once a day. The young birds are very delicate, requiring constant attention for some months, especially as they are very susceptible to cold and wet, and are subject to intestinal worms. A decoction of the root of the pomegranate is found to be the best cure for these pests.

There is a great difference in the feather-producing quality of ostriches; some yielding only three pounds' worth at a clipping, while others yield as much as fifteen pounds' worth. A good deal no doubt depends on the condition of the birds while the feathers are growing. The practice, at first followed, of pulling or drawing the feathers has been abandoned. In order to get the feathers when they were in their most perfect state, they had to be drawn before they were quite ripe, which not only caused great pain to the bird and excessive bleeding, but seriously injured the feather-producing properties of the wings, which after that yielded only distorted and comparatively valueless quills.

Though ostriches can be kept in every part of Cape Colony, except perhaps in the higher cold mountainous table-lands, they undoubtedly thrive best in the extensive karroo plains which are the natural habitat of the birds. It may be taken as a rule that where the merino sheep thrive there the ostrich will also do well. Both animals prefer a dry, warm, well-drained karroo country to that near the coast, where the cold winds and soaking rains in winter in particular are very detrimental to them. The same may be said of the high cold plateaus, which in common with the cool lands, are devoid of the saline plants, such as the *Mesembryanthemum* and *Sal Sala Salsa*, which containing as they do a large proportion of soda, potash, &c. in a highly succulent form, are so necessary to the health of both birds and sheep, but particularly of the ostrich. In the karroo plains too are found growing a great variety of nutritive plants of different kinds, many of them highly aromatic, and excellent tonics; whereas in the grass lands there is no choice or variety of food. The wider the range which can be allowed for the birds, the better they are found to thrive. Instinct teaches them to select the kind of food best adapted to them in the various seasons, and under the many changes of circumstances to which they are subjected.

Ostrich chicks which have been bred near the coast and kept there till they attain maturity are

not so well developed or so hardy as those bred and reared in their natural home. However, *full-grown birds* do fairly well in a grass country in well-selected, properly sheltered localities, provided they are supplied with the proper amount of nourishment of a suitable kind and have plenty of broken bones given them.

It is surprising how very tame the domesticated birds become, except when breeding. They will allow you to approach them quite closely without being alarmed. They will take food from your hand and peck at the buttons of your coat. They will swallow food in pieces as large as oranges. The gullet passes spirally round their long necks, down which the pieces of food can be easily traced. The wild aloe and cactus leaves when cut up are very acceptable to them, and serve valuable medicinal purposes as well. In feeding they do not masticate, but strip the leaves and tender shoots off their favourite plants, and in like manner gather the grass seeds.

The beautiful white plumes so highly prized by the ladies all over the world grow on the ends of the wings of the male birds. A good bird in his prime will yield from twenty to forty of these, besides a few black feathers also from the wings. The tail feathers are not nearly so valuable or so beautiful. The hen also yields fine plumes from her wing-tips, but they are generally spotted and flecked with gray, and are called 'feminines.' Those which in the male bird are black, are gray with her.

From one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty good long feathers go to a pound; they are always sold by weight, and are all sent to the English market, packed carefully in cases with a plentiful supply of pepper or tobacco strewn amongst them, to keep the moths away. Each case is carefully sewn up in bagging with numerous seals at the seams, to guard against their being tampered with. The sorting of the feathers after clipping is a work requiring considerable care, in order that they may be sold to the best advantage.

There is no difficulty in disposing of any quantity of feathers that may be produced. There are dealers all over the colony ready to purchase at all times; and in all the large towns in the colony regular market-days are established for the public sale of them. Shipped to this country just as they are taken from the birds, without any dressing, they are on their arrival in Great Britain, dressed, trimmed, and dyed to suit the taste of the day.

Notwithstanding, however, the large profits to be made from ostrich-farming, there is a certain amount of risk to the colonist in neglecting other industries for this more lucrative one, seeing how dependent the feather is for its value upon fashion. A large extent of corn-land has been turned into ostrich-cannas, and the choicest parts of the sheep-walks are similarly inclosed and used for the same purpose.

Still there is ample room in the Cape Colony for young men of the *right sort*, and every prospect of their doing well. One piece of advice however, we would venture to give to any inclined to try their fortunes out there; it is this: If you have capital, don't invest it till you have the experience of a year or so. One from the old country has much to unlearn before he will willingly

profit by the experience of the older colonists—he thinks he knows better; and goes on frequently in his errors; and only begins to do well when he has paid dearly with the loss of what capital he had, for the practical experience necessary to enable him to succeed in his undertaking.

RAILWAY JOTTINGS.

THE Christmas week of last year found us travelling on a railway in the west country. Though cold, the day was clear and sunny.

The last bell rings—a moment's pause; the train begins to move. We are off, and soon get up speed. Here are a few rough jottings from our note-book.

Opposite, in the same compartment of the carriage, sits a young man. An elderly lady wrapt up in furs is ever casting anxious looks upon him. His features are sharp and pale, his quick restless glance contrasting with his general air of languor and exhaustion, while there is also a something too bright in his dark lustrous eyes, which makes one afraid. The lady is evidently his mother, and a whole melancholy history unfolds itself.

A spectral German, with thick moustache and beard, reads the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He appears to be greatly interested in his paper, for there is a smile on his countenance; every little while he brightens up, and a 'Ya, ya, ya!' escapes his lips.

Here, one remarks passing objects, while glancing from the journal in his hand; there another appears listless and to care very little for anything; while a passenger in the corner, comfortably wrapt up in a plaid, is fast asleep.

The train has stopped. A guard bawls out the name of the station, but it is not every one who can understand him. The man seated in the corner, after a series of nods, each lower and more sudden than that which preceded it, opens his sleepy eyes, starts up, and instinctively clutching about him, lays hold of carpet-bag, umbrella, and hat-box, and breathlessly inquires: 'What station?' On hearing it named, and finding that his fears of having overshot the station are groundless, he calms down, says 'All right!' and, subsiding into his former state of quiescence, already is fast asleep.

Again the train moves on—slow, quick, quicker. We speed along, away and away, leaving behind the densely peopled town with its smoke and busy pent-up thousands, many of whom toil long weary hours for scanty bread. On yonder eminence stands a farm-house, surrounded by leafless trees; a Robin-redbreast is perched on the wicket-gate; its little beak moves, but its song is unheard. The ploughman, with his sleek team drawing the rich brown loamy furrows, does not even look at the passing train, for he is accustomed to it. The whistling ploughboy, however, turns round, and his long gaze follows us. Then a noble mansion rises. Wealth does not always yield peace. Alone, does it ever? Yet let us respect the guinea-stamp when impressed on worthy gold. Now we pass a lowly dwelling, one of a row in the outskirts of a town. It is close on the line, and as the train is slowing, we casually obtain a glimpse of the interior. A poor mother is blowing the embers

of a scanty fire; but its feeble flicker only exhibits a scene of wretchedness. She herself is ill-clad; a sickly child is on her knee; and several others, squalid and in tatters, cower shivering around her. Already the sad scene is left far behind. We stop—start again—and now we are speeding rapidly along, away and away!

How odd that the rattling, the jingling, the shaking, the motion, the whizzing panting steam, and all the confused noises of the train should shape themselves into music! Yet so it is. Now we hear Mozart's *Magic Flute*; again it is Beethoven's *Symphonic Pathétique*; but how loud, wild, impetuous, and fast it is getting! We can fancy it to be almost like a dream of the great masters. How could any musicians keep up with such time! It is almost too fast for us, favoured listeners, to follow, yet we are fully conscious that every note is rendered. The movement slows again, now shaping itself in plaintive sweetness to an air of Handel's; but the time still continuing to slacken—note after note unlinks and separates itself from its next note, the melody becomes disjointed, rests widen, and now, all connection snapt, the air can no longer be distinguished.

On that height is a dark-green pinewood, with here and there a slender white stem showing like a silvery streak against the dark trees. In the foreground, a solitary labourer on 'the dreary flat' is digging turf and bringing in the land.

Strange to be thus yoked to a fire-fast magic steed, and carried along in comfort at such a pace. On arches we cross river and stream; piles of masonry or viaducts lead over the vale. Now rough walls of rock suddenly rise high on each side, and with the loud scream of the steam-whistle deafening our ears, we enter and speed through the heart of the mountain. Pendent icicles alone catch the distant light. At a large opening above, the heavy water-drip has formed a thick white incrustation of ice. The tunnel gleams in rare beauty, like a stalactite cavern or some dream of enchantment, flickering with jewelled splendour, as the engine shoots glimmering flames through the unearthly darkness on the crystalline ice. Last time we passed through this tunnel, there was no frost, but the rocks were moist from recent rain, and caught the light, reflecting it in a singular manner. On looking out we felt that there was motion somewhere; but backwards or forwards, with the reflections or ourselves, could not be distinguished as they flitted past, wavering like phosphorus on a wall.

Still careering onwards, the hot panting steed thunders along, away and away! Now we emerge from darkness into light; and what glorious scenery bursts at once on the delighted eye! Bright-blue sky, high mountains, a noble river gleaming like a mirror, and seen between the slender stems of young beech-trees growing on the bank. The trees are richly twined and garlanded with trailing ivy, and appear fresh and fair, even when without their own summer foliage. The brow of one mountain is crowned with a wreath of snow; another to the north is altogether veiled in white; while the loftiest is netted down the sides with ribs of ice, showing like veins of calcareous spar in dark ironstone. Around, all is lovely; the air nevertheless is bitter chill.

We now run along the margin of a broad river,

its gentle ripple lapping the railway embankment. Fast steamers, slow barges with reddish-brown sails, tall-masted ships, and great rafts of wood enliven the scene.

Ships assemble here from every clime. Those going down the river, newly painted, are smart, trim, and taught; while some of those passing up have lost their fresh look, and are quite weather-beaten. One is being towed up whose bulwarks have been washed away; she only carries jummasts, and is sadly battered and disabled. Such is life. There on yon sedgy islet, mirrored on the tide, sits a heron motionless; the train whizzes past, but the bird moves not; so still, it seems like a charmed ibis painted on a mummy-case—the impersonation of Meditation.

Now we are high above the level of the river. A wagon jogs slowly—how slowly—along, on the road beneath. It is out of sight. We speed along, and it is already miles behind us. There, on the water-brink, stands an ancient castle, where the feudal baron in olden days sat with his retainers at the festive board. Times are without doubt changed for the better, notwithstanding the cuckoo note about 'the good old times.' The working man nowadays is better educated and possesses more substantial comforts than the upper classes of those days could possibly attain to for love or money. How ludicrous it is to see that dog on the chain snarling, bouncing, barking, and getting quite furious at the passing train. See what a frantic state of excitement he has worked himself into. Yet his barking is unheard; his efforts, so much 'labour lost.' Now the line crosses over streets, and runs right through an old churchyard; sparrows sit beruffled on the cold snowy graves; a cock stands crowing cheerily on a tombstone. Across the river, some half-dozen miles distant, and at the foot of sloping hills, lies a village gleaming in the sunshine, each house peacefully mirrored on the blue deep, which for placid loveliness might be Leman's Lake.

The train stops a little way short of the station, and 'Tickets ready, please,' from the guard rouses us from our musings.

As we follow the stream of people on the platform, and mark how eager each one of the great crowd is to get on to his or her destination, we wonder if many of them are destined to spend a really merry Christmas.

COMPARATIVE BRILLIANCY OF LIGHTS.

A French *savant* M. Bertin, has drawn up a table shewing the relative intensity of various lights, solar light being placed as one thousand. According to this table, the electric light stands at two hundred and fifty, the 'Drummond' or oxy-hydrogen light at from twenty-four to fifteen, according to its regulation; a gas-burner with chimney and 'forced' flame, one and a half; with ordinary flame, one; Carcel or Moderator lamp, one; and candle of five to the pound, one-seventh. This of course relates to intensity or quality of light, not to quantity; and shews that the electric light is equal in point of purity to twelve hundred and fifty candles. A correspondent of *Nature* points out that in the spectrum, electric light from Jablockhoff's candle shews a combination of the electric and lime-light spectra.

ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED BICYCLES.

One of the most curious applications of the electric light is that communicated by Mr James Tyman to *Design and Work*. He states that using the hind-wheel of his bicycle as a motor for the magneto-electric machine, and having the carbons, with necessary apparatus for regulating their adjustment, fixed on the front of the bicycle, he obtains a steady light equal to one hundred and twenty candle-power, and lighting up a dark road at night to the distance of two hundred yards ahead. It is stated that the apparatus occupies the room of a small valise, and costs about five pounds. An obvious objection to this seems to be that whenever the bicycle stops, the rider will be left in total darkness, unless the small battery named as part of the equipment is powerful enough to maintain the light for a time after the electro-magnets have ceased to act.

THE DYING YEAR.

THE dying Year's departing breath
Blows bitter o'er the blighted lea,
While Nature droops, defowered with death,
From withered shrub to naked tree;
The restless clouds, with scowling gloom,
Are mustering thick across the sky;
The torrent rushes rapidly;
The brittle leaves sweep whirling by.

O wailing Wind! whose trembling tones
Around my shivering window play,
I love to hear thy mournful moans;
They make me glad, yet make me woe.
O Robin! on the leafless spray,
Sing on thy silvery song to me;
It tells me of the year's decay,
And soothes my soul, yet wets my eye.

I look along the wintry wold,
While, crowding on my mirrored mind,
Sad thoughts and vain regrets unfold
My weary waste of life behind.
E'en through the present year, I find
My life has borne but rotten fruit,
Groping along like Cupid blind
In quest of Joy at Folly's foot.

Ye wealthy wights who never know
The want of clothing, food, and coal,
Think how the bitter frost and snow
Must lacerate the homeless soul!
While in your carriages ye roll,
From want and poverty secure,
Ye'll never miss from Fortune's scroll
A fraction to the helpless poor.

The stage of Life is stranger far
Than any stage theatrical,
From birth to death, from peace to war,
In lowly cot or lordly hall.
The best of us are apt to fall
In spite of promises sincere.
Almighty God, Who govern'st all,
O guide us through the coming year!

Ayton.

J. B.

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MRS GILL'S NARRATIVE.

For more than two hundred years, the astronomers of Europe have been making laborious and costly attempts to discover the exact distance of the earth from the sun. To this hour they have not succeeded. Some have made out the distance to be ninety-six millions of miles, some ninety-three, others ninety-two millions, and some from ninety-one and a half to ninety-two millions, or thereabouts. There is still no certainty.

The enthusiasm with which this scientific question has been pursued is quite extraordinary. While the world generally are thinking of ordinary affairs, and do not care much else about the sun than that he should shine to dispel bad weather and ripen the crops in due season, there is a body of eager astronomers who keep on making attempts to settle once for all the precise distance between our globe and the grand luminary. Latterly, these persistent inquirers have been materially assisted by newly invented instruments of the telescope order, particularly one instrument called the heliometer. The way they go to work is to set up an observatory on some prominent place where there is a likelihood of clear skies, and thence making observations in relation to one or other of the planets and the sun. The transit of Venus across the sun's disc in 1874 was seized on as a good opportunity of making the required discovery; and astronomers with their instruments went to different parts of the earth in order to see the phenomenon at various angles, and calculate accordingly. Still, with all the pains taken, the result was not satisfactory, for Venus has a dense atmosphere, which tends to obscure the planet when entering on its passage across the face of the sun. This was disappointing. The next good chance to be seized on was the position of Mars in relation to the sun in September 1877. At that time Mars was to be in 'opposition,' that is to say nearly in a straight line with the earth and the sun—the earth being between. As no better opportunity could occur with Mars during the present century, it was

embraced by Mr David Gill, an astronomer who had accompanied Lord Lyndsay to Mauritius in 1874, to assist in making observations on the transit of Venus, and was now to be favoured with the use of his lordship's heliometer. Mr Gill was further fortunate in possessing the confidence of the Royal Astronomical Society, which guaranteed five hundred pounds to enable him to incur the outlay on an expedition to the island of Ascension, where Mars, it was believed, could be seen to the greatest advantage. There was a certain novelty in the proposed operations. Instead of the ordinary plan of taking observations from two remotely situated parts, Mr Gill undertook to combine in himself two sets of observers. His process consisted simply in observing Mars in the evening when it was rising, and again in the morning when it was setting, betwixt which times the rotation of the earth had transported him six or seven thousand miles. The idea was not original, but it was now for the first time to be put in practice by the aid of the heliometer.

From Dartmouth on the south coast of England, Mr Gill proceeded on his expedition in the beautiful new steamer, *Balmoral Castle*, on the 14th June. Including his astronomical equipments, he had twenty tons of luggage, and was accompanied by Mrs Gill, an accomplished young Scotchwoman, who has written a lively account of her own and her husband's adventures, which has just been published in the form of a handy volume, 'Six Months in Ascension' (Murray). The *Balmoral Castle* was one of Donald Currie's Line, bound for the Cape of Good Hope. Like other outward-bound mail-vessels, it went straight to St Helena, whence it was possible to reach Ascension only by a vessel on the return voyage. This inferred going back eight hundred miles, but there was no help for it.

Ascension is a strange kind of island, lying in the middle of the Atlantic, about eight degrees south of the equator. It received its name from the circumstance of being discovered by the Portuguese on Ascension-day, 1501. Though possessing

an area of five-and-thirty square miles, and with a fine climate, it is so worthless, that for more than three hundred years no nation would appropriate it as a settlement. It remained uninhabited until 1815, when in connection with Napoleon Bonaparte's detention at St Helena, it was taken possession of by the English, who still retain it, but only as a military or naval post, under the administration of the Admiralty. It has no general population, nor could it support any. The island is the relic of a volcano, or group of volcanoes, and for the most part consists of the species of dry rubbish* which is shot out at the door of an iron-foundry. It has no rivers or streams, and no roads. With insignificant exceptions, the whole of it is a wild desert unfit to support man or beast. It is valuable chiefly as a place to touch at or as a coaling-station for vessels, and now less so than it used to be before the opening of the Suez Canal.

Passing Madeira and the Canary Islands, the *Balmoral Castle* had a pleasant run to St Helena. Here the Gills had to stay a week, during which time they made several interesting excursions; for though of volcanic origin, St Helena happens to have stretches of good soil, subject to cultivation, along with some picturesque scenery. At length Mr Gill and his wife were taken off by the *Edinburgh Castle* steamer, which in three days brought them to anchorage in Clarence Bay, Ascension. The 'Abomination of Desolation,' says Mrs Gill, 'seemed to be before our eyes as we looked eagerly at the land. A few scattered buildings lay among reddish-brown cinders near the shore—a sugar-loaf hill of the same colour rose up behind and closed the view. . . . Stones, stones, everywhere stones, that have been tried in the fire, and are now heaped about in dire confusion, or beaten into dust which we see dancing in pillars before the wind. Dust, sunshine, and cinders, and low yellow houses frizzling in it all.' There was much difficulty in landing, on account of the double rollers, such being the name given to gigantic rolling waves, which come no one knows whence if it be not from the south pole. A landing was happily effected without risk from the sharks, which are hovering about for a prey; and arriving among a group of officers, the party found Captain Phillimore, the naval officer in command, waiting to welcome them. By the hulling down of the rollers, the heavy luggage was fortunately got ashore without injury, and removed to Commodore Cottage, at the top of a rising ground that had been prepared for the reception of the visitors.

The little port where the landing took place, on the west side of the island, is dignified on maps with the name of George-town. Locally, it is known as Garrison; for it is little else, being a cluster of dwellings and stores for the officers and men on duty, along with a small colony of Negro Kroomen, imported from the coast of Africa to do what is called 'low-caste work.' Commodore Cottage was a sort of offshoot of Garrison, situated aloft among cinders; but possessing a croquet-lawn laid with cement, on which the astronomical apparatus was set up. The house consisted of two or three rooms, with a kitchen or 'galley,' situated apart, to avoid the heat of the cooking-fire. Mrs Gill did not find fault with the accommodation. The matter for serious consider-

ation was how to obtain service and supplies in such a wilderness. As for service, she was furnished with an invalided wardroom cook, named Hill; besides whom she procured another manservant named Sam, and a Krooman to do the heavier work. Accompanied by Hill, she set off on a voyage of discovery respecting provisions—not a very pleasing excursion, for the hot cinders burned through her thin boots.

It was only now that the truth dawned upon her. Garrison was not a town with shops at which articles can be purchased. Practically, the island was a war-vessel subject to all the rules of the service. Rations of a certain description would periodically be served out to all on board. There was no butcher, no dairy, no green-grocer, no fishmonger, no baker to sell bread as wanted. There was only the 'Royal Naval Canteen,' that was to supply all wants, but which was 'more full of flies than anything else.' Very provoking this for a housewife anxious to keep things right. She goes to the establishment of the official and only baker. "Can I have some bread?" I asked boldly, thinking there could be no difficulty here. "All served out for the night, ma'am." "O dear! And when do you bake more?" "The day after to-morrow!" and my heart sinking; when the good-natured fellow added: "But I can make you a loaf now, if you like." Then I revived. . . . Now about milk. I was told, a mule brings that down every morning from Green Mountain, when there is any. A bell rings at seven o'clock, and everybody runs for a gill, except when there are many sick in hospital, and then they get it all! This was lively! And vegetables. There are only sweet potatoes to be had, and none will be served out until next Friday. Next there was some inquiry regarding a butcher. Hill answers: 'There ain't any butcher. One of the marines kills sheep twice a week, and on Saturdays a bullock, which is rationed out so much to each man; and our rations are very small just now, for the sheep and bullocks are starving for food and water. Hardly any are killed that have not fainted first.' Mrs Gill thought she should faint too. But she did not. Resolutely bearing up against the oddity of the occasion, provisions were procured for present wants; and being put upon the rations of a married officer, there was ultimately little to complain of. The greatest privation was the scarcity of fresh water. Of this necessary of life each member of Garrison was for a time limited to a gallon a day, and that consisted chiefly of condensed sea-water, which was far from palatable.

David, as Mrs Gill always lovingly calls her husband, had his own troubles. The observatory was in working order. All was ready for a look at Mars; but the planet was provokingly shrouded in a long streak of cloud every night, and no observation could be made. Two or three weary weeks were passed, and unless the observatory was shifted to a distance beyond the cloud nothing seemingly could be done. There now occurs a fine act of feminine heroism. Mrs Gill determined to set forth on an excursion at night to discover if possible a spot at which Mars was visible. In this dreary night-journey her only apprehension was the possibility of an encounter with one of the many wild-cats which infest the island. Accompanied by Hill, the cook, she started at

ten o'clock with no other light than a bull's-eye lantern. Travelling in a south-easterly direction across the clinkers, her feet ached with the small stones that kept getting into her shoes. Holding on bravely, she finally arrived at a spot which she felt convinced would be beyond the intervention of the cloud. This was hopeful news. On the 1st of August the apparatus at Commodore Cottage was dismantled, and with enormous labour the whole was transferred and set up on a southern height overlooking Mars Bay. As for domestic accommodation, it was in tents on a primitive scale. How the poor woman endured the fatigue of removal and the subsequent privations, can only be understood by those who know what a wife enthusiastic in helping to bear her husband's burdens will cheerfully suffer. We must refer to the book for a hundred particulars which we have not space to notice.

For a time there was still an odious nightly cloud. At last, on the evening of the 5th September, just when Mars was in full opposition, the sky cleared, and the planet shone forth in all his ruddy splendour. David set to work, and made excellent observations. With highly wrought feelings, Mrs Gill could not go to bed, but sat outside on the clinkers until morning. She says: 'Happier hours I never spent than those early morning ones under this beautiful heaven. The night was unusually still, and outside the observatory there was not a sound save the gentle flapping of the tents—like the wings of passing birds—and the continual murmur of greeting from the waves as they met the shore. Time passed unconsciously, for I was giving my imagination full play; and when I heard the observatory dome shut, I could hardly believe that I had been dreaming on a rock for three hours. The awakening was as pleasant as the dream had been. David was radiant, and no wonder! All our previous disappointment, fatigue, and anxiety were forgotten in the good fortune of the night, and now we might rest.' After this, there was a week of lovely evenings and mornings, and fresh observations rewarded the industry of the astronomer. The object in view was accomplished.

The monotony of life at the observatory was relieved by walks along the sea-shore, picturesquely lined with volcanic rocks, in which the fierce waves had cut passages and left pools in which millions of shell-fish disported themselves. Mrs Gill relates an adventure on one of these occasions. 'While poking at a lovely pink coral-line in one of these grottoes, trying to dislodge it, I felt my stick suddenly pulled from my grasp. Thinking it must have got fixed among the stones in some way, I was about to put down my hand to disengage it, when, to my horror, I saw some ugly slimy tentacles wind themselves round my trusty staff, which was now the prey of a cuttle-fish. There was not the slightest occasion for it of course; nevertheless I screamed. This was no devil-fish of Victor Hugo dimensions; but so hideous was the creature, that disgust, not terror possessed me. David, who was at a little distance exploring on his own account, concluded that I had at least sprained my ankle, and ran quickly to my assistance. "Only an octopus! We have seen many of these before." "Yes; but only baby ones, who looked innocent enough to be gorged with crabs; this is a monster, a fiend!"

We stood watching him. Clearly my stick was not to his liking, for by-and-by he gradually unwound himself from it, and sank sullenly down among the coral, looking as before, like a tuft of harmless sea-weed. How I congratulated myself on not having trusted my hand under water! It was a fortunate escape.

Before quitting Ascension, Mr and Mrs Gill made some excursions. One of these was to Green Mountain, a spot on its lofty summit being the only place in the island where there are flowers, two or three trees, and a patch of green grass. Here there are several cottages with a few cows which give milk for an adjoining hospital. On the side of the hill there are some patches of cultivated ground, surrounded by a brushwood of aloes, guavas, Cape gooseberry, and mulberry trees. The growth of English potatoes and cabbages was attempted. The prevalent want of water is the great drawback. Heavy showers of rain fall over the island, but the water sinks and disappears among the clinkers and ashes, and only on rare occasions do torrents pour down from the mountains. To supply Garrison with water, wells have been sunk in the interior of the island. From these tanks are filled, and the water is led away by iron pipes for domestic use. The supply, however, is insufficient, and condensed sea-water is often the only resource. Evidently, something remains to be done. There can be little doubt that by a method of collecting water in tanks, as at Bermuda, there might be a system of irrigation and culture. Perhaps the heavy cost prevents any extended undertaking of this nature. With all its terrible drought, the island is not destitute of animal life. Besides the wild-cats already alluded to, there are wild-goats, which scramble about the rocks, subsisting on ferns and blades of grass which spring up in crevices which have retained a few drops of rain. There are likewise some wild asses, which are caught and made use of. The island has numerous birds, the eggs of which are exported in large quantities. The great export, however, is turtles of a superior kind, which are kept in sea-water tanks on the shore.

Having made all the astronomical observations required at Mars Bay, Mr Gill returned to Commodore Cottage, where he made his last observation on the 8th January 1878. Things were now packed up to be ready for the mail-steamer for England, which was immediately expected. 'Wednesday, 9th,' writes Mrs Gill, 'No steamer, and we begin to wonder whether Ascension has been forgotten! Thursday morning—still waiting; but while I was sitting quietly with my needlework at 4 p.m., the white flag and ball were suddenly hoisted on Cross Hill; mail in sight. My needle was left half undrawn, and all at once I felt in a bustle, without exactly knowing why, for we had been ready a long while. Within an hour of signalling, the *Farwick Castle* anchored in Clarence Bay.' In the evening, Mr and Mrs Gill embarked with their mass of luggage, and were speedily on their way home. After a pleasant voyage, they arrived in England on the 24th January.

What about the sun's distance from the earth, as judged by observations of Mars? Mr Gill says he is still busy with his calculations, and some months must elapse before the final result can

be deduced. Alluding to what other astronomers had at the same time been doing, he thinks it likely that the united observations will prove that the sun's distance will be nearer to ninety-three than to ninety-two millions of miles.

We have just to say a word in conclusion; it is to thank Mrs Gill for her exceedingly entertaining work, which we recommend to general notice. With a few faults in style, as might be expected from what we presume to be a first attempt in authorcraft, the book does her much credit, and we hail her as a welcome accession to the list of lady-writers of England.

W. G.

HAROLD RIVERS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

HAROLD RIVERS contrived to reach his bedroom having been seen by any one belonging to the hotel. After changing his clothes, he went downstairs again, and lighting a cigar, he joined some other smokers on the lawn. There he was doomed to hear his adventure canvassed by half-a-dozen different speakers, none of whose faces he could see. Every one praised the unknown hero's bravery, and every one wondered why he had disappeared so mysteriously. The general opinion seemed to be that he would turn up on the morrow, with the view either of being rewarded for his heroism or of having it proclaimed on the house-tops—in other words, of having it duly eulogised in the newspapers.

Next morning Harold went back to London. He would wait a week or two till the excitement caused by his last night's adventure had subsided, and then he would go back to Sandport. But it was not till the end of two months that he saw Sandport again. His sudden ducking gave him what the doctors called 'a chill,' and that in turn developed into a kind of low fever, which stole away his appetite and wasted his strength and laid him by the heels for several weeks. When he got back to his rooms at Sandport, neither the landlord nor the waiters recognised him again. He looked like the skeleton of his former self.

To Emilia meanwhile, this was a period of utter wretchedness. Her first great fear had been that her child was lost to her for ever. But when this fear was dispelled, and Daisy lay sleeping as calmly on her bosom as though no accident had ever befallen her, her thoughts flew at once to her husband. Next day and the day after that, she never stirred out of doors, hoping, dreading, expecting every minute that he would call. After that she gave up hoping, and tried to persuade herself that she had never hoped at all. Had she not banished him from her presence of her own accord? Had she not forbidden him ever to approach her again? He was only fulfilling her own behests. Her landlady brought her the gossip of the little town. Everybody wondered, nobody seemed to know, who the mysterious stranger could possibly be. An unknown atom, he had stepped out of the crowd on hearing that cry of distress; he had done his deed, and had disappeared without a word to any one. But Emilia kept her own counsel, and professed to know no more than her neighbours; only in Daisy's prayers a little extra petition was inserted:

'Pray God bless dear Mr Wivers, and make him a happy man.' Daisy wanted to say 'a happy gentleman,' and thought it was hardly treating Harold with proper respect to call him nothing better than a 'man.'

Sometimes Emilia thought that she would write to Harold and summon him to her side. She began a score of letters at different times, but never finished one of them. Truth to tell, her moods varied a dozen times a day. Do what she might, and cherish though she did a sweet and tender recollection of the dead, her heart still yearned towards that living love to which she had vowed herself, and which even now was waiting with open arms to receive her. In her estimate of the two men, of her dead husband and her living one, when she came to weigh them in her thoughts one against the other, she could not help acknowledging to herself how superior in every way, in education, in accomplishments, in all that constitutes true manhood, was Harold Rivers to George Warrender. But round the memory of her first love there still clung a halo of romance; and then the terrible way in which she had been bereft of him lent an added tenderness to her recollections. Above all, it was impossible to forget that one man had met with his death at the hands of the other. Knowing what she knew of Harold Rivers, how was it possible that she could ever live with him as his wife, ever sleep by his side? Waking suddenly in the dumb watches of the night, might she not well look to see the ghostly face of her dead love bent over her in terrible reproach. And yet with all this, her heart went out towards the man whom she had bidden never to come into her presence again.

By-and-by, in some occult way which she herself could not have explained, she became aware that Harold was near her again. She never met him face to face; she never passed him when she was out walking, and yet she felt that he was close at hand. Sometimes she thought she recognised his figure in the distance, but so indistinctly that she could not make sure it was he. She felt his influence upon her, as we feel the influence of spring before the flowers have yet budded. It was like the influence of spring in that it was sweet and subtle, full of vague languors and delicious pains, and yet with that glad restlessness which comes alike to birds and trees and flowers when winter's reign is nearly ended.

Emilia as a rule did not care to associate with any of the other visitors who had apartments in the same house as herself; but this autumn brought a certain Mrs Imray, whom few people could help liking, and with whom she soon struck up a pleasant acquaintanceship. Truth to tell, Emilia felt herself to be rasting for want of a little congenial society. The link that first brought the two women together was their children. Each of them had a little daughter. The two girls became bosom-friends—which meant kissing and quarrelling and making it up again half-a-dozen times a day. The two maumas soon got into conversation, and by the end of a week each had contracted a sincere liking for the other.

Mrs Imray was the wife of a gentleman who was junior partner in a certain London firm. Mr Imray's business engagements took him abroad

for three months every summer. During these enforced absences of her husband, Mrs Imray generally took up her abode at some unpretentious watering-place; hence the reason of her present residence in Sandport.

The two women walked and read and did their fancy-work together, and interchanged ideas on a hundred different topics. One pleasant morning as they sat together on the beach, pretending to be hard at work, but in reality seeing everything that was going on around them, and always keeping half an eye on the children, busy with their spades and buckets no great distance away, the conversation fell on shipwrecks and the loss of life at sea.

'I often wish,' said Mrs Imray with a sigh, 'that Harry's absences from home did not involve such long journeys by water. Twice he has been in the greatest danger of his life; once by shipwreck, and once by the burning of the ship in which he was a passenger.'

'In danger of his life from shipwreck!' said Emilia with aroused interest. 'Do please tell me about it, dear Mrs Imray.'

'There is very little to tell,' said Mrs Imray quietly, as she proceeded to re-thread her needle. 'It happened between four and five years ago, on a voyage from Bristol to Halifax, Nova Scotia.'

'From Bristol to Halifax!' cried Emilia, laying a hand that trembled with excitement on her companion's arm. 'Do you happen to remember the name of the vessel?'

'Very well indeed. The ship was called the *Daphne*.'

'The same, the very same!' exclaimed Emilia, with clasped hands and blanched face.

'Did you then happen to know any one who was wrecked on board the *Daphne*? 'asked Mrs Imray, turning with some wonder to her companion.

'Yes; I knew one gentleman, like your husband, a passenger.'

'What was his name?'

'He was shot in some sort of a brawl soon after the ship had sprung a leak,' answered Emilia, without heeding Mrs Imray's question.

'I have often heard my husband speak about it. His name was Hershaw; was it not?'

'Yes; Hershaw, George Hershaw; I knew him slightly; but his mother and sister I knew very well.'

'Poor creatures! What an excessively painful thing for them.'

'Painful indeed,' exclaimed Emilia. 'But I don't think they were ever told the whole facts of the affair, and as you and I have met so singularly, I feel sure that it would be a great comfort if I could write them a full and accurate account of how George came by his death.' She spoke with an evident amount of hesitation. She never looked at her companion, but seemed to be watching a faint trail of smoke from a distant steamer.

Mrs Imray paused a little before she replied, as though she were making up her mind what to say.

'As you say, it is indeed singular that you and I, meeting here as strangers, should find a common link of interest in such an out-of-the-way event as the wreck of the *Daphne*. Of course my interest in the wreck is confined to Mr Imray's share in it, and to thankfulness for his escape, although I have often heard my

husband speak of young Hershaw's death. But did I understand you, Mrs Warren, to say that the poor young man's mother and sister had never been told the full particulars of his fate?'

'They had an account of course from the owners of the ship, but it seemed to be little more than a bare outline. They have never been told the full details from that day to this.'

Again Mrs Imray paused before speaking. Then she said: 'In this life it is not always judicious or advisable to say all that we may happen to know. Is it not possible that the owners of the *Daphne* may have been exercising a wise discretion in keeping back some of the details from your friends?'

'Dear Mrs Imray, what do you mean?' asked Emilia, with feverish eagerness of voice and manner. 'What could there possibly be to keep back? The story as I heard it seemed to be one of tragic simplicity.'

'I don't say that anything was kept back; I only say there may have been.'

'You know more of the story than I do. You evidently think that there were certain circumstances which it was advisable that George's friends should not be made acquainted with. But in any case you will not object to tell me the story as it was told to you. I am neither Mr Hershaw's mother nor his sister.'

'Really, my dear Mrs Warren, my recollection of the details of the shipwreck, except in so far as they affected my husband, is most vague and unsatisfactory. I feel sure that I could not trust myself to give you a correct version of all that happened.'

'Of course if you cannot, you cannot,' said Emilia a little coldly. Then she said to herself: 'There has been something kept back from me. If I cannot persuade Mrs Imray to tell me what I want to know, I will go to the owners of the *Daphne* and demand the full details from them.'

'Listen,' at length said Mrs Imray, taking one of Emilia's hands in both hers. 'I can see that you are deeply interested in this matter. Such being the case, I tell you what I will do. Harry will be home in about a fortnight from now. He will come down here to fetch me. I will introduce you to each other, and tell him that you want to hear from his lips all the particulars of the wreck of the *Daphne*, more especially that portion which relates to the fate of young Hershaw. I do not doubt that he will tell you everything. After that it will be for you to decide whether it will be wise or unwise to tell the young man's mother and sister more than they know already.'

With this Emilia was fain to content herself. At last she was about to hear the story of the shipwreck and of her husband's death. At last she should be able to judge whether Harold Rivers's assertion that he was no murderer was the truth or not the truth. The full name of Emilia's first husband had been George Hershaw Warren. When the owners of the *Daphne* had first communicated with his mother respecting his death, they had informed her that he had entered his name on the list of passengers as George Hershaw only, and that it was only from certain papers found in his pockets after death that they had discovered his real name and the address of his relatives. Emilia had often puzzled herself

with wondering what could have been George's motive for not entering his full name on the ship's books. Sometimes she thought the mistake must have arisen through an oversight on the part of the shipping people. At other times she set it down as a practical joke or the result of a bet on the part of her husband. George had always been addicted to practical jokes and to wagering with his friends on all kinds of outrageous matters. Now, however, it began to dawn upon her that her husband's change of name might possibly be connected with this other mystery, of which as yet she knew next to nothing.

CHAPTER VI.

Never had Emilia passed a more anxious and heart-wearing time than during the fortnight which intervened before the coming of Mr Imray. When he did arrive, he proved to be a cheerful and genial man of the world—a man who was fond of a good dinner, a glass of good wine or grog, and a good cigar—a man who despised sentiment; a fact of which his wife was thoroughly aware. When Mr Imray was at home, Mrs Imray always looked carefully after the cooking, and the result was domestic peace.

Mr Imray took to Mrs Warrener at first sight. 'She has got the most magnificent eyes I ever saw,' he averred to his wife after Emilia had taken her leave.

Mrs Imray smiled, and agreed with him—or rather professed to do so; in her heart she probably thought that her own eyes were quite as fine as her friend's; but she never contradicted her husband about such trifles.

'Why don't she get married again?' continued Mr Imray. 'She's far too good-looking to bury herself alive in this poky little place.'

Mrs Imray might have retorted that her husband had thought the poky little place quite good enough for her while he was away; but she only said: 'I often tell her that she ought to get out into the world more than she does.'

Then she told her husband what Mrs Warrener wanted him to do—to give her a full and complete narrative of all the circumstances connected with the death of young Hershaw on board the *Daphne*. Unlike his wife, Mr Imray raised no difficulties in the matter; and when she gave him an account of what had passed between herself and Emilia, he pooch-pooched her scruples, and said the affair was no business of theirs, and that Mrs Warrener was quite welcome to hear all that he knew about it. It was accordingly arranged that the narrative should be given next evening after dinner.

Although the autumn was well advanced, the weather was still warm and fine; and with merely the addition of a light shawl thrown over their shoulders, the ladies could sit out on the lawn till a late hour, and there too Mr Imray could smoke his cigar without let or hindrance. But the days were growing so short that although Mr Imray's dinner-hour was an early one, it was dusk before he was ready to begin his narrative. After lighting a fresh cigar and taking an appreciative sip at his grog, Mr Imray began.

'The ship, as you ladies are already aware, was called the *Daphne*, and she was bound from Bristol to Halifax. We carried a general cargo, and about thirty first-class passengers. The weather began

to be dirty before we were fairly out of the Channel. For several days I saw little or nothing of my fellow-passengers. Shut up in their cabins, they were waited on by the steward and stewardess; but I being weather-proof, spent most of my time on deck, and rather enjoyed the fun. One of the first to show his nose above deck was a certain Mr Harold Rivers, of whom we shall hear something later on. At such times folks do not stand greatly on ceremony, and Mr Rivers and I were soon on very good terms. He was a most agreeable fellow, a little standoffish perhaps; but that might be because he was what is generally called a swell—that is to say, he only travelled about for his own pleasure, and hadn't to work for his bread-and-cheese as we poor hacks have to do. By-and-by more passengers began to crawl out of their dens and shew themselves on deck; and when the weather abated, the ladies, of whom we had a considerable number on board, appeared by ones and twos, and things began to look rather jolly. Among other passengers was your friend Mr George Hershaw, a young fellow, as I remember him, with a remarkably pleasant smile and a remarkably pleasant way with the ladies. Quite a ladies' man was Mr Hershaw, although he had a young wife with him on board; but she, poor creature, was ill the whole time, and was rarely seen beyond the precincts of the ladies' saloon.—Annette dear, I am afraid Mrs Warrener is ill.'

Mrs Imray was by her side in a moment. 'It is only a sudden faintness. I shall be better in a minute or two,' said Emilia. 'Thanks; yes, a little wiser.'

'Had I not better defer the rest of my story till another day?' asked Mr Imray.

'By no means. I am better now, and will promise not to be so foolish again. Did I understand you to say that Mr Hershaw had a—wife with him on board the *Daphne*?'

'Yes; and a sweet young thing she was, but very delicate, I should say. It was pretty well understood on board that they had been married only two or three days before the vessel sailed.'

'Ah!'

'You seem surprised. Perhaps it was a runaway wedding, and his people knew nothing about it.'

'Yes—I think, as you say, that it must have been a runaway wedding. But it cannot matter now.'

'In any case, there she was. All I know is that she wore a wedding-ring and went by the name of Mrs Hershaw. Are you sure I had not better defer the rest till another day?'

'My dear Mr Imray, I am quite well now, and your story interests me deeply. Do, pray, go on.'

'Well, day passed after day, as they do at sea, without anything of moment to mark their flight. The weather was now as fine as it had formerly been rough, and there was every prospect of a pleasant ending to our voyage. But one day a whisper passed from ear to ear that the good ship *Daphne* had sprung a leak. Her timbers had been terribly strained in the late gale; there was a weak place somewhere, and before anybody seemed aware of it, there was a foot of water in the hold. However dismayed we might be in secret, we all strove to put a good face on the matter, and

to make-believe that there was nothing really amiss. The pumps were set to work; a lot of the cargo was thrown overboard, and various expedients were resorted to, to lighten the ship. But presently the water began to gain on us at an alarming rate; and although we contrived to keep the ladies in ignorance of the worst, it was evident to us men that a climax of some kind was at hand. Mr Rivers and I made a quiet examination of the boats, and found, to our dismay, that two out of the four were totally unseaworthy. The remaining two we calculated would with close packing hold rather more than half the people on board. What would be the fate of those who must necessarily be left behind, Providence alone could tell.

"We must look first of all to the women and children," said Rivers. "It will be time enough to think of ourselves when they are safe," and I quite agreed with him. He was a fine fellow, was Rivers—a remarkably fine fellow," added Mr Inray parenthetically as he took another sip at his glass.

"Well, Rivers and I spoke to the first-mate, and he was quite of our way of thinking. Under cover of darkness, a quantity of biscuit, some water, a compass, and a few other things were put into the seaworthy boats.—I had forgotten to say that soon after leaving Bristol we discovered, to our surprise and disgust, that the captain of the *Daphne* was a confirmed drunkard. How he came to be intrusted with so responsible a post has ever been a mystery to me. Half his time was spent in his own cabin in company with a bottle of brandy, and when he did show himself on deck he never seemed to be thoroughly sober. We all looked up to the first-mate as the virtual captain of the ship.

"Hour by hour our prospects grew more gloomy. At length the men refused to work the pumps any longer. If they were to be drowned, they said, they would die game; and with that, some half-dozen of them went below and broke into the spirit-room, and we saw them on deck no more. Fortunately, the weather continued fine, and most of us male passengers stayed on deck day and night, getting our meals as we could, so as to be ready for any sudden emergency. The climax came sooner than we expected. It was on a Wednesday morning, I remember, just after our rough breakfast, that the captain came staggering up the cabin stairs with trembling hands and eyes inflamed with drink. "Our time has come," he called out, so that all on deck could hear him. "The ship will go down in less than an hour. It's every man for himself now!"

"Instantly there was a rush made for the boats; but the first-mate must have foreseen what had just taken place, for he and Mr Rivers with four trustworthy sailors were already on guard against the davits of the larger boat—I forget whether they called it the jolly-boat or the long-boat—when the rush took place. There they stood, six determined-looking men, the five seamen with drawn cutlasses, and Rivers with a revolver. At sight of them the crowd fell back.

"This boat is, first of all, for the ladies and children," called out Mr Rivers. "When they have all been brought here it will remain to be seen what room is left for others. But till they are in safety, no man except those told off to navigate her shall enter this boat except across my body.—Now then,

Taylor," he said to the mate, "will you go and bring up the ladies and children?"

"And what were you doing all the time Harry?" asked Mrs Inray, who had never heard the story so circumstantially told before.

"Happening to look in my case, I found there one last cigar, which I thought I might as well smoke, so as to save it from being spoiled by the salt-water."

"Was there no thought of me dear, in your mind at such a time?"

"I believe I did rather regret not having bought you that maroon velvet dress that you plagued me so about before sailing."

"That will do sir. You may go on with your narrative."

"Well, about half the women and children had been stowed away in the boat, when young Hershaw came pushing through the crowd. He had evidently been snatching an hour or two's sleep, and had not witnessed the scene on deck a few minutes previously. Seizing hold of a rope, he was about to swing himself into the boat, when Mr Rivers seized him by the collar. "Stand back sir; stand back!" he said; "this boat is for the ladies and children." "I shall not stand back!" cried Hershaw, grasping Rivers in his turn by the collar. "Who gave you authority to order people about? The captain says it's every man for himself now, and my life's as dear to me as any one else's is to them." "Stand back sir, I say!" cried Rivers again. "You shall not enter this boat till the ladies and children are safe."

"You'll think I thought I should soon see about that." And with that he seized Rivers round the waist, and swung him away from his position near the boat. "I warn you again," said Rivers, "that if you try to enter that boat you are a dead man!" He knew that if one man were allowed to enter, others would inevitably follow, and in that case, all chance of saving the rest of the ladies and children would be gone for ever. Hershaw hesitated a moment, and then he turned to some of the other passengers, who were gradually pressing inch by inch nearer the boat. "Are you men or cowards," he cried, "that you let this fellow's bluster frighten you? Are your lives dear to you, or are they not? If they are, follow me and seize the one last chance of safety that is left you!" He stepped forward, and again grasped the rope he had laid hold of before. Three or four passengers were close at his heels. Others were ready to follow. In another half-minute the boat would have been carried by a rush. "Madman! your fate be on your own head!" cried Rivers, as with a bullet through his body George Hershaw, without groan or cry of any kind, fell back dead. The other passengers shrank back like a flock of frightened sheep; and the women were saved.

No one spoke for a little while. Emilia, sitting there in the starlight, was as silent and motionless as a statue. This then was the story she had so longed to hear!

Mr Inray shook the ash off his cigar and spoke again, but in a lower voice than before. "There was one dark feature about young Hershaw's case which, as I have promised to tell Mrs Warener everything, may as well be told now. When he rushed to the boat with the idea of

saving his life, he had left his young wife behind him in her cabin, and there she was found after he was dead. He had thought only of saving himself!

Mrs Warrenner rose suddenly. 'I think I hear Daisy crying. She is not well to-day. You will excuse me will you not?' she said. 'I—I must have some further talk with you to-morrow, Mr Imray,' and hardly waiting to say good-night, she hurried into the house. How she got up-stairs, she never knew; but when she reached her room, she locked the door and flung herself on her bed, and lay there till daylight in an agony of grief and shame and remorse.

THE LEMMING.

NATURALISTS have formed a strange theory regarding an animal called the lemming, which bears a resemblance to a large rat, and belongs to the same family of creatures. The lemming has never been naturalised in the British Islands. It has its home in Norway, and dwells in holes in the earth. All sorts of odd notions have been entertained and propagated concerning its habits. Olaus Magnus, a worthy but credulous writer, speaks of the sudden appearance of crowds of lemmings in a district, and inclines to the belief that they drop from the clouds, by way of satisfactory explanation of their abundance; whilst tales of the animals dropping into the laps of women sitting peaceably at their cottage-doors, and on the decks of ships at sea, are gravely related as true narratives by way of further illustration of the origin of the animals. Pennant, a later authority, tells us that the lemmings march in parallel lines three feet apart, that they swim boldly through lakes and rivers, and even eat their way through corn-stacks rather than deviate from the straight line of march—the latter explanation being however, a little less feasible than that which credits the lemming with a natural desire to obtain food on easy terms. Credulity again however, comes to the front when Pennant writes that the cattle perish through the infection of the ground and grass by these animals; and that the fear of man resides not in them, was evidently a theory of this naturalist, since he takes care to inform us that when a peasant falls in the line of march, 'they jump as high as his knees in defence of their progress,' and persist in their course, the human object notwithstanding. Our author approaches the rational once again, when he speaks of the devouring rearguard of foxes, wolves, lynxes, and birds of prey which follow the lemming-army, and cut off the stragglers by hundreds. He also emphasises, correctly enough, the devastation committed by these animals on the crops which may lie in their track. Sifting out opinions from facts, it may therefore be said that the lemmings are in the habit of making emigration-movements at irregular intervals; that they pursue a straight course, and may swim across rivers, lakes, or even be found in the sea itself; and lastly, that their progress appears to be invariably directed to the sea. In this latter remark will be found the clue to the causes of lemming-migration.

It is exactly this curious and apparently unsatisfactory termination to their journey which has not merely excited the interest of naturalists in the lemmings, but has in a large degree aided

the solution of the problem their migrations present. The period of the year at which the migrations of the lemmings occur is not invariably in winter or before weather of inclement nature, as our theory professes to maintain. It was supposed that these animals, as has already been remarked, left their native haunts through their fore-knowledge of a severe winter. But migrations have occurred in the spring, when all fear of starvation was practically at an end, and migrations have been noted also to take place after an autumn of unusual plenty. Thus the 'weather theory' and the 'starvation hypothesis' are alike unable to meet the facts of the case as presented to our notice in its full details. A third theory which endeavoured to account for the periodical exodus of these animals, was founded on Malthusian considerations, and regarded the over-population of a given district as the chief incentive to the migratory act. But so far as exact observation has proceeded, the excessive population seems to be rather the result than the cause of the migration. As if further to refute the idea of over-population and the consequent deficiency of food being the causes of the exodus, we may note the fact that during their journeys the wandering hordes of lemmings frequently light upon a land wherein plenty of food exists, but that instead of sojourning therein and satisfying their wants, they pass onwards and seawards, without a halt. Nor must the fact be overlooked, that as Pennant tells us, their march is practically one of extermination for themselves. Their ranks are devastated by every carnivorous animal, even by every bird of prey that cares to attack them. They are a timid race, and appear to be terrified by the mere shadow of a passing cloud. When they swim across Norwegian 'fjords' and lakes, the ripples caused by the summer wind drown them by hundreds. The appearance of a boat causes multitudes to turn tail and swim back to the shore; and the migratory band, which numbered its myriads on setting out upon its march, reaches the end of its journey at the sea, and appears as a miserable remnant of a once formidable host. Whatever be the causes of the migration, it is perfectly obvious that the exodus is attended with no advantage to the lemming-race. In fact, the result of the migration is practically the thinning out of the species and the destruction of countless thousands of the race—this result, however determined, being a disadvantage as far as the animals are concerned, since it is the universal law of life and nature that each species 'fights for its own hand.'

The remarkable feature of the lemmings' march however, has been seen to consist in their line of march being *straight and undeviating*. Such a notable fact attracted the early observations of naturalists; and exact accounts of the migration and descriptions of the localities through which the animals pass, shew that they exhibit no instinct in selecting an easy route, but on the contrary migrate by lines of march wherein they encounter the greatest hardships and difficulties from broad lakes, rushing torrents, and high hills or mountains. One series of careful observations on the lines of march of these animals, for instance, reveals the interesting fact that whilst the lemmings, by a slight *détour*, might have avoided a deep and rapid river and a broad lake,

they crossed both with the result of grievously thinning their ranks, besides passing over elevated ridges of land and snowy mountains where their numbers were materially lessened by the attack of their enemies. The straight line from any district to the sea is thus practically the track selected by the lemmings; some of the hordes going eastwards in Norway to the Gulf of Bothnia, and others westwards to the Atlantic. It appears to be a rare occurrence for these animals to march southwards.

The purposeless nature of the migration of these animals is nowhere better viewed than at the termination of their strange journey, when the decimated hordes have arrived at the sea. There the survivors disappear from sight. Many die; a large proportion perish in the sea; some may sustain a precarious existence in a region to which they are strangers, and compared with which their native haunts were lands of plenty; but practically the exodus of the lemmings is devoid of advantage and fraught with disadvantage, danger, and ultimate death by drowning, to the species at large. How then may this strange habit be explained? The answer is, by reference to the altered character of the continent of Europe; or speaking more generally, by taking into account the physical changes to which the world at large has been subject, and which indeed it is still undergoing.

Instinct, generally preservative in its operation, is often blind, frequently too conservative in its action, and requires in any case a lengthened period of time for the inauguration of new ideas adapted to alterations in the life or surroundings of animals. The chief difference in fact between mere instinct and the educated experience of humanity, consists in the want of that power of accommodation to new or unwonted circumstances, which experience and an educated intelligence are alone calculated to impart. Bearing this idea in mind, we may regard the migratory instinct of the lemmings as presenting us with a phase of life once well and perfectly adapted to their surroundings. Let us suppose however, that in the language of the Laureate, 'where rolls the deep, there grew the tree,' and that where the North Atlantic now reigns paramount on the Norwegian coasts, there existed land; we may then understand that the migration of the lemmings was guided by the purpose of visiting such land, wherein, there is every reason to believe, may have existed a genial climate and a plentiful supply of food. On this supposition, then, we see that the lemmings at present are impelled by an unaltered instinct towards a lost tract or continent. Instinct is slow of alteration or change, as we have seen, and the lemmings are not peculiar amongst animals in retaining an instinct which once benefited the species. On such a theory also, we may learn the reason why these animals commit themselves fearlessly to the Atlantic waves, since the instinct which has led them across their native lakes and firths, will undoubtedly inspire them with the idea that across the ocean lies the ancient feeding-ground of their race—a family tradition this which, like many ideas in higher life, operates disadvantageously to its possessors. The existence of submerged land in the North Atlantic is by no means a merely theoretical supposition. The shallowness of soundings taken off the Norwegian

shores, and the presence of elevated ridges in the bosom of the Atlantic, indicate that the depression of this area may have been—geologically speaking—a recent event. But apart from these latter data, the case of the lemmings can be fully explained only on the theory that they seek an ancient haven of their race, in the form of a land which the existing world knows no longer, and which through its subsidence has disappeared in the depths of the sea.

THE FOUNDLING.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—AN EASTER EGG.

So Mr Home came and went. Sometimes he would stay in Mudford a day or two, sometimes only as many hours; and as the days and weeks went by, I knew that his child had grown to love him dearly; but the perverse little thing would never *show* her love to him; she always kept up the same distant manner when he was actually with her; though when he was away she would chatter about him by the hour at a time, and never tired of pointing out how much nicer 'the papa,' as she called him, was than 'Papa Loug' or 'papa at Mrs Greys.'

And how did I feel all this time? Even I myself scarcely know; for sometimes I wished with all my heart that I had never seen either Lucy or her father; and then again, I knew not whether to rejoice most that I had found Lucy, or that Lucy's father had found her and me. For before I knew that Mr Home's little daughter looked out for his coming with a longing gladness, I was forced to own to myself that I too so looked for him; that the days he did not come were dull and gray; and that the approach of the time when his house would be ready for its little mistress was dreaded almost as much on his account as hers.

I don't mean to defend myself a bit, or to say it was anything but forward, unwomanly, what you will, to fall in love unasked; I only know the feeling came quite unsought, and at first unwelcomed; it came in spite of me, and it stayed. I thought I had tasted of a bitter cup when my little foundling was claimed away from me; when instead of feeling that she was something of my very own to love and work for, I came to know that I only held her on sufferance, that any hour of any day she may be taken away and I have no right to remonstrate. But I tasted a bitterer drop still one day, when Mr Home was at our house and had as usual been prattling to Lucy about her new home. 'It will be quite ready for you little one, in three weeks more,' he had said; and then came the inevitable question: 'And have you found a very nice mamma?' But the answer was now changed, if the question was not, for he said: 'Yes; I think I have.'

'That is a very good thing,' the child said gravely. 'Are you sure she is nice?'

'Quite sure,' answered he.

'As nice as Aunt Jenny?'

'Quite as nice,' said he. And oh! how I blessed the friendly twilight, for I felt that my face had gone white and woful; and I would have died rather than let him know.

Perhaps after all he did guess something, for he

hardly spoke to me till he said good-night. 'You heard what I told the child just now, did not you?' said he.

I bowed my head for answer, for I could not speak, neither could I look up in his face.

'Will you not wish me God-speed?' said he, holding my hand in the firm yet gentle clasp that was so like him.

Then I did look up, and tried to speak; but it was no use. I could not say I was glad; I could not wish him God-speed when I knew that all the good of my life would go for ever on the day his plans were accomplished.

'Will the parting with the child be so very hard?' said he. 'I had hoped that you would be reconciled to the idea by now.'

'It will be hard—very hard,' I managed to say, for I caught at the hope that he would lay all my grief to that.

'Minna Grey says they are all going to send Easter eggs to their sister in London,' said Lucy one day about a week before Easter. 'What are Easter eggs?'

Mr Home, who had again come down on one of his short visits, explained to her about them, and asked if she would like one.

To which she was graciously pleased to say: 'Yes, if it was a very nice one.'

Easter was late that year, as late as it could be. Mr Home came to Muddford on the Saturday, intending to stay till Monday morning. I supposed it would be his last visit, for the three weeks would be over on Wednesday.

'O look, Aunt Jenny! such funny humpy parcels,' cried Lucy, eyeing with delight three egg-shaped parcels lying on the breakfast-table. 'There's one for me, one for you, and one for Aunt Amy, and hers is the greatest. May I open mine now, Aunt Jenny?'

Of course I said yes; and while she was busy untying knots I turned over the other two. Both addresses were in Mr Home's writing, and as Lucy had said, Amy's was much the largest.

I was still looking at them when she came in. 'Well, why don't you see what is inside?' said she, taking up a knife and cutting the string. Inside the paper was a morocco case, and inside the case a splendid bracelet and brooch; so glittering and sparkling that Lucy cried out there were sparks of fire amongst them.

'What shall you do?' said I. 'Shall you keep them?'

'Keep them! To be sure I shall,' said the practical Amy; 'if he chooses to pay us in this form, I don't see any reason against it; and I am sure I'm not going to hurt his feelings by refusing, after we have done so much for him. Now let us see what is in yours.'

In mine there was only one little ring, a costly one though, for it bore one large diamond surrounded by rubies; still it was nothing in comparison with Amy's, and somehow I could not bear to look at it, so I shut up the case and put it out of sight.

Mr Home came over from his hotel and dined with us, and Amy was voluble in her thanks; Lucy also was much more demonstrative than usual; I only had not a word to say. After dinner Mr Home went out, saying he would 'have a walk and a smoke,' and come in later to

say good-bye; for he was going away early next morning.

'I mean to take Lucy to church this evening,' said Amy when he was gone. 'But you had better not go Janet. I know your head has been bad all day, and the heat and lights will make it worse; so you had better lie down; and perhaps it will be better by the time we come home.'

I did as she said; but there was small chance of my head being better, for when left to myself in the dark all the miserable thoughts of the night before came back thicker and darker, till presently some sharp remembrance of Lucy's love and how I should live without it, touched the rock in the right spot 'and the waters flowed,' at first hot and bitter, then more calmly, till at last they were all spent and had swept off with them much of the misery that set them going. I was lying on the sofa quite still, when some one opened the door, and thinking it was one of the maids, I said: 'I don't want the candles lighted, thank you.' The door closed gently, and I thought the maid had gone; till after a minute or two I somehow felt as that I was not alone, though I compelled myself to keep still, that the feeling might pass. But no; the feeling only increased, till I started up and faced round, to see Mr Home standing on the hearth-rug. I began some stumbling speech about Amy being home directly.

'I hope not,' said he; 'for I want to speak to you a little. Wasn't your egg worth even a thank you, Janet?'

'Yes; of course it was; it was very pretty.' I could speak bravely now I had had my cry out, and in the friendly darkness.

'Did you see it all?' he asked. 'I expect not. Will you let me have it a minute or two?'

I went to fetch it; and when I got back, he had stirred the fire into a blaze and lighted the candles.

He took the case from me and opened it. There lay the little ring in its white nest; this he lifted out, nest and all; and underneath there lay a little locket of plain gold attached to a delicate chain. 'I want you to give this to the child,' said he; 'and ask her to wear it. There is a picture inside.'

'Yours?'

'No; not mine. It is a likeness of "the new mamma." Would you like to see it?' He smiled to himself as he spoke, as if the sound of the words were pleasant to him.

So I answered out bravely: 'Yes; I should like to very much.'

He touched the spring, and the locket opened; but though my voice was clear, my eyes were dim, and I could not see clearly.

'Is it not pretty?' he exclaimed; and I answered: 'Yes; very pretty; though for all I could see it might have been the Witch of Endor herself.'

Then the smile broadened into a laugh. 'I don't believe you know whether it is a picture at all or not; but I have a larger one here;' and he opened a locket I had noticed he had always worn lately, and about which he would never satisfy Lucy's curiosity. 'Come,' said he, putting his arm round my shoulders and taking me close to him—'come close, and see clearly this time. Now, is it not pretty?'

The dimness was startled out of my eyes now,

and I saw, but surely not clearly yet, or was it that I looked into a tiny mirror?"

"Well, what do you see?"

"Why, nothing but my own face!" said I, in bewilderment.

"And who else did you expect to see?" he whispered, holding me closer still. "Who else did you think either the child or I could have for the new mamma?"

Not at all once could I realise it. I stood there held in his firm clasp, afraid to move or speak, lest I should wake and find it all a dream.

"Have you no word to say to me?" he murmured presently. "It surely cannot be that you will forsake us—that I have made a mistake? For the child's sake Janet, if for nothing else, try to think favourably of my hopes."

"For the child's sake." Yes; that was it; it was for that he wanted me of course. But even so, was it not more than I had dared to hope for? Maybe so; but still—it was not as if he wanted me for my own sake.

"What is the matter?" he asked softly, feeling me shrink and shiver. "Nay, my darling, you don't think that I want you for the child's sake only? Why Janet, you surely don't mean to say that you have not all along seen that I love you for your own sweet sake? I thought you knew it well enough, and sometimes I feared your coolness was meant to discourage me; but you see I was not so easily discouraged. Now, look up, and tell me you will be my own darling wife and Lucy's nice new mamma."

I do not know what I said to him; I only know he seemed quite satisfied.

"Of course, I knew it all along," said the ever practical Amy. "If he hadn't fallen in love with you at first sight, he would never have left you his baby."

"Yes; that is a very nice new mamma," said Lucy when the locket was explained to her. "And it is just like Aunt Jenny's picture that you took out of my album."

Years have rolled on, and though there are little folks of my own, it is difficult to tell whether they or 'the Foundling' occupy the biggest place in my heart. Of this however, I am certain, that while seated in quiet talk in the garden of our lovely home by the Thames, my Goodman and I often thank the blessed chance that ruled my railway journey on the 24th instead of the 23d of December 187—

THROWING OIL ON THE WATERS.

BY A SHEETLANDER.

A SHORT paper in the August number of *Chambers's Journal* on 'The Use of Oil at Sea' has reminded me of an incident I witnessed many years ago in the Shetland Islands, which very forcibly corroborates the statements of the writer. I shall presently relate it, as it very strikingly illustrates the truly wonderful effects of 'throwing oil upon the troubled waters,' and will serve to shew that the saying indicates a *fact*, and is not, as is generally supposed, merely fancy. This is well known to Sheetlanders, and has often been the means of saving valuable lives. But first a few notes

regarding the Shetland deep-sea fishing and fishermen may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Finer boatmen than these hardy islanders are not to be found anywhere, as will readily be acknowledged by all who may have seen the splendid manner in which they manage their fragile skiffs in a storm. The boats invariably used for what is called the 'haaf' or deep-sea fishing are remarkably small, and to look at them, seem utterly unfitted to contend against the fierce storms and raging tideways which prevail amongst and around the islands. But their safety just lies in their lightness, buoyancy, and handiness. If much larger and heavier, they would, from their unyieldingness, not be so easily manœuvred, and would consequently be in much more danger of being engulfed in a rough sea. They are entirely without deck, and are barely capable of bringing on shore from thirty to sixty hundredweight of fish—the latter only in the case of the largest-sized boats, and when the sea is perfectly smooth. Such a quantity indeed will load them so deeply as to leave but three or four inches of free board.

On returning from a day's or a night's fishing at the haaf, the crew of six men generally haul their boat up on the beach above high-water mark, and with perfect ease. This will give an idea of the size of the Shetland fishing-boat. In form she is long and narrow and pointed, with a considerable spring both at stem and stern; in fact just the Norwegian yawl with some slight modifications and improvements. She carries a large lug-sail on the one tall and slender mast which rises straight up from amid-ships, and is firmly secured to the stem and both sides by stays.

Right out in the Atlantic or North Sea during the summer months, the hardy fishermen prosecute their arduous and dangerous calling, their only provisions being some half-baked oatmeal cakes and a small keg of 'blaud'—whey made from buttermilk. Sometimes in fine settled weather they will run seaward as far as forty or fifty miles or farther, in fact out of sight of land, out on what seems a northward prolongation of the Dogger Bank, nearly half way to Norway, which is the best fishing-ground; and then they are frequently nearly two days and two nights at sea. It will readily be understood that a sudden storm occurring when the boats are thus far from the land in mid-ocean puts the fishermen in utmost peril, and in such circumstances it too often happens that some never reach the shore. Such summer gales are common enough, and although fortunately not usually of long continuance, they are often very severe while they last. Not seldom after the long stretch of lines has been 'set,' the storm suddenly bursts upon them, so that the fishermen not having time to haul them in again, are forced to leave them. At other times, about the commencement of the gale they will have recovered all or a part of them with a large quantity of fish also—mostly ling and cod—for, curiously enough, the best hauls are generally made just before a storm and when the weather is rough. The boat is then properly trimmed, and all made as snug as possible. The sail is closely reefed and hauled up. The skipper takes the helm and also the sheet, which rope is never confided to any hand but the helmsman's. He alone has thus the entire control and management of the craft—if close-

hauled or with the wind on her beam—easing her now with a turn of the helm; now by letting off a few inches of the sheet when a heavier blast than usual occurs; now luffing up and breasting a wave as it breaks close to her bows; now running from another if it looks too near and ugly and threatens to break on the quarter or beam, that it may expend itself astern, as to his experienced eye the emergency may seem to require. A quick eye, a steady hand, coolness and courage, and promptness of judgment, are all needed; for the smallest mistake, a wrong turn of the helm, the slightest false movement, might be fatal.

More frequently however, if the storm is very severe and the sea heavy, the safest course, and that generally adopted, is to run dead before the wind. In that case a duty not less important than the helmsman's falls to the next most experienced boatman. That duty is to manage the 'tows,' as the phrase goes. In one hand he holds the halliards; in the other the down-hauler. As each great wave comes rolling on, lifting the boat high on its crest, he hauls down the sail some distance, to ease her from the strain and pressure of the wind, to the full force of which she is in this elevated position exposed. Again, as she rushes down into the trough of the sea he hauls it up, to catch as much wind as possible, that she may run from the next wave rising astern ere it breaks. It is considered by the fishermen that a cool and judicious hand at the 'tows' is quite as necessary as a good helmsman.

In running to the land, the greatest danger is always encountered in crossing those tideways which rush between the islands and round most of the points and promontories, at the rate sometimes of nearly ten miles an hour. In the calmest weather, it is often impossible to cross them during the hours of full tide, and you must wait till the 'slack of the tide' before attempting it. From any commanding height on shore you can trace by their course of white foam these furious tideways running far out into the ocean, while all around the sea is perfectly smooth and placid. They are veritable rivers in the sea, and Shetlanders speak of them as 'the string of the tide,' and crossing them is called '*cutting the string*.' Of these streams or tideways, the far-famed Sumburgh Roost off the south point of the islands, and one near Burrafirth at the north point of Unst, are the strongest and most dangerous around the Shetlands.

It is when running before the wind or crossing a tideway in a storm—but seldom except when in utmost peril—that the Shetland fishermen adopt an expedient which has often saved many a boat's crew. They crush—or as they call it 'crop'—in their hands the livers of any ling or cod they may have caught, and keep throwing them astern and around them. The effect is magical. The waves are not lessened in size; but they no longer break, and it is only from their breaking close to the boat, and so being dashed in upon her and filling her, that there is danger. The rapidity with which the oil spreads over a considerable space of sea around is marvellous, and scarcely to be credited except by one who has witnessed the phenomenon. Shetlanders call the smooth appearance of the water caused by any oily substance floating on it, *loom*.

'Throwing oil upon the troubled waters' is

therefore a saying which has undoubtedly originated in a fact with which very few are acquainted, but which cannot be too widely made known. That fact is simply this, that oil prevents the waves from breaking; and unless they break, though they were twenty times as high as they ever are, there would be no danger whatever to a boat, or for the matter of that to a vessel either, except from the strain of her rolling. There would be no 'shipping' of tremendous 'seas,' of which we so often read, no poor sailors and deck cargoes swept overboard, no smashing of binnacles and bulwarks. An expedient so simple might often be of invaluable service in saving life and property. The difficulty and peril, for instance, of launching a boat from a sinking ship in a storm are mostly caused by the wind breaking the waves over the boat and filling her or dashing her to pieces against the vessel's side. The danger of such a mishap would unquestionably be greatly lessened by throwing overboard some oil, which ought always to be kept handy. Boats also going from one ship to the assistance of another in distress, and life-boats on their way to a wreck and boarding it, might often with very great advantage use a little oil, if its effects were only better known. Again, we often read of boats adrift on the sea from a foundered or burning ship, and it is marvellous how frequently they are able to weather the fiercest storms though often greatly overcrowded; but many a time they are swallowed up, when a little oil judiciously used during the worst of the storm might have been the means of saving them.

Another case in which oil might be of the greatest service is when a man accidentally falls or is washed overboard. Life-buoys are thrown into the sea, the ship is brought to as quickly as possible, boats are lowered and a search made; but before all this can be done, the vessel has run a considerable distance, and although the poor struggler in the water may be a good swimmer and able to keep afloat for some time, the great difficulty is to find the exact spot where he is to be sought for. A life-buoy or a man's head is a small object to descry amongst heaving waves and white foam. If life-buoys were constructed so as to contain a small portion of oil in a little receptacle or india-rubber bag attached to them, to be punctured with a knife before being thrown overboard, the effect would be not only to prevent the sea from breaking over the castaway, so making it easier for him to keep afloat, but would indicate to the searchers almost the exact spot where to look for him. His whereabouts would easily be discerned from the ship or boat by the *loom*.

I throw out these hints and suggestions on this very interesting subject, and I do think it would be well worth while that some experiments were made to test the effects of oil upon the troubled waters, and that the results if satisfactory, as I am confident they would be, were made widely known to seafaring men. The cost would not be worth naming; and I am much mistaken if the benefit, as a means of saving valuable life and property, would not be enormous. As one who speaks not without personal knowledge, I would urge upon philanthropists and ship-owners, if this paper should come under their notice, to turn their attention to the subject.

The following incident occurred in Shetland a good number of years ago. It was a beautiful evening in midsummer. Nothing indicated a storm or any change in the settled weather which had prevailed for some time. All the fishing-boats had gone to the far haaf. Suddenly a little after midnight a fierce gale sprung up and raged with unvented fury, increasing as the morning advanced, while the sea rose to a height most unusual at that season of the year. All the boats bore up for the land as soon as the storm broke on them; and during the early part of the day all reached the shore in safety, save one. She was known to be a good sea-boat, and was manned by a crew of the very best fishermen in the island; but as the hours crept on, and there was no appearance of her return, burning anxiety and suspense of wives, mothers, daughters, and neighbours were fast passing into the most dismal forebodings. I went out to a high promontory which overlooks a wide expanse of sea and gentlemen as it were the entrance to the landlocked bay where nestled the humble cottages of the fishermen. A crowd of distracted women, and of men scarcely less agitated, who had just themselves but narrowly escaped a watery grave—friends or neighbours of the missing ones—were gathered on the cliff, straining their eyes across the raging sea. It was a pitiful harrowing sight. Who can describe the agony expressed in the firmly clasped hands, the fixed and tearless eye of one, the bowed form, convulsively rocking a little one in her lap, of another, the moan of breaking hearts, the wail of despair of others! 'O my man, my guide kind man; I'll never see him more!' cried one. 'Faether, faether! will ye never never come back again?' exclaimed a blooming girl, whose cheek was blanched even now. 'My boy—my Willie! O the cruel cruel sea!' moaned a poor widow whose only son was one of that boat's crew. And indeed it seemed to all of us but too probable that our worst fears would be realised. The storm continued unabated. The great waves were dashing against the rocks in angry fury, sending the spray right over us. Most of the men were sad and silent. Some of them were doing their best to keep alive the hope they too plainly did not themselves cherish. One suggested: 'They have probably run a long way to seaward, and set their lines, and have stayed perhaps rather too long in their endeavours to recover them before bearing up for the land; but no need as yet to fear the worst.' Another said: 'Perhaps they have run to some other island which they found easier of access.' Another suggested: 'They are very possibly waiting outside till the slack of the tide before attempting to cross the string.'

I turned to a fine stalwart young fisherman who had often accompanied me on fishing and seal-hunting expeditions, and whose courage and steadiness and judgment I had not seldom proved in circumstances of difficulty and danger.

'What do you think?' I whispered, as I kept sweeping the horizon with my field-glass.

'I don't know what to think,' he answered. 'She was a good boat, and they were brave men and good seamen that manned her; but that is an awful sea to fight against. God be with them!'

'Was!' were! The words sent a chill to my heart. He was already speaking in the past tense of those for whom we looked and prayed. Sud-

denly he seized my arm as with a vice, while his keen gray eye, almost wild with intense but suppressed excitement, shot a glance across the waste of waters.

'There!' he said. 'I thought I saw something white like a sail, not the sea-foam. Don't speak yet, or it will kill these poor souls! Give me your glass. Yes, yes; again I see it. Look!—he shouted aloud now—'I see her sure enough. They are coming right on, and going to cut the string too, I do believe; a bold venture, but awfully risky, for the tide is still strong.'

A few minutes more and we could all see the gallant little boat driving along before the gale, now lifted high on the crest of a huge wave, now completely out of sight in the trough of the sea. On she came towards the string, which though it had run off its greatest strength, looked ugly enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Little more than five minutes would be sufficient to carry her across; but every one knew perfectly well that the greatest danger of all was just there in the middle of that midway. It was the crisis of her fate. Five minutes more and she would be in safety, or never reach the shore. On she came, now plainly in view of every one, and splendidly handled as we could see, on, and buried her bows in the raging tide as a war-horse might charge an opposing rampart. We held our breath hard. No one moved; not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard but the rush and roar of wind and waves or the wild scream of a sea-mew overhead. A minute of intense suspense, and still she bravely battled on.

'Ha!' cried the young fisherman at my side, 'what is that they are doing? I know, I know! They are casting out the livers; I can see the *liver* on her track. Wisely thought of, and well done. It is their only chance in yon tide-way!'

And so indeed it was. We could distinctly see the men with eager hands throwing out the crushed livers astern, to right, to left, all around, as though offering a propitiatory sacrifice to the sea-god; and the waves did not break on them then. A few minutes more, and then, amid tears of thankfulness and joy, 'Safe—safe, thank God!' burst out on every side; and soon they reached the shore, those hardy fishermen, and were welcomed in a manner much easier to conceive than describe.

The skipper had never left his post at the helm for nine long hours, during which he had fought out his brave battle for life with rare skill and nerve and endurance. And now, when he stepped on the beach and took up his little boy in his arms and kissed him, I did not think there was anything unmanly in the big tears which coursed down his brown cheek. A little afterwards I said to him: 'You have had a terrible day, and at one time we scarcely thought ever to see you again.'

'Ay, terrible indeed,' he replied; 'and we should never have reached the shore through yon raging sea and tide if it hadna been our casting out the livers—that smoothed the sea, and, wi' God's blessing, saved us.'

[The evidence conveyed by the foregoing touching story corroborates what we recently said regarding the virtue of oil in stormy weather at sea. If by the simple process of dropping oil into a tempest-tossed sea, the water is prevented from breaking, it is surely worth the while of

the Admiralty, and indeed of all who have the shipping interests at heart, to take up the subject and carry it into practical force. No ship or fishing-boat should be permitted to leave our shores without an equipment of oil.—[Ed.]

DROLLERIES OF THE STAGE.

CHARLOTTE and Susan Cushman once attempted to play Romeo and Juliet at Trenton. Scenery and properties were conspicuous by their absence; and the only way they could devise for doing the balcony scene was to stretch an old-fashioned patchwork quilt in front of Juliet, one end being held by the manager, and the other by a little negro employed at the hotel. All went well until Juliet called Romeo back to ask,

And what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send for thee?

Before 'fair Montague' could reply, a black head popped out from the side, and its proprietor ejaculated: 'Miss Cushing, my bell's ringin', and I am obliged to let my side of the house drop;' and drop it he did, and there was an end to the balcony scene.

The sisters were perhaps not quite so dumb-founded as Madame Michon-Carvalho when playing in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Marseilles. The cantatrice had ordered a restaurant-keeper to send her a basin of hot soup at nine o'clock. The hour came, and with it a girl carrying the star's refreshment. The girl made at once for the stage, and arrived at the wings as Madame was singing in the finale to the first act; and the next moment Ravenswood and Lucia were astonished by a soup-tureen being set down on the mossy bank in front of the fountain, the cover lifted, and the intruder addressing them, as she plunged a spoon in the bowl, with: 'Begging your pardon sir, for interrupting you and the lady, but here's the soup!'

On the first night of *A Crown for Love*, Anne Boleyn had no sooner uttered the words, 'Now is the crown fixed firmly on my head,' than the regal diadem set auditors and actress laughing by tumbling to the ground. An accident not so annoying to the individual most concerned as the gallery commentary upon a Dunedin Cassio's lamentation: 'O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!' coming in the significant shape of: 'All right, old man; drink away; you're safe!' Equally trying to the actor's serenity was the more friendly intimation from another 'god,' who seeing Macbeth cover his face with his robe and shudder convulsively after crying 'Unreal mockery, hence!' to Banquo's ghost, let him know the horrible shadow had departed by shouting: 'It's all right now, governor; he's gone!'

Actors, like other men, are apt to plume themselves upon finding favour with the ladies, and like other men, sometimes achieve embarrassing conquests. Christian Brandes in his strolling days was cast to play Leander in a primitive sort of drama in which the dialogue was left pretty much to the discretion of the players. It was settled that Hero was not to be too easily won, but to refrain from admitting her love for Leander until he had plied her hard with passionate speeches. Unluckily the Hero of the occasion was

in reality desperately smitten, and scarcely gave Leander time to protest his love, before exclaiming: 'I cannot resist you, Leander; accept my heart and hand.' Brandes was nonplussed; the fine speeches he had prepared were unsuited to the situation. While he hesitated, the enraged manager whispered Hero: 'In the fiend's name, improvise a few words and retire!' Whereupon the poor girl turned to the audience, and said: 'In the fiend's name, I improvise a few words and retire!' and tripped gaily off the stage to the shouts of the amused audience; who after all, had less reason to laugh than those who heard the Western Romeo announce: 'But soft! What light from yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet has a son!' What his Juliet thought of the new reading is not recorded.

Macready travelling by coach to Bath, was much amused by a fellow-passenger whose budget of theatrical anecdotes seemed inexhaustible. By-and-by the story-teller said: 'Macready is a good actor; but he can never play without applause. He went on one night, and no notice being taken of him, he told the manager he could not get on if he was not applauded. Whereupon the manager went round and told the audience what Macready had said; and when the tragedian reappeared, they applauded him so incessantly that he was utterly disconcerted.' Not more disconcerted however, than the relater of the story, when his amused listener observed that he rather discredited that tale, since he happened himself to be Mr Macready.

Dumaine, as a pirate in *Le Fils des Mers*, was wont to excite the wonder of the spectators by extinguishing a candle with a pistol-shot. The trick was done by placing the light on a table near a small round hole in the 'cloth' behind it, through which the prompter blew out the candle as Dumaine discharged the pistol. Actuated by jealousy or a love of mischief, a fellow-actor one night covered the hole with goldbeater's skin, and when the pirate fired and the prompter blew, the candle flared away in triumph. Dumaine drew another pistol from his belt; but before he could pull the trigger the malicious joker had torn away the skin, and by blowing through the hole made the candle go out, apparently of its own accord, while Dumaine was mentally abusing the innocent prompter for his pet point not coming off as usual.

Readiness in unforeseen emergencies is of the greatest value to manager and actor alike. A word fails the memory at an important stage of the play, or some accident occurs to mar or even put a stop to all further proceedings. On such occasions fertility of resource is of the greatest moment, and has over and over again saved the credit of all concerned. In fact the readiness of an actor or manager to turn an apparent disaster into a happy interlude is much on a par with the presence of mind that guides a skillful general to victory. This readiness was well displayed on the stage by Lugnet when playing the bearer of an important despatch, on the contents of which the plot of the drama turned. By mistake the property-man gave Lugnet a blank sheet of paper, which he handed to the mimic king, who not having studied the words which ought to have been written on the despatch, was in a quandary. He got out of it by handing the paper back to

the messenger, with the command: 'Read it to me, sirrah!' Lugnet however, was equal to the occasion, and responded: 'Alas, sir, born of poor but honest parents, I have never learned to read.'

A travelling company performing in one of the cities out West, where dramatic entertainments were rarely seen, announced Maturin's sombre tragedy *Bertram*, the hero to be enacted by a clever but erratic player named Webb. The house was crammed. 'Where's Webb?' asked the manager. Nobody knew. Scouts were sent out, and the actor unceremonied; but to get him to the theatre was beyond them. He would not go. What was to be done? Somebody suggested returning the money; but the manager was not inclined to let three hundred and fifty dollars slip through his fingers. 'We'll change the play,' said he. 'Everybody get ready for *The Review*. They don't know the difference between farce and tragedy down here; only remember to call Deputy Bull, Deputy Bertram, and we shall pull through right enough.' They played *The Review*, and the audience never discovered the alteration in the programme.

The good folks of Agen, a small French town, were not to be so easily cheated out of what they came to see. A strolling troupe, of whom young Hortense Schneider was one, announced *La Tour de Nesle* for their last performance. An overflow full of fun. Mademoiselle Schneider discovering an old pair of russet boots behind the scenes, put them by way of a joke into the hands of Buridan as he was going on the stage. Accepting of the awkward handiwork, he placed the boots on a table on the stage, and quietly went through his part; when another actor of the name of Philippe d'Aulnay took possession, and made his exit with one under each arm. In the next act, Marguerite de Bonrgome entered carrying the mysterious boots, and passed them to Gaulhier d'Aulnay; he turned them over to Orsini; in short, before the curtain fell the boots, though foreign to the piece, had been borne in succession by every personage. The audience watched for their appearance, while wondering what it all meant, and applauded the players to their hearts' content. Twelve months afterwards another company set up their bills in Agen, and *La Tour de Nesle* attracted everybody to the theatre; but before the first act was over there were symptoms of displeasure, which gradually increased, until the uproar was so great that the curtain fell on a half-played piece; benches were torn up, lights put out, and only the arrival of the mayor at the head of a troop of soldiers put an end to the tumult. Then the mayor turned on the poor manager, who protested his inability to understand how the riot came about. 'That is all nonsense,' returned the mayor. 'Your conduct is disgraceful. You have misled the people and mutilated a masterpiece. Where are the boots?'

Actors are supposed to be an unmethodical race; but they are punctual to business. To avoid keeping the stage waiting, Grimaldi once ran from Sadler's Wells to Drury Lane in his clown's costume. With the same regard for punctuality, Mr Toole having to play Jack Grinnidge in *Green Bushes* at the Wells, after performing the clock-maker's boy in *Janet Pride* at the Adelphi,

executed the change from boyhood to age *en route*, and when he stepped out of the cab, found further progress barred by the driver, who demanded: 'What have you done with the kid, old um, that I took up at the "Delphy"?' and was not to be pacified until the stage-door keeper endorsed the comedian's explanation of the mystery.

During the run of *Ours* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Mr John Clarke, who played Hugh Calcott, used to pass his Sundays and Mondays at Brighton, returning to town by the five o'clock express. One Monday afternoon, upon arriving at the station at the usual time, he discovered that the express had been withdrawn for the winter months; and that if he wanted to be in London by half-past seven, he must pay twenty pounds for a special engine. He paid the money; and as he jumped into his solitary first-class carriage, congratulated himself that he had only lost a quarter of an hour. 'Eighteen shillings, if you please sir,' said an official. 'What for?' demanded the actor. 'By the by-laws of the Brighton Company, all occupants of a seat in a special express must pay extra fare,' was the unwelcome response. He had but half a sovereign in his purse, and had to run back to his hotel to supply the deficiency—then he was off indeed, and was smoking his cigar as Hugh Calcott on the stage of the Prince of Wales' at the proper time.

Less expensive, but much more risky was Mr Emery's railway ride from Anerley to London. He had been down at the Crystal Palace, and allowed himself plenty of time to reach the Olympic Theatre; but he had the chagrin of seeing three trains despatched while he was waiting permission to go on the platform, and of learning there would not be another for half an hour; but that he made the best use of his legs he might catch a train at Anerley which was due at London Bridge at half-past six. He ran his hardest, darted past the porters at Anerley, and jumped into the guard's van as the train was proceeding. In went the guard after him, and having no breath left to explain, at London Bridge he gave an undertaking to appear if called upon by the Company; and jumping into a hansom, by a promise of double fare got over the distance in twenty minutes; and two minutes later was as Mr Potter, standing with his back to the fire in John Mildmay's drawing-room, in the play of *Still Waters Run Deep*. Mr Compton was not so successful in his attempt to reach the Haymarket from Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, and for the first time in his life failed his manager. It was ten o'clock before he arrived at the theatre, and *The Evil Genius*, in which he played a deaf postman, was over. He eagerly inquired what apology had been made for his non-appearance, and what piece they had substituted. 'No apology, and no change at all,' was the consoling reply: 'we cut the postman's part out altogether, and nobody missed it.' The experiment was a bold one; but not so bold as that of the Memphis manager who, upon his prima-donna sulking at the last moment, cut Alice out of *Robert le Diable*, and played the opera without its heroine!

In 1834 Macready was starring at Louth. As he was dressing one evening for *Virginius*, the manager came into the room with such a long face, that Macready inquired: 'Bad house?' 'Bad house, sir,' replied the dejected manager; 'there's

no one!' 'What! nobody at all?' 'Not a soul, sir, except the Warden's party in the boxes.' 'What! not one person in the pit or gallery?' 'O yes; there are one or two.' 'Are there five?' 'Yes; there are five.' 'Then,' said Macready, 'go on at once; we have no right to give ourselves airs.' He adds: 'I never acted *Virginius* better in all my life.'

BREATH-GYMNASTICS.

THE importance of breathing plentifully of fresh air as an essential of health is generally admitted. Well-ventilated rooms, open-air exercise, and excursions into the country, are appreciated to some extent by all classes. But the art of breathing is very much overlooked. Being a process not depending on the will for its exercise, it is too much left to the mere call of nature. It is however, an act which can be influenced very materially by the will. Properly trained singers are taught to attend very carefully to their breathing.

When brisk muscular exercise is taken, breathing is naturally active without any special effort. But when the body is at rest or engaged in occupation requiring a confined posture, and especially when the mind is absorbed in thought, the breathing naturally becomes diminished, and the action of the lungs slow and feeble. The consequence is that the oxygenation of the blood is imperfectly carried on. Even in taking a constitutional walk the full benefit is not attained for want of thorough breathing.

As a remedy for this it has been suggested that there is room for what might be fitly termed breath-gymnastics—to draw in long and full breaths, filling the lungs full at every inspiration, and emptying them as completely as possible at every expiration, and to acquire the habit of full breathing at all times. This mode of breathing has a direct effect in supplying the largest possible amount of oxygen to the blood, and more thoroughly consuming the carbon, and so producing animal heat. It has also the very important effect of expanding the chest, and so contributing to the vigour of the system.

The breath should be inhaled by the nostrils as well as by the mouth, more especially while out of doors and in cold weather. This has partly the effect of a respirator, in so far warming the air in its passage to the delicate air-cells, and in also rendering one less liable to catch cold.

This full respiration is of so much importance, that no proper substitute is to be found for it in shorter though more rapid breathing. In short breathing a large portion of the air-cells remains nearly stationary, the upper portion of the lungs only being engaged in receiving and discharging a small portion of air.

Profound thought, intense grief, and other similar mental manifestations, have a depressing effect on respiration. The blood unduly accumulates in the brain, and the circulation in both heart and lungs becomes diminished, unless indeed there be feverishness present. An occasional long breath or deep-drawn sigh is the natural relief in such a case. Nature making an effort to provide a remedy. This hint should be acted on and followed up. Brisk muscular exercise in the open air even during inclement weather, is an excellent antidote of a physical kind for a 'rooted

sorrow.' And the earnest student instead of tying himself continuously to his desk, might imitate a friend of the writer of this who studied and wrote while on his legs. Pacing his room, clad in hand with paper attached, he stopped as occasion required to pen a sentence or a paragraph.

Breathing is the first and last act of man, and is of the most vital necessity all through life. Persons with full broad deep chests naturally breathe freely and slowly, and large nostrils generally accompany large chests. Such persons rarely take cold, and when they do they throw it off easily. The opposite build of chest is more predisposed to lung disease. The pallid complexion and conspicuous blue veins shew that oxygen is wanted, and that every means should be used to obtain it. Deep breathing also promotes perspiration, by increasing the circulation and the animal warmth. Waste is more rapidly repaired, and the skin is put in requisition to remove the used materials. Many forms of disease may be thus prevented, and more vigorous health enjoyed.

LINES SUGGESTED BY HORACE, Bk. I. ODE IX.

I.

SEE now the sullen vapours rest
On hoary Arthur's* silvered crest;
See trees with branches drooping low,
Look spectral in their garb of snow.
The thrush and blackbird cease to trill
Their cheerful roundelay;
And Esk's sweet melody is still;
Ice-fettered, now no more at will
Her jocund waters stray.

II.

Come, pile the fagots on the hearth!
Though nipping frosts bind fast the earth,
The crackling fire, with ruddy glow,
Shall stir our blood to genial flow.
Bring pipe and bowl, and music bring
To cheer us. Raise the song!
With wassail mirth the chorus sing,
Till wit and laughter answering,
The merry peal prolong.

III.

Count every hour a boon, and live
So long as Fortune deigns to give;
Let not the distant strife dismay,
Nor ills that are not thine to-day.
The wishing glance, the warm embrace—
Love's tender courtesies—are thine;
And thine with youthful step and grace
The dance's merry maze to trace,
Where god-like graces shine.

IV.

When night repeats the trysting hour,
Return thee to the secret bower,
Where—till her silvery laugh reveals—
The shade of some sly nook conceals
The panting maid. Clasp to thy breast,
Thou fain wilt snatch the errant tress,
She, half permitting, half distrust,
The token yield, and thou, twice blest,
Sweet thanks on blushing lips impress.

J. M. D.

* Arthur's Seat, a picturesque hill in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

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CHRISTMAS 1878.

WHEN we look back upon the events of the past months of 1878, we cannot help feeling that Christmas of this year will be a season of bitter sadness to many poor souls under the sun. Bereaved homes and hearts there will be in thousands; some in sorrow, remembering perhaps the light and happy spirits with which they welcomed the festive season one short year ago. Lonely women seated childless and desolate by wretched fires; moody men in ruined homes with scarce a cinder they can call their own—victims innocent yet suffering because of the guilt of others. The past year has been one of disaster both on land and water, and its concluding months have brought upon the country a gloom and disaster almost unprecedented. Let the happy individuals whose homes have during the last twelve months been unvisited by death or ruin, remember kindly and pityingly the myriads of their fellow-creatures to whom this Christmas will be no season of gladness, but only a dreadful landmark, serving to shew the difference between what they once were and what they are now. To say nothing of those who were accustomed to live in a princely style, but who now cannot tell where their next meal will be procured, there are many whose wishes were moderate, and whose expenditure was reasonable, who will suffer, certainly from no fault of extravagance or want of principle. Single ladies left in comfort, and with plenty to keep them in genteel circumstances, will have bread watered with tears for their Christmas dinner, and a penury and consuming grief which will shorten life. Orphan girls whose parents perhaps closed their eyes on the world contented that their darlings were placed far above want, will have to face Christmas with empty cupboards and fireless grates. Men, kept all their lives anxious and unhappy because of the extravagance of wives and daughters, will know this Christmas what it is to have neither money nor credit. Wives whose reckless expenditure did much to make matters worse, will sigh

vainly for the thousand Christmas dainties which their souls loved in times past. Never was there a time wherein the words of Scripture are so literally fulfilled, 'Men's hearts fail them for fear.' Time works great wonders, but can scarcely cure the crying evil from which so many are even now suffering. There is no remedy for names disgraced, honour tarnished, and whole families made destitute for life.

We once heard the struggling father of a family declare, with a gravity akin to tears, that no season in all the year was to him so utterly dreadful as Christmas. What with bills from every quarter, which he did not know how to meet; dinners whose viands disagreed with him; parties at home and abroad, where, with an aching heart, he was expected to make himself agreeable; cold weather, which always made him rheumatic, and various other annoyances—he had no comfort or peace, and was driven almost mad; nay he went so far as to say that he hated the very name of Christmas. His wife's bill for dress alone utterly confounded him; and work as hard as he might, every Christmas brought to him the agreeable conviction that 'the kind of thing *could* not go on,' and that inevitable ruin must descend upon him sooner or later.

There is no doubt whatever that our style of living nowadays is much too luxurious, and this persistence in luxury is just what brings matters to a terrible crisis every now and again. There is now but a slight difference appreciable between the middle and upper classes. There is scarcely anything enjoyed by aristocracy which is not also shared in by those in the rank below them. We may not dine off gold plate or drive in splendid carriages or be waited on by liveried servants; but in almost every other respect we are about as well off as Lady A—— or Lord H——. All sorts of dainties are on our tables; our wives and daughters are as well dressed as their betters; and a determination not to be outdone by any one, seems to exist in the minds of most of us. This is all very nice. But if this state of affairs renders our bread-winners anxious, and fills them with positive

embarrassment (which is too often the case), then our desires ought to be limited and our expenditure curbed. As a general rule, this is an age when there is an *embarras de richesses*, as our French neighbours would say; people are overdone, nay pretty well stifled with luxury—the absence of which would make them better men and women. Why should homely Mrs B— desire a costume as elaborate as that worn by the Countess of C—? Or why should Mrs W— insist on sending her daughters to a boarding-school which is expensive, because only the very cream of the earth go there? Both Mrs B— and Mrs W— carry their point, after the manner of women; the result being that Messrs B— and W— groan miserably when Christmas approaches, and wonder how on earth they are to keep their heads above water.

‘Nothing riles me so much as to have to pay the draper’s bill,’ said a worried business man one day. ‘The immense lot of unnecessary things contained in the nefarious document are beyond my understanding; and when I ask my wife how by any amount of ingenuity she has managed to run up *such* an account, she tells me with exasperating calmness that “lots of things are needed in a house which gentlemen can’t understand.” Certainly they do not understand; they only know that they must, whether they will or not, bring forth their hardly earned money to pay what seems to them a most exorbitant bill, which might have been half as long by proper care and self-denial.

Some one asserted lately with much vehemence that Christmas was ‘a great mistake,’ because it was popularly supposed to be a time of mirth, rejoicing, and general ease-taking. ‘Whereas,’ pursued the grumbler, ‘I have always found it a time of heaviness both mental and bodily—a fearful incubus—a season of apprehension, when every ring at the door-bell brought forth a bill, and every letter that the postman delivered was an account.’

Some weather-prophets have been heard to declare that the winter of 1878 will be a long and severe one. If this is to be the case, then Christmas will in all probability have dawned upon drifting snow and icy streams. Those whose fires will burn warmly, and whose board will be covered with good cheer, will doubtless as a counterbalance have had some ‘evil things’ cast into their lot. But let us, as we draw our chairs nearer to the fire and close the curtains to keep out the bitter winds which oft come straying even into comfortable homes—let us think of those whose sorrow of heart has been this Christmas totally unrelieved by even the ordinary comforts of daily life. Poverty in its most meagre and unlovely form being theirs, what can we say or do to mend it? Let those who have ‘enough and to spare’ stretch forth kind and bounteous hands to

their less favoured but deserving neighbours—then shall their Christmas fires burn brighter and their Yule dainties taste the sweeter.

HAROLD RIVERS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

It was not till after the candles were lighted next evening that Mr and Mrs Imray saw anything more of Emilia. When they did see her, they could not help noticing how pale and worn she looked; but neither of them spoke of it. Both of them suspected that she was more deeply interested in the story of George Henshaw’s death than she had cared to admit; but they received her as if nothing were the matter. It was not till it was nearly time to say good-night that the topic of the previous evening was referred to in any way.

At length Emilia said: ‘You must have thought me very rude last evening, Mr Imray, to run away so abruptly; but really your narrative was almost too much for my nerves. Then leaving you while you were in such a dreadful predicament! That was worse than all. But you will forgive me, will you not, and tell me how you managed to escape—for of course you did escape?’

‘Oh, our escape was a very unromantic one,’ said Imray. ‘I wish I could give you an account of some thrilling adventures on a raft, or tell you how we were taken off the sinking ship by pirates; but my well-known regard for truth compels me to stick to uncompromising facts. To make a long story short, the two boats got safely away from the ship. In them were all the ladies and children, a few of the male passengers, and sufficient sailors to navigate them properly. They were picked up by a homeward-bound vessel about thirty hours after parting from us, and conveyed to Liverpool. The captain’s prediction with regard to the *Daphne* was not borne out by facts, else I should not be here to-day to tell you this too true tale. Water-logged as she was, she floated for two days longer, at the end of which time an American barque answered our signals of distress and took us off. The *Daphne* went down within four hours of the last man leaving her.’

‘After such a narrow escape, Mr Imray, I wonder that you are not afraid of ever venturing out of sight of land again.’

‘The theory of probabilities teaches me that when a man has once run such a risk as I ran, he will never run another like it again. It will be some other fellow’s turn next time. That being so, where’s the good of worrying?’

Emilia was nerving herself in silence. There was something she wanted to say, but she was afraid that her voice would betray the hidden anxiety underlying her words. ‘Do you think, Mr Imray,’ she said at last, doing her best to speak slowly and steadily, ‘that after this lapse of time there would be any possibility of ascertaining what became of the poor young creature,’—her tongue shrank from the word ‘wife’—‘whom George Henshaw left behind him in the cabin?’

‘You mean his wife?’ Emilia made a movement as though something had stung her. ‘Well, it is just possible that the owners, Messrs Collins

and Davis, might be able to throw some light on her after-fate. Just possible, I say, but by no means probable.

'Would you mind, Mr Murray, doing me the great favour of writing to the gentlemen you have just named, and ask them whether they can furnish you with any information by means of which the poor girl's whereabouts might possibly be traced?'

'I will do what I can for you in the matter, Mrs Warrener, with the greatest pleasure; but I would not advise you to be very sanguine as to the result.'

After a little more conversation, Emilia said good-night and went. What Mr Murray had told her made clear to her many points that had often troubled her greatly—points that had nothing to do with Harold Rivers's share in the dark story. She now understood why her husband had taken the precaution not to enter his full name on the *Daphne's* books. She now understood why his mother and sister, through whom she had received the news of his death, and who had only given her a cold welcome during his life, had seemed to have so few particulars with which to satisfy her anxious questions—had seemed in fact as though they wished to speak of their mutual loss as little as possible. In their wish to keep his memory sweet, they had hidden from her much that she ought to have been told. She now understood why the five hundred pounds which she had brought her husband on her wedding-day was found after his death to have been all drawn out of the bank, although she had only known of his having had a small portion of it. He had taken it with him in his flight, leaving her almost penniless. She now understood why so many debts, respecting which she knew nothing, should turn up against him after his death. She now understood why he was so anxious that she should not go down to Bristol to see him off. And yet this was the man whose image she had cherished in her heart as that of a demi-god whose heroic stature none other might reach! This was the man whose loss she had never ceased to mourn with tears of the bitterest anguish, feeling and believing that when she lost him the sunshine of her life was gone for ever! Above all, this was he for whose sake she had cast behind her that other love—a love such as can come to no woman twice in a lifetime. Oh, blind, blind, blind!

In the course of about a week, Mr Murray received an answer to his letter from the owners of the *Daphne*. Messrs Collins and Davis had been in communication with Mrs Hershaw immediately after her return to England. Her address at that time was No. 5 Gledgow's Cottages, Foldgate, Hertfordshire; but of her present whereabouts they knew nothing.

The morning following the receipt of this information Emilia started for Foldgate, leaving Daisy in charge of Mrs Murray. It was not without a certain degree of trepidation that she ventured to knock at the door of No. 5 Gledgow's Cottages. As no one answered the knock, she opened the door gently and looked in. What she saw was an old lady sitting on a low stool by the side of her spinning-wheel, and crooning to herself in a low monotone some old-world ditty which doubtless breathed sweet music in her memory. She was dressed in black, with a little coloured shawl

pinned across her shoulders. On her head she wore a poke-bonnet of rusty black silk, such as was fashionable about forty years ago. As Emilia stepped timidly into the cottage, the old dame rose slowly and dropped an old-fashioned courtesy. 'My name, lady, is Betsy Ditton; and I shall be eighty-two come next fourth of December.'

'Pray sit down, Mrs Ditton. I hope you will pardon my intrusion when you hear the errand that has brought me here.'

'I've a many ladies come to see me at times. Some come to read passages; some come to pray; and some come to cheer me with a bit of talk. I like them best that come to talk. But I shouldn't say that, because you're mebbe the new curate's lady, and have come to pray with me.'

'No indeed. I was never in Foldgate in my life before to-day.'

'Very kind to me are the ladies, very kind indeed,' continued the dame, without heeding Emilia's disclaimer, and apparently addressing herself to her spinning-wheel. 'They mostly bring me an ounce or two of tea or a bit of snuff when they come to see me. Very kind indeed.'

Emilia took out her purse and laid half a sovereign on the table. 'I have brought you neither tea nor snuff,' she said; 'but here is something that will buy you a little of both.'

'O thank you, kind lady, thank you much! The blessing of a poor lonely old woman be with you wherever you go! Eighty-two come next fourth of December. Is it prayers or passages this morning, kind lady?'

'Neither one nor the other. I came to see you about—Mrs Hershaw.'

'Oh, about my grandchild Carry. Why, poor Carry's been dead and gone these two years. Father and mother dead too. Except her brother Barney, Carry was the only one left of seven.'

'Dead! Mrs Ditton. I'm very sorry indeed to hear that.'

'Yes. Carry always was of a sickly growth; and after that dreadful business of the wreck, she came to poor granny's, and closed her eyes in this very house.'

'I knew Mr Hershaw very well, also his mother and sister, and that is the reason why I came here to-day about your grand-daughter.'

'And very kind it is of you, lady.'

'You remember Mr George Hershaw, of course?'

'Is it likely I could ever forget him? What laughing eyes he had, and what a pleasant way with him, to be sure! No wonder our Carry lost her heart to him. Their courting was short and sharp. Only two months from the day he first met her coming out of a shop in Tot'nam Court Road till the day he married her!'

'They were going abroad, were they not, when he met with his death?'

'Yes. George had some money, and it was agreed they should emigrate. He was sick & tired of England, he said. After his death, between four and five hundred pounds was found in the poor lad's pocket-book. This was given to Carry after a time by the people at Bristol; but not till she had let them see her marriage lines. There now, lady, if you haven't gone and split one of your gloves right across! And such pretty ones as they were!'

'Never mind the gloves, Mrs Ditton. I want to hear about your grand-daughter.'

'Thank you kindly mum. Well, the money did us very little good. First one said do this with it; then another said do that. I wanted to buy a little shop; but Carry had her notions, and wanted to be a lady; so she was persuaded to buy some shares. What they were in, I don't know, but they were to bring in a lot of money. But something happened about six months after, and all the money was lost, and we never got a penny. It's enough to make one shake in one's shoes to think what rogues there are in the world that never come to the gallows!'

'And this was the end of poor papa's five hundred pounds!' thought Emilia bitterly. 'The end of the little fortune that he scraped and saved up through many weary years, so that his daughter should not be portionless when she married.'

'And so mum, when we lost our bit of money, if a certain good friend hadn't come forward we shouldn't have known what to do. Perhaps lady, you would like to see poor George's likeness? I've got it in the next room.'

'I should like to see it very much indeed,' answered Emilia with hardly concealed emotion.

The old lady hobbled into the other room, and presently came back holding a framed likeness in one hand, and a bundle of letters tied up with a piece of ribbon in the other. The portrait was a cheap coloured affair, but an excellent likeness for all that, as Emilia saw at a glance.

'Just his smile, ain't it?' said the dame admiringly. 'Just the way he used to shew a glint of his white teeth; and that curl on his forehead as nat'ral as life. Poor Georgie! Poor boy! Here's the letters he wrote to Carry while they were courting,' she continued; 'one every other day, if only just a line or two to tell her when to meet him. They were under my poor girl's pillow when she died.'

Emilia's eyes glanced at the direction of the uppermost letter. Yes; it was in the writing that she remembered so well. A hand of many flourishes. How well she remembered his bold dashing way of crossing his *ts*, and the fancy scroll-work at the bottom of the envelope, by way of an elegant finish to the address! She turned from letters and likeness with a shudder.

'They say it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' reminded the old lady, as she sat down again by her wheel. 'When we lost all our money, if it hadn't been for Mr Harral, we shouldn't have been able to pay our rent or make ends meet at all. Mr Harral,' she added by way of explanation, 'knew poor George, and was on board the ship when he met his end.'

A sudden thought struck Emilia. 'What kind of looking gentleman is this Mr Harral?' she asked.

'A tallish pleasant-looking gentleman, with a black beard and monstachers, and with a little scar under his left eye.'

It was as Emilia had thought. 'Does not the gentleman call himself Mr Harold, and not Mr Harral?' she asked.

'Mebbe, mebbe,' said the old lady, rather testily. 'I don't see any difference. I always calls him Mr Harral, and he always answers to it. Well, as I was saying, when we lost our money, Mr Harral he

steps in—he had called on us once or twice before—and he settles a hundred a year on Carry for life—all for poor George's sake, you know. When Carry died, I made up my mind that the money would die with her. But when Mr Harral came, he said "No," said he. "The hundred a year, Mrs Ditton, shall be yours as long as you live." And so it is. The money comes down on the first of every month as regular as the day comes round. I've got it all put away in the bank, all but what's to bury me with—a warm flannel shroud and a oak coffin with brass handles, and everything nice and proper—and the money for that is in a cracked teapot in the other room. Barney—he's a iron-monger by trade—he'll come in for the rest. Not that he knows a word about it. If he did, he'd mebbe wish his old granny dead. He might love my sovereigns better than he loves me.'

CHAPTER VIII.

When Emilia got back to Sandport, she found that Mr Imray had been suddenly called away on important business. What ought she to do next? That was a question that she asked herself not once but a thousand times. She knew everything now; and she might have known everything on her wedding-day if she would but have listened to her husband. How blind, how infatuated she must have been ever to have suspected such a man as Harold Rivers of the foul crime she had imputed to him! Was not the knowledge of such a suspicion on her part almost enough in itself to kill the love of any ordinary man? But there had been more, far more than suspicion; there had been a direct charge. Had she not called him assassin to his face? Had she not refused to see him, refused to listen to him, refused even to read his letters? Surely this man must love her with no common love, or he would have learned to hate her long ago. He had never intruded himself on her presence since that memorable day at Spindyke; yet she was aware that since she had come to live at Sandport he had been hovering continually about her—keeping himself out of sight, but still there. Perhaps at that very moment he was within a quarter of a mile of her, and yet she knew not where to find him. What had been the foolish romantic school-girl kind of love that she had felt for the infamous George Warrener in comparison with this other love, nourished in suffering and watered with tears, that had taken root in her heart from her first meeting with Harold Rivers, and that now overshadowed her life, past and to come?

For the first three or four days after her return to Sandport, she spent nearly all her time out of doors, wandering for hours on the beach, on the cliffs, in the country lanes, dreading and yet hoping that somewhere she might see her husband. But all her wanderings proved in vain. Then at last a sickening despair seized her that through her headstrong folly she had lost the best, the bravest, the truest man she had ever known.

Mrs Imray was clear-sighted enough to see that Emilia was in some great trouble; and whatever silent sympathy could do was done by her to soften the smart of the wounds from which her friend was so evidently suffering. Then, one evening as they two sat together in the twilight, watching the stars come out one by one, and

listening to the low drowsy booming of the incoming tide, an irresistible impulse came over Emilia. She slid down on a low stool, and with her head resting against Mrs Inray's knee, and with one of that lady's hands clasped in hers, she opened her heart and told everything. What comfort came to her even in the telling! It seemed to lift somewhat of her weight of woe to make another the depositary of her trouble.

Mrs Inray kissed her, and pressed her to her heart when the last word was said. 'And you want me to give you my advice—you want me to tell you what I think you ought to do?' she said.

Emilia's answer was another kiss.

'I think your duty lies before you as clear as daylight. You must find your husband, wherever he may be. If he has gone to Africa or to the North Pole, you must go after him. Having found him, you must tell him that you now know everything; you must tell him how foolish and wrong you have been; you must tell him that you still love him as dearly as ever you did; and you must ask him to take you to his heart again.'

'I cannot—I dare not do it.'

'You must.'

'Supposing he refuses; supposing'—

'We will suppose nothing, if you please. We will do the duty that lies clearly before us, however hard it may be. It will be time enough to deal with suppositions when he has refused.'

'Oh! if I only thought'—and Emilia paused.

'Think as little as possible. What you have to do now is to act.'

'He cannot—he will not forgive me!'

'I am by no means so sure on that point. I have found that as a rule, men are very soft-hearted, and may generally be led by the nose if you only know the proper way to approach them.'

'How I wish I had your tact and knowledge of the world.'

'Don't wish for anything of the kind, dear. Experience keeps a dear school—you know the proverb.—But here comes Mary with candles.'

Emilia slept that night more happily than she had done for weeks.

Mrs Inray followed up her advice next morning by urging Emilia at once to set out on her quest. This Emilia would not agree to do till she had got her friend's promise to accompany her.

Mrs Inray agreed without much difficulty; and arrangements having been made for the due and proper care of the children, they started for London by the five o'clock train. It was too late for anything to be done that evening. Next forenoon they took a cab and were driven out as far as Chestnut Bank. The plot was that Mrs Inray should call on Mrs Rivers and obtain from that lady her brother-in-law's address, as being wanted for a matter of much importance. But the plot came to nothing, for on reaching the gate, they found a board staring them in the face with a notice that the place was to let. There was nothing for it but to drive back to town and go to Harold's chambers in Bruton Street. This Emilia rather shrank from doing; but Mrs Inray would admit of no hesitation in the matter. It was she who knocked at the door, and she who

questioned the housekeeper, while Emilia sat quaking in the cab a little distance away.

But all Emilia's own fears and tremors were forgotten as soon as she saw her friend's face. She grew cold in a moment from head to foot. 'Tell me the worst at once,' she said. 'Is he—is he?'

'No dear; he is not dead. But he has met with a very dreadful accident, and he is lying in — Hospital. That was the nearest place, and he was taken there.' Then she turned to the cabman: 'Drive to — Hospital as fast as you can,' she said. As soon as she was seated in the cab, she explained: 'From what I can make out, it would appear that as Mr Rivers was crossing the street the other day, he saw an old woman in danger of being run over. In attempting to save her he was run over himself and very badly hurt. At present it would not be safe to move him from the hospital. The housekeeper sent down yesterday to inquire after him; but of course the hospital people would say nothing definite except that the case was a very bad one. But we must hope for the best dear; that is always the truest wisdom.'

Emilia sat white and silent, clasping her friend's hand very tightly till they reached the hospital. Here a terrible disappointment awaited them. The morrow was the day for admitting the public. They could not be allowed to enter.

'But I am his wife, and I must see him,' said Emilia with energy.

The porter merely shrugged his shoulders, and went in search of some one higher in authority. That some one proved to be a pleasant gentlemanly young fellow, probably one of the students.

'I am very sorry, madam, that we cannot admit you. As it happens, Mr Rivers has just fallen into a refreshing sleep, the first since his accident; and we hope great things from it if he is not disturbed. Everything just now depends on his being kept perfectly quiet.'

Emilia had a dozen questions to ask, to which she received obliging if somewhat evasive replies. Then she was obliged to go. Few wives who love their husbands will envy her feelings that night. Mrs Inray's reiterated assurance that Harold was far better off where he was than he would have been at home—that he was far more likely to recover at the hospital than anywhere else, seemed but a poor consolation to her. She pictured her husband lying on a pallet in the bare white-washed ward, one of twenty other poor creatures, with nothing but strange faces about him, and she, his wife, impotent to help him. It was torture!

Emilia and Mrs Inray were at the hospital doors to a minute next day. 'Courage!' whispered Mrs Inray to her friend as they walked along the broad passage that led to the wards. 'You must control yourself for his sake. Remember what the doctor said—that all excitement was dangerous to him.' Next moment they paused on the threshold of the ward. Emilia's eye roved over the beds in search of a well-remembered face. Next moment she saw it; but oh, how changed from when she saw it last! A little sob came into her throat as she looked. Then, with a last squeeze of her friend's hand, she walked slowly up the aisle that divided one row of beds from

the other, and stopped opposite the foot of Harold's pallet. He had been looking another way and did not see her till she stopped. Then, when he did see her, first his eyes, and then his whole face lighted up and became as it were transfigured. With a little inarticulate cry he stretched out both his arms towards her, as he had stretched them out on that day when she had spurned him. Next moment she was on her knees by his bed, and his arms were round her neck. 'O darling—husband—can you forgive me and take me to your heart again, never to leave you more?' she murmured. 'Oh, is it possible that you can forgive me?'

He drew her face, wet with tears, up to his, and kissed it passionately. 'Let that be my answer,' he whispered. 'The past from to-day is dead and buried.' Then with trembling fingers, for he was very weak, he felt for a ribbon that hung round his neck. On it was the wedding ring which she had flung from her in her passion that afternoon at Dover. Her heart was so full that she buried her face in the coverlet and did not dare to look at it. Then Harold undid the ribbon and slid the ring back on the unresisting finger from which it ought never to have been taken. Then he kissed the ring and the finger, and then he drew his wife still closer to him, and there was peace between them.

NANNY EGGAR.

Of all the curious remembrances of a childhood spent in one of the south-eastern counties of Scotland, perhaps the most striking is that retained in my mind by the image of Nanny Eggar. Picture to yourself, reader, a woman of six feet, with masculine features, vacant eyes, and tremendous strength of sinew, and you will have some idea of Nanny as she was when first I beheld her. She was always dressed in the same garments, which never seemed to wear out; but were invariably dirty, though, as far as I remember, never ragged. Her dress was a ploughman's coat, with a curious scarlet vest, and a skirt of some dark-blue material. On her head she wore a large straw-hat, which flapped to and fro round her fantastic features as she walked, or rather strode along. There was a walk which in early youth I was very fond of; it was called the Fir-wood Road, thick plantations of those trees fringing it on each side. It was not by any means a cheerful walk, yet there was something fascinating in it to my mind, partly because there I found many rare wild-flowers, and partly because I was sure to meet Nanny Eggar stalking along like some weird and ungainly creature belonging to a different sphere.

How Nanny lived, we never could make out. She had no regular place of abode, but went wandering wherever her wild will led her, like a sort of modern Meg Merrilies. In winter she generally crept for a night's lodging into any old barn or outhouse belonging to the many farms in the neighbourhood. Sometimes she would sleep beneath the shelter of a stack; and in summer the woods were her favourite haunts, both by night and day. Quite in the bosom of the fir-wood

was a little farm-place called Blaw-wearie; a most appropriate name; for here the *sough* of the winter winds was heard in full force. The farmer was poor and had much ado to live. Not far from the house stood a little ruined cottage with infirm door and broken windows. When Nanny settled for a while, which was an event of rare occurrence, or when she was indisposed in any way, she made this ruined hut her stronghold, lighting some sort of rude fire in the grateless hearth, and sleeping on a rough bedstead put in stealthily by the homely farmer's wife. One odd feature in Nanny's character was a dislike to receive attention from any one. As soon as she felt herself an object of remark or solicitude, she vanished from the neighbourhood and did not appear again for a considerable time.

The three or four cotters' families who constituted the only labourers on the small farm were on the whole considerate and kind to Nanny, the bairns being sent now and then, when her back was turned, to place some little article of food inside the poor dwelling; for if Nanny found anything, she ate it without remark; though if the giver had appeared bodily, she would have resented the intrusion, as well as rejected the article bestowed. Once or twice some bold urchins ventured near the broken window and threw stones at Nanny as she crouched by her miserable hearth; but they never tried it again, for the enraged and desolate creature rushed out on them with such a look of wild fury on her face, that they fled for their lives and never ventured near her in future.

Of Nanny's history little was known, and that little was mostly conjecture. She was said to have come from Northumberland originally, and to have belonged to a tribe of gipsies. But no one knew much about her. She seldom spoke to any one, but strode about the country roads with her vacant stare, not looking to right or left, but gazing blankly into far distance. No one cared to disturb her. A single glance at her mighty frame and masculine face convinced any who were disposed to injure her, that she was not to be trifled with. She especially avoided men; passing them, if they happened to be in her way, with a disdainful toss of her broad-brimmed hat, and increasing the speed of her gigantic stride till she was out of their sight. People conjectured from this that Nanny must have in her youth received some slight from a faithless swain, though it was difficult to believe that she ever could have had beauty to attract an admirer. It was a happy day for Nanny if she found a pheasant's nest or a snared rabbit. The booty was quickly transferred to a large wallet which, after the manner of Edie Ochiltree, she carried for the reception of all sorts of things. The only time I ever heard her speak was when she had chanced to pick up a dead hare, which had somehow escaped the keeper's notice. Striding up to me with a singular smile, she undid her wallet, and drawing out the hare, she exclaimed in a sort of high treble: 'Ech, lassie!

see what I've gotten!' and quickly replacing it with a sort of elf-like screech, she strode on her way.

How she managed to cook this or any other food, no one knew. Some said she ate her food raw. This however, I did not believe. A glance I once took in at her window shewed me a small iron pot, which would probably cook everything. Of course she never entered a church; such a thing was not to be expected from one who seemed profoundly to hate human society, and whose worship of God (if she had any) must have been conducted after a lonely fashion of her own in the great wide temple of Nature. Poor creature! I think she must have been harmless and simple, if unprovoked; at all events she never gratuitously annoyed any one, though her aspect was sufficiently terrifying to alarm those who did not know her solitary and innocent life.

We never could get how Nanny got her clothes to hold together; she must have mended them surely in some secret way; yet her large rough hands seemed singularly unfitted to handle feminine implements. The only article that could be called ornamental about Nanny's person was a curious old handkerchief with embroidered silken flowers, which she wore knotted loosely about her neck, and which seemed a sort of remnant of better days, and much out of keeping with the rest of her clumsy costume.

The summer had been an unusually hot one; a sort of low fever prevailed in the neighbourhood of the Fir-wood farm; the farmer's wife and children and some of the few cottagers were sharply visited, and one child belonging to a ploughman died. Strange to say, Nanny was absent all the time of the fever. Some sort of horror of the place came over her; and no one saw her till the beginning of winter, when she again resumed her place in the tumble-down cottage. The farmer's wife and family had left Blaw-wearie for months, as a complete change of air had been recommended for them; new ploughmen had come to the cottages, and a new servant did the work of the farmhouse. Things were a little neglected, as they are apt to be when a mistress is absent; so Nanny's dole of milk and meal, which used to be placed so unfailingly within the threshold of the hut, was forgotten; and the poor creature was at this time often sadly hungry and ill-off.

The new people at the cottages had heard some rumour that Nanny 'wasna canny,' and with the superstition which still clings to the labouring class in Scotland, they feared and hated the poor creature. One day an urchin standing at a cottage door thought it would be fine fun to throw stones at the broken window of Nanny's hut. No sooner thought of than done. The venturesome youth had thrown five or six big stones pretty successfully, and was stooping to get a good-sized one for his next throw, when Nanny issuing frantically from her shattered door, came over in three strides to the delinquent, seized him vigorously by the collar, and without a moment's hesitation, plunged him, head downwards, into a large tub of warm and dirty soap-suds which some matron had left standing at her door. Leaving the struggling youngster there, Nanny uttered one of her singularly 'eldrich' screeches, and strode back into her humble mansion. From that day Nanny's

peace was at an end. Old and young in the very small community seemed determined after this to play mischievous tricks to vex her, as young ragamuffins are apt to do. Many were the ingenious devices hit upon to disturb and annoy the lonely woman, so that in the latter months of her life she was at perpetual warfare with those around her.

At this juncture the farmer, who had been ailing for some time, and was tired of living alone, sent for his wife and children. They returned one bleak day in December, when threatening snow-clouds seemed to presage a severe storm. Darkness set in; it snowed heavily all night, and in the morning the driving wind blocked up the roads from hedge to hedge with snow. The farmer's wife had many things to arrange after her long absence, and never once thought of Nanny her poor neighbour. So that day passed, and the cold grew more bitter, while now and again the snow fell more heavily. At breakfast-time, while the farmer's family sat eating their homely meal of porridge and milk, Alec, the youngest, said: 'Mother, have ye minded Nanny's pickle meal an' her drap milk?'

'Eh, laddie, no!' cried the housewife, starting up. 'Gang an' ask Peggy if the creature's had it when I was away.'

'Peggy says,' screamed the urchin when he returned, 'that she never knew there was anybody ca'd Nanny Eggar, an' she never gave her milk or meal!'

The gudewife darted a reproachful look at her husband, put on a thick shawl and strong boots and ran down the road. She stopped before Nanny's poor broken window, peeped in, and saw—What? A heap of snow upon the floor (it had apparently come down the chimney and through the crevices of the wretched door); and in the corner, on the low bedstead, lay the prostrate form of poor Nanny. Entering hastily, the good-hearted woman advanced to the side of the pallet, raised the large rough hand, dropped it at once, and uttered a pitiful cry. Nanny Eggar was dead, dead without making a sign or seeking help, and with fellow-beings within a yard or two of her dwelling. There was not a scrap of anything eatable in the house. Too proud to the last to beg for a dole, she seemed to have yielded at once to cold and hunger.

Many a bitter tear was shed by the kind 'mistress' that night; and it was many long days before the farmer of Blaw-wearie was suffered to forget his neglect of this poor waif of humanity. He buried her decently in the little country churchyard, not far away, and followed her remains to the grave. Nor could he ever divest himself of the idea that he was little short of Nanny's murderer, so severely did he blame himself for his neglect.

On Nanny's breast, fastened round her neck by a faded ribbon, was found a little crystal locket of antique form, which inclosed a lock of jet-black hair. This was buried with her; and no further clue was ever found to the history of this strange unnatural being. The only articles, except the bedstead, found in the desolate hut were the little iron pot and a small 'creepie' or stool; which are both still preserved as mementoes in Blaw-wearie kitchen. The old hut where the gaunt and homeless wanderer crouched like a wild creature

for shelter, is now roofless; and only at the farmer's hearth is remembered the brief little story of poor Nanny Eggar's strange life and pitiful death.

SOME SOCIAL NOTES.

THE damage done to the foreign trade of Great Britain by the deterioration in manufacture is becoming matter of lament; and no wonder. The character of the country suffers through the scandalous proceedings of certain producers, who palm off articles for what they are not. This is particularly the case as regards some kinds of cotton goods, to which is given an appearance of weight and thickness by being loaded with china-clay, that is liable to be rubbed off by the slightest wear. The same thing is done with some varieties of silk-goods, which are doctored in a most extraordinary manner. All this is, of course, a swindle; and in the long-run, not only the reputation of the actual perpetrators, but of the nation to which they belong, is injured.

A member of parliament, Mr P. Miller, lately addressing his constituents at Ashton-under-Lyne on the depression of trade, took occasion to allude to this shameful system of adulteration. He said: 'He would tell them what it was that prevented our cotton cloth going to India. It was the rascality that was practised at Blackburn and elsewhere. (Applause.) He read the other day a case which came before the judge of the Rochdale County Court. Instead of the cloth being adulterated with forty-six or forty-seven per cent. of china-clay, which had always been considered to be the *maximum*, it was adulterated to the extent of two hundred per cent. That was one way of cheapening the article. Mrs Brassey, in her pleasant book descriptive of her voyage, stated that in crossing the Indian Ocean she observed the engineer of the vessel decorating his turban with muslin, and she asked him whether it was English muslin. "No," he said; "it was from Switzerland; the English made his fingers stick; it was gummy." (Laughter.) Such was the state of the Blackburn trade. He wanted to know how these people reconciled these practices with the sending out of missions to enlighten the Indians. (Hear, hear.) What would be thought of a missionary going with an eight-and-a-quarter shirting under one arm and a Bible under the other? (Laughter.) It would be a proper question to ask, Did the missionary practise what he preached? Indian piece-goods, they were told, did not make much progress; but that in course of time the native cotton-mills would evidently find good customers for their shirtings in the neighbouring countries, and Manchester piece-goods were, it was said, clearly not liked. We were further told that sometimes the local makes of Bombay twist had sold at higher rates than the same quality of English yarns. If this were the case, the outlook was deplorable, and he thought it was high time, if we were to maintain our place as a manufacturing nation, that steps should be taken to avoid the possibility of our losing our position; and this could only be done by a stricter regard to honesty of manufacture.

Independently of loss of trade from causes now stated, there is a falling off from the simple reason that some foreign nations are now able to

rival our manufactures, and execute certain kinds of work cheaper. America is fast driving us out of the field in many departments. For instance, American upholsterers are sending consignments of ready-made furniture from kitchen chairs to drawing-room settees, which are not only cheaper, but stand more wear and tear than articles of a similar class made here. Undertakers are even importing cheap ready-made coffins, with which it is said the native article cannot bear comparison—all of which is chiefly owing to skilled labour being greatly dispensed with in America, and cheap machinery being substituted for manual dexterity. However, though British trade has of late continued to decrease, there is some consolation in the fact that our mercantile navy is equal to that of all the rest of the world combined. It is a great earning power, and constitutes us the great carriers of the world. It is satisfactory to think that we have the most magnificent fleet of steamers in the world, which in the event of war could be turned to good account. Taking this into consideration, the often repeated statement that there is some danger of this country being beaten in ship-building by the foreigner will not easily be credited; and indeed statistics go far to shew that foreign competition has not as yet done us much harm. Of the total tonnage of the Austrian Lloyd's fleet, two-thirds are said to be British built, while the fleets of the Messageries Impériales, the Compagnie Transatlantique, the Netherlands India Company, and the North German Lloyd's, mainly come from the same source. A convincing instance of English superiority in ship-building is found in the case of the British Indian Steam-navigation Company, which some time ago invited tenders from the whole world for constructing twenty-one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine tons of shipping. With the exception of a single vessel, the whole fleet was, we believe, supplied by the great yards of the Clyde. But satisfactory as all this appears, it by no means proves that the high price of labour in England compared with continental countries will not tell its tale in the long-run, and enable the foreigner eventually to take much of the trade out of our hands.

Apropos of the mercantile marine, some good work has lately been done under the Merchant Shipping Act. In a short time after the Act came into operation, more than a hundred vessels, most of them wooden ships, were detained for alleged defects in hull, equipment, or machinery. When the measure was under discussion, a great deal was said of the vexatious obstacles which would be thrown in the way of the ship-owners by the detention of their vessels on the most groundless pretexts; but these apprehensions have not been realised. Up to the time we speak of, in eighteen cases only has the complaint proceeded from the crews for instance, and in every case the vessel so reported was found to be unsafe, and other persons have interfered to a much less extent than was anticipated. Out of the eighty-two vessels detained at the instance of the Board of Trade officers, all but three of that number were pronounced unsafe; so that while mistakes have been few, the Act has evidently had an important influence in checking the dangerous practice of overloading, under which head steamers seem to be the chief offenders. It is to be hoped there-

fore, that the days of Coffin-ships, an account of which has already appeared in these pages, are numbered.

The amount of pauperism shows how the long stagnation of trade has told on the humbler ranks of the community. The paupers in our metropolis alone are equal in number to what would be considered a large army even in these days. It has often been a subject of controversy whether pauper children in after-life do or do not turn out badly in so great a majority of cases as to condemn the principle of pauper education as at present conducted in England. From strict investigation it appears that the present system of schools is at anyrate capable of shewing results which, all things considered, are excellent. The boys are apprenticed to all sorts of trades, and the girls generally placed in domestic service; a careful system of visiting the children every six months being carried out by the guardians until the boys are out of their apprenticeship and the girls are eighteen years of age. In almost every case the reports of the inspectors shew that the children's subsequent careers have been satisfactory; a proof that the Swinton schools in Manchester, from which this account reaches us, are doing as solid beneficial work as any school public or private, charitable or pauper. With the increase of pauperism, drink—so well called the curse of this country—has as we know much to do; but it is satisfactory to learn that as regards London at least, the condition of the drunken and disorderly classes is lately reported to have undergone some improvement.

That the supplier of the poor man's beer is often no less an offender against the law than the consumer, was shewn not long since, when out of ninety samples of beer and of materials used in the brewing, fully two-thirds were either adulterated or consisted of illegal ingredients. The number of shopkeepers so frequently convicted in large towns for using false weights and scales, also gives us an idea of the extent to which robbery regarding food as well as drink is carried on. It may here be mentioned that numbers of secret stills are now believed to be at work, to an extent unknown for many years. At anyrate the number of seizures that have been made within the last few years would appear to indicate a considerable revival of this branch of smuggling. The suppression of secret stills in Ireland has given the authorities some trouble; but it is not only the Irish bog and mountain that offer security to the illicit distiller, but the secret haunts of our large and populous towns.

In climates like our own it may be remarked, many people have few resources for their leisure hours besides drinking; and as high wages supply the means of this indulgence, there arise excitement, overmastered judgment, and finally violence. That the majority of our criminals have been drawn from the most ignorant of our population, is certain; but it is a notorious fact that late revelations scarcely bear out the optimistic view that the spread of education will gradually extirpate crime. They rather tend to prove that a little learning may still be considered a dangerous thing. Coining, for example, is still greatly confined to the educated classes; and it may be broadly laid down that the majority of fairly and even well educated criminals run towards theft, fraud, and

forgery, and of the imperfectly instructed towards miscellaneous crimes from vagrancy to murder. Education as a rule operates much more powerfully as a restraining influence on over-indulgence in drink among women than among men; but amongst the imperfectly educated there appears to be little difference between the sexes in their disposition to this vice; while amongst those who have had no education, female offenders show to much less advantage than men.

As regards their chances of being robbed, defrauded, or assassinated, Londoners are in a favourable position. They have, generally speaking, to guard against the machinations of only seven dangerous persons in every ten thousand, as compared to nearly three times that number to the same population in rural districts. With respect to robberies we cease to wonder at their number when we learn that in a single year Londoners were so careless as to leave open over eight thousand windows, and to omit fastening more than double that number of street-doors.

We are constantly hearing of the increase of insanity consequent on the high pressure under which are habitually carried on the various avocations of life. Some fourteen thousand insane patients we learn were admitted into asylums of all kinds in England and Wales during one year, rather more than half of whom were females. By far the most prolific source of insanity appears to be intemperance, especially among the male sex. Bodily disease and old age come next on the list, and then domestic trouble, of which, as might be supposed, females are the greater sufferers. Business anxieties on the other hand claim some male victims. Taking domestic trouble, adverse circumstances, and mental anxiety as inclusive of the ordinary strain of everyday life, we find that females have rather the worst of it under these headings; while in cases of insanity caused by overwork the male sufferers are in the majority.

In turning from this subject to a consideration of mortality, we find that the external causes of bad health have been defined as being reducible to seven great classes. These are—atmospherical variations; physical accidents; organic poisons; errors in feeding, drinking, and breathing; parasites or foreign living organisms infesting the body; occupations and modes of life; nervous or mental impressions. It has been observed by a scientist that of the twenty-four million eight hundred and fifty thousand people into which the English community was divided, the healthiest class was the professional; and then follow in order of healthfulness the agricultural, the domestic, the commercial, and the industrious classes. It is among children under five years of age however, that occurs the greatest amount of mortality; and in fact the mortality of young infants is known to be in such a deplorable state as to require much study and thought for its solution.

With reference to occupations and their tendency to shorten life, the value of fresh air as a preservative of health is instanced by the fact that the rate of mortality among grocers is considerably less than that among drapers. The disease which destroys the draper is pulmonary consumption. While the grocer bustles about his business with the shop-door open all day, the draper lives in a close place with the shop-doors for the most part closed, and breathes

moreover a dusty close atmosphere. The heat and closeness which are the general characteristics of drapers' shops, account for the generally unhealthy appearance of the attendants in them. Publicans—who as a class are very comfortable, well housed, clothed, and fed, and not obliged to go out in all weathers—should, it will be thought, compare favourably with other tradesmen as regards longevity. Such however, is not the case, for we find that, in spite of all these advantages, they die so much faster than the rest of the people, that in England a hundred and thirty-eight publicans die in proportion to a hundred of the whole of the community who are employed in seventy leading occupations. With respect to seafaring men, whether we have to thank Mr Plimsoil or not, it seems that deaths by drowning in the British mercantile marine have sensibly diminished during the last three years, though there appears to be a full average of diseases from disorders caused by poor Jack's reckless intemperance. It may here be mentioned on eminent medical authority, that the mortality in large hospitals is in prodigious excess of what it ought to be; due, it is said, chiefly to overcrowding, consequent on want of space in cities like London.

PICTURES FROM AN OLD ALBUM.

I HAVE been to-night looking over a crowded photographic album, embalmed with the memory of people and places I have known. This valued repository is full to bursting. It is battered and old-fashioned too, this ancient album of mine. One of the clasps has clean gone, and the other hangs down despondingly, and looks as if it were about to start in search of its departed colleague. To the stranger my collection must seem a curious hodge-podge of art, suggestive of past times and fashions. The Darwinian disciple desirous of studying the development of species as applied to dress, would find an interesting field in this venerable album. It is a milliner's repository, where you can trace the stages of fashion from that primitive period of photography when ladies wore cavernous bonnets, voluminous shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and dresses that were all body, to the more sophisticated season when bonnets are not bonnets, sleeves seem to suffer from extreme scarcity of material, and dresses have no bodies at all; from the days of crinoline and wondrous circumference of dress to the present time, when ladies affect felt-hats, cravats, stand-up collars, waistcoats, and double-breasted ulsters. It is a tailor's sheet of style, from when gentlemen flourished in tall cylindrical hats that atoned for towering height of crown by abnormal narrowness of brim, and coats with collars as extravagant as horses', and black stocks supporting a white wall of linen stiff enough to decapitate the wearer, to the current days, when gentlemen, adjusting the balance of fashion with ladies, part their hair in the centre, wear stays, and have hoods to their winter coats, and muslin veils to their summer hats.

The present and the past are however, linked

together in something more than mere sartorial bonds. I seldom notice the contrasts of dress as I turn over the pages of this cherished old album.

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Those faded photographs of places and persons are connected with days of health and happiness, and recall 'old familiar faces' such as Eli missed. That careless coterie of college chums has the interest of a romance. Care's iron ploughshare has driven its remorseless furrows across those youthful faces since the sunny afternoon when the artist arranged the group. Two have left for the Promised Land, one is carrying English civilisation into Japan, another has gone to Queensland, and another to the bad; he who secured University distinction in the Mathematical Tripos is now a Royal Academician with a *penchant* for painting Eastern faces; while the one whose forte was the dead languages is now a prosperous City oilman. Here too is a picnic party seated on the green margin of a Scottish lake whose shimmering sheet of water mirrors the giant back of one of Sir Walter's mountains.

The views of places are unfailing indexes to the volume of recollection. That sixpenny card-board is fragrant of Hampton Court; a sunny dream of the wooded reaches of the Thames above Richmond,

With indolent fingers fretting the tide,
And an indolent arm round a darling waist.

This bit of Bonchurch brings back the history of autumn days in the Isle of Wight. That scene from the Orme's Head is the key to a great storehouse of pleasant memories of North Wales. This view of Peel Castle sends me wandering in Manxland; that vignette of St Aubin's Bay despatches my memory to Jersey's leafy lanes; while here is a faded photograph of Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross' which bears me away to sleepy old continental towns, the paradise of painters, the arcadias of art.

Here is a *carte-de-visite* view, ever so many months old, of Windermere; yet it recalls the holiday afternoon of long ago as if it were but yesterday. I sit on the slope of a fell that repeats its rocky form in the mere beneath. Wooded creeks and pretty bays and green islands and poetical promontories give a picturesque variety to the shape of the lake. Right away below me a pearly vessel of gauzy cloud floats like gossamer through the water, until it is shattered on a cruel ridge of rock; twinkling in the sunshine quite a mile away is a yacht, whose snowy sails look like the feathers of a stately swan; while near the mountainous head of the lake a black bar of smoke is eloquent of the passage of the fussy tourist-steamer. Verdurous, soft, low hills shelter the shore; but away in the purple perspective is a grand company of mountain giants, crowned with coronets of clinging cloud. The weather is all smiles and tears; Nature laughs and weeps alternately. Now the sun sulks behind a gray mass of cloud. Ethereal mountain outlines are blotted out

at a stroke from the picture; fairy islands dissolve; the reflection of hanging oaks and cypresses fades out of the water; the placid liquid plain is black and ruffled. Then there is suddenly a soft smile in the sky, and lo! a bar of light travels from tree to tree along the wooded shore, and a great burst of sunshine brings back the full brilliancy of the picture. The enchanted islands again 'blush at the thought of their own loveliness;' the green again glows in the glancing water; lake-side villas glitter among the trees; the distant mountains sketch in their shadowy shapes. The clouds have blown away, and the lake is like a great flashing diamond in an emerald setting, with grim mountain sentinels to insure its protection.

I do not know how to account for it; but I never see this portrait of Harry —, in shooting-coat and leggings, as he leans on a breechloader, without seeing a moorland picture—a Derbyshire moorland full of changing lights and shadows—an ocean of heather, which the breeze stirs in tides of rippling purple. Great grim rocks of limestone here and there island the swelling sea; and a distant shooting-tower supplies the illusion of a lighthouse. Tramping over the heather, right away to the edge of the moorland world, is a deep valley with steep wooded slopes above, and the hills of the Peak beyond; a solitary mountain glade, shaded by hanging foliage, and silvered by a tinkling trout-stream, tumbling over shallows of fallen rocks into deeper pools beyond, almost hidden by the jealous greenery of the musical trees. A kingfisher—a feathered fragment of rainbow—admirer its own breast, reflected feather for feather, tint for tint, in the liquid looking-glass. A thousand forms of light and life are to be met with in this moorland glen. Wild-flowers and ferns and tall grasses that would captivate a Linnaeus; plump trout and artistic flies that would gladden an Isaac Walton; and birds that would send a Yarell into ecstasies. The wildness of the scene tranquillises while it invigorates. There is society in its solitude. The silence is made musical by the brook, which now sighs, then laughs, and anon brawls in its course; and by a sweet duet by feathered choristers in the mass of woodland—the soprano, a blithe thrush; the contralto, a mellow-voiced blackbird. But what is that disturbance among those cranberry bushes? Whirr-r-r and cur-ru-u-ck! and Harry's breech-loader has brought down a mass of fluttering feathers before I have time to ask the question.

Who is the proprietor of the next face we come to? It is the portrait of 'Levi,' an honest Cleethorpes fisherman, who pressed his likeness on my acceptance. Cleethorpes! A little breezy bit of the east coast. It is not a watering-place. Fashion visited it, and dubbed it 'slow,' and so the place remains little more advanced than it was fifty years ago. It is true that its architectural appearance is embellished by a big hotel; that it supports a family of hypochondriacal bathing-machines, that stand up to the knees in sand, surveying the water in such a melancholy manner that they might be contemplating suicide; and that there is an ornamental pier jutting out seaward, with a brass band which endeavours in vain to drown the dreamy music of the waves. But with even these drawbacks, a more peaceful spot than Cleethorpes is not visited by the tides

of the German Ocean. It is a paradise for pot-terers, a locus-eating retreat on the very borders of the busy world. I am living a life of emancipation from the exactions of etiquette. I have no Mrs Grundy to frown upon my careless unconventionalisms. I have not to dress three or four times a day in order to promenade to the strains of operatic selections; and I am happy. Half-farmer and half-fisherman, I have captured the conger-eel in his native haunts, and am seriously thinking of taking lessons in the noble art of milking cows. I am living at a mariner's cottage. The sea-and comes up to the front-door, and I walk straight from my couch into Neptune's bath; while at the back-door is a wide-spreading heath, where I lie and watch the clouds above sailing like argosies of pearl in an azure ocean. My nose is a rich ruby red; a lurid crimson sufficiently warm in hue to lead an apostle of the pump to pick me out and present me as 'A Frightful Example.' But nevertheless the Bardolphian brilliancy is due entirely to atmospheric not alcoholic influences.

My next photograph depicts a pair of west-country ponies; 'Valentine and Orson' we used to call them. In that phaeton I once was taken one of the pleasantest of cruises upon wheels. The day comes back. It is the silvery spring-time. The sun lights up the face of Someone even more than her own dark flashing eyes, as we drive through the sober streets of Gloucester for a trip round about the Cotswolds. Gloucester is soon left behind; Gloucester, where the tall masts of merchantmen many miles from the sea grow up among the trees, and are so mysteriously mixed up with the houses as to suggest to a stranger unacquainted with the wide water-way of the Sharpness Canal, the idea that a huge tidal wave had burst over the land, and left the ships high and dry on the streets; Gloucester, with its noble cathedral, and its dream of ancestral trees and monastic precincts, and clamorous rooks holding a profane service in the shaded square; with its famous cricket-fields wherein grew the Three Graces; with its turbulent river, the colour of coffee covered with scald-cream, like the salmon-stream in Canon Kingsley's *Water Babies*.

We are now fairly in the country—sunny, breezy country. King Sol is shining resplendently. A bright shimmering pulsation of light pervades everywhere, glorifying everything. Our way leads past pleasant fields, and sleepy clusters of cottages that seem to apologise for the absence of established villages; past woods where the soft zephyr is whispering to the budding trees to wake up to fuller life, for the freezing winds are over; past blooming orchards, that are pictures gleaming with colour. The air is filled with the jubilant choruses of feathered songsters, the drowsy tinkling of sheep-bells, the bleating of lambs, the hum of bees, the perfume of lilacs, the scent of opening flowers. Swallows are wheeling about in mystic flight; young birds are making trial-trips with their newly fledged wings. The lustrous trails of the laburnum trees hang over crumbling walls, like Danaan showers of gold. The sunshine invests the aspects of nature near and far with a poetic fancy. The scenery grows wilder. Great masses of woodland block the view. Overhead is an archway of green; the sun streams through the delicate veil of luminous leaves, and

throws on the white road a trembling tracery of light and shade, a fairy filigree-work of foliage. We skirt romantic valleys, and investing hills that are painted against the serene sky, and send out spurs of mountain-height right away to the margin of the meadows. The road becomes steeper, winding between slopes of feathery ferns and foxgloves and wild-flowers, and overshadowed by banks of billowy foliage that tower to ambitious heights. We walk up the hill to relieve the ponies; and climbing the sandy road, pick the pale primroses out of the mossy bank-side, and the blue-bells that give us a little nod of recognition, and the ox-eyed daisies that stare at Someone with quite a rude glare, and the trembling anemones that hide modestly among tall grasses. There is a quiet hotel perched on the summit of the hill. We lunch at mid-day near the edge of the wind-swept lawn. The view below is like a dream of scenery. It bursts upon us a sweet surprise of landscape loveliness. It is like a piece of imaginative scenery. Someone utters a little plaudit of delight, and I am half induced to imitate the Cockney tourist who, on first beholding the beauties of the Bay of Naples, cried: 'Bravo, Beverley!' But the scene is one which none save the Great Artist could have painted; a picture that is an index to heavenly truth, an echo of eternal goodness.

The country is spread out like a vast carpet at our feet. We command a prospect such as Moses might have beheld when he stood on Pisgah's peak and viewed the Promised Land. Immediately below is the climbing roadway, an avenue under the trees; then hill and dale and forest mixed up in picturesque confusion; at the foot of the green mounds of grassy mountain is a reservoir-lake, fringed with foliage, and burnished by the dancing sunbeams until it resembles a plain of polished silver; then the peak gives way to the plain, and wide meadows, radiant with buttercups, stretch out to the wide Severn valley with its undulating pasture-lands and scattered farmsteads; and right away in the sunny haze is Gloucester's noble cathedral tower. It is a landscape to sit and drink in, to study with an artist's eyes, to contemplate under the changing shadows made by passing clouds, to carry away engraved in memory for ever. But the ponies are harnessed to the phaeton again. We have a six-mile drive all down hill by the side of the Cotswolds to Cheltenham, which lies in a green hollow tucked in by this western mountain range—to Cheltenham, a town of trees with streets fringed with foliage, and a princely avenue of branching limes and chestnuts.

I must close the album now, for I am coming to pages which had best be unturned. An album, although a receptacle of present joyous companions and beloved relatives, becomes too, alas! a cemetery of the dead, of which the photographs are the monuments. A mausoleum too of memories that it were wise to leave undisturbed; memories of broken spells and dead hopes and faded flowers; of bitter failures and futile successes and vain ambitions; of the sad illusions of wayward days; of aërial architecture, all superstructure and no foundation, bright towers of hope that fell with a pitiless crash, and buried the builder in their ruin; of friendships that were faithless, and lovers that were false; of that

'Lost Youth' which Longfellow so eloquently laments:

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart
weak;
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

OUR ROBIN.

ROBIN has been our constant visitor for the last six or seven years, not only during the winter but all the year round. He seldom fails to pay his respects once a day at least, and generally much oftener, seeming to regard himself as one of the family. When spoken to he always replies with a little song, and we fancy knows his name. Though nervous and very wary, he is not in the least timid. One day, when busily pecking his crumbs, the cat came into the room, and eyed him greedily. Instead of flying off in a panic, as I expected, Robin merely hopped to the arm of my chair and waited quietly till I put pussy out. His favourite fare is oat-cake crumbs, and some are always left for him in one particular place. Indeed a supply of oat-cake is always kept in the house just for Robin's consumption. He is passionately fond of butter, and will snatch it off our fingers. Once or twice I have got him coaxed to take it from my lips; but he does not half like these little confidence tricks, and decidedly prefers stolen butter. When butter is not to be had, he hops into the kitchen and makes away with morsels of tallow-candle. My brother once surprised him dragging a piece of candle up-stairs; it was rather a heavy burden and could only be got up one stair at a time; but Robin was very patient, and succeeded in carrying it to the top, where he hid it away among some flowers. One day he was fortunate enough to find a quantity of lard, and as he seemed to like it very much, a little was put in a cup and left beside his crumbs. For two or three days Robin was to be seen pegging away at the lard with great gusto, then he disappeared for a whole fortnight. Poor little fellow! he must have been very sick, for ever since—and that happened some years ago—he flies away if offered lard. He knows the difference at a glance between it and butter.

Last autumn, when hopping about the bedrooms Robin caught a glimpse of himself in a looking-glass, and thinking it must be another Robin, his jealousy knew no bounds. He would stand for hours before the glass singing defiantly, and flinging himself against it in a perfect fury, till he became quite exhausted. We had to keep all the looking-glasses covered at last. Then Robin, evidently jumping to the conclusion that Dicky was the hated rival, attacked the canary in his cage, sung him into silence, and altogether led poor Dick a sorry life for a few weeks, when his bad temper was diverted into a new channel. His mate began to pop in now and again for some crumbs. Robin strongly objected. Hequy insisted

on having her own way, and got it too in the end, I am glad to say. Such scuffles as they had! They scratched and pulled each other's little brown feathers out with a will. Often on cold winter mornings I had to get up and put the quarrelsome pair out; and many a time I advised Henny to get a divorce. Perhaps she did not understand what I said. At all events, she paid no attention to my good advice; for about ten minutes after a battle-royal, I would see them both on the window-sill singing and making love to each other as though there never had been a difference of opinion between them in their lives.

But in spite of his temper, Robin is a very amusing and cheery little fellow, singing about the house on snowy days, looking as jolly as possible; a very Mark Tapley of a bird; and when spring advances, all his good-nature will return. When Henny's domestic duties keep her at home, Robin shews himself a most devoted husband; he carries her plentiful supplies of oat-cake crumbs, butter, bits of candle, and other delicacies of the same kind. And when he has to cater for the little ones as well, he is really to be pitied; so busy is he, that he neglects his toilet nearly altogether, and we have to be satisfied with hurried scraps of song. He gets quite fearless in his anxiety for his family, and will join us at breakfast and help himself to buttered toast without the slightest hesitation or invitation. It is no use to break off a piece for Robin; his way is to hop on the plate and peck off for himself what he considers the dainty bits. I have known him to come in five times during breakfast. At night, a window is left open that he may come in for crumbs when he pleases. Should all the windows be shut, Robin has a very pretty Open Sesame; he sits on the window-sill and sings loudly. Nobody can resist that appeal, as he knows from experience. And when he wishes to get out, he has a very effectual way of managing that point too, by fluttering about from room to room, uttering a little frightened 'Chick, chick!' And as we know the cat often lies in wait for him, some one rushes to the rescue at once.

When moonlight, Robin both lodges and boards with us. He sleeps on the top of a wardrobe, or some other high out-of-the-way place. But his trouble once over, he rejoins Henny in their open-air lodgings. They seem to keep together all the year. But except a few surreptitious visits to the pantry in quest of butter, Henny takes no notice of us in the summer-time. When any of us go out to the garden, Robin is quite delighted, and sings out a welcome at once, and hops about doing the honours of the place very prettily. There is never any difficulty in recognising him; even strangers are attracted at once. But with all his winning ways and confidence in us, there is one secret Robin never will intrust to us, and that is where he has his nest. It is built in the same spot year after year, and every one about the house knows it; but Robin's distress is so great if we so much as look in its direction, that we all pass it by with averted eyes, and make-believe we have no idea he has got a nest. Of course we take six peeps when both birds are out of the way. We get fonder of our pet

every year, and much anxiety is felt if he be absent even for a day, as we fancy he is beginning to shew signs of old age.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHEN Mr Crookes first brought out his radiometer he believed that the motion of the four-vaned whirling within the sphere of glass that protected it from the air was occasioned by the direct action of light. A discussion arose on the question; and other physicists, among whom was Mr G. J. Stoney, F.R.S. of Dublin, shewed by mathematical reasoning that the motion was due to the pressure on the vanes of the molecules of air or gas contained in the imperfect vacuum—the glass globe above mentioned. The question excited lively attention among scientific men everywhere; and they will perhaps be greatly interested, if not surprised, on hearing that Mr Crookes can now shew, that is, make visible the imprisoned molecules. This he accomplishes by means of an electric beam of light, and then it is possible to see that the movement of the molecules is precisely that which the theoretical investigators predicted.

By further research, Mr Crookes finds that long-continued exhaustion of the vacuum will produce a perfectly neutral condition of the molecules whether of air or gas, and of all kinds of gas hitherto tried. In this fact a new and important field is opened for philosophical inquiry. Within the vacuum, in the condition described, light is, as Newton said it was—emissive; hence there is opportunity for experimental comparison with the undulatory theory. From this it will be understood that Mr Crookes in his exposition to the Royal Society has laid before them a subject as full of promise as it is interesting.

Sir William Thomson has added yet another to his admirable inventions of philosophical instruments by producing a Machine for the Solution of Simultaneous Linear Equations, which, as is obvious, appeals to mathematicians, by whom alone it can be properly appreciated. To give an intelligible explanation of it to unlearned readers would hardly be possible; but an idea of its capabilities may be gathered from Sir William's description as read before the Royal Society. 'The actual construction,' he says, 'of a practically useful machine for calculating as many as eight or ten or more of unknowns does not promise to be either difficult or over-elaborate. A fair approximation being found by a first application of the machine, a very moderate amount of straightforward arithmetical work suffices to calculate the residual errors, and allow the machine to be reapplied to calculate the corrections. . . There is of course no limit to the accuracy thus obtainable by successive approximations. The exceeding easiness of each application of the machine promises well for its real usefulness, whether for cases in which a

single application suffices, or for others in which the requisite accuracy is reached after two, three, or more of successive approximations.' A description of this remarkable self-correcting machine is printed in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society.

Mr Raoul Pictet concludes an article on the *Liquefaction of Oxygen* with the remark that his investigations necessitated an unusually large number of experiments for the establishing of preliminary data, and these he obtained by aid of the Geneva Society for the Construction of Physical Instruments, who furnished him with apparatus worth fifty thousand francs, and thereby enabled him to work out results with perfect accuracy. He recommends that similar apparatus should be provided in all laboratories as an 'essential means for the study of the molecular forces. Who knows,' he asks, 'but what crystallisation and certain reactions may thereby be placed in peculiarly favourable conditions for further investigation?'

At their anniversary meeting the Royal Society gave their Duvy medal to Messrs Cailliet and Pictet for their discovery that oxygen, hydrogen, and other so-called permanent gases could be liquefied or solidified. We have already described the experiments which led to this discovery; their interest, as the President of the Society remarked in his anniversary address, 'is only equalled by the importance of the fact, now absolutely demonstrated by those experiments, that the property of molecular cohesion is common to all bodies without exception.'

In the same address the President announced that the Council of the Society, legislating prospectively, had abolished the admission fee now payable on election into the Society, and had reduced the annual contribution from four pounds to three pounds. This concession to the cause of science by the foremost among scientific societies, deserves to be placed on record.

At the anniversary meeting here referred to, Mr William Spottiswoode was elected President of the Royal Society, in place of Sir Joseph Hooker. The new President has long been known for his mathematical and physical researches.

The President of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society in his session-opening address mentioned that he had observed the effects of the combustion of coal, that is the presence of sulphuric acid in the atmosphere, at distances from large towns far greater than might have been expected. 'At five miles it can be distinctly traced, and with certain winds it is found in the country even ten miles from the Tyne.' After making allowance for imperfection of experiment, 'it is now admitted that sulphuric acid from coal is in far greater quantity in the air than either hydrochloric acid or sulphuric acid passing off from alkali-works, and that it must necessarily affect to a serious extent the growth of all vegetation within its reach.' Mr Mactear of Glasgow, estimating the quantity of coal consumed annually in Great Britain at one hundred and fourteen million tons (in round numbers), shews that more than a third of that weight passes into the atmosphere in the form of oil of vitriol.

Another subject mentioned in the address was the manufacture of very pure sulphate of soda by the direct application of sulphurous acid to common salt. But scarcely is this process in work

than a manufacturer in France introduces another, 'which consists in the decomposition of salt in the form of brine, by ammonia and carbonic acid, and the production of a very pure carbonate of soda, which is now extensively used in glass-works and other operations where colour is important.' A firm at Northwich, Cheshire, who have adopted it, produce about twelve thousand tons of soda-ash yearly, which is satisfactory for a process still in its infancy, but which 'appears as if it might prove an important rival to the old method of working, and its practical application would point to the probable future of the soda-trade as being near to the salt brines.' But here a consideration arises: if gas-works are to be superseded by the electric light, the present supply of ammonia would be stopped, and to make up the deficiency would be difficult and costly.

The separation of silver from lead has been effected by hand-labour; but is now substituted by applying steam 'as an agitator in the pot where the crystallisation of the pure lead takes place, and in other respects it produces a chemical change, and facilitates the work.' Another process separates the silver 'by means of zinc, which is found to wash the melted lead entirely free of the silver contained in it, and the mixture of silver and zinc floats to the top of the pot and is skimmed off. When this is completed, the mixture of zinc and silver is placed in plumbago crucibles in a furnace, and the zinc is distilled off and collected in small metal chambers, where it cools in the form of cake-zinc, and is fit for use again.' By this means about half of the original zinc is saved, and it is thought that the other half may be recoverable.

A new method of manufacturing white-lead deserves a word of notice. Very finely ground litharge is subjected in a mixing vessel to the action of salt brine, and chloride of lead and caustic soda are produced. 'This mass is then run into an iron vessel, into which carbonic acid is pumped, causing a further chemical change in the production of carbonate of lead and common salt once more; and the latter being washed out from the white-lead, may be used over again in the first operation. The patent white-lead produced in this way appears to be very white and chemically pure, but is not quite so heavy as the white-lead made by the old process.'

In the *Journal* of the Chemical Society a compound is described for the preparation of what may be called safety envelopes. That part of the envelope covered by the flap is treated with a solution of chromic acid, ammonia, sulphuric acid, sulphate of copper, and fine white paper. The flap itself is coated with a solution of isinglass in acetic acid; and when this is moistened and pressed down on the under part of the envelope, a solid cement is formed, which 'is perfectly insoluble in acids or alkalies, in hot or cold water, and in steam.'

At one of the iron-works in France a contrivance has been introduced for combining hot air and superheated steam in puddling-furnaces. The grates, the sides of the fire-boxes, of the ashpit, and all the hottest portions of the apparatus are connected with air-chambers, which are so supplied with vapour as to increase their durability, and at the same time supply an ample quantity of air for the draught, heated to a temperature of

from four hundred and fifty to five hundred degrees. By means of this elevated temperature it has become possible to apply superheated steam under the grate, and effect an important saving by its decomposition.

At Boulogne it has been found that a dough made of sawdust and flour is a good coating for preventing the escape of heat from steam-pipes, cylinders, and other exposed surfaces connected with steam-machinery. Its cost is moderate, and it may be applied with a trowel.

Water is said to be much better than fire for the heating of tires preparatory to shrinking them on a wheel. In a fire the heating is irregular, and consequently the shrinking; but if a tire be boiled in water ten minutes, it will be of uniform temperature and will contract uniformly upon the wheel. Moreover the boiled tires are not so liable to crack or become loose as those heated in the fire.

Of late years meteorologists have observed that there is at times a remarkable similarity in the barometer curves all over the globe. In discussing these facts, Mr J. A. Broun, F.R.S.—to whom the Royal Society have awarded a Royal medal—inquires whether there may not be other causes of varying atmospheric pressure than a change of the mass of the air; in other words, whether the attraction of gravitation is the only force concerned in barometric oscillations. The answer has not yet been given; meanwhile observers have set themselves to watch these waves of pressure, which are quite distinct from the changes in local pressure produced by storms. Mr Russell, astronomer at Sydney, N. S. W., tells us that the waves travel across South-eastern Australia at from twenty to fifty miles an hour. They always travel from west to east, and so rapidly that their crest appears all over the colony on the same day. 'Such a rapid translation,' says Mr Russell, 'seems to point to some external cause; and on comparing Sydney barometer curves for 1873 with those of Greenwich for the same year, I was struck with the number of coincidences in the character of the curves. In many cases the points of elevation and depression occur on the same day at both places, and in some instances the curves follow the same form for more than a month.'

Here arises an interesting question. What is it that produces on occasions a loss of atmospheric pressure at the same time in each hemisphere? Mr Russell suggests that it is the heat of the sun acting intensely on the equator, and thereby giving rise to an influx of cold air from the polar regions. It is well for meteorologists that they have questions of such importance to engage their attention. Australians will co-operate: in Sydney a weather-map has been published daily from February 1877; and the other colonies, who now exchange meteorological information, will not be slow to follow the example.

Mr Buchan of the Scottish Meteorological Society remarks, in discussing the effects of low temperature, that during December, January, and February the mortality among females rises to 11·2 above the average, but to not more than 7·8 per cent. among males. As yet there are not sufficient data to decide 'how much of the excess is due to sex, how much to occupation, and how much—say, to their boots and other fashions.'

And further he states, that a 'comparison of the meteorological with the mortality returns shews in a striking manner the influence of particular types of weather in largely increasing or diminishing the number of deaths from particular diseases. Periods of unusual cold for instance, combined with dampness in the end of autumn, have a proportionally increased mortality from scarlet and typhoid fevers; of cold with dryness in spring have an increased mortality from brain diseases and whooping-cough; of cold in winter have an enormously increased fatality from all bronchial affections; and of heat in summer present a startling and, in many cases, an appalling death-rate from bowel complaints.'

Dr Hasseloch of New York, in the course of researches 'On the Structure and Growth of some Forms of Mildew,' found that 'the grayish-white patches occurring in the mouths of infants, known as *thrush*, contain, besides epithelia, very delicate granules in active dancing motion—*micrococci*; short, single or double oscillating rods—*bacteria*; delicate threads, straight or variously curved, sometimes resembling chains—*leptothrix*; and finally *oidia*. After being kept forty-eight hours in a moist chamber, the mass removed from the mouth shews a number of delicate mycelia, the hyphae of which have small spongiae. This vegetation,' as Dr Hasseloch states, 'is identical with that of mildew. The *oidia* correspond in size to those of wine; many contain large vacuoles, in all details like those obtained from beer and wine, differing only and slightly in the colour of the shell.'

Favoured by the authorities at Constantinople, Dr Schliemann is again busily excavating at Troy; and Mr Rassam has permission to dig anywhere in Mesopotamia. With such a comprehensive grant, districts will be opened that have not hitherto been searched, and we shall hear of fresh discoveries at Nineveh, of explorations in the long hidden ancient city of Assur, and of endeavours to find the famous royal 'record office,' or 'Babylonian Bank' as some Assyriologists call it, in which were stored a large collection of mercantile tablets, representing the monetary transactions of a firm trading in the name of Egibi and Sons. It is curious to have bills for corn and fruits, and woven goods, and invoices and vouchers from the days of Nabu-palassar and Artaxerxes in the form of baked clay; but they are to be seen at the British Museum. The Arabs and Jews from whom they were obtained have kept the secret so well that the place in which they were discovered is not yet known to Europeans.

Kutha, now a group of great mounds, was the sacred university city of Babylonia, and had an extensive library, which is frequently referred to in mythological tablets discovered in other parts of the kingdom. It was from that storehouse of learning that the tablets giving an account of the creation were originally taken; and it is hoped that discoveries of other documents not less interesting will there be made.

In the mound of Nebbi-Yunus, search will be made for the palace of Sennacherib, in the expectation that some records of the latter years of that monarch may be found, 'and possibly some accounts, however meagre, of the second campaign against Hezekiah.'

But besides all this, Mr Rassam will make explorations in the country of that ancient people, often mentioned in Scripture—the Hittites. The existence of mounds along the bank of the Euphrates has long been known; and under a certain group known as the mounds of Jerabolus, it is supposed that Carchemish, the Hittite capital, lies hidden. Inscriptions in an unknown character were found in that neighbourhood a few years ago; and it is hoped that some key thereto may be met with in the course of the excavations now to be undertaken, and furnish to scholars the link wanting to connect Assyria with Western Asia. As the firman granted to Mr Rassam extends over a number of years, we may trust that the interesting enterprise will be carried to a successful issue.

Among the announcements made by the Royal Institute of British Architects one is that they have enlarged their Register, and opened it to architectural assistants, improvers, pupils, clerks of works, and to young architects desirous of becoming known to members of the Institute through their drawings or other testimonials; and architects in want of assistance as enumerated are invited to avail themselves of the advantage thus offered. The fee for registration is one shilling.

Of papers to be read before the Institute during the session there are—On Remains of Buildings in Midian, by Captain Burton; On the Vaulting and Stalactites of Persia, by Mr C. P. Clarke; On Lighting by Electricity, by Mr Horace Jones; and On the Connection between Ancient Art and the Ancient Geometry as illustrated by the works of the age of Pericles.

NEW YEAR 1879.

Come, cease your plaint; one year has fled,
Another comes anon;
We trust he'll bring us better cheer
Than he that's dead and gone!
For death and sorrow marked his path;
His face was dull and drear;
We'll try to think of him no more;
God send a good New Year!

New Year! you cannot give us back
The dear ones that are gone,
Nor e'er restore to us the hopes
We thought were all our own;
Nor bring to wretched, ruined homes
Comfort, and joy, and cheer;
But yet—time softens everything—
God send a good New Year.

It seems like only yesterday

Since last with glee we said:
'A Happy New Year to you all!'
Some dear ones since are dead.
We'll try to keep firm, patient hearts,
Though oft they sink with fear,
To think what sorrow may be ours
In this—the good New Year.

But come! The morning dawns again,
The darkness night is by;
Perchance the New Year may be kind,
No clouds may veil our sky.
We'll gather up what joys are left,
Content that Love is here:
God bless us all, whate'er betide,
And send a good New Year!

JESSIE C. HOWDEN.

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- 4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.
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Next Saturday, January 4, 1879, will be commenced in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

By JOHN B. HARWOOD,

Author of *Helena, Lady Harrogate, &c.*

END OF FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

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